

Teofilo Folengo, <i>Chaos del Triperuno</i> , 1527	Teofilo Folengo, <i>Chaos of Triperuno</i> , 1527
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CHAOS DEL TRI PER UNO	<i>Chaos of Tri-per-uno</i>
Con privilegio.	With permission/ authorization. ¹
Disti. [Distich]	Distich
Unus adest triplici mihi nomine vultus in orbe, Tres dixere chaos: numero deus impare gaudet.	One face for me appears in public with a threefold name; three pronounced [the] chaos: god likes an uneven number. ²
[Immagine: Stemma con tre merle, ognuna con l'iniziale di un nome o di un nome o pseudonimo di Folengo : M [Merlin], L [Limerno], T [Teofilo e Triperuno] e F [Folengo e Fulica]; gli iniziali a destra FE. e a sinistra GO. della stemma rappresentano Federico Gonzaga, Duca di Mantova.]	[Image: Coat of Arms showing three black birds (merles), each with the initial of one of Folengo's names or pseudonyms: M [Merlin], L [Limerno], T [Teofilo and Triperuno] and F [Folengo and Fulica]. Initials FE. to the left and GO. to the right represent Federico Gonzaga, the ruler of Mantua. ³
Hexa. [Hexasticon]	Hexasticon [Sextet]
Quae nat aquis, coeloque interdum attollitur Ales, Vel nat amore Aquilae, vel volat icta metu. Nam quae Solis adit veluti iovis Ales acumen? Est Fulicae ut Minti ludat in amne sui. At si illa huc humile ad stagnum descenderit, Ales	That winged creature swims on the water and is lifted now and then to heaven, either it swims for the Eagle's love or flies awe-struck. Indeed which one approaches the apex of the Sun, like Jove's bird? It is for Fulica to play in the current of its Mincio. ⁴

¹ Two systems of page numbers are noted: the first is from the 1527 edition, the second from the 1911 Scrittori d'Italia edition by Umberto Renda in which the page numbers for *Chaos* run after those for the *Orlandino* hence from pp. 173 to 390; Renda displaced the first page. Folengo's important marginal glosses are reproduced as "Gloss" in the footnotes. Small changes have been made to render the text more readable: abbreviations have been expanded (PA. to Paola, *que* to *quae*, *cetno* to *centro*, etc); **work in progress summer 2015 to bring this text closer to the original.**

² This distich is similar to the opening verses of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*: *Ante mare et terras et quod tetigit omnia caelum/ unus erat toto naturae vultus in orbe,/ quem dixere chaos: rudis indigestaque moles/ nec quicquam nisi pondus iners congestaque eodem/ non bene iunctarum discordia semina rerum* ("Before the sea and the land and the sky which covers all, there was one face of nature in the whole world, which men called chaos: a rough and confused mass and nothing else except an inert weight and piled up in that place discordant seeds of things not well joined"), *Met.* 1.5-9.

³ Federcio Gonzaga (1500-1540) was a well known figure of the Renaissance ruling class, eldest son of Isabella D'Este and Francesco Gonzaga; he became Marchese, and in 1530, Duke of Mantua. Folengo implies that their relationship was intimate: *Varium poema* 33, *Janus* 23-94; Gonzaga is said to have supplied the text for Folengo's 1521 publication of the Macaronic works; see also *Orlandino*.

⁴ Fulica, Latin for coot, is a personage here, associated with one aspect of the author's self.

Quae nat aquis Aquilis digna erit esca suis.	Yet, if that [Eagle] will come down here to the humble pond, the one that swims on the water will be worthy prey for its Eagle.
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DIALOGO DE LE TRE ETADI.	Dialog of the Three Generations
Paola attempata, Corona giovane, Livia fanciulla.	Paola, mature; Corona, young; Livia, a girl.
PAOLA. Tu piagni, figliuola, e che ti senti tu? ⁵	PAOLA. You're crying, daughter, so what's bothering you?
CORONA. No'l sai, madre senza che me lo chiedi?	CORONA. Don't you know, Mother, without asking me about it?
PAOLA. Sel sapessi già, non ti' I dimandarei.	PAOLA. If I already knew, I wouldn't ask you.
LIVIA. Dicerotilo io dapoì che le molte e abondevoli lagrime l'interrompeno la voce.	LIVIA. Let me tell you, since those many and plentiful tears are interrupting her voice.
CORONA. Taci la tu pazzarella, che pur troppo e di soperchio a me sola questo cordoglio, senza che tu v'involvi dentro e lei anchora.	CORONA. Quiet there, you little dolt, because this anguish is already way too much for me alone, without you getting involved, or her either.
PAOLO. Non siano parole tra voi, o tu, o tu me lo narri senza più indugio.	PAOLO. I don't want you two arguing. Either you, or you, tell me the story without further delay.
CORONA. Piango la mala sorte di mio fratello Theophilo a te figliuolo.	CORONA. I am crying about the bad luck of my brother Teofilo, your son.
PAOLA. È forse morto?	PAOLA. What, is he dead?
CORONA. Si d'honore e reputatione.	CORONA. Yes, as to honor and reputation.
PAOLA. Maladetto sia l'huomo il quale disprezza la fama sua. ⁶	PAOLA. Cursed be the man who tarnishes his good name!
CORONA. Dio pur volesse che la vergogna fusse di lui solo.	CORONA. If only God had willed that the shame be his alone.
PAOLA. So male che responderti, non t'intendendo ancora: dimmi ha commesso qualche adulterio?	PAOLA. I don't know what to say to you, since I still don't understand: Tell me, has he committed some kind of adultery?
CORONA. Grandissimo.	CORONA. The gravest.
PAOLA. È di carne, ma in che modo?	PAOLA. Well, he's made of flesh, but how so?
CORONA. Qual trovasi maggior adulterio essere, che de lo 'ngegno suo pelegrino, che de le tante lui gratie dal ciel donate usarne male?	CORONA. What greater adultery could be found than to use his uncommon mind and his many God-given graces badly?
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PAOLA. Grande ingratitudine per certo; ma comincio	PAOLA. Certainly a great ingratitude. But now I am

⁵ Gloss: Mater prima seconda soror mihi tertia neptis (The first is my mother, the second my sister, the third my niece.)

⁶ Gloss: Maledictus homo qui negligit honorem suum. (Cursed be the man who disregards his own honor.)

già la causa di questo tuo rammarico intendere: lo poema da lui composto sotto il nome di Merlino cocaglio ancora non ti si parte dal cuore?	beginning to understand the cause of your complaint: the poem written by him under the name Merlino Cocaglio is still on your mind? ⁷
CORONA. Anzi ognhor più me lo parte e straccia.	CORONA. Indeed, I still mind it, and it is tearing me apart.
PAOLA. Dhe stolta, tu t'affanni oltra quello, che a te non tocca.	PAOLA. Come on, silly girl! You are getting upset over something that doesn't concern you.
CORONA. Più d'ogni altro mi tocca, che più d'ogni altro son certa che l'amo.	CORONA. It concerns me more than anyone, since I am sure that I love him more than anyone else does.
PAOLA. Più di me?	PAOLA. More than I?
CORONA. Più di te.	CORONA. More than you.
PAOLA. Di me ch'io gli son madre?	PAOLA. Than I, I who am his mother?
CORONA. Et io doppia sorella.	CORONA. And I, his double sister.
PAOLA. Non l'ami tu già dunque, se doppia gli sei.	PAOLA. Well, then, you don't love him if you double-deal him.
CORONA. La causa?	CORONA. The reason?
PAOLA. Tant'è dir doppio quanto falso.	PAOLA. Saying double is like saying duplicitous.
CORONA. Hor su, non motteggiamo, prego. ⁸	CORONA. Oh let's not quibble, I beg you.
PAOLA. In che modo gli sei dunque doppia sorocchia?	PAOLA. So, in what way are you his double sister?
CORONA. Carnale e spirituale.	CORONA. Carnal and spiritual.
PAOLA. Carnale sì bene, spirituale non più già.	PAOLA. Carnal, yes, but spiritual no longer.
CORONA. La cagione?	CORONA. Why is that?
PAOLA. S'ha gittato il basto da dosso l'asinello.	PAOLA. The little ass has shaken the saddle off his back.
CORONA. E rottosi 'l capestro.	CORONA. And has broken the halter.
LIVIA. E tratto di calzi.	LIVIA. And has let fly some kicks.
PAOLA. Hor cangiamo cotesto ragionamento in altro. Hai tu letto l'Orlandino? ⁹	PAOLA. Let's change this subject to another now. Have you read the <i>Orlandino</i> ?
CORONA. Letto? trista me, appena veduto.	CORONA. Read it? Poor me, I've barely seen it.
PAOLA. Come? ti vien interdetto forse che da te con l'altre tue sorelle non si poscia leggere?	PAOLA. How is that? Have you perhaps been forbidden, so that it may not be read by you with your other sisters?
CORONA. Sì.	CORONA. Yes.
PAOLA. Chi fu questo pontifice?	PAOLA. Who was this pontiff?
CORONA. La ragione.	CORONA. Reason.
PAOLA. Perché così la ragione?	PAOLA. Reason? How so?

⁷ Folengo had published his Macaronic works under the pseudonym Merlinus Cocaius; the author Merlinus is also a character in the epic poem *Baldus*; *cocaiio*, a dialectal variant of *cocchiume*, means both bung and the (cork) stopper to close it; incidently Coccaglio is the name of a town west of Brescia.

⁸ Gloss: Sales animo languenti amarae sunt (Witticisms are bitter to a languishing spirit.)

⁹ *Orlandino* by Limerno Pitocco [Folengo] is a narrative poem in Italian octaves published in 1525, very loosely based on the life of the knight Orlando (Roland) but filled with a great deal of other material, some of it scurrilous; later editions included a clever "Apologia del autore." *Orlandino* is available in an annotated critical edition by Mario Chiesa (Padova: Antenore, 1991), and also online.

CORONA. La quale m'avisava dover essere peggior Limerno che Merlino.	CORONA. It warned me that Limerno would have to be worse than Merlino.
PAOLA. Leggerlo almanco voi dovevati.	PAOLA. Well, you should have at least read it.
CORONA. A che perder il tempo?	CORONA. Why waste the time?
PAOLA. Taci, che d'ogni libro qualche cosa s'impara.	PAOLA. Hush, one learns something from every book.
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CORONA. Questo è falso.	CORONA. This is false.
PAOLA. È sententia di Plinio.	PAOLA. It's a saying from Pliny.
CORONA. Vada con le altre sue menzogne.	CORONA. File it away with his other lies.
PAOLA. Negarai tu che d'ogni libro non s'impari qualche cosa?	PAOLA. Will you deny that one can learn something from every book?
CORONA. Anzi, più de li tristi e dishonesti che de li boni. ¹⁰	CORONA. Alas, more from the bad and immoral ones than from the good ones.
PAOLA. Hor basta: non sai che 'n doi mesi, e non più, sotto 'l titolo di Limerno l'ha composto?	PAOLA. That's enough now. Don't you know that he wrote it in just two months and no more, under the title of Limerno?
CORONA. E' vien mi detto che, tutto a un tempo che lo componeva, eragli rubato da gli impressori.	CORONA. And I have heard that at the very time he was writing it, it was stolen from him by the printers.
PAOLA. Cotesto è più che vero; che ove interviene stimulo di sdegno, spizziano versi senza alcun ritegno.	PAOLA. This is very true: for where points the spur of disdain, there spurt verses with no restraint.
CORONA. Potrebbe forse pentirsene, credilo a me.	CORONA. He may end up repenting this, believe me.
PAOLA. Di che?	PAOLA. What?
CORONA. Dir tanto male.	CORONA. Saying such bad things.
PAOLA. Anzi solamente si dole che non pur Merlino, ma Limerno compose così precipitosamente che li stampatori non poteano supplire a l'abbondantia e copia de' suoi versi, laonde pargli un errore grandissimo non haver servato lo precetto Horatiano. ¹¹	PAOLA. On the contrary, he is only upset that not just Merlino but Limerno wrote so fast that the printers were unable to keep up with the abundance and quantity of his verses; wherefore it seems a very serious error to him not to have observed Horace's precept.
CORONA. Doverebbe via più tosto il meschino piangere e crucciarsi haver consumato il tempo circa tanta ligerezza.	CORONA. The wretch should rather regret and bewail having wasted time on such foolishness.
PAOLA. Non dir ligerezza, figlia, che non per cosa ligera simulossi già Ulisse divenuto essere pazzo.	PAOLA. Don't say foolishness, daughter, for it wasn't for a foolishness that Ulysses used to pretend to have gone crazy.
CORONA. Troppo son certa io de la lui malitia, il quale fingesi Pitocco e furfante per dar bastonate da cieco.	CORONA. I am more than sure enough of his craftiness; he pretends to be a beggar and a trouble-maker in order to swing about like a blind man.

¹⁰ Gloss: Mors et vita libris. (Life and death from books.)*

¹¹ Gloss: Carmen reprehendite quod non Multa dies et multa litura coercuit atque, etc. Hor. ("You must push away a poem that has not been checked by many readings over many days, etc." Horace, *Ars poetica*, 292-3.)

PAOLA. Tu non sai la cagione.	PAOLA. You don't know the reason.
CORONA. Così non la sapessi.	CORONA. I wish I didn't.
PAOLA. Dimmi, qual'è?	PAOLA. Tell me, what is it?
CORONA. Per farci morir tutti spacciatamente di doglia, acciò più oltra non havesse chi gli gridasse in capo.	CORONA. To make all of us die immediately from grief so that there's no one left to yell at him.
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PAOLA. Tu te 'nganni grossamente.	PAOLA. You are way off the mark.
CORONA. Anzi pur tu te 'nganni.	CORONA. You too are off the mark.
PAOLA. Come?	PAOLA. How so?
CORONA. In creder alchuno dir male a bon fine.	CORONA. By believing that anyone can say bad things for a good end.
PAOLA. Che male dice?	PAOLA. What does he say that's bad?
CORONA. Non voglio parlarne.	CORONA. I don't want to talk about it.
PAOLA. Perché?	PAOLA. Why not?
CORONA. Temerei di qualche maladitione.	CORONA. I'd be afraid of some sort of curse.
PAOLA. Hor sù confortati, figliuola, che al poledro fu sempre concesso puoter fin a doi capestri rumpere. ¹²	PAOLA. Cheer up, daughter, since a colt has always been allowed to break up to two halters.
CORONA. Non rumpa già lo terzo.	CORONA. Let's hope de doesn't break the third.
PAOLA. Anzi totalmente nel ternario numero fermatosi, ha messo a luce il Chaos del Triperuno.	PAOLA. Well, he has brought to light the <i>Chaos del Triperuno</i> entirely based on the number three.
CORONA. Qual Chaos del Triperuno?	CORONA. What <i>Chaos del Triperuno</i> ?
LIVIA. El pare che non ti sovegna.	LIVIA. It seems you don't remember.
CORONA. Non mi soviene per certo.	CORONA. Indeed I don't.
LIVIA. Le tre selve, le quali heri legessimo, e, per segno di ciò una allegoria bellissima tu di quelle saggiamente cavasti, quantunque io sia di senso molto dal tuo discosto. ¹³	LIVIA. The three miscellanies/ forests which we were reading yesterday, and as proof of this, you astutely drew from them a beautiful allegory, even though my sense of it is quite far from yours.
CORONA. O smemorata me, ch'ora me lo ricordo. Ma dimmi: è di Theophilo?	CORONA. How forgetful I am -- now I remember it! But tell me, is it Teofilo's?
LIVIA. Non sai che solamente vi si fa mentione di Merlino, Limerno e Fulica?	LIVIA. Don't you know that the whole thing is about Merlino, Limerno and Fulica?
CORONA. Troppo me lo ricordo. Ma che fusse di tuo fratello Camillo mi pensava.	CORONA. I remember all too well, but I thought it was your brother Camillo's.
LIVIA. Tu non pensasti dritto: è di Theophilo.	LIVIA. You were mistaken, it's Teofilo's.

¹² Gloss: *Iuvenile vitium est, regere non posse impetum. Sen.* ("It is a youthful vice not to be able to control an impulse," Seneca, *Troades* 250.)

¹³ Note: Folengo divided his autobiographical *Chaos* into three *selve* (translated as forests or miscellanies) a word that sounds like English *selves*. Note also variations in spellings: both *argumenti* and *argomenti*; *Almafisa*, *Almafissa* and *Almaphisa*; *auttore*, *authore*; *filosofi*, *philosopho*, and *filosophie*, etc.

PAOLA. Così è, ma ditemi ambe dua lo argomento vostro che imaginato vi havete sopra questo <i>Chaos</i> , ché ancora io lo sentimento mio vi narrerò. Comincia tu, Livia.	PAOLA. So it is. But tell me, both of you, your explanation that you've thought up about this <i>Chaos</i> , and then I will recount to you my view as well. You, Livia, begin.
Argumento primo. LIVIA.	First Explanation. LIVIA.
Questo Chaos, in selve tripartito, la vita de l'authore, la quale in tre fogge sin a quest' hora presente col tempo veloce se n'è gita, contiene.	This <i>Chaos</i> , divided into three <i>selve</i> [forests], contains the life of the author, which up until this present hour with the time has swiftly passed by in three phases.
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Nacque egli (come di me voi sapete meglio) agli otto giorni et hore duodeci di notte, nel mese di Novembre, sotto Scorpione, essendo allora grandissimo freddo: laonde in questa sua prima selva narra l'horribile freddura in cui egli miseramente nacque, fingendo natura essergli stata più di madre madregna e pur ne la pueritia, la quale appella aurea etade gustò alquanto di sicuro e dolce riposo.	He was born (as you both know better than I) on the eighth day and twelfth hour of the night in the month of November, under Scorpio, it was extremely cold then: therefore, in this first forest of his, he narrates the terrible coldness in which he was horribly born, pretending that Nature had been more like a stepmother than a mother; and yet in his childhood -- which he calls a "golden age" -- he enjoyed something of a safe and pleasant calm.
Ne la seconda selva, pervenuto egli homai ne gli anni di qualche cognitione, ritrova molti pastori, la cui vita e costumi e quietà pace molto gli piacquero, volendovi inferire che di sedeci anni egli col habito cangiò la vita.	In the second forest, having by now reached the age of some knowledge, he found many pastors, whose life and customs and quiet peacefulness greatly pleased him, wishing to imply here that at age sixteen with the habit he changed his life
E veramente sì come a li pastori apparve l'Angelo e mostrò loro dove giacesse il nasciuto fanciullo lesù Christo, così allora, su quel principio che egli prese a far vita comune co' gli altri pastori, trovò Christo parvolino entro il presepio collocato; ma col tempo poi, per cagione di... (ma non voglio parlarne chiaro, che ancora egli va più riservato che sia possibile) traviato, si mise a seguir amorosamente una donna bellissima, la quale sopra un sfrenato cavallo gli scampa innanzi per tirarsilo drieto al precipitio d'ogni perditione.	And truly, as the angel appeared to the pastors and showed them where the newborn boy Jesus Christ lay, so then, in that first phase when he undertook to share a common life with the other pastors, he found the little Christ child placed in the crib; but with time, because of... (but I don't want to speak clearly about it, since it should still stay as private as possible) waylaid, he began to follow a beautiful woman amorously, who flees on an unbridled horse before him in order to pull him behind her to the precipice of all perdition.
Né chi sia questa dongella né dove finalmente lo conducesse, vogliovi manifestar se non in l'orecchia dicendolo:	Neither who this woman is nor where she finally led him do I wish to reveal to you, except by whispering it in your ears;
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ma, conchiudendo la seconda selva dico, che 'l laberinto intricatissimo, nel quale ultimamente si ritrova, pare a me una soperstitione tenacissima significare, de la cui caligine se non per divin aiuto si pò essere liberato.	but, concluding the second <i>selva</i> I will say that the very intricate labyrinth in which he finds himself of late seems to me to signify an extremely tenacious superstition, from whose murkiness one can be liberated only by divine help.
Et in questa tal foggia seconda di vivere, essendo egli già fora del sentiero diritto, compose lo poema di Merlino con tutte l'altre favole e sogni amorosi, li quali ne la selva seconda si leggono.	And in this second phase of life, since he was already off the right path, he composed the epic poem of Merlin with all the other fables and amorous dreams, which one reads in the second forest.
Hor dunque Christo si gli scopre in quel centro d'ignorantia de la selva terza aparendo, e d'indi smosso, lo driccia sul camino al terrestre paradiso duttore:	So then Christ reveals himself to him by appearing in that center of ignorance of the third forest, and having taken him away from that place, sets him straight on the road leading to terrestrial paradise.
ché per divina inspiratione conoscendosi egli perder il tempo supersticiosamente in quella seconda selva, ritornasi a la sincera vita da l'evangelio primamente a lui demonstrata; e fatto del suo core un dono a Christo lesù, da lui ne riceve tutto 'l mondo in ricompensò e guiderdone di esso; e giunto nel paradiso terrestre, gli vien ivi comandato che non mangi de l'arbore de la scienza del bene e male, ma solamente si pasca e nudrisca del legno vitale, per darci sopra ciò un bell'avisò: che, quantunque ogni constitutione o sia traditione de alcun santo padre bona e fundata su l'evangelio sia, nulla di manco assai più sicura e utile cosa è non partirsi dal mero evangelio; perché si come ogni norma e regola	Recognizing by divine inspiration that he is wasting time irrationally in that second forest, he returns to the sincere life of the gospel demonstrated to him earlier; and having made of his heart a gift to Jesus Christ, receives from him the entire world in recompense and reward for this; and having arrived in terrestrial paradise, here he is ordered not to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but to nourish and feed himself only on the wood of life, in order to give us good advice about that; for although every constitution or tradition of any holy father is good and is founded on the gospels, nonetheless it is a much safer and more helpful thing not to depart from the plain gospels; because just as every rule and regulation
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de santi ha in sè figura de l'arbore del saper il bene e il male, così de l'arbore di vita contiene in sè lo legier peso del Servatore nostro. Laonde esso mio zio Theophilo commetteria la terza sciocchezza quando mai lasciasse più lo vecchio sentiero per tornar al novo. E questo è il senso mio circa la decchiaratione di questo <i>Chaos</i> .	of the saints has in itself the figure of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, so [the figure] of the tree of life contains in itself the light weight of our Savior. Wherefore this uncle of mine, Teofilo, would commit the third folly if he were ever again to leave the old path to return to the new. And this is my understanding concerning the meaning of this <i>Chaos</i> .
Argomento secondo. CORONA.	Second explanation. CORONA.

<p>Arguto et ingenioso fu questo da te pensato soggetto, Livia cara; ma non tanto a l'intentione di tuo zio mi par agiatamente accascare, quanto quello c'heri ti dissi et hora sono ad ambe dua per ragionare. Move dunque mio fratello più generalmente il voler scrivere di qualunque altro huomo che del suo proprio fatto; onde ne la prima selva narra la infantia e pueritia humana, ne la seconda la precipitosa gioventezza, ne la terza la matura e virile etade.</p>	<p>Incisive and ingenious was this subject matter you thought up, dear Livia, but it does not seem to land so close to the intent of your uncle as that which I told you yesterday and am now about to discuss with both of you. Well then, my brother is generally more moved by the desire to write about any other man than about his own facts; and so in the first <i>selva</i>, he tells about the infancy and childhood of humans, in the second, precipitous youth, and in the third, the mature and manly age.</p>
<p>Hor dunque, ne la prima describe in quanti affanni e travagli qualunque huomo, per fallo del primo nostro padre Adam, nasce in questo mondo, chiamandovi Natura crudele matregna: da la quale di scorze, peli, piume e squame proveduto viene ad ogni altro animale quantunque vilissimo; et egli solo, nudo nascendo, non ha schermo alcuno</p>	<p>So, therefore, in the first forest he describes into what sorrows and travails every man is born in this world, because of the sin of our first father Adam, calling Nature here cruel stepmother: every other animal, no matter how base, is furnished by her with hide, fur, feathers and scales, and he alone born naked has no protection</p>
<p>{p. 9} {R 180}</p>	<p>{p. 9} {R 180}</p>
<p>e difesa contra le ingiurie del tempo, ma poscia, per beneficio de la industria et arte pervenuto a la pueritia, dimanda quella l'aurea etade, perchè la innocentia del fanciullo sen passa quel poco di tempo senza sapere che sia rigidezza di legge, tema di tiranno et inquietudine di avaritia.</p>	<p>and defense whatsoever against the ravages of weather; but later, by dint of hard work and skill, having arrived at childhood, he calls that the Golden Age, because the boy's innocence passes through that brief time not knowing the meaning of harsh laws, the fear of tyranny and the anguish of avarice.</p>
<p>Uscito poi egli dal bel giardino di pueritia, entra ne l'impetuosa gioventezza, la quale, innanzi che da l'ardente desio anco non vien assalita, comincia, con la mente tutta svegliata, de l'esser non pur suo, ma d'ogni altra cosa a ripensare; e quivi, ne la seconda selva, mio germane, in persona (come già sopra dissi) d'ogni altra rationale creatura, fingesi trovar pastori, e Christo lesù tra quelli nasciuto, per darci questo aviso: che l'huomo, quanto prima ne gli anni di ragione entrar comincia, per favore del suo bon genio, incontanente ricorre a la cognitione di veritade, la qual è Christo nostro Servatore.</p>	<p>After that, having left the lovely garden of childhood, he enters impetuous youth, which, even before he gets assailed by ardent desire, he begins, with his mind fully alert, to think about not only himself, but about everything else. And here, in the second forest, my brother, in the person (as I already said above) of every other rational creature, pretends to find pastors, and born among them Jesus Christ, in order to give us this precept: that man, as soon as he begins to enter the age of reason, by the grace of his guardian angel, turns without delay to the knowledge of truth, which is Christ our Savior.</p>
<p>Ma, levatasi poi la consueta tempestade di nostra carne, ecco la voluptade, ecco 'l desio sotto il viso di vaga dongella, sul sboccato cavallo de la delectatione, lo riconduce al varco de le due strade, per tirarsilo drieto a la sinistra del vizio, lasciando la</p>	<p>But, the habitual tempests of our flesh having arisen then, behold voluptuousness, behold desire in the guise of a pretty girl on the heedless horse of pleasure leads him to a divergence of two roads, in order to pull him along on the left path of vice, while</p>

destra de la veritate.	leaving the right path of truth.
Quivi dubitoso, ne la prima giunta, stassi ove gir si debbia: quinci, da belli e boni avisi a la destra invitato; quindi, dagli humani piaceri combattuto che egli muovasi a la mancina.	Upon first arriving there, he remains uncertain as to which way he should go: on the one hand, invited to the right by good and decent advice; on the other, beaten by human pleasures so that he moves to the left.
{p. 10} {R 180}	{p. 10} {R 180}
Soperato dunque e vinto finalmente dal fugace desio, vagli impetuoso drieto, dovunque la falsa incantatrice, losingando, a sè in guisa di calamita lo smarito animo tira, passando tutta fiata per sogni, chimere et amorse favole, quali sono le fittioni macaronesche (come gli appellano) di Merlino, li Sonetti, et altre assai vane frascuzze, per signar il tempo da la giovinezza inutilmente trapassato, in fin che poi nel laberinto di qualche travaglio si ritrova essere, cosa che 'l più de le volte dopo gli piaceri sole a gli gioveni accascare.	Defeated then and vanquished at last by fleeting desire, he follows behind impetuously wherever the false enchantress, flattering him, draws this lost soul toward her like a magnet, rushing headlong through dreams, chimeras, and amorous tales, like those "macaronic fictions" (as they call them) of Merlin, the sonnets and other quite frivolous trifles, to indicate the age of youth spent futilely, until at last he finds himself in a labyrinth of woes, a thing which more often than not usually befalls young people after their pleasures.
La onde (come ne la terza selva noi leggemo) l'huomo angustiato ricorre al divino suffragio: e Christo gli appare bello e pietoso, cavandolo benignamente di quella ignorantia d'amore, e talmente li tocca il core, che 'l giovane, già venuto virile, si mette in consideratione di quanto mai fece Idio per l'huomo. ¹	Consequently, as we read in the third selva, the tormented man has recourse to divine intercession, and Christ appears to him beautiful and merciful, pulling him gently away from that ignorance of love; and he so touches his heart that the youth, having already become a man, begins to contemplate how much God has done for humankind.
Dil che mio fratello sopra questo finge che, avendo Christo ricevuto il core da lui, criògli tutto quanto il mondo, e al paradiso terrestre dricciatolo, gli comanda che, pascendosi egli del legno de la vita, il quale ha di sua grazia in se la figura, non gusti per niente di quello del bene e male; il quale a me par dover significare che l'huomo, facendo le bone opere, quelle non debbe a soi meriti tribuire,	From this my brother imagines that Christ, having received his heart from him, created the whole world for him, and having brought him to terrestrial paradise, he commands that, while he nourishes himself with the wood of life which contains the image of his grace, he must not taste in any way the tree of good and evil; this seems to me to mean that man, doing good works, should not attribute them to his own merits,
{p. 11} {R 181}	{p. 11} {R 181}
anzi tutte nel divin favore collocarle. Tal è dunque il concetto mio dal <i>Chaos</i> divenuto.	but rather should consider them as divine favor. Such therefore has become my idea of the <i>Chaos</i> .

¹ Gloss: Vexatio dat intellectum. (Distress gives understanding.)

ARGOMENTO TERTIO. PAOLA.	Third explanation. PAOLA.
Sententia divina è che la lettera uccide l'anima. Fermamasi, prego, dunque su'l Chaos di questa materia, lasciando in parte sì la vita di mio figliuolo in spetialtade, la quale per vigor e sottiezza de peregrini ingegni forse col tempo verrà in luce più sicura, sì quella anchora di qualunque altro huomo, in questa humana gabbia precipitato.	The holy word states that "the letter kills the soul." Therefore, I beg you, let's stay on this Chaos material, leaving aside both the life of my son in particular (which through the vigor and subtlety of extraordinary minds perhaps with time will come more securely to light) as well as the life of any other man who's been thrust into this human cage.
Ne la prima selva contienesi, adunque, l'huomo studioso et avido d'imparare mettersi prima in consideratione di queste cose più basse de l'humana natura, fra le quali se l'arte liberale con la industria insieme non fusse, oh quanto inferiore a gli altri animali sarebbe l'huomo, non così provisto da natura contra le ingiurie del tempo, quanto di piume, squame e peli sono quelli.	In the first forest therefore, is contained the studious man who is keen to learn to take into consideration first these lowliest things of human nature among which, if liberal arts were not joined with industry, oh, how inferior man would be to the other animals -- not as well provided by Nature against the injuries of weather as are they -- with their feathers and scales and fur.
Onde pare che meritamente più lei chiami madre che madregha se la nuditate od altra miseria nel nascere ben si comprende.	And thus it seems that he rightly calls Nature stepmother rather than mother, if one rightly understands the nakedness or other miseries of being born.
Ma contemplando per mezzo di queste divine arti liberali haver da non curarsi di qualunque onta naturale, si move al studio semplicemente di humanitate, lo quale aurea etade meritamente appella, quando che tutta d'oro sia cotesta disciplina e d'ogni scrupulo del nostro intelletto fora.	But thinking that by means of these divine liberal arts, to have no concern for any natural shame, he moves toward the study of humanity, which he justly calls the Golden Age, since this discipline seems all made of gold and is beyond any scruple of our intellect.
{p. 12} {R 181}	{p. 12} {R 181}
Nella seconda selva, questo medemo studente si delibera pur di trovar la veritate di quante cose naturali e soprannaturali ne' libri si contengono.	In the second forest, this same student even decides to find the truth of as many natural and supernatural things as are contained in books.
Partesi da gli humani giardini per saltar ne la philosophia; ma tosto lo genio suo bono gli antepone la humanità di Iesù Christo affermali non essere altra veritate di questo.	He leaves human gardens to jump into philosophy; but before long his good angel puts before him the humanity of Jesus Christ and tells him that there is no other truth than this.
Eppur la curiositate di pescar più sul fondo, in guisa di donna sopra un sfrenato destriero, lo tira per vie scabrose infin sul passo che divide lo sentiero in due parti; quindi a la man destra invitato l'evangelica, quindi a la sinistra la peripatetica d'hoggi di theologia.	And yet the desire to fish in deeper waters, in the guise of a woman on an unbridled horse, draws him along rocky roads until he comes to a fork that divides the path into two parts: the part on the right invites him to evangelism, that on the left to the peripatetic theology of our day.

