

**Thursday 19 January 2012 – Morning**

**A2 GCE MUSIC**

**G356/01//B** Historical and Analytical Studies in Music

**INSERT B – TEXT**

**Duration:** 1 hour 45 minutes  
(plus 15 minutes' preparation)



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- You will be allowed **15 minutes' preparation time** at the start of the examination. During this time you may listen to the CD and look at the question paper and the inserts, but you may not write.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- This insert contains the text of the **Extract** (© Track 2) for use with Section A.
- This document consists of **4** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**YOU MAY WRITE ON THIS INSERT BUT IT WILL NOT BE MARKED**

The music is from Puccini's opera *Il Tabarro*, which is set on a barge on the River Seine near Paris. In this scene, Frugola dreams of a cottage in the country where she can rest with her husband and cat (*Corporal*). Her friend, Giorgetta, who is married to Michele, dreams of Paris. She recalls her early life in Belleville, where her lover, Luigi, was also born.

Frugola	<i>Ah! quando mai potremo comprarci una bicocca? Là ci risposeremo.</i>	<i>Oh! when shall we ever be able to buy a cottage of our own? There we'll rest.</i>
Giorgetta	<i>È la tua fissazione, la campagna!</i>	<i>That's your obsession, the countryside.</i>

**A**

Frugola	<i>Ho sognato una casetta con un piccolo orticello. Quattro muri, stretta stretta, e due pini per ombrello. Il mio vecchio steso al sole, ai miei piedi Caporale, e aspettar così la morte che è rimedio d'ogni male!</i>	<i>I've been dreaming of a cottage with a tiny little garden. Four walls, quite snug, and two pine trees for shade. My old man stretched out in the sun, Corporal at my feet, and waiting like that for death which cures all ills!</i>
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**B**

Giorgetta	<i>È ben altro il mio sogno! Son nata nel sobborgo, e solo l'aria di Parigi m'esalta, m'esalta e mi nutrisce! Ah! Se Michele, un giorno, abbandonasse questa logora vita vagabonda! Non si vive là dentro, fra il letto ed il fornello! Tu avessi visto la mia stanza, un tempo!</i>	<i>My dream is quite different! I was born in the suburbs, and only the Paris air excites me, it excites me and nourishes me! If Michele would, one day, leave this weary nomadic life! That's no life in there, between the bed and the stove. You should have seen my room, once!</i>
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**C**

Frugola	<i>Dove abitavi?</i>	<i>Where did you live?</i>
Giorgetta	<i>Non lo sai?</i>	<i>Don't you know?</i>
Luigi	<i>Belleville!</i>	<i>Belleville!</i>
Giorgetta	<i>Luigi lo conosce!</i>	<i>Luigi knows it!</i>
Luigi	<i>Anch'io ci son nato!</i>	<i>I was born there too!</i>

**D**

Giorgetta	<i>Come me, Come me, l'ha nel sangue!</i>	<i>He's like me, He's like me, it's in his blood!</i>
Luigi	<i>Non ci si può staccare!</i>	<i>You can't come away!</i>
Giorgetta	<i>Bisogna aver provato! Belleville è il nostro suolo, è il nostro mondo! Noi non possiamo vivere sull'acqua! Bisogna calpestare il marciapiede! Là c'è una casa, là ci sono amici, festosi incontri e piene confidenze.</i>	<i>You need to have felt it Belleville is our homeland, our world! We can't live on the water! You need to put your feet on the pavement! There is a house, there are your friends, happy meetings and great friendliness.</i>
Luigi	<i>Ci si conosce tutti! S'è tutti una famiglia!</i>	<i>Everyone knows everyone! It's all one family!</i>

**E**

Giorgetta	<p><i>Al mattino, il lavoro che ci aspetta.          Alla sera, i ritorni in comitiva.          Botteghe che s'accendono di luci e di          lusinghe,          vetture che s'incrociano, domeniche          chiassose.          Piccole gite in due al bosco di Boulogne!          Balli all'aperto, l'intimità amoroze.</i></p>	<p><i>In the morning, there's work awaiting.          In the evening, coming home in a crowd.          The shops are lit up with lights and          appealing things,          cabs are crossing paths, Sundays are noisy.            Little trips for two in the Boulogne Wood!          Open air dances, flirting, loving.</i></p>
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**F**

Giorgetta	<p><i>È difficile dire cosa sia          quest'ansia, questa strana nostalgia.</i></p>	<p><i>It's hard to say what it is          this longing, this strange nostalgia.</i></p>
Both	<p><i>Ma chi lascia il sobborgo vuol tornare,            e chi ritorna, chi ritorna non si può          staccare.          C'è là in fondo Parigi che ci grida          con mille voci liete il suo fascino immortale!</i></p>	<p><i>But whoever leaves the suburbs wants to          come back,          and if he comes back, he won't be able to          leave.          Over there is Paris calling to us          its thousand happy voices telling of its          eternal enchantment.</i></p>

*[Giuseppe Adami]*

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