

Gioia's "Primitivo"

*Of ancient birth I am
of noble stock
I love a life of genuine taste.
Therefore, the hill, the rock
are my true home.*

*I rejoice
when the hot summer sun
burns the soil
I turn violet.
Even more I take pleasure
in seizing its beams,
which day after day
give me more and more strength
while my joyful roots
spread out and seek refuge
within the cool cracks in the rock.*

*It fell to my lot
to be overlooked and mistreated
in my native country
guest of honour and of great prestige
in far California
(nemo propheta in patria).*

*Thanks to generous hands,
with love and passion
and great sacrifice,
I was snatched from the insane oblivion,
I was given life and pride
and all I need and deserve
so that my strong vinestock
with its austere name
PRIMITIVO DI GIOIA
could still find a decorous place
in the country of Gaudella,
gentle and genuine rise in the Murgia hills
in the surroundings of Gioia.
THANKS FATALONE*