<p>Ma, vinto da la curiositate anchora, si aventa senza freno drieto a quella per chimere, sogni e favole sophistici, trovandovi drento Merlin Cocaio; per notificarci la grossa e incorretta retorica et elocutione de la maggior parte de' nostri moderni theologi, ove quelli loro vocaboli causalitade, entitade, intuitiva et abstractiva, con l'altra barbaria tengono corte bandita: per che al fine di mille dubitanze, errori et eresie, nel laberinto egli avilupato si ritrova e sepellito.</p>	<p>But once again won over by curiosity, he rushes after her through chimeras, dreams and sophistic fables, finding therein Merlin Cocaio, in order to signify the crude and incorrect rhetoric and elocution of the greater part of our modern theologians, where those vocabulary words of theirs, "causality," "entity," "intuition" and "abstractive," hold court with other barbarisms, at the end of a thousand doubts, errors and heresies, he finds himself entrapped and buried in the labyrinth.</p>
<p>Hor ne la terza selva, commosso lesù Christo da dolce pietade verso quella anima invischiata</p>	<p>Then, in the Third Forest, Jesus Christ, moved by sweet piety towards that soul ensnared</p>
<p>{p. 13} {R 182}</p>	<p>{p. 13} {R 182}</p>
<p>et allacciata in quei tanti <i>utrum, probo, nego, arguo, pro, contra</i>, etc. tiralo al mero e puro latte del santissimo Vangelo et al fidel e tutissimo porto di san Paolo, con tutto il resto de' libri del testamento novo e vecchio, nel qual egli studiosamente ruminando a Dio fa un dono del suo core.</p>	<p>and entangled in all those terms, "<i>utrum, probo, nego, arguo, pro, contra</i>" etc., pulls him toward the pure and simple milk of the Gospel and to the faithful and extremely secure port of St. Paul, with all the rest of the books of the New and Old Testament, in which he, ruminating studiously, makes a gift of his heart to God.</p>
<p>Lo quale, in cambio di sì legger cosa, fallo signore de l'universo, criandogli di novo il cielo, il mar e la terra; e dapoì tanto, al paradiso terrestre mandatolo, quivi gli comanda che voglia solamente pascersi di contemplar quanta sia verso noi la divina misericordia, ma non quale e quanta sia la maiestade e potentia sua.</p>	<p>He, in exchange for such a little thing, makes him lord of the universe, creating for him anew the sky, the sea and the earth; and after all this, sends him to terrestrial paradise and there orders him to wish to nourish himself only in contemplating the quantity of divine mercy toward us, but not the quality and quantity of his power and majesty.</p>
<p>E questo è l'arbore de la bona e mala scienza, sì come quell'altro è legno de la vita. A me cotesta allegoria pare de le vostre meglio quadrare al <i>Chaos</i> di mio figliuolo. Horsù, leggemolo dunque di compagnia, e prima li tre nomi di esso.</p>	<p>And this is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, just as the other is the tree of life. It seems to me that this allegory squares better with my son's <i>Chaos</i> then do yours. So, let's read this together then, and first the three names of it.</p>
<p>MERLINUS.</p>	<p>Merlinus.</p>
<p>Tres sumus unius tum animae tum corporis, iste Nascitur, ille cadit, tertius errigitur. Is legi paret naturae, schismatis ille Rebus, evangelico posterus Imperio. Nomine sub ficto Triperuni cogimur iidem: Infans et luvenis virque, sed unus inest.</p>	<p>We are three of one soul and one body. This one is born, that one falls and the third rises back up. This one is subject to nature's law, that one to schismatic matters, and the last to evangelical authority. We same are grouped under the fictitious name of Triperuno: infant, youth and man, but [only] one is present.</p>

{p. 14} {R 183}	{p. 14} {R 183}
LIMERNO	Limerno.
<p>Giove Nettuno Pluto d'un Saturno Hebber a sorte il Ciel il Mar la terra, Fulmini Denti Teste in lor governo Tre trine insegne per tre cause furno.²</p> <p>Tre fonti oltra le tre del mio Liburno Nacquer d'un capo santo al sbalzo terno Così Merlino Fulica Limerno Si calzian d'un Theophil il cothurno.³</p> <p>Mantua sen ride e parla con Virgiglio, Tu sei Pastor Agricola Soldato, (Perché del nomer terno Dio s'allegra)</p> <p>Ridi tu meco anchora dolce figlio, Quando che sotto un nome triplicato Sortisca una confusa mole e pegra.⁴</p>	<p>Jove, Neptune and Pluto from one Saturn, divided up the sky, sea, underworld; under their control were lightning bolts, teeth, heads: there were three trine signs for three causes.</p> <p>Three fountains, in addition to the three of my Liburnio, were born at the third shake of a holy head: thus Merlino, Fulica, and Limerno put on the buskin of a Teofilo.</p> <p>Mantua laughs and speaks about this with Vergil: "You are a pastor, a farmer and a soldier, because God enjoys the number three.</p> <p>Laugh with me again, sweet son, since from beneath a triplicate name emerges a confused and indolent mass."</p>
Fulica.	Fulica.
<p>Fermati alquanto, lettore amantissimo. Son certo, che lo hexastico e Sonetto di miei compagni di sopra ti parono duri e scabrosi, non vi slungar in guisa di Rinocerote suso il naso ti prego, che 'l ladro il quale rubasse di giorno saria tantosto compreso: Quivi ci fa' mistero di scurezza e caliginosa nebbia, ma se li capoversi per tutto il nostro <i>Chaos</i> providamente scegliere saperai, chiaro e limpido finalmente ti parrà lo intricato soggetto nostro: Ma solamente un bell'aviso quivi darti intendo, che totalmente sul ternario numero</p>	<p>Pause a while, dearest reader. I am certain that the hexastich and sonnet of my companions above appear to you hard and rough. Do not turn up your nose, like a rhinoceros, I beg you, since the thief who may have stolen by day will soon be seized/ understood. Here obscurity and thick fog are necessary: but if you will discern how to carefully choose the first letters of verses throughout the <i>Chaos</i>, eventually our intricate subject will appear clear and limpid to you. But here I intend only to give a good piece of advice: for an appropriate reason, that we are completely founded on the number three.</p>
{p. 15} {R 186}	{p. 15} {R 186}

² Note: The symbols for the three sons of Saturn: lightning for Jove, ruler of the sky; the trident fork for Neptune ruler of the oceans; three heads for Pluto, ruler of the underworld.

³ Gloss: San Paolo. Note: St. Paul says that he will glory in how "a man" was caught up to the third heaven, not claiming that this happened to him, 2 Corinthians 12.2-4. Niccolo Liburnio was the author of *Le tre fontane*, 1526, a work extolling the style and language of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.

⁴ Gloss: Chaos.

<p>siamosi, per conveniente ragione fundati. Prima tu vedi lo titolo del libro essere tre parole: CHAOS DEL TRIPERUNO Segueno poi le tre folenghe, over foliche son dette, le quali sono antiquissima insegna di casa nostra in Mantoa.⁵</p>	<p>First you see that the title of the book is in three words: <i>Chaos of Triperuno</i>. Then the three black birds follow, or rather they are called merles, which are the ancient coat of arms of our House in Mantua.</p>
<p>E sotto specie di loro succedono le tre Donne di tre etadi, e di tre fogge di parentela, da le quali derivano li tre prolissi argomenti, ciascuno di loro in tre parti diviso, noi siamo poi di tre nomi: MERLINO. LIMERNO FULICA. Li quali, cominciando il nostro <i>Chaos</i>, in tre selve lo spartimo, con li soi tre sentimenti, ma lo più autenticato, al giudicio de l'ingenioso lettore dimettemo.</p>	<p>And under their auspices follow the three women of three different ages and of three different types of kinship, from whom the three prolux arguments are derived, each one being divided into three parts. And we are of three names: Merlino, Limerno, Fùlica. We separated the beginning of the <i>Chaos</i> into three forests with their three meanings; but as to which is most authentic, we submit to the judgment of the ingenious reader.</p>

⁵ Gloss: Tre parole de titolo. Tre folenghe. Tre donne. Tre etadi. Tre fogge di parentado. Tre argomenti. Tre parti d'ogni argomento. Tre nomi. Tre selve. Tre allegorie. (Three words of the title. Three watercoots. Three women. Three ages. Three kinds of kinship. Three explanations. Three parts to each explanation. Three names. Three forests. Three allegories.)

Header: Selva Prima	#Section 2: First Forest
{p. 16} {R 187}	{p. 16} {R 187}
CHAOS	CHAOS
[Xilografia di mezza pagina: due donne in piede che si disputano, con in mezzo un bambino nudo che giace dormendo circondato da animali.]	[Half-page woodcut image: two women standing arguing while a naked baby boy lies asleep between them, surrounded by animals.]
TRIPERUNO.	TRIPERUNO
<p>Voi ch'ad un'alta e faticosa impresa Vedete hor me salir' audacemente Per via mai forse da null'altro intesa;</p> <p>Piacciavi d'ascoltare queste lente Mie corde in voce lagrimosa e mesta, Ch'altro non s'ha d'un'anima dolente.¹</p> <p>E bench' i' veda alzandovi la testa Mia virtù debil' al salir tant'alto, Di che sovente per viltà s'arresta;²</p>	<p>You, who see me rise boldly now to a lofty and arduous endeavor in a way perhaps never attempted by anyone else,</p> <p>be so kind as to listen to these slow chords of mine in a weeping and mournful voice, for from a grieving soul nothing else is had.</p> <p>And though raising my head I see my strength feeble for rising so high, so that often out of cowardice it holds back,</p>
{p. 17} {R 187}	{p. 17} {R 187}
<p>Pur spiego l'ale, e quanto so m'exalto La 've m'accenna il lume d'ogni lume, Per cui non temo alchun spennato salto.</p> <p>Che mentre sù con le 'nperate piume Tolgomi de le nubi sopra 'l velo D'un Dedalo migliore sotto 'l nume;³</p> <p>Vedrò ch'immobil stassi e volge 'l cielo, Sostien la terra, e l'universo a 'n cenno Volendo, pó cangiar o 'n foco, o 'n gelo.⁴</p>	<p>still I spread my wings, and as well as I am able, I ascend there where the light of all light signals to me; thus I do not fear any featherless leap.</p> <p>Because while I pull myself with waxed wings up above the veil of clouds, under the protection of a better Daedalus,</p> <p>I will see that he remains stationary yet turns the sky, sustains the earth and with a nod can change the universe into fire or ice at will.</p>
<p>Hor dunque, di più sana audacia e senno Ch'Icaro mai non hebbe, a l'ardua via Ambo gli piedi ambo le braccia impenno.</p>	<p>Now, therefore with more sound daring and sense than Icarus ever had, I feather both feet and both arms for the arduous path.</p>

¹ Gloss: In moerore animae deiicitur spiritus. ("By the sadness of the soul, the spirit is brought down," Proverbs 15.13); Vulgate has *animi* not *animae*.

² Gloss: Pusillanimitati virtus succumbit. (Virtue succumbs to cowardice.)

³ Gloss: Utitur metaphorice fabula Icarum et Dedali. (He uses the story of Icarus and Daedalus metaphorically.)

⁴ Gloss: In perpetuis non differt posse et esse. (In eternity there is no difference between being and being able.)

<p>E cantovi di questa nostra ria Prigion, che vita nominar non oso, Le frode di essa, il volgo, la pazzia.⁵</p>	<p>And I sing there of this wicked prison of ours which I don't dare call "life" -- its deceptions, the rabble, the insanity.</p>
<p>E di quel Rè, che 'n un presepio ascoso Vidì fra le duo bestie a gran bisogna Ver se stesso crudel, ver noi pietoso.⁶</p> <p>Che svelse il mundo tutto di menzogna, Con sua dottrina colma di quel foco, Ch'arde si dolce in alma, che non sogna.</p> <p>Io dico te lesù, lo qual invoco Mio Phebo, mio Helicon, mio Parnasso, Ov'ogni bel pensier al fin collóco.</p> <p>So ben, che di te dir via più t'abbasso, Che tacendo non alzo, e pur m'offersi Ecco a dricciar nel tuo bel nome il passo.</p> <p>Che, come vedi, son questi miei versi D'amor almanco e charitade in cima Se non toscani, ben sonori, e tersi.⁷</p>	<p>and of that King whom I saw hidden in a manger between the two beasts in dire need, cruel to himself, merciful toward us,</p> <p>who uprooted sin from the whole world with his doctrine full of that fire which burns so sweetly in a soul that does not dream.</p> <p>I mean you, Jesus, whom I invoke as my Phoebus, my Helicon, my Parnassus, where at last I place every fine thought.</p> <p>I know well that to speak of you I lower you more than I elevate [you] by keeping silent; and yet here I am, having offered to lead my steps in your fine name.</p> <p>So that, as you see, these verses of mine are, if not Toscan, at least resonant and well polished, with love and charity above all.</p>
<p>{p. 18} {R 188}</p>	<p>{p. 18} {R 188}</p>
<p>TRIPERUNO</p>	<p>TRIPERUNO</p>
<p>Di quella spera più capace et ima Del ciel' ove l'Artifice soperno Fabrica ogn'hor quanto mai finse prima;⁸</p> <p>Io novamente usciva fatto eterno Candido spirto leggiadretto e bianco, Che bianca più non vien neve d'inverno.</p>	<p>In that largest and highest sphere of the sky, where the supreme Artificer continually produces whatever he first created,*</p> <p>I was just issuing forth, having been made eternal, a pure spirit lovely and so white that even winter snow is not whiter,</p>

⁵ Gloss: Caecum quid et miserum hominibus vita. (Life for humans is something aimless and wretched.)

⁶ Gloss: Proprio filio non pepercit, ut nos redimeret. Pau. ("He did not spare his son, so that he might redeem us," cf. Paul, Romans 8.32.)

⁷ Gloss: Summa providentia carere fuco voluit ea, quae divina sunt. Lact. ("The Supreme Providence wished those things which are divine to be without embellishment," Lactantius, *Divine Institutes* 6.21.)

⁸ Gloss: Tangit idearum opiniones. (He mentions the idea of [eternal] forms.) For the following section regarding the soul's passage into life, Cordié sites Paoli who sees here the Myth of Er, from Plato's *Republic*, 10.620-1, accessible to Folengo through Cicero's *Dream of Scipio*.

Quando 'l mio stesso Fabro un calzo al fianco Vibrommi tal, che giu ne venni a piombo, In loco basso, e d'ogni posa manco.	when my own <i>Fabbro</i> / Creator landed a kick on my flank so that I plummeted down into a lowly place devoid of all calm.
E come vago e timido colombo Vola quando si parte da la torma Del ciel tonante al subito ribombo, ⁹ Tal io vi errava tanto che, d'un'orma Uscendo in l'altra mi trovai su'l porto Dove l'oblio nostro 'ntelletto addorma. Guardomi intorno paventoso e smorto, Che teso in ogni parte vedo un rete, Onde ch'entrarvi debbia mi sconforto.* ¹⁰	And as a lovely and timid dove flies when it leaves the flock at the sudden boom of the thundering sky, in like manner I wandered so much there, leaving one track for another, that I found myself at the door where our forgetful intellect sleeps. I look around me scared and pale, for I see a net stretched on all sides, wherefore I despair that I must enter it.
Quivi spicciando fora d'un parete Largo così ch'ampio paese cinge, Chiara fontana porsemi gran sete; Laqual fra sassi mormorando astringe Al dolce ber qualunque vi s'applica, Ma tosto se ne pente chi lei tinge. Perch'ella il senso e lo 'ntelletto intrica, Però non men' a 'n vischio tal m'accolsi, Tratto dal bere e da l'usanza antica. ¹¹	Here, gushing out from a wall so broad that it encircles ample lands, a clear fountain gave me great thirst; which, while murmuring amid rocks, binds fast to the sweet drinking whatever comes into contact with it; but he whom it touches soon repents of it, because it confounds the wits and the intellect, therefore such [a fount] drew me in no less than to birdlime, attracted by imbibing and by ancient custom.
{p. 19} {R 189}	{p. 19} {R 189}
Quivi cum brame tanto me ne tolsi, Che tutto 'l bene, che capisce in noi, Non pur lasciai, ma nel contrario avvolsi. Acque maligne, acque di toscò, voi Più del mele soavi, più che manna, Scoprite il fele al nostro error dopoi. Che chi vi gusta pur, non che tracanna,	Here with fervor I took so much of it that not only did I leave behind all the good that is contained in us but I turned to the contrary. Malignant waters, waters of toxin, you who are sweeter than honey, sweeter than manna, you reveal the bile in our error -- later. So that whoever even tastes there, not just he who

⁹ Gloss: Nil sine magno Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hor. ("Life gave mortals nothing without great labor." Horace, *Satires* 1.9.59-60.)

¹⁰ Gloss: Rationalis anima, quae ad corpus accedit, oblivionem sui quam primum incurrit. (The rational soul, as it approaches the body, right away meets forgetfulness of itself.)

¹¹ Gloss: Dulce quidem est poculum, per quod praeteritorum fit bonorum oblivio. (Sweet indeed is the drink by which there is forgetfulness of all previous good things.)

<p>Presto negli occhi, anzi nel cor s'annebbia, Dura cagion, che a questo ci condanna.¹²</p>	<p>gulps, quickly fogs over in the eyes, or rather in the heart; harsh reason/ origin that condemns us to this.</p>
<p>Cangiasi d'un bel raggio in scura nebbia, Ne qual era pur dianzi non ricorda, Ne sù quel punto sà che far si debbia.*</p> <p>Io dunque, alma di bere troppo ingorda, le parti mie d'alti pensieri dotte Perdei qual cieca forsennata e sorda.</p> <p>Perché non so, sàssel colui, che notte Far giorno e giorno notte pote solo. E dà sovente a noi d'amare botte.</p>	<p>One changes from a beautiful ray to dark fog, and does not even remember what he was earlier, nor at that point know what he should do.</p> <p>I, therefore, a soul too eager to drink, lost my faculties suited to higher thinking, like a blind and crazed [soul].</p> <p>Why, I don't know; he alone knows who can make night day and day night; and often gives us bitter blows.</p>
<p>Per fallo d'uno preme tutto 'l stolo, E vedesi alchun padre humil e domo Irsene giù per colpa del figliuolo.¹³</p> <p>Hor chi l'intenderebbe, che d'un pomo Succeda tanto incomodo, ch'ognhora Sostegna il ceppo human l'error d'un huomo?</p> <p>Ben fu di acerbe tempre, poi ch'anchora Foggia non è la qual digesto l'habbia, Né mai, tant'esser deve crudo, fora,</p> <p>Se chi nostr'alme spinge in questa gabbia, Col raggio di pietà nol dissacerba E tempra di giustitia in se la rabbia.¹⁴</p>	<p>For the fault of one the whole horde presses in, and one sees a humble and tame father go down for the guilt of the son.</p> <p>Now who could understand, that from one apple so much trouble could arise, that the human race still bears the error of one man?</p> <p>It was indeed of harsh qualities, given that there is still no way it was digested, nor will there ever be, so raw it must be,</p> <p>if he who thrusts our souls into this cage does not render it less bitter with a ray of mercy, and temper his anger with justice.</p>
<p>{p. 20} {R 190}</p>	<p>{p. 20} {R 190}</p>
<p>Né stomacho di strutio, né onto, né herba Mentre da noi per quest'ombre si viva, È per smaltir un'esca tanto acerba.</p> <p>I' non fu' mai di tal cibo conviva,</p>	<p>There is not an ostrich stomach, or oil, or herb for breaking down bate so unripe, while among us one may live in these shadows.*</p> <p>I never partook of such food by which every soul</p>

¹² Gloss: Difficillimum omnium rerum est mortalibus Dei consilium. (For mortals the most difficult of all things is God's intent.)*

¹³ Gloss: De caeco nato scriptum est: Quid peccavit? Hic aut parentes eius. Responsum est: Ut manifestentur opera Dei. ("Of someone born blind it is written, 'Who has sinned, this man or his parents?'" The answer is, "So that the works of God could be made known." cf. John 9.2-3.)

¹⁴ Gloss: Sicut in Adam omnes moriuntur, ita et in Christo omnes vivificabuntur. Paul. ("Just as all perish in Adam, so all will become alive in Christ." Paul 1 Cor. 15.22.)

<p>E pur padirlo anzi patirlo deggio, Per cui vien ciascun'alma del ciel priva.</p> <p>La qual ir non dovria di mal in peggio, Se, al priego d'una femina, colui Morse 'l mal frutto e persevi 'l bel seggio.¹⁵</p>	<p>becomes deprived of heaven, and yet I must absorb it, or rather endure it.</p> <p>This soul should not go from bad to worse, if, at the pleading of a woman, that man bit the bad fruit and thereby lost the pleasant place.</p>
<p>A che unqua nascer noi, se per altrui Fallir par, ch'anco l'ira non s'estingua Divina in noi, per loghi alpestri e bui?</p> <p>Ai miser, taci e morditi la lingua, Che maladetto fie chi in ciò s'adira: Già Dio mai d'human sangue non s'impingua.</p> <p>Anzi ama l'opre sue, contempla e mira, E studia l'huomo a se facto simile Scampare dal suo stesso foco et ira.</p>	<p>Why were we ever born -- if due to the failing of another it appears divine anger is still not extinguished in us -- in mountainous and dark places?*</p> <p>Alas, wretch, be silent and bite your tongue, because cursed be he who gets angry at this: for God never fattens himself with human blood.</p> <p>On the contrary, he loves, contemplates, and admires his works and studies how to rescue man, made in his likeness, from his own fire and anger.</p>
<p>Ma non pensar, non che cercar, suo stile Via troppo da l'human pensier rimoto, Che alto pensier non cape in senso vile.¹⁶</p> <p>Dunque dirò che quanto chiaro e noto M'era dinnanzi al ber de l'acque sparve, Onde fui d'ombra pieno e di sol voto.</p> <p>Eccomi sogni intorno, fauni e larve, Che mi facean per quella notte scorta, Nè mai più 'l bel ricordo dianzi apparve.</p>	<p>But do not ponder, let alone seek his method, too removed from human thought, for lofty thought finds no space in base perception.</p> <p>Therefore, I will say that whatever was known and clear before drinking from the waters, vanished, whence I was full of shadow and empty of sunlight.</p> <p>Then, dreams encircled me, fauna and larvae kept me company that night, and never again did the beautiful memory appear before me.</p>
<p>Pur mi raffronto a quella horribil porta Fiso mirando, e qui fermai lo piede Com'huom ch'entrarvi drento si sconforta,</p> <p>E fin ch'altri vi passi, dubbio sede.¹⁷</p>	<p>Yet I face that horrible door again staring at it fixedly, and here I stopped my foot like a man who is afraid to enter within,</p> <p>and until others pass by, stays hesitant.</p>
<p>{p. 21} {R 191}</p>	<p>{p. 21} {R 191}</p>

¹⁵ Gloss: Adam obtemperans mulieri habet tipum rationis voluptati succumbentis. Aug. ("Adam, in obeying the woman, has a kind of reasoning succumbing to pleasure," Augustine, quotation not found.)*

¹⁶ Gloss: Plato in libris *Legum* quid sit omnino Deus inquiri oportere non censet. Cic. ("Plato in his book, *The Laws*, does not think that it is necessary to inquire at all about what God is," Cicero, *De natura deorum*, 1.12.30.)

¹⁷ Gloss: Utitur periphraasi circa id quod in instanti agitur. (He uses a circumlocution for that which he is doing at present.)

GENIO.	Guardian Spirit
Alma, che per altrui difetto al varco Dubioso arrivi e Dio ti vi destina, Hor quivi entrando inchina L'orgoglio, alzando gli occhi al ciel che carco Gira di stelle e mostrasi lontano.	Soul, you who by the defect of another arrive at the dubious threshold, and God destines you there, entering now, bend your pride, raising your eyes to heaven which turns laden with stars, and seems far away.
Di là scendesti, e più non ti rimmembra Qual eri avanti 'l poculo di Lete; ¹⁸ Ma se tornarvi brami, quelle membra, Ove tu déi corcarti a man a mano, Fa che raffreni fin che 'n lor s'acquete L'human desio che le conduce al rete Si di legger, ove ne resti presa: Ma strenua contesa Non sà fatica finalmente o carco.	From there you descended and you no longer remember what you were before the drink of Lethe. But if you desire to return there, those limbs, when you have to recline bit by bit, be sure to curb until human desire subsides in them, which leads them so easily to the net where you stay trapped. But in the end a strenuous struggle knows no fatigue or burden.
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
Queste parole in man d'un vecchio bianco Vedendo appese di quell'uscio in fronte, Io tremai forte e tremone pur anco. Anzi n'ho rimembrando a gli occhi un fonte, Ch'alhor mentre per me già si delibera Non ir più innanzi e volgomi dal ponte, Donna m'apar' accanto, che mi vibra Un pugno al fianco e drieto mi flagella, C'havea ne l'altra man un'aurea libra. ¹⁹	Seeing these words in the hand of a white-haired old man, hung on the front of that doorway, I really shuddered and still now shudder from it. In fact, remembering it, I have a fountain in my eyes, so that, while I am already deciding not to go ahead and I turn from that bridge, a woman appears beside me who strikes a blow to my flank and lashes at my back -- holding a golden scale in her other hand.
{p. 22} {R 192}	{p. 22} {R 192}
Ritornomi a la porta, dove quella Mi piega col temone di sue pugna, Drieto chiamando sempre, alma rubella	I go back to the door, where that woman bends me with the rudder of her blows, continually calling after me. "Rebellious soul,

¹⁸ Gloss: Cum igitur statuisset Deus ex omnibus animalibus solum hominem facere coelestem, cetera universa terrena, hunc ad coeli contemplationem rigidum erexit; ibi pedem constituit, scilicet ut eadem spectaret, unde illi origo est. Sen [sic]. ("When God established that of all creatures man alone was to be made celestial, terrestrial the rest of the universe, he raised him upright to contemplate the heavens; he set his foot down there, so that he might consider that from which he originated," Lactantius, *De opificio dei (On the Workmanship of God)*, 8.2.

¹⁹ Gloss: Iustitia Dei est, ut nullum in malum transeat impunitum. (God's justice is that nothing bad goes unpunished.)

Alma proterva fa' che non ti giugna Scamparti da colui che qui ti move Ad una faticosa e strana pugna	insolent soul, make sure you don't end up fleeing from the one who moves you toward a difficult and strange battle
C'havrai con esso teco e non altrove, E per vincer Leoni Tigri et Orsi, Vincendo te, minori son le prove. ²⁰ I' non mil fei ridir, ma via trascorsi Qual timido cavallo che s'arresta Ne l'apparir d'un'ombra e sta su' morsi, ²¹ Poi, vòlto in fuga soffia ad alta testa, Ma chi gli sede addosso presto il torna, Stringel ai fianchi e fra l'orecchie il pesta.	that you will have with him within yourself and not elsewhere; and in order to conquer lions, tigers and bears, by conquering yourself, the trials are lessened." I didn't have to be told twice, but ran off, as a skittish horse that stops at the sight of a shadow and chomps at the bit, then, having turned in flight, snorts with its head high; but the one mounted on its back soon turns it, presses its flanks and pounds it between the ears;
Ond'egli per le botte si ritorna In quella parte onde lo smosse l'ombra Di passo nò, ma corre e non soggiorna. Traggomi drento al fine, ove me 'ngombra Notte, ch'anchor più m'hebbe ottenebrato In luogo cui la terra intorno adombra. ²² Et io ne stetti non d'abisso al lato, Ma in centro d'ombre grosse denso e folto Qual talpa preso in gli occhi e smemorato.	So due to the blows it goes back to that spot where the shadow moved it aside, not at a walk, but it runs and does not pause. At last I drag myself inside where night encumbers me, which shaded me even more, in a place which the earth around conceals. And I stayed not on the side of the abyss, but in the dense, deep center of thick shadows, like a mole caught in the eyes and bewildered.
Cosi più mesi in quella tomba involto, Io pronto spirto ne la carne inferma Stetti non pur prigione ma sepolto, Finche O Natura, l'opra tua fu ferma. ²³	In that way, I stayed wrapped in that tomb for months, eager spirit in infirm flesh, not just a prisoner, but buried, until, O Nature, your work was finished.
{p. 23} {R 192}	{p. 23} {R 192}
MELPOMENE.	Melpomene [Muse of Tragedy]

²⁰ Gloss: Summa et omnium difficillima est victoria sui. (The highest and most difficult of all is victory over one's self.)

²¹ Gloss: Comparatio. (Comparison.)

²² Gloss: Hic uterum matris intelligit. (Here one understands the mother's uterus.)

²³ Gloss: Decem mensium tempore coagulatus sum in sanguine. Sap. ("For ten months, I was congealed in blood," Wisdom 7.2.)

