

Critters and Cranky Poets Translations

1. Senti tu d'amor, donna?

R: Do you feel love, lady? No! Why?
Because I can't find a servant to remain faithful.

If you find a faithful servant and lover,
Right now, honest as long as they live?

To love him such would be dreamy and constant,
While my soul remains in my body.

Or if you wanted to taste your treasure,
Never resting, always serving you?

R: Do you feel love...

No, it is not convenient to love perfection,
To desire something that friendship takes away.

Alas, woman, who passes on every delight,
The fruit is the heart of the apple and not the leaf.

Watch what you say, for whoever has such a desire,
Never gets rich from such a reputation.

R: Do you feel love...

Ballata, you see that this lady
Follows every virtue more than any other.

Go and be with her, the woman I want,
To her beautiful soul, and give her mine.

And say that her grace alone is enough for me,
Who loves me without turning to me.

R: Do you feel love...

2. Più non mi curo

No longer do I care for your reproaches,
Love; you for so long have mocked me
and the emptiness from the loss has been demonstrated.

So I'm well content not to pursue you,
because I've been smeared by your cruel falsehoods
which are full of every shame.

And so, one distrusts Love, as they would a monk.
Believe me, that's all I've been ruminating on.

3. A poste messe

All in their places, greyhounds and great mastiffs,
Hey, hey, Vilan! Hey, hey, Barill!
Calling "woof woof", here. "Woof!"
Bracchi and Segugi to the shining woodlands!
Here it is, here it is!
Look, look here! Let them go, loose loose!
Hey you, or you, or you! Go, go, go!
The doe came out to the shouting and the barking,
milky white, with neck of speckled grey.

Rally to! bu, bu, bu, without horn.
tintin, tatin, tintin tatin,
sounded as if in scorn, no no...

4. Aquila altera – Creature gentile – Uccel di dio

Haughty eagle, turn your heroic eye
to the summit of the lofty mind [God]
where your life takes its repose.
There the state of bliss both seems and is.

Bird of God, symbol of justice.
Your glory is prized above all.
Because your great deeds are crowned by victory.
There you see the shadow, and there the true essence.

Gentle creature, noble animal.
Single-mindedly your nature wants
To rise high and to contemplate the sun.
There is the image and the perfection.

5. Ogelletto silvagio per stagione

A woodbird in season
Sings sweet verses in elegant style:
But such and such squawk so loud I cannot praise them.

By squawking loudly one cannot sing well.
But with sweet and charming melody
One can make a beautiful song, and this needs mastery.

Few possess it, yet they all claim to be masters.
composing ballads, madrigals and motets.
they are all Florians, Filippottos and Marchettos.

The land is so filled with little masters
that there is no room for disciples.

6. O cieco mondo

O blind world full of blandishments.
with deadly poison in every pleasure you offer.
false, full of deceit and suspicion.

Thus whoever wishes to taste the fruit of sweet flowers
ought never to care about you.

7. Astio non mori mai

R: Grudge is not dead.

In the ever-burning fire
It consumes itself, screaming
With pain and woe.

He carries the scales of justice in his behind,
So that justice is perverted
For everyone.

Naked, but for cap and breeches,
He sprawls beneath the Wheel of Fortune,
Never to rise again.

8. Donna gia fu' leggiadra

I was once a fair woman in love.
and I looked sweetly upon my suitor.
Now I have been changed into a horrible snake.

And now my only aim is to kill that false lover.
I cannot understand how his heart
could ever bear to insult me.

When I am satisfied with torturing him.
I will turn myself into a woman again and thank him.

9. Deh, pon quest'amor giu!

R: Come, desist from this love!
I am speaking to you, silly mind.
Where have you turned to?
You have ideas too much above your station.

How can you be so foolish
and set your aim so high,
and not appraise yourself?

That is because Love wanted it,
at the time when he showed me
such a delightful woman.

You are unworthy of her,
nor will she think it seemly
that you should want to love her.
Set aside your desire and love no more.

10. Così pensoso

So pensive as Love guides me
along the green river step by step,
I hear: "Take that stone away!"
"Here is the crab, here,"
"There is fish, get it, get it!"
"This is a great marvel."

Isabella began with strides:
"Oh me, oh me!"
"What's wrong, what's wrong?"
"I've been bitten on the finger!"
"O Lisa, the fish flees."
"I've got it, I've got it!"
"The Ermine has taken it."
"Good luck, good luck."
"This is a beautiful fishpond."

Meanwhile I reached the amorous host.
Where wanderers find women and lovers
Who welcome them with beautiful visages.

11. P'ò perduto

I have lost the mast and the rudder;
The oars and bowlines are broken,
And I live in spite of myself.

Among violent waves, between rocks and headwinds,
I would like to sink deep to the bottom
To leave this blind world.

And I have no hope nor consolation
To be becalmed or ever regain harbor.

12. Ferito già d'un amoroso dardo

Wounded by love with a dart
provoked by your gaze,
Now I feel a great martyrdom,
for you have denied me the look to which I am
addicted.

I cannot believe, nor will I be able to,
such a disgrace.

I raised you as a child in my garden
like a small and pure plant.

But now you are wild and tough with me,
And you don't look at me like before.
Meanwhile, I cry with a sad soul,
if your gaze does not return to me.

13. Musica son – Gia furon – Ciascun vuoli

a. I am Music, and tearfully complain
of seeing interested minds forsake my sweet and perfect
accomplishments for trifling street-songs.

Everyone is getting so used to ignorance and vice
that they reject what's good and go for the scum.

b. Everyone wants to wrestle with musical notes
and compose madrigals, hunting songs, ballads;
each one claiming artistic authenticity for his own.

But whoever wants to be praised for any of his
accomplishments must first reach his goal.

c. Once my endearments were praised
by knights, barons and great lords:
now noble hearts are corrupted.

But I, Music, am not complaining alone:
I hear that the other Virtues have also been forsaken.

14. I' vo' bene

R: I love the one who loves me
And I love not the one who loves only herself.

I am not like those who chase the moon,
burning time and winding up with nothing.

But if it happens, like now, that I meet a girl
who turns me down, I say 'You're on your own.'

If she says 'Take it, take it', I say, 'Give me, give me!'
Thus I live by this simple belief.

As others are to me, thus I am to them;
I give what I can to those who give to me.

No one can say about me: look, there is the one
who speaks with two tongues: yes and no.

Instead I always stand firm with those who stand firm
with me.

If they serve my needs, they have me to serve theirs.

R: I love the one who loves me...