<p>Mentre piangendo l'alte strida et urli, Sorelle mie si duramente innalzo, (Da me sol viene il tragico costume)²⁴ Lasciat' i crin' al vento, che ridurli Qui non bisogna in trezza, nè 'l piè scalzo Guidar per vaghi fiori e verdi piume De' prati lungo al fiume, Anzi sdegnando quella piaggia e questo Poggetto ameno statine qui meco In solitario speco,²⁵ Fin che mie rime udite sian di mesto E lagrimoso canto, il qual risulte Da quei sassosi monti e valli inculte.</p>	<p>While crying raise loud wails and howls so pitilessly, my sisters, (the tragic custom comes from me alone) -- free your locks to the wind, here there is no need to restrain them in a braid, nor to lead bare feet through the lovely flowers and green plumage of the fields along the river; on the contrary, scorning that shore and this pleasant knoll, stay here with me in a solitary cave, until the rhymes of my sad and tearful song are heard, which emerges from those rocky mountains and fallow valleys.*</p>
<p>Depon, Urania mia, la tua siringa, Che settiforme ha in se del ciel il tipo;²⁶ E tu, Clio, la lira, ove 'l mantóo Al greco vate fai ch'egual attinga; E mentre i Lauri e l'edere dissipo, Spargi quei fior del corno, che l'eròo Già svelse ad Achelóo, Erato mia: nè tu, Polinnia, il plettro, Nè, Calliope, l'arpa, nè la cetra, Talia (s'unqua s'impetra Gratia da voi), pulsate, c' hora il settro Tengo fra noi, cessando anchor le stanze Di Eutherpe, e di Tersicore le danze.²⁷</p>	<p>Set down your panpipes, my Urania, that has in itself the septiform structure of the sky; and you, Clio, [set down] the lyre, with which you make the Mantuan bard achieve equality with the Greek; and while I disperse the laurels and the ivy, spread those flowers from the horn which the hero [Hercules] uprooted from Achelous; do not, my Erato, nor you Polymnia, strum the plectrum, nor Calliope, the harp, nor Thalia the cythara (if ever one implores favor from you), because now I hold the scepter among us, stopping as well the stanzas of Eutherpe and the dances of Terpsichore.</p>
<p>{p. 24} {R 193}</p>	<p>{p. 24} {R 193}</p>
<p>Ahi di qual gioia e quanto bella effige Traboccar vidi l'huomo in tanto scorno; Mirati 'l ciel come, di grado in grado, Sol per causarli util placer, s'afflige Volgersi tra duo moti adversi intorno;²⁸ Mirati 'l Gange, l'Histro, Nilo e Pado, Ogni altro fiume e vado Tornarsi d'onda in onda al vecchio padre.</p>	<p>Woe, from such joy and such a beautiful figure did I see man precipitate into such disgrace. Look at the sky, how, little by little, only to bring them useful pleasure, it takes the trouble to rotate itself between two opposing motions; look at the Ganges, the Danube, the Nile and the Po, and every other river and ford returning wave by wave to their old father. The clouds are raining and the</p>

²⁴ Gloss: Melpomene tragico proclamat moesta boatu. Vir. ("In tragedy Melpomene proclaims with a mournful bellowing," Pseudo-Cato, *De musis versus*, 4.)*

²⁵ Note: *speco*: St Benedict founded the Benedictine order after living for years in the Sacro Speco (Holy Cave) near Subiaco, Italy, 60k East of Rome; see R 368, and R 283 for other possible allusions to this *speco*.

²⁶ Gloss: Asperitate rythmorum ipsa haec materies deposcit. (The subject matter itself demands the harshness of the rhythms.)*

²⁷ Gloss: Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas. Ovid. ("No lyre can do for my tears," Ovid, *Heroides* 15.8.)

²⁸ Gloss: Summum erga hominem Dei beneficium. (God's supreme kindness goes toward man.)

<p>Pioven le nubi e la porosa terra Dal centro si disserra, Sorbendo il dat'umor, onde già madre Fassi di questo fior e di quel pomo, Per aggradir et aggrandir un huomo.</p>	<p>porous earth opens from the center, drinking in the liquid given, so that she already makes herself the mother of this flower and that fruit, in order to please and enhance a human.</p>
<p>L'huomo che, ingrato a Dio, non ch'a Natura, Per antiporre un fral desire al dolce Suo fermo stato, giustamente abietto Fu d'alta gloria in infima iattura,²⁹ La cui durabil colpa in ciel si folce, Che mai non parte dal divin aspetto. Però sta fermo e stretto Destin, a penitentia d'un tal fallo, Che l'huomo in grembo a morte quivi nasca: Così dal cielo casca L'alma di novo fatta in scuro vallo, Dove se stessa oblia cieca et inferma, Già devoluta in sterco, fango e sperma.³⁰</p>	<p>The human who, ungrateful to God not just to Nature, for having chosen a feeble desire over his charming tranquil state, was justly thrown out from lofty glory into the deepest disgrace, the lasting guilt of which shines forth in heaven, which never takes leave of the divine countenance.* For fate remains fixed and stern, in penitence for such an error-- that man is born here in the lap of death: so the soul falls from heaven made anew in a dark valley, where blind and infirm it forgets itself, already turned into waste, mud and sperm.</p>
<p>Indi Natura, per supplicio degno, Men se gli mostra madre che noverca; A qual ogni animal provvede contra L'onte del tempo, dandogli sostegno. Nasce pur l'huomo ignudo, il quale cerca Schermirsi d'un Agnello, Volpe o Lontra,</p>	<p>Then Nature, suited to torture, shows herself less of a mother than a step-mother; as she provides for every other animal against seasonal injuries, giving them support. But man is born naked, and tries to shield himself from the cold in which he finds himself, with a sheep, fox or leopard,</p>
<p>{p. 25} {R 194}</p>	<p>{p. 25} {R 194}</p>
<p>Dal gelo in cui se 'ncontra, Che di scampo migliore non ha copia. Ma di squame coperti, penne e lane Per fiumi, selve e tane Van pesci, augelli e fiere. In somma inopia Sol nasce l'huomo, cui cade per sorte Pianger nascendo e, nato, gir a morte.</p>	<p>for he has no better way of getting by. But the fish, birds and beasts go through rivers, forests and dens covered with scales, feathers and wool. Only man is born in utter poverty, whose lot it is to cry while being born and once born, to turn towards death.</p>

²⁹ Gloss: Peccatum originale, quod in Adam fuit personale, in aliis naturale. (Original sin which in Adam was personal, in others natural.)

³⁰ Gloss: Anima rationalis hanc in miseriam devolvitur, ut mox altius se ipsam recognoscat. (The rational mind sinks back into this misery, so that soon it recognizes itself as another.)*

<p>Non così tosto un augelletto spunta De l'uovo fora, quando a tempo nasce: Ecco s'addriccia e, con soppresso grido, Del becco l'esca piglia in su la punta, E senza documento di chi 'l pasce Su l'orlo estremo tirasi del nido, Dove giù funde al lido Ciò che smaltisce per servarsi netto. Non così l'huomo, no, ché d'ora in hora Convien di fascie fora Cavarlo, in cui legato stassi stretto, E trarlo di sozzura e puzzo lordo, Al miser suo stato e cieco e sordo.³¹</p>	<p>No sooner does a baby bird poke out of the egg, when it is time to be born, when it rights itself with a little yelp, and takes food with the tip of its beak, and without instruction from the person who feeds it, pulls up to the edge of the nest from where, in order to keep itself clean, what it digests flows down to the ground. Man is not like this, no, who, from one hour to the next needs to be taken out of the swaddling clothes in which he stays tightly bound, and removed from his filth and stinking mess, in his miserable state, both blind and deaf.</p>
<p>Hor dite (prego) quand'egli mai s'erger Coei ch'abbella monti, valli e selve, E d'un sì gentil figlio non tien cura Pel torto del primier; dico Natura.³² Che se al contrasto di natura l'arte, L'industria in suo repar non fusser ambe, Mentr'egli sugge e lambe Lo sin materno, peggio de le belve Ne rimarrebbe, tanto l'odia e sdegna E fassigli matregna</p>	<p>Tell me then, I pray you, when does he ever rise up, with his countenance to the sky from which he came, without first making legs out of his arms, crawling, while he moves along like a snake? So that, if in contrast to nature, both art and industry did not protect him, while he sucks and licks the maternal breast, he would remain worse off than the beasts, such is the hate and scorn that a step-mother gives him,</p>
<p>{p. 26} {R 195}</p>	<p>{p. 26} {R 195}</p>
<p>Coei ch'abbella monti, valli e selve, E d'un sì gentil figlio non tien cura Pel torto del primier; dico Natura.</p> <p>Solo la donna artifice e la industrie Parton de le sue membre l'officina; Ma quant'è 'l pianto e quante le percosse Anzi ch'ancora il misero s'industrie Saper su piedi starsi, onde ruina Sovente sì, che molte fiate mosse Di luogo porta l'osse, Restandone d'un mostro più deforme. Cosa non già, che ne li armenti caschi Cercate e' verdi paschi,</p>	<p>she who adorns mountains, valleys and forests and does not take care of such a gentle son due to the crime of the first one -- I mean Nature.</p> <p>Only the female artificer [Technilla/ Skill], and Industry share the function of his limbs, but how much weeping and how many blows before the poor thing manages to learn how to stand up. For this reason he falls so often that many times he gets his bones moved out of place, and from this ends up more deformed than a monster. This is something that doesn't happen in the herds: look in green pastures, in the clouds and rivers, at how many species there are that, as soon as they are</p>

³¹ Gloss: Oh quam contempta res homo nisi supra humum se erexerit. Arist. ("Oh what a contemptible thing a human would be if he did not walk upright on the ground.") Cordié notes that Aristotle considers the theme of man walking erect in *De partibus animalium*, chapters 9 and 10, p. 817.

³² Gloss: Non quidem certe est aliquid miserius homine. Homer. ("There is certainly nothing more lowly than man." Homer, *Iliad* 17.446.) *

Le nubi, i fiumi, quante sian le forme Che, nate appena, chi 'l nòto, chi 'l volo, Chi prende il corso; e l'huomo casca solo.	born, take off swimming, flying, running, and only man falls.
Dhe perché nasce lo 'nfelice dunque Di tanti strali ad esser un versaglio? ³³ Ogni tempesta in lui s'aggira e scarca, Ogni virgulto se gli attacca, ovunque Move di questa selva nel travaglio. S'avien ch'egli pur goda, ecco la Parca Rumpelo al mezzo, e varca La vita al Sol qual nebbia o fumo al vento: Stato penoso e miserabil tanto. ³⁴ Ch'altro che affanni e pianto, Travagli, sdegni, lagrime, scontento Attende huomo che nasce? e se lo move Fortuna a qualche honor, morte vi 'l smove.	Ah, why then is unhappy man born to be the target of so many arrows? Every tempest swirls and discharges in him, every sapling attaches itself to him wherever he moves in this forest of toil. If it happens that he takes delight even so, behold Fate breaks him in the middle, and life dissipates like fog in the sun or smoke in the wind: such a painful and miserable state! What, other than worries and sobbing, labor, scorn and tears awaits the unhappy man who is born? And if fortune carries him toward any glory, death carries him away from it.
{p. 27} {R 196}	{p. 27} {R 196}
Queste parole in capo Voglio sculpite sian d'ogni Tiranno, Lo qual non esser Dio, ma fumo e nebbia S'intenda, e che non debbia Farsi adorar al mondo, perché vanno E vengon tutti eguali di fral seme, Ma tal le piume, tal le paglie preme. ³⁵	These words I want sculpted above every tyrant, who is not God, one should understand, but smoke and fog; and he should not have himself adored in the world, because all those of the frail seed come and go equally, but one person lies on feathers, another on straw.
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
Dapoi li giorni e mesi, che 'n tal centro Si lordo il mio destin crescer mi fece, Donna m'apparse a quel girone dentro, ³⁶ Ch'indi sciolto mi trasse d'orbo in vece, Poi molto altiera disse: Hor tienti in mente Mortal, che più tornar qui non ti lece.	After the days and months that my destiny made me grow in such a foul place, a woman appeared to me within that enclosure, who pulled me free from there like a blind person and then said very haughtily, "Now bear in mind, mortal, that you are no longer allowed to return

³³ Gloss: Itaque multi extitere qui non nasci optimum censerent aut qui ocissime aboleri. Plin. ("For this reason there were many who thought it best not to have been born, or to have been obliterated as soon as possible," Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* 7.1.14.)

³⁴ Gloss: Oh fallacem hominum spem fragilemque fortunam et inanes nostras conceptiones quae mediocri in spatio saepe franguntur et corruunt! Cic. ("How erroneous is man's hope, and how fragile his good fortune, and how inane our notions which often are shattered and topple half way," Cicero, *De Oratoria*, 3.2.)

³⁵ Gloss: Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque tures. Hor. ("Pale death knocks with impartial foot at the huts of the poor and the towers of kings," Horace, *Odes* 1.4.13-4.)

³⁶ Gloss: Natura. (Nature.)

<p>E ciò parlando, l'empia et inclemente, Nudo fanciul ne la stagion più acerba Lasciommi solo e sparve incontanente.³⁷</p>	<p>here.”*</p> <p>And saying this, the merciless and intemperate woman left me alone, a naked baby in the harshest season, and promptly disappeared.</p>
<p>Sparve costei d'aspetto alta e soperba, E ove alhor passava, in ogni canto Seccar facea con fior e frondi l'herba, Fin che di neve col gelato manto Mi ricoperse intorno e monti e selve, Di che tremavo con diretto pianto. Miravami da lato e fiere e belve Con ogni augello d'alcun pel guarnito, Qual sia che 'n grotte alberghi o qual s'inselve; Ma sol io nudo sopra il nudo lito Stavami d'Aquilone sotto 'l fiato, Ne fui per tanto da pietade udito.</p>	<p>She disappeared, that one who was haughty and arrogant and where she passed next, she made the grass and flowers and fronds dry out in every spot, until snow covered me all over with its frozen cape, and the mountains and forests too, so that I trembled with uncontrollable sobbing. I looked on either side at both animals and beasts and every bird adorned with some kind of covering, whether they dwell in grottoes or forests; but I alone remained naked on the naked ground, beneath the blowing of the North wind, nor for all that was I heard by mercy.</p>
<p>{p. 28} {R 197}</p>	<p>{p. 28} {R 197}</p>
<p>Il qual piangendo mover quel spietato Havrei potuto, ch'ogni fanciullino Uccise per mal zelo del suo stato.³⁸ Chi vide mai d'inverno un cagnolino Tremar su l'uscio chiuso di chi 'l tiene, Usato starsi di madonna in sino?</p>	<p>Nor could I have moved that merciless one with crying, who killed every baby boy, out of evil jealousy for his state. Who has ever seen in winter a little dog used to staying on Madame's lap, trembling at the closed door of the one who is keeping it?</p>
<p>Così veder potea me con le rene In terra nude, vòlto in quella parte Del ciel, ove 'l suo moto si conviene. Et ove 'l Serpe tortuoso parte L'orribil Orse, dove nasce il spirito</p>	<p>One could see me like this with my back naked on the earth, turned towards that part of the sky, where its motion is fitting.* And where the tortuous Serpent separates the horrible Bears, where the spirit is born of the</p>

³⁷ Gloss: Natura ceteris animantibus testas, cortices, coria, spinas, villos, setas, pilos, plumam, pennas, squamas, vellera tribuit; hominem tantum nudum in nuda humo natali die abicit ad vagitus statum et ploratum. Ex Plin. (“Nature has given to the other creatures shells, bark, layers, thorns, hair, bristles, hides, feathers, scales, and fleeces; man alone she throws down naked to the naked ground to a status of crying and weeping,” Pliny, *Natural History* 7.1.2.)

³⁸ Gloss: Herode. (Herod.)

<p>Del fier Boote, che non mai si parte, Qual fiume e lago, ch'aspro duro e irto, Non ferma il corso di Calisto in braccio.³⁹ Ma non vidi poi si d'un lauro e mirto,</p>	<p>proud Boötes, who never separates from the arms of Callisto, like lake and river which harsh, hard and rough does not stop its course. But I did not see then whether laurel and myrtle,</p>
<p>Anzi con altri assai di quell'impaccio Lor vidi sciolti, e con bella verdura Starsen di neve in mezzo, o presso al ghiaccio, Mercé le calde gonne, che Natura Lor diede per servarli eterna vita, A lor si mite, a noi maligna e dura.⁴⁰ Ma una Dongella non so d'onde uscita, Presta negli atti e d'abito succinta, M'accolse in grembo di servir spedita.</p>	<p>instead I saw them freed with many others from that impediment, and with beautiful greenery stand in the middle of snow, or near ice, by virtue of the warm skirts which nature gave them in order to preserve eternal life; to them so gentle, to us so cruel and hard. But a maiden who came from I don't know where, quick in her movements and scantily dressed, welcomed me into her womb, ready to serve.</p>
<p>Poi lunga fascia intorno m'hebbe cinta, Portatomi già, dentro una spelonca Ben chiusa intorno e di fuligin tinta. Ver è che d'huomo come staoa tronca Di braccia e gambe, in que' legami resto, E così giacqui stretto in picciol conca.</p>	<p>Then once she had already brought me inside a cavern all closed off and tinged with soot she encircled me with a long band. Indeed I stayed in those bindings like a statue of a man truncated of arms and legs, and thus I lay constricted in a little shell.</p>
<p>{p. 29} {R 198}</p>	<p>{p. 29} {R 198}</p>
<p>Onde col capo sol, ch'un'oncia il resto Mover non poscio, vòlto a lei parlava, Con quell'istesso di fanciullo gesto, Qual fece altrui con Dio, quando d'ignava Lingua mostrossi e proferir non valse, Dovendo predicar a gente prava.⁴¹</p>	<p>So, with only my head turned toward her, since I can not move the rest even a bit, I spoke with the same gesture of a little child,* as did another person with God, when he showed himself to have a sluggish tongue and was unable to enunciate when having to preach to wicked</p>

³⁹ Gloss: Polus quod centrum est circuli arctici. Artos Oceani metuentes aequore tingui. Virg. (The pole which is the center of the arctic circle, "The Bears afraid of getting wet in the ocean," Virgil, *Georgics* 1.245. The passage refers to the constellations Ursa Maior and Ursa Minor, and alludes to the Orsini family (for whom see note to page R 219). The constellation Boötes, also called the Bear Watcher, is in the middle of these; the Serpent [Draco] appears nearby; Callisto is the maiden ravished by Zeus and turned into a bear (Ursa Major) by Hera, her son Arcas was turned into Ursa Minor.

⁴⁰ Gloss: Truncos arboresque cortice interdum gemino a frigoribus et calore natura tutata est. Ex Plin. ("The very trunks of the trees even, she has protected against the effects of heat and cold by a bark," Pliny, *Natural History* 7.1.2, trans. Bostock and Riley.)

⁴¹ Gloss: A.a.a. domine deus, ecce nescio loqui, quia puer ego sum. Hieremias. ("Ah, ah ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child." Jeremiah 1.6.)

<p>Chi fu la donna (dissi) cui s'ì calse Gitarmi in terra nudo, al vento e pioggia, Onde 'l mio corpo di gran gelo n'alse?"⁴²</p> <p>Ella sorrise, lagrimando, in foggia Di chi nel petto amaro e dolce copre; Poi disse: Eternamente non s'alloggia</p>	<p>people.</p> <p>"Who was that woman, I said, who was intent on throwing me naked to the ground, in the wind and rain, so that my body shivered with great cold."</p> <p>She smiled while crying, like one who harbors both the bitter and the sweet in her breast; then she said, "One does not dwell eternally</p>
<p>In questa terra, né si cela e scopre Il sol eternamente: Sol un franco E fermo stato è molto al ciel dissopre.</p> <p>Di là cadesti e sei per montarvi anco, Se 'n questa humana vita di due strade Dritto sentiero pigli, e lasci 'l manco.⁴³</p> <p>Però ch'al fin de la più molle etade Ti trovarai su 'l passo di Eleutheria, Che per doi rami è guida a dua contrade.</p>	<p>on this earth, nor does the sun conceal and reveal itself eternally: the only free and fixed state is way above the sky.</p> <p>From there you fell and are about to rise up there again if in this human life of two roads you take the right path, and leave the wrong.</p> <p>However, from the very earliest age you will find yourself on the Freedom trail, which is a conduit to two countries by two branches.</p>
<p>Quinci ratto si viene a la miseria, Quindi al pregio acquistato per lung'uso, Ché s'ha quanto di haver si dà materia.</p> <p>Over fia dunque tempo, che 'n ciel suso Ritornerai vittor di questa giostra, O cascherai di quel che sei più giuso.</p> <p>La Donna, che s'ì cruda ti si mostra, Fidel ancilla del eterno padre, Non odiar, perch'è la madre nostra,</p>	<p>Going this way one swiftly comes to woe, that way to the prize acquired by long custom, so that one has as much as one makes an effort to have.</p> <p>Or rather there will be a time when you will return to heaven above victor of this joust, or you will fall further down from what you are.</p> <p>Do not hate the woman who shows herself so austere toward you, because she, faithful servant of the eternal father, is our mother --</p>
<p>{p. 30} {R 198}</p>	<p>{p. 30} {R 198}</p>
<p>Nostra non pur, ma d'ogni pianta madre, Almafisa chiamata, che riceve Sua fama in variar cose leggiadre.⁴⁴</p>	<p>mother not only to us but to every plant: Mother Nature she is called, who gains her fame by making variations of charming things.</p>

⁴² Note: *calse*, *calere* (to matter to, interest); *alse*, *algere* (to be cold, shiver).

⁴³ Gloss: Litera Pythagorae discrimine secta bicorni. Virg. ("The letter of Pythagoras ["Y"] divided into two horns, [appears to display an image of human life]," Pseudo-Virgil.)*

⁴⁴ Gloss: Pulchrum Naturae Varietas est. (Variety in nature is a thing of beauty.) The name Almafisa appears to be composed of two words, the Latin adjective *almus*, *alma*, *almum* (providing nurture), and the Greek word *physis*, (nature, growth, creative force; akin to Latin *vis*); Folengo may have been drawing on the distinction discussed by

<p>E s'hor il mondo t'ha cangiato in neve; Non d'aspettar t'incresca, perché i lidi Rinovellar de' fiori anchor ti deve.</p> <p>Né sia perch' animale alcun invidi Huomo per piume, o squame, o pel, che s'habbia, Né perché sappian tesser antri o nidi;</p>	<p>And if now the world has changed into snow for you, don't let the waiting irk you, because she is obliged to renew the shores with flowers for you.</p> <p>And don't let it be because man envies any animal its feathers or scales, or fur or what have you, or because they may know how to weave nests or dens.</p>
<p>E tu sol nudo isposto al empia rabbia Di Borea, veda ogni vil canna e legno Armato contra 'l freddo et atra scabbia.</p> <p>Questo forse ti pare d'odio segno, Pur sta' sicuro, e fa che ti conforte, Ch'odio non è, ma sol un breve sdegno.</p> <p>S'odio tal fusse, ti darebbe morte, Né havrebbeti prodotto Dio giamai, Né fatto del suo regno al fin consorte.”⁴⁵</p>	<p>and you alone exposed to the cruel raging of Boreas, see every lowly reed and twig armed against the cold and vicious scabies.</p> <p>This may seem to you a sign of hate, but rest assured, and comfort yourself, that it is not hate but only brief disdain.</p> <p>Is this were hate, it would bring you death, nor would God have even produced you, nor made you in the end a consort of his reign.”</p>
<p>O me felice (dissi alhor) non mai Esser nasciuto, e senza altra vittoria Di carne, gioir sempre in gli alti rai.</p> <p>Ne' rai (quella rispose) de la gloria, De' cui ragioni, per gioir non eri, Se pria non dato avesse qui memoria.</p> <p>Alma non fu, né fora mai, che sperì Innanzi d'esta vita i vari affanni Viver del ciel in que' lunghi piaceri.</p> <p>Guarda, figliuol, che forse tu te 'nganni, S'esser for ch 'n idea ti pensi eterno Nanti la forma de' corporei panni,</p>	<p>“Oh happy me,” I said then, “to have never been born and without any other victory of flesh, to take pleasure ever after in the lofty rays.”</p> <p>“In the rays of glory,” she responded, “about which you reason, you were not to take pleasure if first you had not given your memory here.</p> <p>There was no Soul, nor will there ever be, that hopes before the various travails of this life to live in those long pleasures of heaven.</p> <p>Look, son, perhaps you are deluded if you think that you are eternal, except as an idea, before the form of corporeal coverings,</p>
<p>{p. 31} {R 199}</p>	<p>{p. 31} {R 199}</p>
<p>Li quali hebber principio dal soperno Padre, con l'alma scesa in questi guai,</p>	<p>which had their creation from the Father above, having come down with his soul into these</p>

Aristotle who saw "physis" as different from *techne* (art, skill) in that nature is its own source of motion; *techne* requires an external source of motion – immediately below the character Technilla is introduced.

⁴⁵ Gloss: Teneamus ut nihil censeamus esse malum quod sit a natura datum hominibus. Cic. (Let us hold fast to this: that we deem nothing to be bad which is given to humans by nature, Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, 1.100.)

<p>Ove de la virtù se col governo</p> <p>Di questo vento l'onde sosterrai, Che non ti caccia quinci e quindi a voglia, Oh lode, oh fama, oh pregio che n'avrai.⁴⁶</p>	<p>troubles; where, if, with the control of virtue</p> <p>you will sustain the wave of this wind, so that it may not drive you this way and that at will, you will receive praise or fame or reward.</p>
<p>Però d'esser nasciuto non ti doglia, Né di Almafisa il sdegno oltra ti prema, Ché 'n ciel déi riportar felice spoglia.</p> <p>E salirai sopra la cinta estrema, Che le soggette del suo moto avisa, E molto di lor proprio moto scema.</p> <p>Anchinia industrie sono, sempre fisa Supplir ai mancamenti con bell'arte (Se mancamento è in quella) d'Almafisa.⁴⁷</p>	<p>Yet do not be sad for having been born, and do not let Mother Nature's scorn oppress you further, because you have to bring back happy remains to heaven.</p> <p>And you will rise above the highest circle, which advises subjects of its motion, and diminishes much of their own movement.*</p> <p>I am industrious Anchinia, always intent on compensating for shortcomings with fine art, if a shortcoming there is in Mother Nature's [art].</p>
<p>Né son, quand'ella cessi, per mancarte Di pronti avisi e di sagaci modi, Scoprendoti mie prove in ogni parte.⁴⁸</p> <p>Fra tanto così stretto in questi nodi Voglio tenerti, fin che a tempo ritto Ti sosterrai su piedi fermi e sodi.</p> <p>Ma viene ecco mia Sore, ch 'n Egitto Uscita da' Caldei l'human dottrina Portò de le scienze a tuo profitto;⁴⁹</p>	<p>And, when she founders, I am not going to withhold ready advice and wise methods, revealing my accomplishments on all sides.*</p> <p>In the meantime, I want to keep you thus, tight in these knots, until such time as you can hold yourself upright on feet firm and solid.</p> <p>But here comes my sister, who brought human learning of the sciences from the Chaldeans into Egypt for your benefit;</p>
<p>Et ancho è audace sì, ch'assai vicina sovente a Dio poggiando si ritrova, E vede lui d'una persona e trina.⁵⁰</p>	<p>and she is even so daring that she often finds herself positioned quite close to God, and sees him as one person and trine.</p>

⁴⁶ Gloss: Aequaliter se in adversis gerere quid aliud est quam saevientem fortunam in adiutorium sui pudore victam convertere? Val. max. (cf Valerius Maximus, *Factorum et dictorum memorabilium libri novem* (Nine Books of Memorable Deeds and Sayings) 3.7.10: "ita se gerere in adversis rebus quid aliud est quam saevientem fortunam in adiutorium sui pudore victam convertere?" ("If one behaves like this in adverse times, what else is this than to turn savage nature, defeated by shame, into support for oneself).

⁴⁷ Gloss: Industria. (Industry.) Note: The name Anchinia could be seen as similar to the Greek word *agchinoia*, which means keenness, sharp-wittedness.

⁴⁸ Gloss: Industres homines, ubi dormire videtur natura, exiliunt. (When it seems that Nature is nodding, industrious men emerge.)

⁴⁹ Gloss: Ars liberalis. (Liberal arts.) Note: Tecnilla, Anchinia's sister, appears to have a name coined from Greek *techne*, meaning practical knowledge or skill.

⁵⁰ Gloss: Theologia. (Theology.)

<p>Costei l'altezza di Natura prova, Distingue, insegna in argomenti fermi, Ma sopra lei sol contemplar le giova,⁵¹</p>	<p>She proves, classifies and teaches the depths of nature in solid arguments, but it behooves her to contemplate beyond herself alone,</p>
{p. 32} {R 200}	{p. 32} {R 200}
<p>Ché sa quanto sian debil et inermi Gli sensi humani a la divina altura Non che i ragionamenti ottusi e 'nfermi.</p> <p>Costei la terra, il mar, il ciel misura, Nomera le cagion di piogge e venti, Con l'osservar di stelle ogni mistura.⁵²</p> <p>Costei qua giù gli harmonici concetti Seppe cavar su dal soave moto, Per levamento de l'afflitte genti.⁵³</p> <p>Costei de' spirti con vigor l'ignoto Cognito fa, li quali sotto l'Etra Pendon ne l'aere più dal ciel rimoto.⁵⁴</p>	<p>because she knows how weak and defenseless the human senses are to divine greatness as well as to obtuse and unsound reasoning.</p> <p>She measures the earth, sea and sky; she enumerates the causes of rains and winds by observing every mix of stars.</p> <p>She learned down here how to pull harmonic chords up from melodious motion, for the alleviation of afflicted peoples.</p> <p>She makes the unknown known with the vigor of spirits, which hang down from the ether in the air furthest removed from the sky.*</p>
<p>Costei sa le virtù d'ogni herba e pietra, Orando persuade il giusto e il torto, E canta e gesti altrui nel aurea cetra.⁵⁵</p> <p>Senza costei non è stabil conforto Di questo Mare al travagliato corso: Da lei tu sempre havrai sicuro porto.⁵⁶</p> <p>Et io con lei ti mostrerò quell'orso Con l'Orsatino suo, che sian tuo guida Per ogni spiaggia e periglioso dorso.⁵⁷</p>	<p>She knows the importance of every herb and stone; by speaking she pleads right and wrong; and she sings and guides others on the golden harp.</p> <p>Without her there is no fixed calm to the uneven drift of this Sea: from her you will always have a safe haven.</p> <p>And with her I will show you that Bear [Orsini] with its bear cub, and they shall guide you on every shore and hazardous ridge.</p>
<p>Non sarà vento mai che ti divida, Stanne sicuro, dal governo loro,</p>	<p>There will never by a wind which separates you from their rule, rest assured of it, because it may</p>

⁵¹ Gloss: Physica. Logica. Metaphisica. (Physics. Logic. Metaphysics.)

⁵² Gloss: Geometria. Aritmetica. Astrologia. (Geometry. Arithmetic. Astrology.)

⁵³ Gloss: Musica. (Music.)

⁵⁴ Gloss: Magica. (Magic.)

⁵⁵ Gloss: Medicina. Arte oratoria. Poesia. (Medicine. The Oratorical Art. Poetry.)

⁵⁶ Gloss: Philosophia morale. (Moral Philosophy.)

⁵⁷ Gloss: Sotto metafora del navigar sotto tramontana parla di Camillo e suo figliuolo Paolo di casa Orsina.

(Beneath the metaphor of navigating under a westerly wind he is speaking of Camillo of the Orsini family and his son Paolo.) **Note: Orsini.**

<p>Che la sua luce altera no 'l conquida.</p> <p>Quel di Vinegia sommo concistoro Muove sotto costei lo gran stendardo, E pose in man de l'Orso il Leon d'oro:</p> <p>Orso non men di senso, che di guardo Pronto a le imprese liberal e schietto, Veloce al perdonar, a l'onte tardo.⁵⁸</p>	<p>not overcome lofty light.**</p> <p>That supreme consistory of Venice advances its great banner beneath it and places the golden lion in Orsini's hand.</p> <p>A Bear no less in sense than in watchfulness, ready for honorable and decent deeds, quick to pardon, slow to take offense."</p>
{p. 33} {R 201}	{p. 33} {R 201}
<p>Parlava la dongiella, e gran diletto Favoleggiar di quello si predea, Quando l'altra giungendo a lei rimpetto,</p> <p>Con voce e viso altier così dicea:</p>	<p>The maiden was speaking and was taking great delight conversing about that, when the other, arriving in front of her,</p> <p>with a haughty voice and face spoke thus:</p>
TECHNILLA.	Technilla (Skill)
<p>Su, presto, Anchinia, su, che tardiam noi? Esca d'impaccio homai, né più si lasce Tanto bel spirto avvolto in quelle fasce, C'haver eterni in ciel dé' i giorni soi.⁵⁹</p>	<p>Come now, quickly, Anchinia, come on, what are we waiting for? Get him out of that bind now, and don't leave such a beautiful spirit folded in those wraps, since he should have his eternal days in heaven.</p>
ANCHINIA.	Anchinia (Industry)
<p>Far una impresa tostamente e bene, Che d'alto pregio et eccellente sia, Nostra vertù non è, Technilla mia, Ma solo al Re celeste ciò conviene.</p>	<p>To carry out an enterprise promptly and well, so that it may be of exalted and outstanding merit, is not our talent, Technilla dear, indeed that is fitting only for the celestial king.</p>
<p>Egli sol è, che tra 'l pensier e l'atto, Non cape tempo, quanto esser può breve; Che producendo un fior non ha men leve Fatica, c'hebbe a far quanto è mai fatto.</p>	<p>He is the only one for whom no time passes at all between thought and deed; so that in making a flower he does not have any less exertion than he had in producing all that has ever been made.</p>
<p>Quest'animal è di maniera tale, Che qual sia per venir non vien sì presto; Cosa non già d'altro animal, che questo Vive dapoi, quell'è caduco e frale.⁶⁰</p>	<p>This creature is fashioned such that what may be about to come does not come so quickly; a thing no other creature has: this one lives afterward, the others are transitory and frail.</p>

⁵⁸ Gloss: Arte militare. (The Military Art.)

⁵⁹ Gloss: Praestantissimum animal est homo in terris existens. Apuleius. ("Man is the most excellent animal living on earth;" quote not found in Apuleius.) *

Però gran tempo ove l'arte s'impaccia, Va tanto più quand'è l'opra più degna, Tu stessa el sai, né alcun altro te 'nsegna, Se non la prova e le tue stanche braccia.	Yet where art is practiced for a long time, the more worthy the work the longer it takes, you yourself know, and no one else teaches you if not experience and your tired arms.
{p. 34} {R 202}	{p. 34} {R 202}
TECHNILLA.	Technilla (Skill)
Non le dir stanche, ove 'l sudor gradisce, Che un dolce incarco mai non fa strachezza; Onde quanto lo induggio la prestezza Perfettamente ogni opra sua compisce. ⁶¹	Don't call them tired where sweat is welcome, because a sweet burden is never tiring; for delay, as well as swiftness completes each of its works perfectly.*
Ché, ove intervien de nostri alti pensieri Volunteroso et avido consenso, Si pria l'affetto e poi l'effetto immenso Cresce, ch'al fin non ha, che più alto sperì. ⁶²	Because, where willing and eager consent of our deep thoughts occurs, if first affect/ affection and then effect grows immense, then in the end there is nothing that can hope any higher.*
Io sola in l'huomo tutti e' miei concetti, Lieta, riposi, e non in altra cosa, E tu Almaphisa benché neghittosa Gli sei, non temo già che 'l sottometti. ⁶³	I happily placed all my concepts/ plans in man alone, and not in anything else, and you, Mother Nature, although you are neglectful of him, I am not afraid that you will subdue him.
ANCHINIA.	Anchinia (Industry)
Taci, non dir così, germana sciocca, Ch'error di lingua va, né mai ritorna, Troppo sei baldanzosa, e chi le corna In ciel vol porre, al fin giù si trabocca. ⁶⁴	Hush, don't say that, foolish sister, because a slip of the tongue goes and never comes back; you are too brazen and whoever tries to place horns in the sky, in the end tumbles down.
Natura non pur l'huomo, ma più d'huomo Se cosa altera nasce, per la chioma La tien al segno, egli la grave soma, Volendo o no, sen porta humile e domo.	Nature, not just man, but more of man, if something haughty is born, holds it to the mark by its hair; willingly or not, humble and submissive, he carries the heavy burden.*
TECHNILLA.	Technilla (Skill)

⁶⁰ Gloss: Homo omnium animalium excellentissimus difficiles habet ortus incrementaque tarda. (Man is the most excellent of all creatures and has a difficult birth/ rising and [makes] slow progress.)

⁶¹ Gloss: Generosos animos labor nutrit. Sen. ("Labor nourishes noble minds," Seneca, source not found.)*

⁶² Gloss: Ab affectu perficitur effectus. (The effect is brought about by the cause.)

⁶³ Note: variations in spelling, as noted above, Almafisa, Almafissa and Almaphisa.

⁶⁴ Gloss: Nescit vox missa reverti. Hor. ("A voiced word cannot be turned back," Horace, *Ars poetica* 390.)

{p. 35} {R 202}	{p. 35} {R 202}
<p>Si, quando l'arte mia non vi s'arrisca Opporsi a quante passion et onte Fargli può mai quella soperba fronte, Ch'ei sotto soi flagelli s'invilisca.</p>	<p>Yes, since my art does not dare oppose such passions and insults as that arrogant brow can ever make for him, because under her lashings it grows craven.*</p>
ANCHINIA.	Anchinia (Industry)
<p>Tu fermamente, se non tutta, in parte Sei fatta stolta e garrula, Technilla, La qual in foggia d'arrogante ancilla A tua madonna crediti aguagliarte.</p>	<p>Assuredly you have become silly and glib, Technilla, if not wholly, partly, you who in the guise of an arrogant maid, believe yourself to be equal to your lady.</p>
<p>So ben ch'ogni pensier hai d'imitarla, E, volta in tal desio, sempre la invidi; Onde, perchè non mai la giugni, gridi E Iatri, come chi d'altri mal parla.⁶⁵</p>	<p>I know that your every thought is to imitate her, and, turned toward that wish, you always envy her; whence, because you can never reach her, you yell and holler, like someone who speaks badly of others.</p>
<p>Ma sta' sicura, che senz'onda il mare, Senza splendor il sole, senza belve, E nanti senza augelli fian le selve, Ch'un picciol nevo mai lei poscia eguare.</p>	<p>But rest assured, that the sea will be without waves, the sun without light, the forests without beasts and birds, before you can equal her [in] even a tiny beauty mark.*</p>
<p>E ciò saper non m'è durezza alcuna, Quando ch'io d'ambe voi son l'aiutrice, Et anco Pira, donna ferma, altrice Di tutte prove vien meco in quest'una</p>	<p>And to know that, is no hardship for me, since I am the helper to both of you, and Pyrrha too, a staunch woman, a creator well, agrees with me</p>
<p>Sentenza, che Natura, in un momento Formando un picciol vermo, eccede tanto L'arte operante al sforzo estremo, quanto Ogni vil cosa l'ampio fermamento.⁶⁶</p>	<p>in this one statement -- that Nature, forming a little worm in an instant, exceeds Art functioning at its furthest limit as the ample firmament exceeds every lowly thing.*</p>
<p>Di che qui darti intendo un sano avviso: Se alcuna è in te virtù, la riconoschi Sol d'Almafisa, che se i monti e boschi Ci nega, l'opre nostre son un riso.</p>	<p>From this I now intend to give you sound advice: if there is any virtue in you, recognize that it is from Mother Nature alone, that if she takes from us the mountains and forests, our own works are a joke.</p>
{p. 36} {R 203}	{p. 36} {R 203}

⁶⁵ Gloss: Ars, in quantum potest, naturam imitatur. (Art, to the extent it is able, imitates nature.)

⁶⁶ Gloss: Per varios usus artem experientia fecit. Manilius. ("Experience has made art through various exercises, i.e. practice makes perfect," Manilius, *Astronomicon*, 1.)* Note: In Greek mythology Pyrrha is the first woman; with her husband Deucalion, Pyrrha repopulated the earth after the flood.

TECHNILLA.	Technilla (Skill)
Non far, Anchinia, più di ciò parole, So ben ch'industria in losingar Natura Fu sempre vaga, onde non ha misura Lo Giudice, che tien la parte sola. ⁶⁷	Don't say another word about that, Anchinia: I know that industry was always prone to praise nature, so the Judge who embraces only the one side is not objective.
ANCHINIA.	Anchinia (Industry)
Se d'adular son vaga nostra madre, Tu adulterarla più, che 'n l'altrui vista Fai natural quel ch'opra è di Sophista, Né men le mani hai de le voglie ladre. ⁶⁸	If I am prone to adulate our mother, you are more inclined to adulterate her, in that you make the work of Sophists seem natural in the sight of others, and you have hands no less thieving of desires.
TECHNILLA.	Technilla (Skill)
M'allegro ben, che te stessa condanni, O scema d'intelletto; non t'accorgi Quanto di scorno, me biasmando, porgi E te medema, e 'l tuo veder appanni?	I am quite happy that you condemn yourself, O empty headed woman; don't you realize how much contempt you bring on yourself by reproaching me, and how much you cloud your sight?
Son io ne l'opre mie più da ragione Che da l'industria mossa, e 'n l'aspra imago De la viril Ethia ben più m'apago, Che 'n la tua, ornata sol di fittione; ⁶⁹	In my works I am moved more by reason than by industry, and I am much more fulfilled in the harsh image of virile Causation than in your [image] adorned only with fictions;*
Che quanto avanzar puoi de le nostr'opre, T'industri porlo in grembo d'Avaritia, E fai così, che l'empia tua malitia Col manto mio negli occhi altrui si copre. ⁷⁰	because for however much you are able to surpass our works, you labor to put him in the lap of greed and you do this so that in the eyes of others your cruel wickedness is covered with my cloak.
{p. 37} {R 204}	{p. 37} {R 204}
Però qual meraviglia se la fraude	However, why the surprise, if fraud is wrapped up

⁶⁷ Gloss: Qui iudicat voluntati suae obtemperare non oportet. Ambrose. ("He who judges ought not to submit to his desire," St Ambrose, source not found.)*

⁶⁸ Gloss: Ars sophistica apparens sapientia est et non existens. (The sophistic art appears to be wisdom but is not.)

⁶⁹ Gloss: Ragione. (Reason.) Note: *Ethia* (Causation, glossed Reason) is also a daughter of Pyrrha and Deucalion (mentioned above).

⁷⁰ Gloss: Hominum industria metallorum conversionem (quod est naturae) ob avaritiam quaerit. (Human industry strives for the conversion of metals (which belongs to nature) because of greed.)

Di verità sta involta ne la pelle E se imputate a l'arte sian le felle Tue astuzie, onde Almaphisa ride e plaude? ⁷¹	in the skin of truth and if your felonious tricks are attributed to art, so that Mother Nature laughs and applauds?
Sen ride e plaude in foggia di chi altrui Odiando, il vede scorso in qualche scherno. E tu quella pur sei, che nel inferno T'ingegni penetrar ai luoghi bui,	She laughs and applauds like a person who, hating someone, sees him humiliated in some prank. And you indeed are that woman who schemes to penetrate the dark places in hell,
E trarne la cagion di tante risse, Furti, homicidi, stupri, e sacrilegi: Dico 'l metallo, con cui adorni e fregi Le menti humane sì, che 'n quel stan fisse;	and to draw from them the cause of so many clashes, thefts, homicides, rapes and sacrileges: I mean metal, with which you adorn and decorate human minds so that they get fixated on it;
Ne s'inalzan a specchiar il lume, Ch'io di Natura posi oltra la cima, E men d'un arca d'or' si prezza e stima, Un atto generoso e bel costume. ⁷²	and they do not pull themselves up to look at the light, that I placed beyond the pinnacle of nature; and one prizes and esteems a generous act and kind manner less than an ark of gold.
Ma perchè l'ingordigia di quel Mostro, C'ha ventre e morso d'adamante e foco, Empir non puoi, ch'ogni esca gli par puoco, E va fremendo in questo mortal chiostro,	But because you cannot fill the voraciousness of that monster who has a belly and a bite of diamond and fire, since all bait seems small to him and he goes growling in this mortal cloister;
Tu che levarmi d'arte il nome cerchi, E quel che Alchimia si dimanda pormi, Altri metalli in or' par che trasformi: Oro non sono et esser pur alterchi.	you who try to take from me the name of Art and give me that called Alchemy, it seems you transform other metals into gold: they are not gold and yet you argue that they are.
Misera che tu sei, non vedi chiaro Ciò che fai senza l'arte sa di froda? Non vedi ben che non si rompe o snoda Il laccio che a la gola tien lo avaro? ⁷³	Wretch that you are, don't you see clearly that what you do without art seems fraudulent? Don't you see plainly that the rope which holds the miser by the neck cannot be broken or untied?
Quanto meglio farai non dipartirti Dal primo nostro rito e modi antiqui, E 'nvestigiar in ciel qual sian li obliqui, E qua' gli dritti segni, e più alto i spirti	How much better you'd do to not depart from our first rite and ancient ways, and inspect in the skies which signs are oblique, which straight, and higher up the spirits

⁷¹ Gloss: Liberalis ars culpa manualis industriae saepe calumniam patitur, ut patet de alchemistis. (The liberal arts often suffer the accusation of guilt from the manual trades, as they are open to alchemists.)*

⁷² Gloss: Magnitudo pecuniae a bono et honesto in pravum abstrahit. Sallust ("The importance of money turns a person who is good and honest into someone depraved," Sallust, quote not found.)*

⁷³ Gloss: Semper discentes et numquam ad scientiam veritatis pervenientes. Paul. ("Always learning and never arriving at knowledge of the truth," Paul, 2 Timothy 3.7.)

{p. 38} {R 205}	{p. 38} {R 205}
Che causan e' duo moti e tante fiamme Scoperte al huomo nostro, che 'n la culla Qui tieni avvolto come cosa nulla, Cui romper già s'affretta Cloto il stamme.	that cause the two motions, and the many stars revealed to our man, whom you hold here in the crib swaddled as though he were nothing, whose thread Clotho is already hurrying to cut.
ANCHINIA.	Anchinia (Industry)
S'io si rubalda qual'hor m'hai depinto Io teco fusse, o maldicente donna, Rubalda anco sarei con mia Madonna, C'ha fatto l'huomo e non, come tu, finto. ⁷⁴	If I were as wicked to you as you depicted me just now, O evil-tongued woman, I would be as wicked as my lady, who made man, and not like you -- fake.
Tu fingi l'huomo, anzi tu 'l stempri e spezzi, Tu 'l snervi, tu 'l disossi, guasti e spolpi, E poi se mal gli vien, Natura incolpi, Che più d'un huomo una formica apprezzi. ⁷⁵	You mold man, or rather you weaken and shatter him, you remove his sinews, his bones, his pulp, and you destroy him, and then if bad things happen to him, you blame Nature, because she values an ant more than a man.
Dimmi, insolente donna, perchè resti Con quella forza tua che d'Almafissa Passa l'altezza (si la sai prolissa), Oprar che mal alcun non l'huomo infesti?	Tell me, insolent woman, with that power of yours which surpasses the greatness of Mother Nature, why do you refrain from acting (since you know so much) so that no evil infests man?
Se ferreo è il nervo, se d'azzale il braccio, Se tant'è 'l tuo valor, c'haver ti vanti, Perchè non smovi le cagion de' tanti Human affanni, febre, caldo e ghiaccio?	If your sinew is iron-hard, your arm of steel, if your power is so great, which you boast of having, why don't you remove the causes of the many human afflictions: fever, heat and ice?
Perchè non freni (se la Gretia [sic] tua, Ove si splende, parla sempre il vero) Quell'Eolo, d'e' venti c'ha l'impero E fa sentir altrui la forza sua?	if your grace, wherever it shines, always speaks the truth, why don't you rein in that Aeolus, who has control of the winds and makes others feel his might?
Perch'anco in cielo, d'Orion a tergo latrando un picciol Cane, tanta rabbia sparge d'ardor, e tant'umor e scabbia diffunde il Drago dal suo eterno albergo? ⁷⁶	Why too in the sky does a little Dog barking at Orion's back spread so much raging heat, and why does the Dragon spread so much lymph and scabies from his eternal dwelling place?

⁷⁴ Gloss: Multa sunt quae natura industriae nostrae reliquit facienda ut domina ancillae. (Many are the things that nature leaves to be done by our industriousness, as a mistress by her servant.)

⁷⁵ Gloss: Natura enim quae hominis vitio corrupta est multa incommoda generi humano parit. (For Nature, which is corrupted by human vice, produces many shortcomings in the human species.)*

⁷⁶ Note: Here, the constellation Orion represents summer and Draco represents winter, due to their positions in the sky: viewed from Italy, Orion is near the celestial equator, and Draco circles the northern celestial pole.

{p. 39} {R 206}	{p. 39} {R 206}
Oltra dirò: per qual cagion non svelli de le sanguigne mani di Taneta la falce, che giamai non si racqueta troncar gli humani e farne polve d'elli? ⁷⁷	I will say more: for what reason do you not tear the sickle from the bloody hands of Thanata, who never pauses from cutting down humans and making dust of them?
Taneta i' dico, sì, atra ninfa e cruda, che tuoi Platoni e Socrati non scelse, anzi quando le teste son più eccelse lor spezza, e d'elli tu ne resti nuda.	Yes, I say Thanata, terrible and cruel nymph, who did not favor your Platos and Socrateses; on the contrary, when heads are more exalted, she breaks them and you remain denuded of them.
TECHNILLA.	Technilla (Skill)
Quanto a le dua stagioni al huomo infeste, non ti rispondo, perché già la impresa ti diedi di ciò degna far la spesa, contra lor, d'ombre, tetti, piume e veste. ⁷⁸	As for the two seasons inimical to man, I do not answer you, because I have already given you the enterprise capable of countering them, with shades, rooftops, feathers and clothes.
Ad altri morbi assai per te si occorre, C'hai simil esercizio, né vergogna Ti paia impreso haver da la Cicogna Un ventre adusto foggia per diporre. ⁷⁹	It is necessary for you to have similar experience with many other afflictions, and it should not seem an indignity to you to have learned from the stork a way to set aside a scorched belly.
E come a la mia ninfa Philomusa La tibia per isporre il canto usata Trovasti già, così ha Pharmagia grata La tromba, ch'al purgar un ventre s'usa. ⁸⁰	And just as you've already found the tibia used to put forth a song to my nymph Philomusa, just so Pharmacy finds the tube pleasant that one uses to empty a stomach.
Di ta' remedi al miser huomo e Schermi Contra l'offese di Natura certo Studio ti vien, e poi la laude e 'l merto, Perché sollevi Anchinia mia gl'infermi.	Of such remedies for wretched man and Safeguards against the injuries of nature, certainly effort/ a plan comes to you, and then praise and merit so that you, my Anchinia, may relieve the infirm.*
{p. 40} {R 207}	{p. 40} {R 207}

⁷⁷ Gloss: Mors omnium naturalium incommoditatum terribilissima homini est. (Of all of nature's disadvantages, death for man is the most terrible.)*

⁷⁸ Gloss: Industria quippe humana dicimus temporis iniurias ferre. (Indeed, we say that human industry bears the injuries of time.)*

⁷⁹ Note: *cicogna* (stork), from Wikipedia: "It was widely noted in ancient natural history that a stork pair will be consumed with the nest in a fire, rather than fly and abandon it."

⁸⁰ Gloss: Duabus sed diversis tibiis utuntur musica et medicina. (In fact, music and medicine make use of two different tibias [i.e. musical pipes and medical tubes].)

Ma quanto a quel, che l'invincibil ferro Del improba messoria frenar debbia, Voglio non puoter farlo, che di nebbia, Per mezzo suo, gli alti intelletti sferro.	But as for that -- that I should rein in the invincible blade of the grim reaper -- I wish to be unable to do it, because on account of him, I release great minds from haze.
La morte a miei seguaci è un esca dolce, E di Natura for del fango i purga, Et è cagion, ch'un alma d'ombra surga Ne l'alta luce, di che 'l mondo folce. ⁸¹	Death to my followers is a sweet food, and it purges them out of Nature's mud, and it is the reason that sustains the world, that a soul rises up from the shadow into the light on high.
Qual è chi viva e non vedrà la morte? David cantava lieto ne la cetra, Bramoso il gentil spirto d'esta tetra Prigion uscir a la celeste corte. ⁸²	"Who may live and not see death?" David sang happily on the harp, the gentle spirit yearning to go forth from this foul prison to the celestial court.
Però di' meglio, ch'io puotendo tiri Tanti miei figli tosto d'esta tomba, Che un cor non più s'incende al son di tromba D'un'alma santa a gli ultimi sospiri,	So say rather that I could sooner pull many of my children from this tomb, than a heart could never more ignite to the trumpet blast of a blessed soul in its last sighs;*
Né farle può natura più grand'onta, Che 'n questa vita sua menarla in lungo, La qual pò invidiar un fior, un fungo, Che nasce e mor fra un sol, ch'ascende e smonta.	nor can nature do it a worse disgrace, than to draw out its life for a long time: the soul may envy a flower, a mushroom, that is born and dies between one sun that rises and sets.
ANCHINIA.	Anchinia (Industry)
Stolto parlar, se non stolta risposta, Potrebbe haver, onde chi sempre tacque A gli insolenti detti, sempre piacque, Dico quanto al clistero, o sia sopposta.	A foolish dialogue, if not a foolish response, could take place, in which whoever keeps silent forever at rude words, is always pleasing: I mean like enema or suppository.*
Ben si potrebbe un portico, un palagio, Un vestal tempio e un Amphiteatro Addurre in loda mia, l'arme, l'aratro, La nave, e tante cose; ma 'l malvagio	One might very well offer a portico, a palace, a vestal temple and an amphitheater to honor me -- weapons, the plow, the ship, many things -- but mean spirited
{p. 41} {R 208}	{p. 41} {R 208}

⁸¹ Gloss: Mors est munus necessarium naturae iam corruptae, quae non est fugienda, sed potius amplectenda et iterum fiat voluntarium quod futurum est necessarium. Io. Chrys. ("Death is a necessary function of our already corrupt nature, which is not to be fled, but rather embraced and let what is an obligatory future a second time be voluntary," St John Chrysostom writing on Matthew 10.)*

⁸² Note: Psalm 89:48.

Rancor t'acceca, e legati la lingua Che non pò dir quel che ragion la sferza. Tu non sei prima, né seconda, e terza (Quando che l'ordin nostro si distingua)	rancor blinds you, and ties your tongue so that it cannot say that which reason goads it to say. You are not first or second, and (when one distinguishes our rank)
Se ti credi esser, non di te son quarta, Roditi pur, se sai che non ti cedo, E s'attendermi vòì mentre ch'io riedo, Poss'io condur, chi tal dubbio diparta.	if you believe you are third, I am not fourth after you; go ahead and eat your heart out, if you know that I don't yield to you; and if you want to wait for me while I go back, I can lead one who may remove such doubt.*
TECHNILLA.	Technilla (Skill)
O temeraria e arrogante, mira Come si gonfia questa fabbra vile. Qual giudice sarà tanto sottile, Che nostra lite concia? dimmi, è Pira? ⁸³	O audacious and arrogant woman, look at how this lowly artisan puffs herself up. What judge will be so subtle that he can fix our quarrel? Do tell, is it Pyrrha?
Dico quell'altra de le prove mastra, Che come tu vantandosi va, ch'io Cosa che vaglia senza lei non spio, E di Almafisa appellami figliastra.	I mean that other teacher of experiences, who, like you, goes boasting that without her I achieve nothing worthwhile, and calls me a step-daughter to Mother Nature.
ANCHINIA.	Anchinia (Industry)
Vantarsi drittamente può qualunque Trovasi haver servito qualche ingrato, Che quanto ben è in te non l'hai trovato, Se non per il suo mezzo; e pur ovunque	One who finds she has served some ingrate may justly boast that only through her intercession did you discover how much good is in you; and yet wherever
Esser ti trovi, ch'altri non conosca L'astuziette tue donde prevali, Ti fai sì grande che s'avessi l'ali Cosi d'ogni altro augel com'hai di Mosca,	you find yourself to be, so that others don't know from whence your little tricks prevail, you make yourself so great that if you had wings like [those of] every other bird, as you have of a fly,
{p. 42} {R 208}	{p. 42} {R 208}
Egal salir vorresti al gran Monarca; ⁸⁴ Lo quale sol vòl essere, che senza Sian l'opre sue d'alcuna esperienza, Ov'egli pienamente e ratto varca.	you would like to rise up as an equal to the great Monarch; who only wants to be unique, so that his works are without any precedent, where he fully and quickly crosses the threshold.*
TECHNILLA.	Technilla (Skill)

⁸³ Gloss: Omnium artium experientia iudex videtur. (Experience is seen to be the judge of all arts.)

⁸⁴ Gloss: Ars comparatione naturae musca est ad aquilam. (Art compared to Nature is a fly compared to an eagle.)

Di me medema meco mi vergogno Trovandomi altercar con essa teco; ⁸⁵ Hai forse il capo tepido di greco, Ubriaca che tu sei, ch'anchor bisogno	I am ashamed of my own self, finding myself quarreling with both you and her; is your head perhaps warmed with Greek wine, drinker that you are, that I will yet make you regret
Farotti haver del tempo, c'hai qui speso In dirmi oltraggi, meretrice lorda?	the time that you spent here hurling abuse at me, ugly whore?
ANCHINIA.	Anchinia (Industry)
Non mi toccar, Technilla, questa corda, Che peggio sentirai quel c'ho sospeso	Don't play this tune with me, Technilla, because you will hear worse – what I have waiting
Di lingua in cima. Hor taci e fia tuo meglio. Dir onte altrui, né udirle voler poscia È di pazzo costume, ma d'angoscia Mentre sei pregna, va mirarti al Speglio, ⁸⁶	on the tip of my tongue. Now be still and do your best. To tell slurs of others, and then not wish to hear them, is a habit of a crazy person; but while you are full of anguish go look at yourself in the mirror,
Se vergognarti vòì più del tuo volto Fatto di mostro, per soverchia furia, Che litigar qui meco e dirmi ingiuria, Le quali di te meglio forte ascolto.	[see] whether you prefer to be more ashamed of your face made monstrous by excessive fury, than to fight here with me and tell me insults, which I might rather listen to than you.
{p. 43} {R 209}	{p. 43} {R 209}
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
Eran le dua sorelle homai sì d'ira Per la puntura di sue lingue in cima, Che fu tra lor per esser pugna dira. ⁸⁷ Ma grave Donna di molt'altre prima, Dolce cantando, fuvì sopra giunta, La cui beltà non quanto sia s'estima. Un'arpa con sua voce ben congiunta Fece, che da le dua già in arme prone	The two sisters were by now at the height of anger due to the piercing of their tongues, so that there was about to be a bitter fight between them. However, singing sweetly in front of many others, a solemn woman arrived there, whose beauty is such that it cannot be measured. She made a well-tempered harp with her voice, so that the dispute between the two women ready

⁸⁵ Folengo alters only one word of Petrarch's famous verse, changing "medesmo" to "medema" (myself) to agree with the female subject, Petrarch, *Canzoniere* 1.11 (*Voi che ascoltate*).

⁸⁶ Gloss: Quod ab alio odis fieri tibi vide ne alteri tu aliquando facias. Tob. ("See that you do not do at any time that which you hate to have done by another," Book of Tobit 4.16.

⁸⁷ Gloss: Furor arma ministrat. Virg. ("Anger supplies arms," Virgil, *Aeneid* 1.150-2); this quotation is continued in the gloss at R 372.

La gara venne tostamente sgiunta.	for battle was rapidly defused.
<p>Latte di Tigre, o sangue di Dragone Ben mostrerebbe haver beuto infante, Chi non saltasse udendo sua Canzone.⁸⁸</p> <p>Non di pietra cor, non d'adamante, Non di Neron, Mezentio, Herode, Silla, Che non si dileguasse a lei davante.</p> <p>Onde non pur Anchinia, con Technilla Lasciar l'ingiurie fattesi, ma sono E questa e quella più che mai tranquilla;</p>	<p>Anyone who did not dance hearing that song would surely prove that as an infant he'd drunk tiger's milk or dragon's blood.</p> <p>There is no heart of stone or of adamant, or of Nero, Mezentius, Herod or Sulla that would not melt before her.</p> <p>So then, non only Anchinia but also Technilla left off the slights they had made to one another and the two of them are more peaceful then ever;</p>
<p>Anzi legiadre, al numerabil sòno, Di diece corde, mosser una danza, Dandosi un bacio ad ogni sbalzo nono.</p> <p>Quivi Almaphisa venne con l'onranza, Fra mille Nimphe d'arbori e de fiumi, Ch'ognun concorre a quella concordanza.⁸⁹</p> <p>Nè men scherzan in cielo e' chiari lumi, Nel mar e' pesci, e 'n cielo quei del volo, Le fiere in terra, e i serpi ne' lor dumi.</p>	<p>in fact charming, at the plentiful sound of ten chords, they began a dance, giving each other a kiss at every ninth hop.</p> <p>And here came Mother Nature in procession among a thousand nymphs of the woods and rivers, each which she accorded to that chord.</p> <p>The bright lights in the skies do not play any less, the fish in the sea, and in the sky those of flight, the beasts on the earth and the serpents in their briar.</p>
{p. 44} {R 210}	{p. 44} {R 210}
<p>Stavami ne le fascie stretto e solo, Si come l'augelletto, il qual distende L'ale, ma non s'innalza e n'ha gran dolo.</p> <p>Chi su, chi giù quel tutto che s'intende Dal huom, se non a pieno, almen in parte, Va, vien, traversa, corre, monta e scende.</p> <p>Ciascun mai d'Omonia non si diparte. Così la Cantatrice udì chiamare, Che i passi altrui col canto suo comparte.⁹⁰</p>	<p>I stayed alone restricted in the bindings, like the baby bird which spreads its wings but does not fly up and is greatly pained by this.</p> <p>One up, one down, all that that is understood by man, if not fully then in part, it goes, comes, crosses, runs, climbs and descends.</p> <p>"Let no one ever depart from Harmony!" thus the singer heard someone shout, as she measures out the others' steps with her song.</p>

⁸⁸ Gloss: Feritas ad harmoniae concentum facile mansuescit. (Feroocity readily grows meek at the singing of harmony.)

⁸⁹ Gloss: Novem doctrinae atque scientiae nodos intellige sub novem musarum figura. Non sine maxima proportione et harmonia orbes coelestes invicem locate sunt. (Underneath the image of the nine Muses, understand the nine nodes of knowledge and learning. Not without the best intervals and harmonies are the celestial spheres reciprocally placed.)

<p>Io che l'errante machina danzare, Per quel dolce concento, vidi al moto Universal e poi particolare,</p> <p>Di quei legami tutto mi riscuoto, Come colui che lungo indugio annoi, Dovendosi assequir qualche suo voto.⁹¹</p> <p>Svelsi di quelle scorze un braccio e poi Con quella svelta man, che i nodi sterpe, Tanto cercai, ch'usciron ambi doi.</p>	<p>I who saw the errant apparatus dancing to that sweet harmony, to the universal and then the particular motion,</p> <p>I shook myself all free of those bonds like one who, needing to fulfil some vow of his, is bothered by a long delay.</p> <p>I yanked an arm from those coverings and then with that hand free, so that it could tear out the knots, I tried so hard that both came out.</p>
<p>E con quel modo, ch'un immondo Serpe, Vedendo ov'era 'l ghiaccio, nato il fiore Si sbuca lieto d'un'angosta sterpe,</p> <p>Dove si spoglia il vecchio corio fore Tutto d'argento, et hor fassi più cinte Del ventre al capo, et hor segue 'l suo amore,</p> <p>Tal io, poi che le spoglie risospinte M'hebbi d'addosso, per danzar su m'ersi, Ma forno dal desio mie forze vinte.⁹²</p> <p>Che surto in piede starvi non sofferisi, Anzi cascai, donde corse a comporre Anchinia un carro, il qual meco si versi.</p>	<p>And with that way that an unclean serpent, seeing a flower born where there had been ice, happily pokes out of a narrow stump,*</p> <p>where the old skin is shed all silver on the outside, and now it makes more coils of its belly to its head, and now follows its love,</p> <p>such was I, for, once I shook off the coverings from my back, I rose up to dance, but my efforts were vanquished by desire.</p> <p>For having risen to my feet I could not bear to stay there, rather I fell, so that Anchinia ran to make a cart which she offered me.</p>
<p>{p. 45} {R 211}</p>	<p>{p. 45} {R 211}</p>
<p>Su tre rotelle il carriuolo corre, Et è si come io son di lui, mio guida, Che al passo infermo e debile soccorre.</p> <p>Di ciò par ch'Almaphisa se ne rida, Che 'l legno arguto poggia ovunque poggio, E che l'industrie Anchinia è che m'affida.</p>	<p>The little wheelbarrow runs on three wheels and is my guide, as I am of it, as it gives help to steps feeble and weak.</p> <p>It seems that Mother Nature laughs about this, setting sharp wood wherever I alight, and that it is industrious Anchinia on whom I can rely. uptight</p>
<p>Ma con le mani a lui mentre m'appoggio,</p>	<p>But with my hands on the cart while I lean and</p>

⁹⁰ Gloss: Concordantia. (Harmony), also called *Omonia*.

⁹¹ Gloss: Deus noster gloriosus omnia in numero, pondere et mensura creavit. (Our glorious God created everything in number, weight and measure.)*

⁹² Gloss: Nihil non tam proprium humanitatis est quam remitti dulcibus modis astringique contrariis. Boet. ("Nothing is more characteristic of humanity than to relax with harmonious rhythms and to get tense with contrary ones." Boethius, *De musica: Proemium*.)*

<p>Et ir con seco quinci e quindi bramo, Ecco me 'ntoppo in qualche adverso poggio;</p> <p>Ci che sossopra il carro et io n'andiamo, Qual resta integro, et io n'ho rotto 'l naso, E che ritto mi torni Anchinia chiamo.</p> <p>Anchinia mi rileva, e d'ogni caso Per le percosse, ch'atterrato piglio, Presta ricorre del onguento al vaso.</p>	<p>wish to go with it here and there, behold I trip on some adverse mound;</p> <p>so that both I and the cart tumble upside down: the cart stays whole, and I have a broken nose, and I call Anchinia to put me back upright.</p> <p>Anchinia raises me back up, and every time for the blows I get on the ground, quickly she runs to the jar of unguent.</p>
<p>Et io, ch'oltra 'l dolor esser vermiglio Comprendo il lito del mio sangue, invoco Lei con la mano posta al pesto ciglio.</p> <p>Ma quella mi risana, et anco al gioco Di quel mio tal destriero mi riduce, In fin che da me stesso, a poco a poco, Ir poscia senza il carro et altro duce.⁹³</p>	<p>And I who understand that in addition to pain, the ground is covered in crimson with my blood, I cry out to her with my hand on my bruised brow.</p> <p>But she heals me, and also leads me back to the yoke of that steed of mine, so that at last, by myself, little by little,</p> <p>I can walk without the cart or other guide.</p>
<p>Sestina li cui capiversi dicono quella sententia. Concordantia durant cuncta Nature federa.⁹⁴</p>	<p>A sestina whose first letters spell out: CONCORDANTIA DURANT CUNCTA NATURE FEDERA (All the laws of nature remain in harmony)</p>
<p>URANIA.</p>	<p>Urania [Muse of Astronomy]</p>
<p>{p. 46} {R 212}</p>	<p>{p. 46} {R 212}</p>
<p>Come 'l primo veloce mobil cielo Opposto a quei che volgono le stelle Non li distempra e sé tramuta in foco? Com'è sospesa? e chi sostien la terra? Onde con lei forma ritonda il mare Ritien, e mai posando non ha pace?</p>	<p>How does the prime fast-moving heaven placed in opposition to those [heavens] which turn the stars, not destabilize them and turn itself into fire? How is it suspended? And who holds up the earth? How does the sea retain a round shape with the earth and never resting does not have peace?*</p>
<p>D'una concorde a ragionevol pace Avinse l'alta causa, cielo a cielo, Né men con pace in maggior cerchio il mare Tiensi a la terra, e giran sette stelle In sette sfere, il cui centro è la terra, Anti da l'aere cinta e poi dal foco.⁹⁵</p>	<p>With a harmonious and reasonable peace, the highest cause clasps heaven to heaven; likewise with peace the sea in a larger circle holds itself to the earth, and seven stars turn in seven spheres, whose center is the earth, encircled first by air and then by fire.</p>

⁹³ Gloss: Nutrix itaque fidelissima datur homini industria. (Thus, industriousness is a very dependable nurse given to humans.)

⁹⁴ ACROSTICS: CONCORDANTIA DURANT CUNCTA NATURE FEDERA (All the laws of Nature remain in harmony)

Dubbio non è, che 'l mondo, o in acqua o 'n foco Verrà sommerso, quando la lor pace Rotta sarà per sfare il mar, la terra, Alhor che de' fermarsi il nono cielo, Nè più rotarsi 'l Sol con le sei stelle, Trarsi nel centro di la terra il mare. ⁹⁶	There is no doubt that the earth will be immersed either in water or in fire, when their peace is broken in order to dismantle the sea, the earth; then the ninth circle must stop, and the sun no longer rotate with the six stars, and the sea draw itself into the center of the earth.*
Crebbe, fu tempo già, su l'alpe il mare; Vorar il mondo deve anchor il foco. Non fia perpetuo il giro de le stelle, Che al fin col cielo havran quiete e pace. Tratto già il ceppo human, o su nel cielo A starvi sempre, o 'n centro de la terra.	There was a time when the sea rose on the mountains; still fire must devour the world. The rotation of the stars shall not be perpetual, because in the end they will have quiet and peace with heaven. The human race will already have been drawn either up into heaven to stay there forever, or into the center of the earth.
Non t'invaghir dunque homo de la terra, Anzi contendi (ove di gloria il mare Tu lieto solcarai) salir in cielo, U' sempre t'arda l'amoroso fuoco, Riposto d'alma in alma in somma pace, E sotto i piedi ti vedrai le stelle.	Man, do not take a fancy to the earth, instead fight (where you will happily plow the sea with glory) to go up into heaven, where the loving fire burns ever for you, passed from soul to soul in the highest peace, and under your feet you will see the stars.
{p. 47} {R 213}	{p. 47} {R 213}
Fece l'alto fattor sopra le stelle E giù nel più profundo de la terra Due stanze, l'una detta eterna pace, E l'altra, di perpetuo foco, Mare. Rinchiuso entro la terra, a l'ombre, è il foco; A l'alme, gioia eterna su nel cielo.	Above the stars and down in the deepest part of earth, the supreme creator made two dwellings, one called eternal peace, and the other, the sea of perpetual fire. Closed up within earth, in shadows, is fire; for the souls, eternal joy up in the heaven.
Fe' Dio l'huomo di Terra, che 'n le Stelle Havesse Pace; ma chi nacque in Mare Trallo dal Cielo in sempiterno Foco. ⁹⁷	God made man of earth, so that he would have peace in the stars; but the one who was born in the sea draws him from the sky into eternal flames.

⁹⁵ Gloss: Discordi quadam concordia coelos elementaque Deus omnipotens astrinxit. (Omnipotent God bound together the heavens and elements with a certain harmony of discord.)*

⁹⁶ Gloss: Ipse quoque in fati reminiscitur affore tempus/ quo mare tellus correptaue regia coeli/ ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret. Ovid. ("He brought to mind that, in the book of fates, this was inscribed:/ a time would come when sea and land would burn,/ a conflagration that would overturn/ the palace of the sky—in fact destroy the stunning fabric of the universe," Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 1.256-8, translation by Allen Mandelbaum, *The Metamorphoses of Ovid*, (NYC: Harcourt Brace, 1993), p. 13.

⁹⁷ Gloss: Venus, quae maris e spuma nata est, pro voluptate carnali accipitur. (Venus, who was born from the foam of the sea, stands for carnal lust.)

TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
<p>Poscia che vide, per industria e arte, Natura finalmente l'huomo in piede, Correr veloce in questa a 'n quella parte,</p> <p>Et esser l'animale, il qual possede Alto saper e di ragion dottrina, Che fora poi d'eterna vita herede,</p> <p>Con lieto e dolce aspetto a me s'inchina, Qual mansueta madre che al figliolo Prima di sdegno fu cruda e ferina.</p> <p>D'innumerabil figli dentro il stolo Da lei fui ricondotto al bel giardino Dove altrui vive lieto e senza dolo.</p>	<p>As soon as Nature saw man on his feet at last, thanks to industry and art, running swiftly this way and that,</p> <p>and being the animal which possesses high wisdom and practical learning, who will then be the inheritor of eternal life,</p> <p>with a happy and sweet countenance she bent towards me like a calm mother who earlier was cruel and savage with her son.</p> <p>Amid the throng of innumerable children, I was brought back by her to the beautiful garden where others live happy and pain free.</p>
<p>Quivi sotto 'l pacifico domino, Et aurea stagione di Acacia, Vissi gran tempo semplice bambino.⁹⁸</p> <p>Fin ch'indi, mosso poi per lunga via, Fui ricondotto a ritrovar Altea E l'altra Donna che 'n nostra balia</p> <p>Commette ambe le strade e bona e rea.⁹⁹</p>	<p>There I lived a long time as a simple child, under the peaceful reign and the golden age of Innocence.</p> <p>Until from there I was led back down a long path to find Altea again, and the other woman who consigns</p> <p>to our care both roads, the good and the bad.</p>
{p. 48} {R 215}	{p. 48} {R 215}
De la pueritia e aurea staggione.	On Childhood and the Golden Age
EUTHERPE.	Euterpe [Muse of Music and Lyric Poetry]
<p>Già rinnovella intorno la stagione, Ch'eternamente verdeggiar solea Prima c'havesse Astrea Gli huomini a sdegno, a se tornasse ai Dei,¹⁰⁰</p>	<p>Already the season is reborn all around which had been eternally green before Astraea felt contempt for men and returned to the gods, leaving them in that other season, so wicked that it burns them,</p>

⁹⁸ Gloss: Innocentia. (Innocence.) Note: Akakia from Greek, lack of evil.

⁹⁹ Gloss: Veritas et Libertas. (Truth and Freedom.) Note: The name Altea seems to be based on the Greek word for freedom, *eleutheria*.

¹⁰⁰ Gloss: Et virgo caede madentes/ Ultima coelestum terras Astrea reliquit. Ovid, ("And the maiden, Astraea, last of the gods, leaves the gore-sodden earth," Ovid *Metamorphoses* 1.150.) Note: In Greek mythology Astraea, was

<p>Lasciando in lor quel'altra così rea Che li arde, mentre Phebo alto s'impone Al tergo di Leone, O quella, che dai monti iperborei Riporta il gelo agli Afri a Nabatei.¹⁰¹ Hor, che l'occhio del ciel aggiorna in Tauro, Hor, che 'l fior spunta ove 'l ghiaccio dilegua,¹⁰² Hor, che 'l scita col indo vento tregua Fatt'hanno, e dato è in preda il tempo al Mauro, Zefiro torna in colorar i lidi,¹⁰³ E i pronti a tesser nidi Vaghi augelletti, per lor macchie errando Natura van lodando, C'ha ricondotto così lieti giorni, D'aura gentile d'herbe e fronde adorni.</p> <p>Fermati, Apollo, pregoti, nel grado C'hoggi ascendendo e poggi e selve abbelli, E gli aurei tuoi capelli Tempratamente spandi al universo;</p>	<p>while Phoebus foists himself high on Leo's back, or that one which brings the cold from the northern mountains to the African and Arabian peoples.</p> <p>Now that the eye of the sky stays in Taurus, now that the flower sprouts where ice is melting, now that the North and South winds have made peace, and the weather has fallen prey to the Moor, Zephyr returns to color the shores, and while darting to and from their hedges, the pretty little birds eager to weave their nests go praising Nature, who has brought back such happy days, adorned with gentle breezes, grasses and leafy branches.</p> <p>Stop, Apollo, I pray you, at the angle of ascent where today you beautify the hills and forests and spread your golden hair temperately across the universe;</p>
<p>{p. 49} {R 216}</p>	<p>{p. 49} {R 216}</p>
<p>Onde amorosi, leggiadretti e snelli Ne vengon gli animali tutti al vado Non d'Histro, Gange o Pado,¹⁰⁴ Ma del suo natural obbietto, verso C'ha l'un di l'altro, quand'è 'l ciel più terso, Verde la terra, il Mar tranquillo e piano. Fermati, Apollo, e 'n sì bel throno sedi, Fin che, a le mani, al collo, a l'ale, ai piedi Del Tempo (egli scamparse a man' a mano, S'assetta tant'è vano)¹⁰⁵ Pyreno e Apenino sian appesi, Che non si parta, e i mesi Porti con seco e l'aura e 'l dolce humore,</p>	<p>so that the loving, charming and graceful animals come to the ford not of the Danube, the Ganges or the Po, but of their natural intention, which the one has towards the other, when the sky is most clear, the earth is green, the seas calm and even.*</p> <p>Stop, Apollo, and stay seated on such a fine throne, until the Pyrenees and Apennines (he took refuge little by little and, and he's so empty he gets thirsty) are hanging on the hands, the neck, the wings and feet of Time so that he will not run off and take with him the months and breezes and sweet humor that now rise up in every leaf and in</p>

the goddess of justice who lived among mortals in the Golden Age, but eventually she left earth altogether and became the constellation Virgo, while her scales became Libra.

¹⁰¹ Note: The Nabatei were inhabitants of Northwestern Arabia.

¹⁰² Gloss: Boreas. Auster. (Boreas. Southwind); these winds are also referred to below as *scito* for northern (from the ancient kingdom of Scythia) and *indo* for southern (coming from India).

¹⁰³ Zephyrus. (Zephyr.) Note: According to Cordié "dato in preda... al Mauro" means that the season shares mild and serene winds with Morocco, home of the Moors (Cordié, p. 826).

¹⁰⁴ Gloss: Amore. (Love.)

¹⁰⁵ Gloss: Sed fugit interea, fugit irreperabile tempus. Vir. ("Yet meanwhile time flies, irretrievable time flies," Vergil, *Georgics*, 3.284.)

C'hor monta in ogni foglia, in ogni fiore.	every flower.
L'aureo, gioioso e mansueto Aprile, C'hor sparger d'ombre i verdi campi veggio, Piaciali eterno seggio Qui prender nosco, ch'altri non succeda. Partito lui, si va di mal in peggio; Mentre vi spira l'aura sua gentile, Parca non sia, che file Humana vita, e Morte a Pluto rieda, Sol ombre ove posseda; ¹⁰⁶ Rinverdasi da se homai la terra, Valete aratri marre falci e Zappe, Non più vepri saranno cardi e lappe. Quella natia vertù, che 'n lei si serra Senza, ch'altri la sferra, Uscendo stessa ci dimostra quanto Sia di Natura il manto Più bello senza l'arte e più verace, Ch'opra di voglia più del altre piace. ¹⁰⁷	Splendid April, joyful and docile, which I now see spreading his shadows on the green fields, may it please him to make his eternal abode with us, so that no other [month] may follow. Once he's gone, we go from bad to worse; while his gentle breeze blows, let there be no Fate who might spin out human life, and let Death return to Pluto, where he may possess only shades; now let the earth renew itself: farewell plows, mattocks, sickles and hoes, there will be no more thorns, cockles and burrs. That inborn virtue, which is closed up [in the earth] so that others cannot harm it, appearing on its own shows us how much more beautiful the mantle of nature is without art, and more authentic, because a spontaneous work is more pleasing than others.
{p. 50} {R 216}	{p. 50} {R 216}
Ecco di latte scorreno già i fiumi, Sudano mele i faggi, oglio li abeti, E su' per què laureti, Celeste manna ricogliendo vanno Le virgin' Ape; e i Rosignoli lieti, C'han d'or le penne, entro purpurei dumi Nidi d'argento e fine perle fanno, Securi di rapina od altro danno. L'impaventosa Lepre lato al Cane, L'Agnella presso al Lupo queta dorme, Che tutti li animal, già in lor conforme, Natura tiene in sue medeme tane. ¹⁰⁸ Securi Pesci a Rane, Questi da l'Ontra, quelle da le Biscie; Non è chi strida o fiscie	Look – the rivers already flow with milk, the beech trees exude fruits, the firs, oil, and up on those laurels, the virgin bees go gathering celestial manna; and the cheerful nightingales who have feathers of gold, in purple brambles make nests of sliver and fine pearls, safe from plunder or other harm. The frightened hare sleeps next to the dog, the lamb, calmly alongside the wolf, because all the animals already at peace among themselves, Nature keeps in the same dens; the fish and frogs are safe, those from the otter, these from the snakes; there is no one to shriek or hiss at another in order to lacerate his hide, because the golden

¹⁰⁶ Gloss: Aureae pueritiae succedunt libidinosa iuventus, ambitiosa virilitas, curiosa senectus, stomachosa decrepitas. (After the golden age of childhood, come libidinous youth, ambitious manhood, meddling old age and decrepit infirmity.)

¹⁰⁷ Gloss: Per se fert omnia tellus. (The earth produces all things by itself.) Cf. Ovid, "per se dabat omnia tellus," *Metamorphoses*, 1.102. Cordié suggests Vergil's *Eclogues* 4.39 and *Georgics*, 1.127-8, p. 827.

¹⁰⁸ Fede e innocenza son reperte/ solo ne' pargoletti, poi ciascuna/ pria fugge che le guanze sian coperte. Dante. ("Faith and innocence are found only in little children, then each flees before the cheeks are covered." Dante, *Par.* 27, 127-9.)

<p>L'un contra l'altro per stracciarci 'l pelo, Che l'aurea etade già scese dal cielo.</p>	<p>age has already come down from the heavens.</p>
<p>Date quiete, posti li aspri giov¹⁰⁹ A' vostri armenti homai, duri Bifolci, Et a que' fonti dolci Lasciateli appressare: né quel rivo Di voi sia alcun che più 'l sostegna o folci, Né chi di loco a loco lo rimovi, Che 'n questi giorni novi Non è di libertà chi venga privo. Cantati anco pastori, che l'estivo E freddo ardore non privar più deve Di latte, od appestar e' vostri greggi.¹¹⁰</p>	<p>After putting aside the harsh yokes, rest your oxen now, hard farmers, and let them draw near to those sweet fountains; and let no one continue to hold up or halt that stream of yours, nor move it from place to place, so that in these new days no one may be deprived of liberty. You shepherds rejoice too, that the summer and winter ardor will no longer sicken your flocks or deprive them of milk.</p>
<p>{p. 51} {R 217}</p>	<p>{p. 51} {R 217}</p>
<p>Non più clamosi fori, non più leggi, Che ciò vita gioiosa non riceve. O giovo dolce e leve A l'huomo ancora, il qual sprezza fortuna, Siagli pur chiara e bruna, Che chi vivendo non fa oltraggio altrui, Securo di, l'aurea stagion è in lui.</p>	<p>No more strident marketplaces, no more laws, for that does not obtain a joyful life.* O even now sweet and light is the yoke on the man who disdains fortune, good or bad, so that anyone who does not harm others, will have a safe day, a golden season.</p>
<p>E simplicetta e pueril canzone, Come richiede il suo stesso soggetto, Fu questa mia, dottissime sorelle, Di che a voi chiama: Non son io di quelle Ch'Urania scrivi con sì bel soggetto, E n'empì il sino e petto Ai duo novi Franceschi, l'un ch'agnelli Canta lupi e ruscelli,</p>	<p>This song of mine has been both simple and childlike, as its subject requires, my learned sisters, so it calls to you, "I am not one of those songs which you write on such a fine subject, Urania, and with which you fill the mind and heart of the two Francesco's, the one who sings of lambs and wolves and brooks, and the other of the lofty madness of the senator. But one who does what</p>

¹⁰⁹ Note: *giov* for *gioghi*, yokes, see below, p.

¹¹⁰ Note: Cordié cantati for *cantate* cf, *Orl.1.17.3*.

L'altro del senator l'alta pazzia. ¹¹¹ Ma chi fa il suo poter con gli atri stia.	he/she is able may remain with the others.”*
FINISCE LA PRIMA SELVA DEL TRIPERUNO.	The First Forest of Triperuno Ends.

¹¹¹ Note: References give the appearance of being to St Francis, the *Canticle* (c. 1224), and to Francesco Petrarca's *canzone Spirto gentil*, *Canzoniere*, 53, as this political poem believed addressed to Cola di Rienzo, the Senator of the "alta pazzia" - craziness because just months after having taken control of Rome (in 1347) he abdicated his leadership. However, reference is made below to two Franciscos in the poem "Mira duorum amicitia" whose acrostics read: FRANCISCORUM AMOR ET FIDES INSOLUBILES, p. 240, R 384; since these are "new" Franciscos the references could be to Francesco Berni and Francesco Maria Molza, writers in the burlesque style.

#Section 4: Selva Seconda	#Section 4: Selva Seconda
{R 218} {1527 p. 52}	{R 218} {1527 p. 52}
Divus vates ¹	Divine Poet
OPTIMA QUAEQUE DIES MISE RIS MORTALIBUS AEVI PRIMA FUGIT SUBEUNT MOR BI TRISTISQUE SENECTUS ET LABOR ET DIRAE PARIT INCLEMENTIA MORTIS	"Time's every splendid day flees at the earliest from miserable mortals; the sorrows of disease, old age and hardship steal in and generate the rigors of dire death."
{R 219} {1527 p. 53}	{R 219} {1527 p. 53}
CHAOS DEL TRIPERUNO. Selva seconda.	Chaos of Triperuno. Second Forest.
Distichon.	Distichon
Unus adest triplici mihi nomine vultus in orbe; Tres dixere Chaos, numero Deus impare gaudet.	One face appears to the world with my threefold name; three have dictated Chaos: God likes an odd number.
[Immagine come sopra: Stemma con tre merle, ognuna con l'iniziale di un pseudonimo-personaggio di Folengo: M [Merlin], L [Limerno] and F [Fulica]; gli iniziali a destra e a sinistra della stemma, CA. and UR. rappresentano Camillo Orsini, capitano generale della Repubblica di Venezia. ²]	[Image, as above: Coat of Arms showing three black birds (merles), each with the initial of one of Folengo's pseudonym-characters: M [Merlin], L [Limerno] and F [Fulica]. To the left and right of this image are the initials CA and UR for Camillo Ursini, Captain General of the Republic of Venice.]
Mintiadas inter Fulicas mihi sueta phaselus Currere, nunc tumidis aequore fertur aquis. Quonam tanta animi fiducia? nobile sidus Adstitit en capiti quae praeit Ursa meo. Ursa potens mundi, firmo quem torquet ab axe, Ursa potens pelagi, qua duce Nauta canit.	My little bean-shaped boat usually runs between Mintian merles, but now it is carried on the swelling waters of the sea. Why such self-confidence? A noble star appeared above my head which the Big Bear leads. The Bear [Orsini], powerful in the world, which it turns by its stable axis; the Bear, powerful on the sea, with such a guide the sailor sings.

¹ Note: The divine poet must be Vergil, as the verses are quoted from Vergil's *Georgics*, 3.66-8.

² Note: Around 1526, Folengo was employed by the famous condottiere, Camillo Orsini (1492-1559), to tutor his son Paolo (1517-1570). Mario Chiesa notes that Folengo first designates the Orsini and Colonna families as parents of the heroic Leonardo in the third edition of *Baldus* (c. 1535), Bk. 10.486, (Chiesa, *Baldus*, Torino: UTET, 1997, vol. 1, p. 477; and see *Baldus* 10.484-6 and 20.19).

{1527 p. 54} {R 221}	{1527 p. 54} {R 221}
PREFATIONE	Preface
Hor pervegnuti siamo al centro confusissimo di questo nostro <i>Chaos</i> , lo quale ritrovasi ne la presente seconda Selva di vane maniere d'arbori, virgulti, spine e pruni mescolatamente ripiena, cioè di prose, versi senza rime e con rime, latini, macaroneschi, Dialoghi, e d'altra diversitate confusa, ma non anco sì confusa e rammeschiata che, dovendosi questo <i>Chaos</i> con lo 'ntelletto nostro disciogliere, tutti gli Elementi non subitamente sapessero al proprio lor seggio ritornarsi. ³	Now we have arrived at the very confused center of this our <i>Chaos</i> , which is found in the present second Forest, filled messily with worthless kinds of trees, brushwood, barbs and thorns, that is to say with prose, Latin and Macaronic verse with and without rhyme, dialogues, and it is mixed with other variations, but still not so mixed up and jumbled that, should we need to disentangle this <i>Chaos</i> with our intellects, all the elements would not immediately be able to return to their proper place.
{R 223} {1527 p. 55}	{R 223} {1527 p. 55}
SELVA SECONDA.	Second Forest
Immagine: una donna a cavallo in movimento, con in seguito un uomo, triste, la mano estesa verso di lei.	Image: a woman astride a galloping horse with a sad-faced man who gestures for her as he follows.
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
D'Errori, sogni, favole, chimere, Phantasme, larve un pieno Laberinto, Ch'un popol infinito, a larghe schiere, Assorbe ognhora, tien prigion e vinto, Voglio sculpir non ne l'antiche cere, Non ne le nove carte; anzi depinto Di lagrime, sudor, di sangue schietto Havrollo in fronte sempre o 'n mezzo 'l petto. ⁴	A full labyrinth of errors, dreams, tall tales, chimeras, phantasms and larvae which continually absorbs an endless populace in large swarms, holds it prisoner and vanquished, I want to sculpt not in ancient wax tablets, nor on new papers, but rather, I will have it depicted forever with pure blood, sweat and tears on my forehead or in the middle of my chest.
In fronte o 'n mezzo 'l petto, ovunque io perga, Terrò qual pellegrino mie fortune; Datimi, o Muse, una cannuccia o verga, Ch'io, scalzo e cinto ai fianchi d'aspra fune, Veda come 'l Sol esca e poi s'immerga Nel Oceano, e come ardendo imbrune Qua li Ethiópi e là di neve imbianchi	On my forehead or in the middle of my chest, wherever I may go, I will hold my fortunes like a pilgrim; give me, O Muses, a little reed or twig, so that I, barefoot and cinched at the waist by a harsh cord, may see how the sun rises up then immerses itself in the ocean and how, by burning it darkens the Ethiopians here, and there, whitens with snow

³ Gloss: Chaos.

⁴ Gloss: Tria sunt difficilia, quarum penitus ignoro. Viam aquilae in coelo, viam colubri super petram, viam viri in adolescentia sua. Eccl. ("Three things are difficult about which I am thoroughly ignorant: the path of an eagle in the sky, the path of a snake on a rock, the path of a man in his adolescence," Proverbs 30.18-19.)

Tartari e Sciti del bel raggio manchi.	the Tartars and Scythians who lack the lovely ray.
Ma poi che di mia sorte il duro esempio Mostrato habbia del mondo in ogni clima, Fia così noto, appeso in qualche tempio Od in polito marmore s'imprima, Che chi mirando 'l così acerbo et empio, Considri ben qual sia buon calle, prima Che l'un d'ambi sentieri d'esta vita Si metta entrare a l'ardua salita. ⁵	But since I have shown the hard example of my fate in every corner of the world, let it thus be known, hanging in some temple or carved into polished marble, in order that anyone seeing it so raw and corrupt will consider well which road is right, before he sets himself to begin the arduous ascent of one of the two pathways of this life.
{R 224} {1527 p. 56}	{R 224} {1527 p. 56}
O, ben saggio colui che 'l suo dal mio Voler havrà diverso ne' prim'anni Ci nostra si dubbiosa etade, ch'io Volendo scorsi nei miei stessi danni, Travolto in vie si alpestre dal desio, Ch'anco ne porto il viso rotto e' panni, Fin che mia sorte, poi che assonto in alto M'hebbe, giù basso far mi fece un salto.	Oh, wise is he who will have his desires different from mine in the early years of that very uncertain age of ours, that I willingly spent in my own failures, so overwhelmed in mountainous passes by desire, that I even withdraw my face and clothing wrecked, until my fate, after having elevated me on high, has made me make a leap down below.*
TRIPERUNO. ⁶	Triperuno
De l'innocente Nimpha l'aurea etade, ⁷ Il bel giardino, le colline, i fonti Vannosi homai, ché 'l Tempo invidioso In un istante quelli s'inghiottisse. ⁸	The golden age of the innocent maiden, the pretty garden, the hills, the fountains go away now, because invidious time swallows them in an instant.
Bandito dunque sol per l'altrui fallo, Errava quinci e quindi ove pur l'alma Natura mi torcea con fidel scorta. Era quella stagion quando Aquilone, Da l'iperboree cime sibilando, In vetro i fiumi, in latte cangia i monti. ⁹	Banned therefore only due to another's fault, I was wandering here and there wherever Mother Nature was twisting me with faithful guidance. It was that season when Northwind, whistling in from hyperborean heights, changed the rivers to glass and the mountains to milk. I holed up in a wood all

⁵ Gloss: Me tabula sacer/ votiva paries iudicat uvida/ suspendisse potenti/ vestimenta maris deo. Hor. ("The holy wall declares me with my votive tablets as I give my wet clothes to be hung by the mighty god of the sea," Horace, *Odes*, 1.5: *To Pyrrha*.)

⁶ ACROSTICS: DIVI BENEDICTI REGULA SUB QUEM IPSE MILITATURUS IAM INGREDIOR PIENTISSIMA ET EVANGELICA EST. (The Rule of St. Benedict, under which I am now entering to serve as a soldier, is most holy and evangelical.)

⁷ Gloss: Pueritia. (Childhood.)

⁸ Gloss: Damnosa quod imminuit dies est. Hor. ("What does ruinous time [not] diminish," Horace, *Odes* 3.6.45); *inghiottisse* from *inghiottire*, to swallow up.

Cacciomi dentro un Bosco tutto solo; Tanto vi errai, ch'al fine mi compresi In le capanne dei Pastori giunto.	alone; there I wandered so far that at last I realized I'd arrived at the shepherds' huts.
Riposto s'era Phebo drieto un colle, E la sorella con sue fredde corna Già percotea le selve et ogni ripa. Vago di riposarmi su lor fronde, La porta chiusa d'una mandra i' batto: Al sesto e nono cenno fummi aperto. ¹⁰	Phoebus had taken rest behind a hill, and his sister was already striking the forests and embankments with her frosty horns. Yearning to rest myself on their leafy branches, I bang on the closed door of a stall: at the sixth and ninth knock it was opened for me.
Starsene quivi ben rinchiusi e caldi Vidi quei Pegorari, al foco intorno, Bere acque dolci e pascersi de frutta.	I saw those shepherds staying well shut in and warm around the fire, drinking fresh water and feeding on fruit.
{R 225} {1527 p. 57}	{R 225} {1527 p. 57}
Qual stato mai per che si sia sublime, V'ha pare al Pastoral di contentezza? Altri di strame rinfrescar et altri Monger vidi gli armenti, altri purgarli.	No matter how sublime it may be, what state could ever equal the pastoral in contentment? I saw some of them freshening the herds with straw, others milking them, others cleansing them.
Intenti anchor son altri gli Agnelletti Portar di luogo a luogo e ritornarli Sotto lor madri, et altri con virgulti E gionchi acuti tessono sportelle.	Still others are intent on carrying the little lambs from place to place and bringing them back under their mothers, and others weave baskets with twigs and fine reeds.
Ma parte anchora, di più verde etade, Intenti sono a giovenili giochi, Lotte, salti diversi e slanzar dardi. In altra parte s'usan dicer versi, Toccar sampogne e contrastar di rime. ¹¹ Altri de' più attempati di lor gregge Trattano s'han più spesa che guadagno. Vadon e riedon altri, più robusti, Ricercaando le mandre, ove ben spesso Volpe, Lupi selvaggi e più gli humani	But yet another group, of younger ones, is intent on youthful games, battles, various leaps and throwing javelins. In another area, they were reciting verses, playing the pipes and having rhyming contests. Others, some of the older ones, take care of their flocks to see if they have more costs than earnings. Still others come and go, the more robust, looking after the droves, where quite often foxes, wolves that are savage and more so humans, take to ruining their blessed peace.

⁹ Gloss: Lex naturae, quae omnia in medium ponit. (The law of nature, which places everything on common ground.)

¹⁰ Gloss: Pulsanti aperitur, Evangelio teste. ("To those who knock it will be opened," according to the Gospel, Matthew 7.7.)

¹¹ Gloss: Apparet nullam aliam spem vitae homini esse propositam nisi ut, abiectis vanitatibus et errore miserabili Deum cognoscat et Deo serviat. Lac. ("It appears that no other hope of life is proposed to man, except that, having cast off vanities and wretched error, he should know God and serve God." Lactantius, *Divine Institutes*, 4.28.)

Soglion discommodar lor santa pace.	
In ogni lor impresa vanno lieti, Amandosi l'un l'altro con gran fede, Merce che 'l capo lor sa l'arte a pieno.	They go about happy in every task, loving each other with great faith, as long as their leader fully knows the trade.
Ivi raccolto fui nel dolce tanto Numero lor e fatto di sua prole. Già in mezzo al corso di sua lunga via Rotavasi la Notte, passo passo: ¹² Ecco, dal sommo d'una Capannella, Dove molti Pastori guarda fanno Insieme al grande Armento con lor cani, Odesi, dentro una mirabil luce, Resonar canti e dolce melodia.	Here, I was gathered into their abundant sweet number and made one of their breed. Already half way through its long course, night was rotating little by little: behold, from the top of a hut, where many shepherds together with their dogs stand guard over the large herd, one could hear songs and sweet melodies resounding amidst a wondrous light.
{1527 p. 58} {R 226}	{1527 p. 58} {R 226}
Porgon l'udita e sentono che Gloria In excelsis dicean i bianchi spirti; Et avisati dove 'l Salvatore Nasciuto giace, là con allegrezza Tosto da noi partiti, s'aventaro In quella banda, che fu lor mostrata. Sol io ritratto in parte for de gli altri Sedevami pensar tal novitate, In fin che, ritornati, cose horrende, Mai non udite più, d'un Fanciullino A noi contarono di stupor insani.	They lend their ears and hear the white spirits say the <i>Gloria in excelsis</i> ; and having been told where the new born Savior lies, there having joyfully left us at once, they ventured to that place that had been shown to them. I retreated alone apart from the others and sat down to think about such a marvel, until having returned, crazy with wonder they told us tremendous things never again heard about a little boy.
Ecco, senza far motto alcun ad elli, Tutto soletto quinci mi diparto, ¹³	Behold, without a word to any of them, all alone I departed from there.
E sollevando gli occhi al ciel sereno Vidi una stella rutilar fra l'altre, Anti scorgendo sempre il mio sentero, Ne mai fermossi fin che al santo loco Giunto non mi vedesse e poi smarritte; Et una voce anchor dal ciel mi venne, La qual dicea: Felice criatura,	And raising my eyes to the peaceful sky, I saw a star shine amid the others, always spotting my path ahead, not stopping until it saw me arrive at the holy site and then it disappeared; and a voice came again from the heavens which said, "Fortunate creature, I am that real and pure woman whom you go searching for on earth and I stay in heaven. I call

¹² Gloss: lam per reminiscentiam, ingruente rationis aetate, homo suam in se recolit naturam et dignitatem. (Now through recollection, with the age of reason coming on, a man recollects his nature and his dignity.)*

¹³ Gloss: Tu autem quum oraveris intra cubiculum tuum, ubi, clauso ostio, patrem tuum in abscondito ora. Evan. ("And you too, when you pray, enter your room, and there, with the door closed, pray to your father in secret," Gospel, Matthew 6.6.)

lo son quella verace e schietta donna Che vai cercando in terra e stommi 'n cielo. Altea mi chiamo: hor entra qui sicuro. ¹⁴	myself Althea: enter safely here now.”
E poi c’ebbe parlato, un bel concerto S’udiva d’Arpe, Cetre, Plettri e Lire. Tacendo poscia, fu non so chi disse:	And once it had spoken, one heard a pretty harmony of harps, cithers, lutes and lyres. Quieting then, there was someone I don’t know who said:
{1527 p. 59} {R 227}	{1527 p. 59} {R 227}
TERPSICORE	Terpsichore (Muse of Dance)
Hor tienti fermo e non girar altrove, O spirto avventuroso di tal guida, Ma cauto va’, ch’un Lupo non t’uccida, Lo quale altrui dal dritto calle smove. ¹⁵ Né da l’antiche leggi, per le nove Sia mai se non lesù, che ti divida, Lo qual non pur è saggia scorta e fida, Ma via, che da virtù non si remove. Ben vedi a quanta gloria il ciel ti degna, Che Dio (qual nome dirsi può maggiore) Volve adempir sua legge in tuo conforto. Egli farsi huomo sol per te non sdegna, E guida tal, che ‘n questo human errore Conduceratti di salute in porto. ¹⁶	Hold still now and don’t turn aside from that guide, O adventuresome spirit, but go cautiously, so that a wolf does not kill you, who turns others away from the right path. Nor should anyone but Jesus separate you from the antique laws for the new, he who is not only a wise and trusted guide, but a path that is not dissuaded from virtue. You see clearly of what glory heaven makes you worthy, because God (what name could be said to be greater) wished to fulfill his law in accordance with your welfare. He did not disdain to make himself a man only for you, and a guide such that in this human error will lead you into the port of wellbeing.
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
lo ben intesi di tal voce il sono, Ma (lasso) che servala fui poi tardo, ¹⁷ E so che quanto tuttavia ragiono Non vien inteso, ma sotto ‘l stendardo De l’Orso grande, ove posto mi sono,	Well I understood the sound of that voice, but, alas, I was slow to keep it, and I know that even now what I discuss is not understood, but under the banner of the Big Bear, where I have placed myself, I hope to speak clearly without any reservations; so

¹⁴ Gloss: Veritas in coelo moratur quia omnis homo mendax. (The truth stays in heaven, for every man is a liar.)
Note: Alethea/Alethaea means truth in Greek; [*altea* means wanderer].

¹⁵ Gloss: Turpe est cedere oneri quod semel recepisti. Sen. (“It is vile to give up responsibilities... that you once accepted,” Seneca, *Moral epistles*, Book 3, 22.7.)

¹⁶ Gloss: Omnia quaecumque voluit Dominus fecit in coelo et in terra. Dav. (“Whatever the Lord desired, he has done in heaven and on earth,” David, Psalms 134.6.)

¹⁷ Note: Both Portioli and Cordié corrected *servala* to *servarla*.

Spero dir chiaro senza alchun risguardo, Hor dunque in una Grotta entrai soletto, Con passo lento e colmo di sospetto.	then I entered a grotto all alone, with a slow step, brimming with doubt.*
{R 228} {1527 p. 60}	{R 228} {1527 p. 60}
Qui la più bella, honesta, saggia, humile Donna, che mai Natura, col sopremo Suo sforzo e col di rado usato stile, Finger potesse in questo ben terreno, Havea su 'l strame, in loco abbietto e vile (Trovavasi al bisogno troppo estremo) Riposto un suo nasciuto alhor infante Nudo, a la rabbia d'Aquilon tremante. ¹⁸	Here, the most beautiful, honest, wise and humble woman whom Nature -- with her supreme effort and a style rarely used -- could have fashioned on this fine earth, finding herself in most dire need, had lain on the straw in a low and abject place, an infant son of hers born just then, naked and trembling from the anger of Boreas.
E se d'un bianco e ligiadretto velo, Levandosi'l di testa, non fatt'ella Qualche riparo havebbe al crudo gelo, Pensato havrei che 'l parvolino in quella Paglia mancar dovesse, e lui, che 'n cielo Volge coi giri soi ciaschuna stella Stringesse la staggion horribil, tanto Prender gli piacque di miseria il manto.	And if she had not made a buffer against the harsh chill with a light white veil, taking it from her head, I would have thought that the little one would have had to expire on that straw, and the horrible season would grip him, [he] who in the heavens with his rotations turns each star, so much did it please him to take on the mantle of misery.*
Con quel contratto volto e alto ciglio, Ch'alcuno mira cose strane e nove, Stavami prono a contemplar quel figlio Si di me stesso for, che men del Bove, Del Asinello men, hebbi consiglio Di riconoscer lui, che 'l tutto move, Essersi carne fatto, non per Boi Non altri bruti no, ma a servir noi. ¹⁹	With that tense face and raised brow with which someone wonders at strange new things, I remained prone contemplating that child so beside myself that less than the ox, less than the donkey, did I have the insight to recognize that he who moves all, had become flesh, not for the oxen, not for the other animals, no, but to save us.
Un for di stile e uso human sembiante, Una celeste angelica figura Di quel nasciuto alhor' alhor' infante Fu, ch'al veder mi tolse ogni misura; Che s'al visibil sol non è costante, Hor ch'al divin potea nostra Natura?	There was a countenance beyond human fashion and custom, an angelic celestial expression of that infant born just then, so that looking at it took all reason from me. If our nature is not constant in the visible sun, what could it do in the divine? Although he was hidden in flesh, still it was impossible for

¹⁸ Gloss: Omnium miraculorum praestantissimum est quum virgo sine floris virginei detrimento Deum hominem parit, qui complectens universum angusto praesepe patitur includi. (It is the most outstanding of all miracles when a maiden gives birth to God as a man without the loss of her virginal flower, who, while encompassing the universe, suffers to be enclosed in a lowly manger.)

¹⁹ Gloss: Cognovit bos possessorem suum et asinus praesepe domini sui, Israel ante me non cognovit. Esaias. ("The ox knew his master and the ass in the manger knew his lord, but Israel did not recognize me before this," Isaiah 1.3.)

Bench'era in carne ascoso, pur non pote Di fora non haver de le sue note.	him not to have some of his traits on the outside.*
{R 229} {1527 p. 61}	{R 229} {1527 p. 61}
Non che 'ntendessi allora la cagione Ch'io fussi in quel fanciullo si conquiso, Ma vinto da non so qual passione, Più tosto che ritrarmi dal bel viso Lasciato havrei non pur le belle e bone Cose del mondo, ma anco il paradiso, E finalmente io sciocco (temo a dirlo) Stetti più volte in voglia di rapirlo; ²⁰	Not that I understood then the reason that I was so conquered by that little child, but vanquished by I don't know what passion, rather than retreat from that beautiful face, I would have left not only the beautiful and good things of the world but also of paradise. And in the end, silly me (I hesitate to say it) I was ready and willing more than once to seize him;
Rapirlo meco in parte, ove sol io, Nutrendo'l primo, l'adorassi dopo, Sperando non mai fora ch'altro Dio Magior di lui mi soccorresse a l'uopo; Quando ch'l mundo tant'era in oblio, Che l'Indo, il Mauro, il Sito e Ethiopo Cingevan il gran Spazio, ove chi 'l Sole, Chi 'l mar, chi un sasso, chi 'l suo rege cole.	make off with him somewhere where I alone, first nourishing him, would later adore him, never hoping in anything except that another God greater than he would help me in my need; given that the world was in such forgetfulness, that the Indian, the Moor, the Scythian and Ethiopian [people] circled the vast orb, where one worships the sun, one the sea, one a mountain, one his [own] reign.
Ma forse accorta del pensier mio folle In far tal preda, la pudica donna Levatolo di paglie si se 'l tolle In grembo, e 'l ricoperse nella gonna, Ch'esser d'huomo veduta già non volle, Mentre li porge il latte, poi l'assonna, Et assonnato il bascia, e tornal anco Sul strame, a lato un vecchio grave e bianco. ²¹	But perhaps having recognized my wild idea of making such a raid, the modest woman, having raised him up from the straw, took him onto her lap, and covered him with her skirt, because she did not want to be seen by a man while she gave him milk, then she puts him to sleep, and while he is asleep, she kisses him, and puts him back on the rushes, alongside a somber white-haired elder.
Ma non si tosto giù posato l'have, Ch'un giovenetto a lato, in veste bruna Qui sotto entrando porta un grosso trave Di ponderosa croce, e altri d'una Colonna carco, e dopo loro grave Et longa tratta d'Angioli s'aduna Intorno del presepio lagrimosa,	But no sooner had she set him down, than a young man nearby, in a brown shirt, entering here below, carries the heavy crossbeam of a weighty cross, and others are laden with a column, and after them a long somber line of angels gathers around the manger crying, each one having in his hand only one thing:

²⁰ Gloss: Unguentum suave et optimum est amor summi boni quo pestes mentis sanantur et cordis oculi illuminantur. Basil. ("Love of the highest good is an excellent and pleasing unguent by which plagues of the mind are healed and the eyes of the heart are illuminated," St. Basil, *Hexameron (On the Six Days of the Creation.)*)*

²¹ Gloss: Lacta, mater, cibum nostrum; lacta panem de coeli arce venientem et pone in praeseptum velut piorum cibaria iumentorum. Aug. ("Give forth milk, O Mother, our food; give forth the bread coming from the citadel of heaven and put it in the manger as through it were the food of the pious animals," Augustine, source not found.)*

Ciascun in man avendo una sol cosa:	
{R 230} {1527 p. 63}	{R 230} {1527 p. 63}
Questo di spine una corona, quello, Sopra la canna una spongia bibace; Chi un chiodo, chi una sferza, chi 'l martello, Chi l'asta, chi la fune, chi la face. La donna quando i vide, in atto bello Presto si leva, e vereconda tace. Quelli non men di lei honor le fanno, Poi taciti al fanciullo intorno stanno.	This one has a crown of thorns, that one, an absorbent sponge at the end of a reed; one a nail, one a whip, one a hammer, one a board, one a rope, one a torch. The woman, when she sees them, very quickly rises up and modestly keeps silent. The others are no less respectful of her, and then stand around the little child silently.
Dorm'egli in atto di basciarlo mille Et mille volte, né esserne satollo, Par che nettar, ambrosia e manna stille Dagli occhi soi, dal mento, fronte e collo; Eran le cose in modo alhor tranquille, Ch'al mondo non sentivi un picciol crollo, Come se con la notte l'universo Stesse nel sonno, co l'infante, merso. ²²	He sleeps while she is kissing him thousands and thousands of times, never sated; it seems that nectar, ambrosia and manna drip from his eyes, from his chin, forehead and neck; things were peaceful then, such that one didn't feel the slightest disturbance, as though with night the universe stayed immersed in sleep with the infant.
Ma dopo alquanto indugio, ecco 'l piccino Subitamente non so chi disturba, Egli alza il guardo e vedesi vicino Cinger intorno la celeste turba, Ch'ognun sta penseroso, e 'n terra chino Con quelle horribil armi, onde si turba Nel volto il bel sembiante e di spavento Piange, tremando come fronda al vento.	But after a short pause, suddenly I don't know who disturbs the little one. He raises his eyes and one could see the celestial horde circle close around, and everyone was solicitous, and bent toward earth, with those horrifying weapons so that the beautiful countenance becomes agitated and he cries from fright, trembling like a leaf in the wind.
Si come al vento foglia, trema e piange Né 'l viso piega mai da quella croce, Et mentre qui si dole, cruccia e ange, Quattro angioletti, in lagrimosa voce, Incominciar un inno detto il Pange. ²³ Il qual pensando anchor m'incende e cuoce De l'amoroso foco, il cui soggetto Spezza di fiera, non che d'huom, un petto.	As a leaf in the wind, he trembles and cries and never averts his face from that cross and while he is now in pain, agony and distress, four angels, in a mournful tone, began a hymn called the <i>Pange</i> . Thinking of this I am rekindled and bask again in the loving flame, whose subject breaks the heart, not just of man, but even of beast.
{1527 p. 64} {R 231}	{1527 p. 64} {R 231}

²² Gloss: O iugum sancti amoris, quod dulciter capis, gloriose laquaeas, suaviter premis, delectanter oneras, fortiter stringis, prudenter erudis!" Bernar. (St. Bernard, passage not found (in *De amor Dei?*))*

²³ Gloss: Divi Ambrosii hymnus. ([The *Pange lingua gloriosi*] is a hymn of St. Ambrose).

<p>Non fu già pietra in quelle mura (pensi Un cor gentil ch'esser dovea la madre) Che non s'intenerisse ai forti intensi Gemiti del fanciullo, a le leggiadre Rime di que' cantori; ond'io con densi Sospiri m'avicino al bianco padre, Col qual piangendomi proposi alhotta Non mai distormi più di quella grotta.</p>	<p>There was not so much as a stone in those walls (think what a fond heart the mother must have had) that did not grow tenderhearted at the strong intense sobs of the little child, at the graceful songs of those singers; so then I, with numerous sighs, draw near to the white[-haired] father, to whom while crying I then proposed to never separate myself again from that grotto.</p>
<p>Grotta gioiosa, che degnossi 'l cielo Partir de le sue cose in mia salute. Grotta felice in cui di carne il velo Intorno vidi haver l'alta virtute, Grotta salubre, ove servato il stelo Di pudicitia nacque, tra le acute Mondane spine, il flor tant'anni occulto, Di terra uscito senza humano culto.²⁴</p>	<p>Joyous grotto, that heaven deigned to share its things for my wellbeing; happy grotto in which I saw the veil of flesh have lofty virtue; wholesome grotto, where the stem of modesty was seen to be born, among the sharp earthly barbs, the flower, having been hidden so many years, emerged from the earth without human cultivation.</p>
<p>Poscia che i quattro spirti bianchi fine Poser al Pange lingua gloriosi. Quel da la croce, c'ha laurato crine, D'avoglio il viso, e gli occhi si amorosi, L'ale tessute d'oro e perle fine Dritto si leva in piedi con ritrosi Guardi ver me, stendendo la man destra Et la croce sostien con la sinistra.</p>	<p>After the white spirits ended the <i>pange lingua gloriosi</i>, that one with the cross, who has locks of laurel, a face of ivory and eyes so loving, wings woven with gold and fine pearls, raises himself upright on his feet with reticent looks toward me, extending his right hand and holding up the cross with his left.</p>
<p>GENIO.</p>	<p>Guardian Spirit</p>
<p>Huomo animale (disse) fra gli altri solo de la ragione capace, che de gli eterni piaceri con meco sei ad essere felicissimo consorte, non già perché né tu, né di tua natura alchuno giamai facesse impresa veruna, per la cui dignitade ciò guadagnar si potesse, ma l'infinita d'Idio bontade così a dover avvenire nel principio dispose, hor odi quale e quanta verso voi huomini sia stata di lui la benevolentia, lo quale da l'antico legame di perdizione per scatenarvi, già non sofferse haver a schivo se istesso condanare ad essere un simile vostro dii [sic] carne, una vittima, un sacrificio, un miserabilissimo spettacolo; dovendosi egli sottomettere a la severa legge di lei non pur conditore ma distretto osservatore, mostrandovi con esempio prima, e con dottrina poi, per quanto piacevole</p>	<p>"Human creature" he said, "among the others the only one capable of reason, you who are about to become the most fortunate consort of eternal pleasures with me, not because either you or anyone of your nature ever carried out any deed by whose merit one could earn this, but God's infinite goodness arranged in the beginning that it should come about thus; hear now of what sort and how great his benevolence has been toward you humans, to unchain you from that ancient link to perdition, he did not shy away from condemning himself to be your fellow creature in the flesh, a victim, a sacrifice, a most miserable spectacle, having to submit himself to the severe law, not just a founder of it, but a strict observer, showing you</p>

²⁴ Gloss: Veritas de terra orta est et iustitia de coelo prospexit. David. ("Truth has arisen from the earth and justice looked out from heaven," David, Psalms 85.11.)

sentiero ciascuno di voi le sue vestigie seguendo, potrebbe al lume di verità pervenire, ²⁵ da la quale, per l'infiaata soperbia de gli ignoranti Dottori, e saviezza mondana, tutti homai sete miserabilmente sotto l'empia potestade d'un Tiranno traboccati: lo quale sepolti non che imprigionati nel puzzo d'ogni sceleragine sin ad hora v'ha ritardati. ²⁶	first with his example, and then with doctrine, by how pleasurable a path each of us, following his footsteps, could arrive at the light of reason, from which, due to the inflated pride of the ignorant Doctors and of worldly wisdom, all of you are now miserably cast down under the impious power of a Tyrant, who has kept you until now not just imprisoned but buried in the stench of every iniquity.
Vedi tu cotesto bellissimo fanciullino, questa leggiadretta sopra ogni altra criatura? questo huomo di spirito e carne testé nasciuto?	Do you see this beautiful little child, this woman more graceful than every other creature? This man born just now of spirit and flesh?
Lo quale so che ti pare soave tanto che già di non voler indi partire tu ti sei fermamente deliberato.	Who I know appears so appealing to you that you have resolutely decided not to wish to depart from there.
Se io che sol spirito sono, così fussi agevole di ragionar la lui potentia, la lui maestade, la lui smisurata benignitade, come tu huomo carnale manco idoneo sei ad ascoltare, potrei quivi acconciatamente dar principio.	If I, who am only spirit, were as little qualified to reason adeptly about his power, about his majesty, his immeasurable kindness, as you, carnal man, are at listening, I could now duly begin.
Ma debilissima è pur troppo da noi Angioli la natura, e viepiù la vostra humana, in comparatione di quella profundissima, incomprendibile, e impenetrevole divina.	But unfortunately the nature of angels, and more so your human nature, is extremely weak in comparison to that divine one -- most profound, incomprehensible and impenetrable.
Dilché sciocchi a presuntuosi furono pur troppo alquanti dottori, che così leggermente a tal cosa isperimentare si sono abbandonati. ²⁷	As a result, there were some foolish and presumptuous professors who regrettably abandoned themselves so carelessly to experimentation.
Hora dunque saperai prima qualmente la intelligentia del sempiterno Padre, la quale noi similmente prima sapienza e divino sermone con grandissimo tremore nominamo, tanto di vostra salute le calse, tanto l'incommutabil sua natura si commosse verso di voi a pietade, che non me, non alchun altro di angelica stirpe si elesse per vostro redentore e de l'inferno destruggitore, ma da se medema, volendo hoggimai la	Now, therefore, first you will learn how the intelligence of the Eternal Father, which we likewise call with a great trembling -- supreme wisdom and divine speech -- was so solicitous of your wellbeing, his unchangeable nature was so moved by pity toward you, that he did not choose me, nor any other of the angelic race, as your redeemer, and the destroyer of hell, but wanting to reconcile his

²⁵ Gloss: Finis legis Christus ad iustitiam omni credenti. Pau. ("Christ is the end of the law according to justice for everyone believing," St. Paul, Romans 10.4.)

²⁶ Gloss: Tota vita Christi in terris per hominem quem gessit, disciplina mortis fuit. Aug. ("The whole life of Christ which he lead on earth for humans, was a study in death," Augustine, source not found.)*

²⁷ Gloss: Quo autem Deus pater genuerit filium, nolo discutias nec te curiosius ingeras in profundo arcani. Hier. ("Moreover why God the Father produced a son, I do not want you to discuss or to thrust yourself, curious, into the chasm of the mystery," Jerome, source not found.)*

divinitade sua con la humanitade vostra conciliare, discese occultamente dal empireo nostro in questo vostro passibile stato, constituendosi ad essere con essi voi fratello, compagno, e servitore, quando che non volse il benignissimo figliuolo vestirsi la forma d'alchun potente Signore, ma ben gli piacque con perfettissima humilitade sottoporsi a vile servitude, per confutare l'alterigia de sapienti mondani.	divinity to your humanity, he descended by himself in secret from our empyrean to this transient state of yours, assigning himself to be with you all -- a brother, companion and servant, as he did not want his most benign son to take on the form of a powerful lord, but he preferred to submit to vile servitude with perfect humility in order to refute the arrogance of secular wise men.
Eccolo quivi d'una polcella (mediantovi la vertù del Spirito santo) poverissimamente nasciuto.	Behold him born here in great poverty to a maiden, by virtue of the Holy Spirit.
{R 233} {1527 p. 67}	{R 233} {1527 p. 67}
Dimmi, huomo, dimmi, animal di ragione, qual humiltade di cotesta maggiore potriasi unqua imaginare?	Tell me, man, tell me, creature with reason, what greater humility than this could one ever imagine?
Paronti forse quelli duo animaluzzi vilissimi, fra li quali, su 'l feno hor egli giace, convengano a la onnipotentia di sua profondissima maiestade?	Do those two simple little animals he now lies between on hay, seem to you suited to the omnipotence of his most overwhelming majesty?
Parti ch'un Diversorio immondo, un presepio de buoi, la diroccata stanza, lo notturno pellegrinaggio, la freddissima stagione siano al divino , a la celeste beatitudine, a le ierarchie d'infiniti spiriti convenevoli a corrispondenti?	Does it seem to you that a filthy inn, a manger for oxen, the broken down hut, the nocturnal pilgrimage, the extremely cold season, are fitting and appropriate to the divine throne, to celestial beatitude, to the hierarchies of everlasting spirits?
Parti che questa diminutezza d'un infante a la grandezza del creatore e fondatore de l'universo s'adequi?	Does it seem to you that the smallness of an infant is commensurate with the magnitude of the creator and founder of the universe?
Ma quanto più di meraviglia prenderai tu, se mai sia tempo che l'istrumenti horribili, li quali con questa croce intorno a lui miri essere portati, tu veda crudelmente adoperati ne la innocentissima sua persona?	But how much more surprise will you feel, if the moment ever comes that the horrid devices which you observe being carried around him together with this cross, you see used cruelly on his person?
O gran fortezza di pietade, la quale puote l'altissima giustitia così piegare, che 'l padre per riscotere il servo, traditte l'unico figliuolo, che avesse ad essere tra gli suoi domestici un bersaglio di mille onte, ingiurie, bestemie, derisioni, contumelie, scorni, guanciate, battiture, flagelli, sputi, lanciate a finalmente un vituperoso spettacolo, tra li doi scellerati, su la contumeliosa croce inchiaavato. ²⁸	O great fortitude of piety, which the highest justice can bend thus, that the father, in order to redeem the servant, betrayed his only son, that he would have to become among his household servants the target of a thousand disgraces, injury, oaths, mockeries, contumelies, dishonors, face-slapping, beatings, whippings, spittings, stabbings and at last, a vituperative spectacle, crucified on the injurious cross between the two thieves.
O affocato amore, o benivolentia verso noi huomini ardentissima. Idio fassi homo per te salvar, o huomo,	O burning love, O ardent benevolence toward us men. God becomes man to save you, O man, he

²⁸ Gloss: Pater noster, ut liberaret servum, tradidit filium. (Our Father, that he might free his servant, gave forth his son.)*

offende se, diffende te, ancide se, vivifica te.	offends himself, he defends you; he slays himself, he revives you.
O mansuetissimo agnello, vedi, vedilo là, huomo, vedi lo tuo salvatore, vedi la via, la veritade, vedi come lagrimoso dal presepio ti mira e guata, vedi come gestisse d'abbracciarti in foggia di caro germano.	O most gentle lamb. See him, see him there, man, see your savior, see the path, the truth, see how he observes and watches you tearfully from the manger, do you see how he gestures to embrace you like a dear brother.
Egli ben sa, che per te, huomo, solo in questa miseria fu dal padre mandato, disceso in terra per guidarti al cielo, s'ha fatto famiglio per costituirti signore.	Well does he know that for you, man, he was sent by his father alone into this misery, descended to earth in order to lead you to heaven; he made himself a knave to set you up a lord.
Hor dunque chi render mai guidardone a tanto beneficio eguale? qual grazie, qual lode a tanto premio? fia forse di oro, di gemme, di porpora, di altri beni temporali cotesto premio? anzi del preciosissimo suo sangue.	So then, who could return the favor of so much beneficence? What kindness, what praise [could there be] for such a reward? Would it be in gold, gems, purple or other temporary goods? Rather, in his most precious blood.
Con questo ti laverà, ti monderà de le peccata, de le tante scelleraggini; con questo ti pascerà e nudrirà, lasciandotilo, con la carne sua propria, ad essere tuo cibo di vita eterna, ²⁹	With this you will be cleansed, you will be purified from sin, from the many iniquities; with this you will feed and nourish yourself, in leaving it for you, with his very own flesh, to be your food of eternal life.
Stattene dunque, huomo, nel santo proposito, in cui testé amorosamente ti ritrovi, e quando pur sotto 'l gravissimo peso di questa tua carne averrà che ne trabocchi, levati presto, chiama dal ciel aiuto, non ti addossar in terra, non vi far le radici, l'habito solo è quella peste, quel morbo se non per grandissima misericordia d'Idio sanabile, quel Inferno d'Ignorantia, quel laberinto d'errori, ove dubito non sii finalmente per tua innavertentia dal sfrenato desio tirato."	For this reason, stay, man, in the holy proposal in which lovingly you find yourself just now; and when it happens that under the heavy weight of this flesh of yours, you are overwhelmed, get up right away, call for help from heaven, do not take the world on, do not put down roots there, habit alone is that pestilence, that disease, if not curable by God's great compassion, that inferno of ignorance, that labyrinth of errors, where, due to your heedlessness, I suspect you may be pulled by unbridled desire."
{R 234} {1527 p. 69}	{R 234} {1527 p. 69}
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
Finitte appenna l'Angelo divino questo sermone che quattro de gli più vaghi Angioletti cantando così dolcemente incomenciaro:	No sooner had the divine angel finished this speech, than four of the most darling little angels singing so sweetly, began:

²⁹ Gloss: Deus noster purgari homines a peccatis maxime cupit, ideoque agi poenitentiam iubet. Agere autem poenitentiam nihil aliud est quod profiteri et affirmare se ulterius non peccaturum. Lac. ("Our God desires above all for men to be purged of sins, and therefore he commands that they do penance. To do penance then is nothing other than to profess and to affirm that one will sin no longer," Lactantius, *Divine Institutions*. Book 6, 13.4-5.)

<p>Un aspro cuor, un'ampia e cruda voglia, Una durezza, impresa già molt'anni, S'altrui depor contende, non s'affanni Sperar, ch'altri ch'Idio mai vi 'l distoglia.</p> <p>Et s'huomo stesso il fa, dite che spoglia Non riportar Tirannide Tiranni, Di questa mai più bella, e che più appanni Ogn'altra gloria, c'huomo al mondo invoglia.</p> <p>Ma il ciel di stelle e d'acque il mar fia manco, Qualhor accaschi in huomo tanta forza, Ch'ei vecchio stile da sé levi unquanco.³⁰</p> <p>Però convien, ch'al bon lesù si torza, Mercé attendendo, et anco il prieghi et anco, Finché qual Serpe lasciavi la scorza.</p>	<p>A bitter heart, a full and fierce desire, if anyone attempts to cast off hardness, set already for many years, s/he shouldn't bother to hope, since no one other than God will ever dislodge it.</p> <p>And if man does it himself, say that tyrants never brought back plunder from tyranny more beautiful than this and that more obscures every other glory that interests a man on earth.</p> <p>But the sky will be bereft of stars and the sea, water, before so much strength occurs in man, that by himself he can in any way elevate his old style.</p> <p>So it is right that one turn to the good Jesus, expecting mercy, and pray to him again and again, until, like a serpent, one leaves ones skin there.</p>
<p>TRIPERUNO.³¹</p>	<p>TRIPERUNO</p>
<p>Venuti al fine de l'horribil metro Eran li cantator empirei, quando Ruppesi un sono fuor de la capanna, Un sono di percosse e battiture Meschiate con minaccie e alti gridi.</p>	<p>The heavenly singers had finished the tremendous verse, when a sound cracked outside the hut, a sound of blows and beatings mixed with threats and loud screams.</p>
<p>{R 235} {1527 p. 70}</p>	<p>{R 235} {1527 p. 70}</p>
<p>In quell'istante (ah mio crudel destino) Giunsevi un altro frettoloso Genio Non senza gran spavento, e disse hor presto Affrettati, losefo, prendi il figlio, Tu, con la madre sua, scampa in Egitto, Insta già 'l tempo, ch'un fier Mercenaro Insanguinar si vol di questo Agnello.³²</p>	<p>In that instant, oh, my cruel fate, another Guardian Angel arrived in haste, not without great fear, and said: "Quickly now, hurry, Joseph, take your son, and flee with his mother to Egypt; the time is already upon us, when a proud mercenary wants to bloody himself with this lamb.</p>
<p>Fra gli Pastori ha ricondotto d'empi Lupi cotanta rabbia, che gli Agnelli O morti verrai tutti, o lacerati; Risse, discordie, gare, aspri litigi Esser fra lor non odi ancor diffora?³³</p>	<p>"Among the shepherds he has brought back such a fury of merciless wolves, that all the lambs will be killed or lacerated; do you not hear already the quarrels, disputes, struggles and bitter fights out there among them? No longer can one find among</p>

³⁰ Gloss: Difficile est resistere consuetudine, quae assimilatur naturae. Ari. ("It is difficult to resist habit, which is similar to nature," Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, Bk 7, chap. 10.)

³¹ ACROSTICS: VERUM IGNATII FLORENTINI TANTA AMBITIO UT ILLA PURITAS ANIMORUM PENITUS CORRUPTA DECIDERIT. (Indeed, the ambition of Ignatius the Florentine is so great that it put an end to the purity of souls.)

³² Gloss: Novum Herodem suppressit. (He suppresses the new Herod.)*

Non più dramma d'Amor, non più di pace Tra quelli homai si trova, di che scampa In altre bande, ove già nacque Mosè. Né quindi fa' ti parti, fin che a tempo lo venga darti aviso del ritorno. ³⁴	them a drachma of love or of peace; so, where earlier Moses was born, they now flee to other regions. Do not therefore leave/take sides until such time as I come to give you advice on the return."
Taciuto c'hebbe il nuntio, vidi gli altri Angioli su le penne al ciel salire, Né pur un solo a dietro vi rimane: Tanto le liti, le contese e zuffe A la corte d'Idio son odiose. ³⁵	As soon as the messenger was silent, I saw the other angels rise up to the heavens on their wings, not even one remained thereafter: the brawls, arguments, and tiffs are so odious in God's court.
Arme, arme, si chiaman tuttavia, Ma stavami sol io ne l'antro ascoso, Battendomi gran téma sempre il cuore.	"To arms to arms!" they all cried over and over, but I kept myself hidden alone in the cave, with my heart beating constantly from great fear.
In su quel punto similmente un'atra Tempesta, con gran vento e spessi lampi, Incominciò tonando farsi udire Ove 'l contrasto cresce ogn'hor più acerbo. ³⁶	Just at that moment, a dark storm, with great wind and intense lightning bolts, started to make itself heard thundering where the clash grew more fierce hour by hour.
Vinse una parte finalmente, e l'altra Trassesi ne la Grotta, per suo scampo. ³⁷	One part finally won, and the other, for its escape, retreated to the grotto.
{R 236} {1527 p. 71}	{R 236} {1527 p. 71}
Io mi discopro e la cagion di tanta Lite fra loro cerco di sapere. Lasso, rispose un vecchio, non m'accorsi Avolto in un Agnello esser un Lupo.	I uncover myself and try to discover the cause of such fighting among them. "Alas," answered an old man, "I didn't realize that tricked out as a sheep was a wolf."
LAMENTO DI CORNAGIANNI ³⁸	Lament for Cornagianni [Giovanni Cornaro]
Piangeti meco voi fiere selvatiche, Voi sassi alpestri, voi monti precipiti, Ripe, virgulti, a stipiti: IESU da noi si parte, che le pratiche	Weep with me, you wild beasts, you alpine cliffs, you steep precipices, embankments, branches and trunks: Jesus is leaving us, since the practices found among the pastors increased so much, that, alas, in

³³ Gloss: Ambitio et divitiae sunt principia et fontes seditonum. (Ambition and riches are the cause and well-spring of sedition.)

³⁴ Note: *fa' ti parti* could mean do not take take sides or do not leave, with *parti* for *parte*.*

³⁵ Gloss: Pacem et litem convenire absurdum est. (To bring together peace and strife is absurd.)

³⁶ Gloss: Fuit. (It happened.)*

³⁷ Gloss: Ratio corruptae naturae succumbit. (Reason succumbs to corrupt nature.)

³⁸ Note: Cornaggianni is believed to be Giovanni Cornaro, abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Santa Giustina in Padua, where Folengo resided from time to time, beginning in 1513.

Trovate fra pastori tanto crebbero, Aimè ch'al fin non hebbero Se non forza di far le gregge erratiche.	the end, they had only the power to make the flocks erratic.*
Ahi Mercenaro e lupo insaziabile Nato d'inganno e mantellata insidia; ³⁹ In cui tanta perfidia Mai puote luogo haver? O incommutabile, O giustissimo Dio, perché non subito Risguardi a noi? dh dubito Vani sian nostri prieghi, che stoltitia Maggior non è s'un reo chiede giustitia.	Ah, mercenary and insatiable wolf, born of trickery and cloaked deception, in whom could so much perfidy ever be lodged?* Oh immutable, O most just God, why don't you turn your attention to us right now? Alas, I suspect our prayers are in vain, since there is no greater foolishness than a felon asking for justice.
{R 237} {1527 p. 73}	{R 237} {1527 p. 73}
TRIPERUNO	TRIPERUNO
Parlava il vecchio lagrimando forte, E poi le labbra così chiuse, ch'egli Non mai più volse aprirle, ma con gli occhi In un parete fissi geme e piagne, Tanto che fece l'ultimo sospiro; Vattine al ciel Alma d'ogni ben carica (s'udi una voce dir) vanne felice.	The old man spoke while sobbing hard, and then he closed his lips with the result that he never wanted to open them again, but with his eyes fixed on a wall, he moans and cries so much that he made his last sigh; "Go from there to heaven, Soul laden with every good," one heard a voice say, "go happily from there."
Così di que' pastori giacque il padre, Orbato d'esta vita, ma in ciel suso Rapito a l'altra, e l'empio Mercenaro Rimase degli Armenti possessore, Volgendo e' be' costumi degli antichi Pastori audacemente in frode e furti, Tanto che le sampogne e dolci rime Andati sonsi, e d'arme sol si parla. ⁴⁰	And thus the father of those pastors lay deprived of this life, but snatched up to the other life in heaven, and the wicked mercenary remained in possession of the flocks, boldly turning the good customs of the ancient pastors into fraud and theft, so much that the pipes and sweet songs have gone away, and one speaks only of arms.
Deposto dunque fu lo gran pastore Entro d'un cavo sasso: e a quello sopra, Carmi leggiadri e rime di gran sono Inscritte furno da pastori e Ninphe, Dond'io piangendo ancor questi vi posi.	The great pastor was then deposed in a hollow cave: and above this, lovely songs and poems were inscribed by pastors and nymphs, therefore I put these there while still weeping.
{1527 p. 73} {R 238}	{1527 p. 73} {R 238}

³⁹ Gloss: Imminet erranti furque lupusque gregi. (The devil and the wolf are a threat to the wandering flock.)

⁴⁰ Gloss: Omnium legum est inanis censura nisi divinae legis imaginem gerat. Aug. ("The censorship of all laws is foolish if it does not carry the image of divine law," Augustine, source not found; quoted by John of Salisbury, in *Polycratus*, 4.5.6.)*

TUMULO DEL CORNAGIANNI	Tomb of Cornagianni
Ecco del monte congrega (cio nella Ruppe) gran pianto pel suo cor Narciso, Il fior anti no fu sua morte fella. ⁴¹ Tal fu 'l mio verso ma, per tema, scuro.	An eco from the mount gathers, that is in the cliff, a great cry for his heart of Narcissus.* The flower before was not his sad death.* Such was my verse, but due to the subject it was obscure.
TRIPERUNO	TRIPERUNO
Io da pastori alquanto dilungato, Con quali esser mai giunto anchor mi dole, D'un Monticello in largo e verde prato Mi porto, giù fra rose, gigli e viole; Poi dentro ad un antico bosco entrato Tanto vi errai, che su 'l montar del Sole Si m'appresenta un ampio e bel palaccio; Cerco l'entrata e presto vi mi caccio. ⁴²	Having distanced myself a bit from the pastors, with whom I still regret ever having been joined, I take myself from a little hill to a broad green plain, down amid roses, lilies and violets; then having entered into an old wood, I wandered so far, that upon the rising of the sun, an ample and beautiful palace presents itself to me; I look for the entrance and quickly dive in there.
Nove cose giamai non anti viste Veggio fra quelle mura in un Vallone Di urtiche, vepri, spine, e lappe miste Densato sì, che mai non vi si pone piede senza lacciarlo a l'herbe triste, E farsi, o voglia o no, di lor prigione Ma sì mi preme l'ira d'una Donna, Ch'io scampo, e lascio a squarzi la mia gonna.	New things never before seen, I see within those walls into a large valley of nettles, thorn bushes, barbs and thistles so thickly entangled that one never sets foot there without getting ensnared on the evil grasses and making oneself their prisoner, willingly or not; but a woman's anger bears down on me so, that I run off and leave my skirt in tatters.
Perochè, ne l'entrar, quella soperba, Pallida in volto magra e macilente, Con voce altera minacciante acerba Seguivami gridando, Mai vincente Huomo non fia, se l'animo non serba A miei flagelli forte e paziente. ⁴³ Io alhor m'offersi al suo comando, e presto Scorro di qua di là, né unqua m'arresto.	However, at the entrance, that haughty woman, thin, emaciated and pale-faced, with an arrogant menacing harsh voice, followed me yelling, "Man will never be victorious, if he does not keep his spirit strong and patient for my lashings." I then offered myself to her command and I rushed fast this way and that, and never stopped.

⁴¹ Note: The underlying meaning of this epitaph revolves around word play: "congrega (cio ne" for congregation, "il fior anti no fu..." for "the Florentine was"; it may mean that the Florentine [Ignazio Squarcialupi] was the death of the [Benedictine] congregation.

⁴² Gloss: Fidelis Deus est qui non patietur vos tentari supra id quod potestis. Pau. ("God is trustworthy, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able," St. Paul, 1 Corinthians 10.13.)

⁴³ Gloss: Tentatio. (Temptation.)

<p>Dov'ir mi deggia segno non appare Di bestial, non che d'human vestigio, Di che sovente fammi traboccare De panni co' miei passi gran litigio, Fin tanto che, su 'l lido accosto il mare Giunto, m'assisi stanco a gran servizio Di nostra fragil vita, e poi mi levo, E del camin doppio pensier ricevo.</p>	<p>Where I should go no sign appears not even the trace of an animal, let alone a human, so that often a great clash of my clothes with my steps makes me trip, until such time that having arrived on the shore along the sea, I sat tired of the great service of our fragile life, and then I stand up and collect my thoughts about the two-way path.*</p>
<p>Se al dritto o manco viaggio me ne vada Non so, che nòve m'eran le contrate, Ma tra ambi doi mentre 'l voler abbada, Ecco a le spalle, co' le labbra infiate Di sdegno, m'è la donna tutta fiada Quanto mai fusse nuda di pietate. Tu voi pur anco (dice) chi t'accolga Rubaldo, e ne' capei le man t'involga.</p>	<p>I don't know whether to go off on the right or the left journey as the districts were new to me, but while my will is at bay between these two, abruptly at my back, with her lips inflamed with disdain there is the woman as denuded of pity as she ever was.* She says, "You still want someone to welcome you, rascal, and wrap their hands in your hair."*</p>
<p>{R 239} {1527 p. 74}</p>	<p>{R 239} {1527 p. 74}</p>
<p>Io, dal spavento più che mai commosso Lungo la manca spiaggia formo e stampo Miei passi, lor frettando quant'i puosso, Sin che dal suo furor mi fuggo e scampo. Così infelice non più haver riposo Giamai vi spero, e d'uno in altro campo, Qual timidetta lepre, uscendo, un fosco Antro di spine trovo, e vi me 'mbosco.</p>	<p>Moved more than ever by fright, I form and press my steps along the left hand shore, hurrying them as much as I can, until I flee and escape from her fury. Thus, unhappy, I never more hope to find repose there, and while going forth from one field to another like a scared rabbit, I find a dark cave of thorns and there I hole up.</p>
<p>Ma nel entrar, ah quanta mia sventura, Ecco si mi raffronta un huomo strano, Anzi doi, sgiunti fin a la cintura. Più mostro assai che finto non fu Giano, O Proteo falsator di sua figura, Tal anco è scritto Castor e 'l germano, Che sol due gambe quel corporeo peso Di duo persone tengono sospeso.</p>	<p>But while entering -- oh how unfortunate for me! -- behold, a strange man comes up to me, or rather two, disjointed down to the belt, a lot more monster than Giano was fake, or Proteus a falsifier of his shape, it is also written of Castor and his brother that only two legs hold suspended that corporeal weight of two persons.</p>
<p>Ei quando avanti lui giunto mi vede, Scosse le membra e tutti si li ruppe. Stupido il guardo ch'ei digrigna e ride, E par che 'n altri volti s'aviluppe; I' non era ne Teseo, ne anco Alcide, O chi nel ventre il gran Phiton disruppe;</p>	<p>He, when he sees I have reached him, shakes his limbs and breaks all of them.* Astonished, I look at him and he grimaces and laughs and it seems that he contorts into other faces. I was not Theseus, nor even Alcides [Hercules], or he who broke apart the great Python in the belly, that I would be sufficient</p>

<p>Che fronteggiar bastassi un mostro tale, Onde spiegai pur anco al corso l'ale.⁴⁴</p>	<p>to face such a monster, so even now I spread my wings in flight.</p>
<p>Per un sentier (sol un sentiero v'era) Sferzo me stesso, e gran tema mi punge. Ma poi che da l'incerta e 'n stabil fiera Esser mi vidi al trar d'un arco lunge, Fermo mi volgo, e egli sua primera Forma cangiando in doi corpi si sgiunge, Questo di donna, vago, pronto, ameno, Quel d'un formoso, e bianco Palafreno.⁴⁵</p>	<p>I drive myself along a path (there was only one path), and great fear pricks me. But then, when I saw myself an arrow's flight away from the uncertain and unstable beast, I stop and turn, and he, changing his first shape, separated into two bodies, this one of a woman -- charming, eager, pleasing, that of a shapely and white palfrey.</p>
<p>{R 240} {1527 p. 75}</p>	<p>{R 240} {1527 p. 75}</p>
<p>O qual mi fece al apparir di loro Sì grata vista e dolce leggiadria, Mill'altre prime faccie assai mi foro Molesti in cui cangiato egli s'havia Che ne Orso, ne Leon, ne Pardo, o *Toro, Ne Cervo, ne animai chi chi si sia, Gradir mi puote, anzi mi fe' spavento, Di questi doi sol ne restai contento.</p>	<p>Oh such a welcome sight and sweet charm their appearance made on me, a thousand other earlier faces in which he had changed, were quite upsetting to me, as neither a bear nor lion nor leopard nor bull nor stag nor any animal whatsoever can please me, rather they frightened me, only of these two did I remain content.</p>
<p>Ella succinta in habito gentile Tra fiori al aura si rendea più degna; Vidi anco intorno lei (sì 'l femminile Aspetto valse) con lor verde insegna, Stesi per l'herbe e fronde, Marzo, e Aprile La terra far d'assai colori pregna, E su per folte macchie lieti e snelli Facean cantando errar diversi Augelli.⁴⁶</p>	<p>Cinched in a fine dress, she made herself more praiseworthy among flowers in the breeze; I also saw around her (the feminine aspect prevailed so) March and April, with their green signs stretched out on the grasses and fronds, make the earth pregnant with many colors, and up through dense bushes happy and quick they made various birds flit while singing.</p>
<p>Più bello, altero, candido, e vivace Nullo animal di questo vidi mai, Tanto mi piacque alhora, che 'l fugace E timido desio presto frenai, Volgendo 'l tutto ove sperava pace In duo begli occhi, anzi potenti rai, C'humilmente alzati sol d'un cenno Quanto temea davanti obliar mi fenno.⁴⁷</p>	<p>I never saw any animal more beautiful, proud, bright and lively; it pleased me so much then, that I reined in my fleeting and timid desire, turning it all to where I hoped for peace in two beautiful eyes, rather two powerful rays, that humbly raised with only a blink, made me forget as much as before I had feared.</p>

⁴⁴ Gloss: Phebo. (Phoebus); the text refers to Apollo's slaying of the Python.

⁴⁵ Gloss: Bis fugienti laqueus incitur. (A trap is sprung twice by someone in flight.)*

⁴⁶ Gloss: Templum est super cloaca aedificatur. Sen.ca. ("A temple is built over the sewer," Seneca, source not found; similar quote about woman being a temple built over a sewer is sometimes attributed to Boethius.)*

⁴⁷ Gloss: Bona domus, maius hospes. Soc. ("A good guest, a better host," Socrates, source not found.)*

<p>Tratto dal mio voler già torno in dietro, E di mai non partirmi da lei bramo; Ella quel bel Destrier, c'ha 'l fren di vetro È già salita, e d'un frondoso ramo Di mirto il tocca e contra un folto e tetro Bosco lo caccia; io che pur troppo l'amo Correndo a tergo me ne doglio e strazio, E lontanato son da lei gran spazio.</p>	<p>Drawn by my desire already I turn back, and yearn to never more depart from her; she has already mounted that beautiful horse that has a glass bridle, and touches him with a leafy myrtle branch and drives him into a dense and dark wood; I, who love her, unfortunately, while running behind am anguished and tormented, and I moved away from her quite a space.</p>
{R 241} {1527 p. 77}	{R 241} {1527 p. 77}
<p>Per un sentier colmo di tosco e fel v'è Battendo sempre il Palafren da tergo: Tanto che scorse ne l'oscura selva, E mi si tol di vista, ond'io sol m'ergo Del orme ai segni, che sì vaga belva Perder non voglio e tutto mi sommergo, On pur d'averla ne le insane voglie, Ma ne intricati rami, sterpi, e foglie.⁴⁸</p>	<p>Along a path brimming with toxin and bile, she goes continually striking the Palfrey from behind: so much that it raced into the dark forest, and takes itself from my sight, so that alone I raise myself from the footprints to the signs, because I do not want to lose such a lovely beast and I completely submerge myself, not so much to have her in my insane desires, but within the intricate branches, thorns and leaves.*</p>
<p>Tanto durai nel corso a quella traccia, Ch'al infin* del bosco, fra tre alte colonne, La via par ch'en duo branchi vi si faccia, Qual hoggi e greci fingon l'ypsilonne; Di che dubbio pensier l'andar m'impaccia, Fin ch'una turba di polite donne Mi fur in cerco, e losingando parte Di loro a manca man mi tranno ad arte.⁴⁹</p>	<p>I stayed so long in the pursuit of that trace that at the end of the woods, among three tall columns, the road seems to make itself into two branches there, like the Greeks today compose the ypsilon; so that doubtful thought prohibits me from proceeding, until a swarm of elegant women were circled around me, and enticingly part of them draw me toward the left hand with expertise.</p>
<p>Quivi d'accorte e ladre parolette Foggia non è, che non mi circonvenga, Ma l'altra parte di luntano stette Pensando in quale guisa mi sovenga; Io, che fra tanto sono entro le strette D'abbracciamenti e garrula losenga, Irmene al manco viaggio mi delibro, Ma Donna mi vietò, c'ha in man un cribro.⁵⁰</p>	<p>Here, there is no manner of clever and thieving little words which does not surround me, but the other part stayed at a distance thinking in what way to help me; I, who in the meantime am between the squeezes of embraces and garrulous flattery, decide to go on the left hand route, but a woman stops me who has in hand a sieve.</p>
<p>Un cribro in mano la Dongella tiene, D'acqua ripieno e goccia non si versa,</p>	<p>The maiden has a sieve in hand, full of water and she spills not a drop, as she comes from the</p>

⁴⁸ Gloss: Malorum esca. Pla. ("Bait of evils," Plato, source not found.)*

⁴⁹ Gloss: Voluptas blandissimae dominae maiores partes animae virtute detorquent. Cic. ("The pleasures of a beautiful mistress turn the greater part of souls away from virtue," Cicero, *De officiis*, 2.37.)

⁵⁰ Gloss: Genus servitutis est coacta libertas. Arist. ("Forced freedom is a kind of servitude," Aristotle, source not found.)*

<p>Che di la turma luntanata viene Gridando forte, Non far alma persa, Non far, se 'l fai, tu sol n'havrai le pene, Che non sai quella via quant'è perversa; Ma qui piuttosto volge a la man destra, Che dal errante volgo altrui sequestra.</p>	<p>departing crowd yelling loudly, "Don't do it, lost soul, don't do it, if you do, you alone will have the agony from it, because you don't know how perverse that path is; but instead turn here to the right which sequesters others from the errant masses.</p>
<p>{R 242} {1527 p. 78}</p>	<p>{R 242} {1527 p. 78}</p>
<p>A la cui voce già lo entrato piede Ritrassi al modo di chi un serpe calea.⁵¹ Dhe saggia Ninpha, dimmi per mercede, (Risposi a lei) dove 'l mio ben cavalca? Perchè fra voi questo altercar procede? Perchè tanto di tempo mi diffalca? Quella sen fugge, e tuttavia non cessa, Onde non spero mai più veder essa?</p>	<p>At her words, I pulled back the foot which had already entered, like someone who steps on a snake. "Oh, wise nymph, for pity's sake, tell me," I answered her, "where is my fine one riding off to? Why does this fighting go on among you? Why do you cut off so much time from me? She is running off and even now will not stop, so shall I hope never to see her again?"</p>
<p>Lascila gir (diss'ella) che la truce E pestilente donna tuo mal grado Del improba Fortuna ti conduce Al seggio incerto, e a l'instabil guado.⁵² Ma se tu segui me, ti sarò duce Nel destro calle, ove di grado in grado Montando, e non col volo di Fortuna, Vedrai quel ben, che 'n se Virtù raggiuna.</p>	<p>"Let her go," she said, "because the fierce and pestilent woman of immoral Fortune leads you against your will to the uncertain seat and to the unstable ford. But if you follow me, I will be your guide on the right pathway, where, climbing step by step and not with the flight of fortune, you will see that goodness which virtue reunites in itself.*</p>
<p>Hor viemmi dopo, che su l'alte cime Di sapienza troverai l'ascesa, Fuggi costoro, perchè al fin de l'ime Valli d'errore mostran la discesa." Alhor per costei lascio le prime, E seco me ne vo; Ma gran contesa Ecco nascer fra l'una e l'altra turba, Che 'l mar la terra e sin al ciel disturba.</p>	<p>Come behind me now, so that you will find the ascent on the high peaks of wisdom; flee from those there, because they show the descent to the end of the deep valleys of error." So then I leave the previous women for this one and go off with her; but behold, a great battle arises between one group and the other which disturbs the sea, the earth and even the heavens.</p>
<p>E prima di parole tanta rabbia Si sollevò tra quelle Donne e queste, Che non bastò menar con scura labbia La lingua e denti, ma l'ornate teste Vengon a scapigliarsi, e su la sabbia Già molte veggio per l'orrende peste, D'e' calci e pugna traboccar avolte,</p>	<p>And first so much anger arose between these women and those that it was not enough to move their tongue and teeth with grim lips, but the adorned heads come to tear out each other's hair, and on the sand, I already see many of them fall down at times due to the horrible blows, kicks and fists, but soon one comes who diverted them.</p>

⁵¹ Gloss: Consilio, non impetu opus est. Cur. ("It is beneficial [to settle matters] by diplomacy not by force." Quintus Curtius, *Histories of Alexander* 7.4.13.)

⁵² Gloss: Tristis voluptatis exitus. Boe. ("Sad is the end of pleasure," Boethius, source not found.)*

Ma presto vien, chi via l'hebbe distolte. ⁵³	
{R 243} {1527 p. 79}	{R 243} {1527 p. 79}
Che a l'apparir di Donna antica e grave Tosto la pugna fu da lor divisa, ⁵⁴ Chi si racconcia il sino e chi le flave Chiome si annoda, e chi di dar sta in guisa. Ma la Matrona con parlar soave Voltossi a me dicendo: Qui s'avisa Per me qual porta entrar deve, chi brama O quinci o quindi racquistarsi fama.	With the arrival of an ancient and somber woman the fight was broken up among them; one of them readjusts her breast, and one weaves her golden tresses, and one looks like someone about to give.* But the matron with gentle speech turned to me saying, "Here one is advised by me which door one must enter -- who desires, either this way or that, to reacquire fame.
Quinci Vertù, quindi Fortuna aloggia, l' ti l'ho detto: va, ch'ambo le porte Ti mostro aperte. E detto ciò, s'appoggia Sul petto il viso di Vertute e Sorte Fra le colonne, et io ne stava in foggia Di chi non sa de le dua porte apporte Quale si prenda s'uno prender deve, E mentre dubbia gran duolo riceve. ⁵⁵	Here resides virtue, there fortune, I told you: 'Go, for I am showing you both doors open.'" And having said that, she rests her face of virtue and destiny on her breast and exits between the columns, and I remained like one who does not know which of the two doors pointed to is to be chosen, if one should have to choose, and while deliberating gets quite an ache.
La destra via mi ellessi finalmente: Così movea di Nursia il saggio spirto, Ma le sinestre donne triste e lente Trasser a l'ombra insieme d'un suo mirto, Quivi tra loro un Lupo immantenente Comparsè onde non so minace e irto, Del quale una di lor, se ben rimembro, Svelse sdegnando il genitale membro.	Finally I chose the right path for myself, the wise spirit of Nursia was persuading thus, but the sinister women, sad and sluggish, dragged [themselves] together into the shadow of one of its myrtles.* Here among them a wolf immediately appeared from where I do not know, shaggy and menacing, from which, one of them, if I remember correctly, indignantly tore off his genital member.
Poscia chi per il piè, chi per l'orecchia Lo tranno a terra giù quelle fanciulle, Mentre l'altare e 'l foco una apparecchia. Ciascuna par che 'n quello si trastulle Svenarlo, e qui s'accoglie e si sorbecchia Tanto del sangue suo, che 'n tante Mulle Le vidi esser cangiate a me davante, E 'l foco stesso le arse tutte quante. ⁵⁶	Next those girls pull him to the ground, one by the foot, another by the ear, while one prepares the altar and the fire. Each one seems to take pleasure in slitting his veins on that [altar*]and some gather and suck up so much of his blood, that I saw them changed before me into so many mules, and the same fire burned all of them.

⁵³ Gloss: Mens nostra quae in dubio pendet, huc illuc facile agitator. (When it hangs in doubt our mind is easily driven here and there.)

⁵⁴ Gloss: Eleuteria. (Freedom.)

⁵⁵ Gloss: Quid autem est libertas nisi potestas vivendi ut velis? Quintil. ("What then is liberty if not the ability to live as you wish?" Quintilianus, source not found.)*

⁵⁶ Gloss: Omnis mappa redditur ad stuppam. (Every napkin is turned back into tow.)

{R 244} {1527 p. 80}	{R 244} {1527 p. 80}
E 'l mirto similmente in altra forma Mutarse vidi, ch'ogni suo rampollo Contrasse al tronco dentro, e si trasforma In bella donna, e gambe, e braccia e collo, E 'l lupo, il qual sul lido par che dorma, Prende a l'orecchia, e dritto sullevollo, Cangiato ornai di Lupo in un Destrero, Saltavi addosso e sgombra via 'l sentiero.	And likewise I saw the myrtle tree change into another shape, such that every branch contracted into the trunk and it transformed into a beautiful woman, both legs and arms, and neck, and the wolf, which seemed to be asleep on the shore, she takes by the ear and raises him, changed now from a wolf into a steed and she jumps on its back and rushes along the path.
Io la conobbi, ahimè nel sguardo acuto, Acuto sì, ch'anco smovermi puote Dal bel proposto, e farmi sordo e muto A le preghere d'ogni effetto vòte De l'altre donne, anzi mi faccio un scuto D'infamia contra il ben che mi percuote, E gridami nel capo, mi urta, e ange, Ma nulla fa, che 'l suo voler si frange. ⁵⁷	I recognized her, alas, by the sharp look, so sharp that it could sway me from my good resolve, and make me deaf and mute to the other women's prayers emptied of all effect; instead I make myself a shield of infamy against the goodness that strikes me and yells in my face me, hits me and pains me, but does nothing, because it's will breaks.
Onde le Donne insieme neghitose, Poi ch'e' soi prieghi gittaron' al aura, In un pratel de gigli, viole e rose, Sott'ombra de la petrarchesca Laura, Stetter in cerchio contra me sdegnose, Et un quadrato altare qui s'instaura, Sul 'l qual mentr'arde un tenero Licorno Ivan quelle piangendo intorno intorno.	Whence the women neglectful together, seeing as how they threw her prayers to the wind, in a meadow of lilies, violets and roses, under the shade of the Petrarchan laurel, they stood disdainful in a circle opposite me, and a square altar is set up here, and while a tender unicorn is burning on it they go around and around it weeping.
Io pur quantunque l'ascoltassi invito, La fin volsi veder del sacrificio, Ch'un nuvol bianco su dal ciel partito, Sì mi l'ascose, e per divin giudicio Tal tono seco fu, che tutto 'l lito Tremò d'intorno, e sparve lo Edificio, Le donne, la matrona, e 'l nuvol anco, Restando pur la via del lato manco.	And although I was listening to them unwillingly, I wanted to see the end of the sacrifice, when a white cloud which left the sky above hid it so from me, and by divine wisdom there came such an abrupt sound, that the ground all around trembled, and the structure vanished, the women, the lady, and the cloud too, while the path to the left side still remains.
{R 245} {1527 p. 81}	{R 245} {1527 p. 81}
Stavami su quel punto, che la terra Tutta tremò non men for di me stesso Che 'l Viandante, il quale mentre ch'erra	At that point as the ground trembled all over, I stood no less beside myself than a traveler, who, while he wanders looking for shelter (because a

⁵⁷ Gloss: iti animo nullum est consilium. (There is no advice for a headstrong spirit.) Note: *gridami nel capo* seems to mean to scold.

Cercando un tetto (perchè un nimbo spesso Li tona in capo) il fulmine si sferra Dal ciel gridando, e piantasigli appresso, Ch'un'alta pioppa in sua presentia tocca, E tutta in foco e fumo la dirocca:	storm cloud keeps thundering above him), lightning unleashes itself from the sky shrieking and strikes near him, so that it touches a tall poplar in his presence and uproots the whole thing in flame and smoke.
Non temer d'alcun ciel, che ti minaccia, Che bella botta non mai colse augello, A cotal voce rivoltai la faccia, ⁵⁸ Et ecco un huomo lieto grasso e bello Mi sovrageunge, e stretto a se m'abbraccia. S'io gli fussi figlio, padre o fratello, Io l'addimando vergognosamente; Chi fosse egli, rispose immantimente.	"Don't fear any sky which threatens you, for a lucky strike never hit a bird." At such a voice, I turned my face around, and behold -- a happy fat and handsome man comes up to me and hugs me close to him. I asked him hesitantly if I were his son, father or brother; who he was, he replied promptly:
{R 246} {1527 p. 82}	{R 246} {1527 p. 82}
MERLINUS COCAIUS. ⁵⁹	Merlin Cocaio
Ille ego qui quondam formaio plenus et ovis, Quique botirivoro stipans ventrone lasagnas, Arma valenthominis cantavi horrencia Baldi, Quo non Hectorior, quo non Orlandior alter. Grandisonam cuius famam nomenque gaiardum Terra tremit Baratrumque metu se cagat adossum. At nunc Tortelii egressus gymnasia, postquam Tanta menestrarum smaltita est copia, Baldi Gesta maronisono cantemus digna stivallo. ⁶⁰	I am he who, once upon a time full of cheese and eggs, and who, packing lasagne into my butter- gorging belly, sang about the terrifying force of that knight Baldo, of whom no one is more Hector-like or more Roland-like. His resounding fame and brave name shake the earth and [make] the underworld beshit itself in fear. But now having left the college of Tortelli, after such an abundance of minestrone has been digested, let us sing deeds worthy of a Maro-styled boot.*
Huc, Zoppine pater, tua si tibi chiachiar cura, Si tua calcatim veneti ad pillastra Samarchi Trat lyra Menchiones bezzosque ad carmen inescat, ⁶¹	Here, Father Zoppino, if you care about your spiels, if your lyre brings schmucks in throngs to the pillars of Venetian St Mark's, and reels in pennies for your

⁵⁸ Gloss: Epicuro conveniens sententia. (A way of thinking suited to Epicurus.)

⁵⁹ Note: This section of the *Chaos* is called *Carossa* (Corruption), followed by two others, *Matotta*, which Goffis identifies as "the vanity of religious orders" and *Perissa*, which he identifies as "superstrutture teologiche al Vangelo" ("theological superstructures of the Gospel"*), C.F. Goffis *Teofilo Folengo: Studi di storia e poesia*, p. 77, cited by Cordié, p. 836.

⁶⁰ Note: According to Donato and Servius, the *Aeneid* originally opened with four verses similar to these, "Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena/ carmen, et egressus silvis vicina coegi/ ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono,/ gratum opus agricolis, at nunc horrentia Martis/ arma virumque cano..." ("I am he who, having once played songs on a slender pipe, and having left the forest, compelled the neighboring fields so that they would produce as much as possible for the eager grower, a work pleasing to the farmers, yet now I sing of the horrible arms of Mars and the man.") Cordié, citing Goffis, identifies Tortelli as the humanist Giovanni Tortelli (c. 1400-1466), who distinguished himself for his work on Latin philology.

Huc mihi cordicinam iuncta cum voce Rubebam Flecte soporantem stantes in littore barcas, Ut dorsicurvus olim delphinus Arion. ⁶²	song; here, joined with my voice, pluck the little rebec string soothing the boats staying on the shore, as Arion once [soothed] the round-backed dolphins.*
Tuque, Comina, tene guidam temonis, et issa Issa, Pedrala, mihi ad ghebbam tuque alta sonantem Ad cighignolam velamina pande levanto, Berta Grego, postquam salpata est anchora fundo. ⁶³	And you, Comina, take control of the helm; and hoist, Pedrala, hoist the tall sails to the topmast for me, and you, Berta, by the squeaking pulley, open [them], to [the winds,] Levante and Greco, after the anchor has been raised from the depth.
Non ad muscipares voltanda est orza canellos, Non ad fangosas ladrorum daccia Bebbas, Bebbas, cui nomen tum splenduit, aequore postquam Cingar anegavit pegoras, saltantibus illis Una post aliam, nullo aiutante Tesino, Dumque trabuccabant, “be, be” sonuere frequenter. Hinc Bebbas dixere patres, quod nomen ad astra Surgitur, et lunge soravanzat honore Popozzas. ⁶⁴	And the windward side should not be turned to the fly-breeding reeds, nor muddy Bebbas, the thieves’ levy -- Bebbas, whose name shone at that time, after Cingar drowned the sheep in the sea, from their jumping in one after the other, with none of the Tesini helping; and while they were plunging overboard, they frequently uttered “Bah, bah.” Hence, the elders called this place Bebbas, whose name is lifted to the stars and greatly surpasses Papozze in glory.
Non mihi Fornaces per stagna viazus ad udas, Perque Padi gremium ad Stellatam Figaque rolum Undantem contra et retro cava ligna ferentem Seu sit Bondeni seu sit mage Francolini Piatta, vel Argentae, vel Burchius Sermidos audax. Bramat Alixandrae portus mea barca tenere. ⁶⁵	My voyage is not through the swamps to sultry Fornaci, or through the undulating lap of the Po to Stellata and Ficarolo across from it, and carrying back the hollowed trunks, whether those of Bondeno or the flatter ones of Francolino, or of Argenta, or the daring vessel of Sermide. ⁶⁶ My boat yearns to possess the port of Alexandria.
{R 247} {1527 p. 83}	{R 247} {1527 p. 83}

⁶¹ Gloss: Vatem peritissimum invocat Zoppinum. (He invokes the expert poet Zoppino); Zoppino was a well known minstrel: see *Baldus*, 11.7-12 and note there.

⁶² Note: Arion, Wikipedia: “Arion is chiefly remembered for the fantastic myth of his kidnapping by pirates and miraculous rescue by dolphins.”

⁶³ Note: *ghebbam* seems to be *gabbia*, topmost sail; crow’s nest.

⁶⁴ Note: The renowned episode of Cingar drowning sheep is found in *Baldus* 12.97-241 and borrowed by Rableais (Bk 4.5-8). *Daccia* cf. Ital. *dazio* customs fee, tax.

⁶⁵ Note: Alexandria in Egypt is a symbol of ancient culture, and, in the burlesque code, of homosexuality.

⁶⁶ Note: Ficarolo is about 20 kilometers NW of Ferrara on the right (NE) bank of the Po across from Stellata. Papozze (above), Bondeno, Francolino, Argenta and Sermide are all in the vicinity. The image here is of the undulating vagina of the Po, and the hollowed out tree trunks (as phallic boats) coming back from it, and the poet’s yearning for the port of Alexandria, Egypt (known in ancient times for male homosexuality); Cordié refers to “salacità goliardica” in this passage’s (*Opere di Teofilo Folengo*, p. 838); cf. *Baldus* 22.32-3; Ariosto used some of these place names in *Orlando furioso* 43.54.

NARRATIO	Narration
Thebanis fabrefacta viris, antiquior altris Urbibus Italiae, dum Mantua rege sub uno Nomine Gaioffo, quasi iam dispersa gemebat, Viderat in somnis venientem a Marte baronem, Mozzantemque caput Gaioffo, seque gridantem Libertatem Urbi et populo praestasse vetusto.	Having been built by the men of Thebes, older than the other cities of Italy, Mantua, now almost ruined, was groaning under one ruler named Gaioffo, had seen in her sleep a hero coming from Mars, lopping off the head of Gaioffo, and shouting that he'd brought freedom to the city and to the ancient people.
Hinc aliquod confortum animi conceperat illa, Speranzamque omnem Baldi ficcaverat armis.	From this, Mantua had begun to derive some peace of mind and had thrust all its hope on Baldo's might.
Non erat huic toto quisquam affrontandus in orbe Forcibus aut potius destrezza corporis ipsa.	There was no one in the whole world who could stand up to him in strength, or rather, in the agility of his body.
Nil illum, tanta est hominis baldanza gaiardi, Arma spaventabant, nil coelum, nilque diabol.	No weapons frightened him, or heaven or the devil (so great is the bravery of the valiant man).
Vir iuste membrosus erat, mediocriter altus, Largus in expassis relevato pectore spallis. At brevis angustos stringit centura fiancos, Nerviger in gambis, pede parvus, cruribus acer, Rectus in andatu, levibus qui passibus ipso Vix sabione suas poterat signare pedattas.	He was a man duly proportioned, of medium height, broad across his expansive shoulders with a prominent chest. But a short belt cinches his narrow flanks; his legs are sinewy, his foot small, his shanks vigorous, who, erect in his gait, with light steps, was barely able to mark his footprints in the sand. ⁶⁷
Aurea iungebat faciei barba decorem, Vivacesque oculos huc illuc alta rotabat Frons, quae spaventat quando est turbata diablos, Sed ridens noctemque fugat diurnumque reducit. Spadazzam laevo semper gallone cadentem Portabat, quantumque presae mortisque daghettam.	A golden beard brought together the seemliness of his face, and his lofty brow turned his lively eyes this way and that, which when furrowed frightens devils, but when laughing, makes the darkness flee and brings back the light. He always wore a big sword hanging on his left flank and an armored gauntlet and a dagger of death.
Saltando legiadrus erat, qui pleniter armis Indutus montabat equum sine tangere staffam.	He was graceful in jumping: fully clad in armor, he mounted his horse without touching the stirrups.
Ipsa gubernabat terram, quam diximus olim Nomine Cipadam, gentemque illius habebat Ad cennum prontamque armis habilemque bataiae.	He ruled a land, which once upon a time we called by the name of Cipada, and he kept his people prepared for war and battle-ready at his signal.
{R 248} {1527 p. 84}	{R 248} {1527 p. 84}

⁶⁷ Note: The description of Baldo is similar to that found in *Baldus*, 4.1-15, although there, due to the scale of the epic, the length of the physical description seems less striking.

<p>Praecipuos hinc tres elegerat ille sodales, Quorum Cingar erat strictissimus alter Achates.⁶⁸</p>	<p>So he had chosen three special companions, of these Cingar was another extremely close Achates.</p>
<p>Is veterem duxit Margutti a sanguine razzam, Qui risu, quondam Simia cagante, crepavit.</p>	<p>He came from the ancient race of the lineage of Margutte who, once when a monkey was pooping, died of laughter.</p>
<p>At Cingar trincatus eras truffator in arte Cingar, aut vecchium segato dente Cavallum Per iuvenem vendens, aut bolsum fraude barattans, Scarnus in aspectu, reliquo sed corpore nervis Plenus erat nudusque caput rizzusque capillos.</p>	<p>But Cingar was a trickster, steeped in the Cingaric art, either selling an old horse with worn down teeth as a young one, or deviously bartering a broken nag; he had a bony face, however the rest of his body was full of sinewy muscle and his head was bare and his hair curly.</p>
<p>At sassinandi poltronam exercuit artem In machiis quandoque latens mala guida viarum, Namque Viandantes ad boscos arte tirabat Spoiabatque illos, sibi nec restante camisa, Sacchellam semper noctu post terga ferebat, Sgaraboldellis plenam surdisque tenais, Is mercadantum reserabat saepe botegas, Compagnosque ipsos pannis finoque veluto Tornabat caricos ad ladrorum antra Cypadam, Officioque boni compagni, quisquis aiuttum Porrexisset ei, tolta sibi parte botini Ibat contentus: Precibus sed denique Baldi Destitit, et savius forcam lazzumque soghetti Scansavit, iam iam illorum compresus ab orma.</p>	<p>And he exercised the cowardly art of assassination, sometimes hiding in hedges, a nasty travel guide, for he skillfully lured travelers into the woods and stripped them, not leaving them even their shirts; he always carried a little sack on his back at night, full of lock picks and silent pliers; he often unlocked merchants' shops and sent his friends back to Cipada, that den of thieves, laden with cloths of fine velvet; and as is the duty of a good friend, whoever had offered him help, went off satisfied after taking his own part of the loot. But he finally stopped due to Baldo's pleas, and wisely escaped the gallows and the cords of the noose, nearly caught just now by their imprint.</p>
<p>Huic tanto coniunctus erat Falchettus amore, (Falchettus qui ortum Pulicani ab origine traxit) Quod sine Falchetto poterat nec vivere Cingar, Nec Falchettus idem faciens sine Cingere vixit.</p>	<p>Falchetto was joined to him with so much love -- Falchetto who drew his origins from the race of Pulicane -- because Cingar would not have been able to live without Falchetto, nor likewise could Falchetto have lived without Cingar.⁶⁹</p>
<p>Non fuit in toto cursor velocior orbe, Namque erat a cerebro ad cinturam corporis usque Semivir, et restum corsi canis instar habebat.</p>	<p>There was no faster runner in the whole world, for he from the head down to the waist he was a half-man, and the rest of his body had the form of a Corsican dog.</p>
<p>Hic Cervos agilesque Capras Leporesque fugaces Captabat manibus saltuque (stupibile dictu) Saepe grues tardas se ad volum tollere coepit.⁷⁰</p>	<p>He captured stags, agile goats and swift hares in his hands, and with a leap (it is stupefying to relate) he often captured cranes slow to take flight.</p>

⁶⁸ Note: Achates is a faithful friend to Aeneas in Vergil's *Aeneid*; Margutte (following couplet) is one of the protagonists in Pulci's *Il Morgante*.

⁶⁹ Note: Pulicane is a half-dog, half-man character from Andrea da Barberino's *Reali di Francia*.

⁷⁰ Note: Cordié corrected *coepit* (begins) to *cepit* (seizes) which makes more sense.

Multi illum Reges, Reginae, Papa, Papessae Ducere tentabant, donantes munera, secum.	Many kings, queens, popes and popesses tried to lead him away with them by offering him gifts.
{R 249} {1527 p. 85}	{R 249} {1527 p. 85}
At ille, incagens Papae regumque parolis, Cum Baldo semper dormit mangiatque bibitque.	But he, not giving a shit about the words of popes or kings, always sleeps, eats and drinks with Baldo.
Inde gigantem Fracassum Baldus amabat, Progenies cuius Morganto advenit ab illo, Qui iam suetus erat campanae ferre bataium.	Next, Baldo loved the giant Fracasso, who came from the race of that Morgante who used to carry around the clapper of a large bell.
Huius longa fuit cubitos statura quaranta, Grossilitate stari aequabat sua testa misuram, Andassetque trimus per buccam Manzus apertam.	His stature was forty cubits long and his head equaled in bulk the size of a bushel, and three steer could enter his open mouth.
In spatio frontis potuisses ludere dadis Auriculisque suis fecisses octo stivallos.	You could have played dice on the expanse of his forehead, and you could have made eight boots with his ears.
Spallazzas habuit largas, schenamque decentem Ferre boves carrumque simul pesosque ducentos.	He had wide shoulders, and a back able to carry ten oxen, a cart and two hundred weights at the same time.
Arripiens quandoque bovem per cornua grassum Ad centum passus balzabat, more quadrelli.	Every so often, grabbing a fat ox by the horns he would bounce it a hundred feet away like a brick.
Marmoreos etenim pillastros atque columnas Tergore gestabat, nulla straccante fadiga. Streppabat digitis quercus stabilesque cipressos, Ac si fortificam foderet tellure cipollam.	Indeed he carried on his back pillars and columns of marble without being exhausted by fatigue at all. With his fingers he tore up oaks and well-established cypresses, as if he were digging an invigorating onion out of the ground.
Castronem mediumque bovem denasque menestras, Trenta simul panes coena mangiabat in una. Tanto ibat strepitu, libras ter mille pesoccus, Tota sub ipsius pedibus quod terra tremebat. ⁷¹	He ate a sheep, half an ox, ten stews and thirty loaves of bread for one supper. Weighing three thousand pounds, he walked with such a clamor that the whole earth trembled under his feet.
At viltatis homo crudeltatisque minister Gaioffus, Baldum Baldique timebat amicos. ⁷²	However, the minister Gaioffo, a man of cruelty and cowardice, feared Baldo and Baldo's friends.
Imperii zelosus erat, noctesque diesque Masinat in cerebro, lambiccat, fabricat altos Aere castellos, velut est usanza Tiranni. Suspectumque super Baldum plantaverat omnem.	He was jealous of his power, and day and night machinates in his brain, deliberates, builds lofty castles in the air (as is the tyrant's habit). And he had planted every suspicion on Baldo.
At quia grandilitas animi generosaque virtus Tum gratum patribus tum plebi fecerat illum, Stat regno metuens, ut Vulpes vecchia quietus,	And because Baldo's greatness of spirit and generous valor had made him pleasing both to the nobles and to the plebes, [Gaioffo,] fearing for his

⁷¹ Note: *pesoccus*: Luzio, *pesante*.

⁷² Gloss: Passariorum e familia tangit tyrannum. (He mentions the tyrant from the Passarini family.) Note: This family is mentioned in *Baldus* 3.242.

Verum mille modos fingit groppatque casones, Summittitque homines falsos, nugasque silenter Seminat in populo; Baldi bona phama, gradatim Malmenata, fluit, iam facta infamia crescit, Bacchaturque omnem coelo montata per urbem. ⁷³	kingdom, keeps quiet like an old fox. To be sure, he contrives a thousand schemes and twists the issues, and suborns liars and silently sows tidbits among the people; Baldo's fine fame, attacked little by little, plummets, then, having turned into infamy, grows, and having mounted to the skies runs wild throughout the whole city.
Deque viro illustri canto straparlat in omni Quod ladronus erat, quod fur, quod mille diablos Corpore gestabat, quod forcas mille merebat.	And he bad mouths the illustrious hero on every corner: that he was a thief, a robber, that he housed a thousand devils in his body, that he deserved a thousand gallows.
{1527 p. 86} {R 250}	{1527 p. 86} {R 250}
Hinc nactus causam patres Gaioffus adunat, Conseiumque facit, pensans comprehendere Baldum, Mittaturve suo capiti firmissima taia. ⁷⁴	After hitting upon this motive, Gaioffo gathers the senators and holds a meeting, planning to capture Baldo; a very high price is put on his head.
Maxima patricii generis convenerat illuc Squadra, repossato disponens cuncta vedere. ⁷⁵	A supreme team of aristocrats had convened there, disposing of all matters with composed discernment.
Est locus in quadro, salam dixere moderni, Bancarum populique capax sibi iura petentis. Illius ad frontem, inter multa sedilia patrum Aurea Gaioffi solio est errecta levato Scrannea, spadiferis semper circumdata Bravis.	There is a quadrangular place (a hall, modern people call it) capable of holding benches and crowds seeking justice for themselves. At the head of this, among many senators' seats, Gaioffo's golden chair is set up on a raised throne, surrounded at all times by sword-bearing guards.
Hic sedet ille, minax vultu sitiensque cruoris.	Here he sits, menacing in aspect and thirsting for gore.
Non Delatores unquam longantur ab illo, Non Giottonorum Bardassarumque potentum Copia, non ladri, furfantes mille, parati Condonare suam minimo quadrante balottam. ⁷⁶	Informants are never far from him, nor a supply of ruffians and powerful hustlers, nor thieves, a thousand delinquents, prepared to give away their vote for the smallest coin.
Inter eos garrit centum Discordia linguis,	Among them Discord squeals with a hundred

⁷³ Gloss: Nihil est tam credibile quin dicendo fiat probabile. Cic. ("Nothing is so [un]believable that by saying it makes it probable," Cicero, *Paradoxa stoicorum*, 3; the passage says *incredibile* and not *credibile*.)*

⁷⁴ Gloss: Sors ista tyrannis/ Convenit, invideant claris fortesque trucident. Clau. ("[Whoever terrorizes is more afraid himself;] this fate suits tyrants; let them envy the noble and massacre the brave," Claudianus, *Panegyricus de Quarto Consulatu Honorii Augusti*, 7.290-1.)

⁷⁵ Note: *vedere*: Massimo Zaggia calls this the macaronic version of a substantive infinitive in ablative form (from *vedere*, to see), *Zanitonella* V 703, *Macaronee minori*, p. 260.

⁷⁶ Note: *bardassa* (a male prostitute) replaces *cinedi* in *Baldus*, 4.424; see "bardassa Cupido" *Baldus*, 17.93 and "Amor è un bardassola" in *Orlandino* 1.64.1-2; *balotta*, a small ball used in voting, and as a projectile.*

Millibus et zanzis populi complentur orecchiaie, Semper ut offendant proni referuntque per urbem Ambassarias, quibus arma repente menantur.	tongues and the ears of the people are filled with a thousand bits of gossip, so that the eager ones always intercept dispatches and repeat them throughout the city, whose arms are suddenly taken up.
Ergo ubi nobilium cumulata caterva resedit, Claudunturque fores plebisque canaia, recedit, Imperat annutu prius ille silentia dextrae, Talia dehinc solio parlans commenat ab alto. ⁷⁷	So, when the assembled throng of nobles is seated, the doors are closed and the common riff-raff withdraws; Gaioffo first commands silence with a nod to the right, then he begins to speak these words from his high throne:
ORATIO.	Oration
Vos Domini, patriaeque patres, circumque sedentes Consiliatores, qui nostrae ad iussa bachettae Praesentati estis, causamque modumque sietis Quare ad campanae bottos huc traximus omnes. ⁷⁸	You lords and fathers of our homeland, and counselors seated in attendance who have presented yourselves at the command of our scepter so that you be given the cause and motive why we have brought you all here at the clanks of the bell.
Quippe (diu nostis) vestra non absque saputa Omnia semper ego dispono, tracto, ministro, Non quia me pactus vel lex magis obliget ulla, Verum solus amor vestri et dilectio Regis Id quod amicitiae, tamquam sit iuris, adopratur.	Of course (you have known for a while), it is not without your knowledge that I organize, negotiate, and administer everything at all times, not because any contract or indeed any law obliges me, in fact only the love and goodwill of your king adopts as law that which is done out of friendship.
{R 251} {1527 p. 88}	{R 251} {1527 p. 88}
Hactenus insimulans tacui, grossumque magonem Pectore nutrivi, saepe ut prudentia reges Expetit; at, vobis veluti experientia monstrat, Tegnosum fecit mater pietosa fiolum. ⁷⁹	Dissembling until now, I have kept silent and have nourished great distress in my breast, as regal prudence demands; however, as experience shows you, a generous mother has [been known to] make a stingy son.
Nostis enim pridem quae, quanta et qualia Baldi Sint probra, nec modus est in furtis atque rapinis.	Indeed you have known before now the quality and quantity of Baldo's abuses: there is no end to his thefts and burglaries.
Incoepit postquam aetatem intrare virilem, Incoepit serum Mariolos ducere bravos,	Ever since he began to enter the age of manhood, he began to lead corrupt thugs at night, who are

⁷⁷ Note: in 1527: *dehinc* spelled *dheinc*.

⁷⁸ Gloss: Quam artificose procedat oratio, vide. (See how skillfully the "Oratio" proceeds.) Note: *sietis* could be *fietis*: in Baldus, 4.434, the word is *petentes* (seeking).

⁷⁹ Note: *insimulans*: taken to mean *simulans*, simulating, feigning; *adsimulans* in Baldus 4.441; *tegnosum*, in Italian *tignoso*, can mean afflicted with mange or ringworm, and stubborn, but also stingy which seemed the best reading here (and in Baldus 4.444).

Quos mangiaferros vocitant taiaque pilastros, Aut “taiaborsas” melius quis dicere posset. ⁸⁰	called braggarts and corner-cutters, or better yet, one could say cutpurses.
Non fuit in mundo giottonior alter, et ipsum Rex ego sustineam? patiar? fruiturque ribaldus Sic bontate mea? quid non pro pace meorum Cittadinorum tolero, postquam improbus iste Urbis in excidium, novas ut Catilina, pependit? ⁸¹	No no one in the world has been more thuggish, and I, your king, should put up with him? I should suffer this? A scoundrel like this take advantage of my goodness? What do I not tolerate for the peacefulness of my citizens, after this shameless man, like a new Catiline, has calculated the demolition of our city?
Nostra illum patres patientia longa ribaldum Fecit, ut in ladris non sit ladronior alter. ⁸²	Our long patience has made him brazen, senators, so that in thefts, no one is more thievish than he.
Quid me vosque simul bertezat, soiat, agabbat? Ad quam perveniet sua tandem audacia finem? Non illum facies tanta gravitudine vestrae Maiestasque mei remouent, non guardia noctis, Non sbirri zaffique simul, non mille Diavoi Spaventat, tanta est hominis petulantia ladri.	Why does he taunt, tease and trick both me and you? To what end will his audacity finally lead? No show of so much gravity on your part, nor of my majesty deter him, he is not frightened by the night watch, or cops and sheriffs together, or a thousand devils, so great is the impudence of a thieving man.
An sentit coelo, terrae baratroque patere Iam caedes gladiosque suos? an contrahit omnem Quae sassinorum semper fuit arca, Cipadam, Ut cives populumque meum gens illa trucidet? Illa, inquam, gens nata urbem pro struggere nostram?	Doesn't he realize that his murders and stabbings are already well known in heaven, on earth and in the underworld? Will he unite all of Cipada, which has always been an ark of assassins, while that clan slaughters my people and citizens, that clan, I say, born to destroy our city?
Quis, rogo, scoppatur nostrae sub lege Cadreghae, Quisve tenaiatur mediaque in fronte bolatur, Berlinaeque provat scorum forcaeque soghettum, Ni Baldi comes et Villae mala schiatta Cipadae? Dottoratur ibi robbandi vulgus in arte, Estque scholarorum Baldo data cura magistro. ⁸³	Who, I ask, gets caned under orders from our office, or who is tortured and branded on the forehead and feels the ridicule of the pillory and the noose of the gallows, if not Baldo's companions and the wicked tribe from the town of Cipada? There, the mob earns a diploma in the thieving arts and Professor Baldo is given control of the students.
{R 252} {1527 p. 89}	{R 252} {1527 p. 89}

⁸⁰ Note: *mariolos* seems to be an adjective for *bravos*; *mariolo* in Modern Italian means corrupt. The *Vocabolario degli Accademici della Crusca*, 1612, associates both the adjective and the verb *mariolare*, with *barattare*, to barter, but with the added element of deceit.

⁸¹ Note: By invoking the conspirator Catilline, Gaioffo demonstrates his desire to imitate the oratory of Cicero.

⁸² Gloss: Nam segnes natos facit indulgentia patris. B.* (“For indulgence from the father makes the children sluggish,” proverb attributed to Baptista Mantuanus: “Blanda patrum segnes facit indulgentia natos”).

⁸³ Gloss: Mala utique et pessima doctrina. (Certainly a most wicked and evil teaching.) Note: *scoppare/scopare*, to take a broom to someone; cf. *Baldus*, 18.49-51: “Then they strip her body as naked as she was born; they want to whip her and take a broom to her (*scopare*) in public so that she can justly be known to all as a caned whore (*putana scovata*).”

Hinc docti iuvenes sub praeceptore galanto Blasphemare Deum variis didicere loquelis, Mox sibi boscorum ladri domicilia quaerunt, Expediuntque manus furtis stradasque traversant. Assaltant homines, amazzant inque paludes Omnia spoiatos buttant pascuntque ranocchios.	Thus these scholarly youngsters under their gallant master learned to blaspheme God with a variety of expressions; soon these thieves seek quarters for themselves in the woods, and train their hands for thefts and haunt the streets. They assault and kill people and after stripping them completely, throw them into swamps and feed the frogs.
Quum simul albergant, squadrage serantur in una Mille cruentosas roncas teretesque zanettas, Spuntonesque, alebaldas, quae sunt arma Diabli. Dantque focum schioppis, tuf taf resonante balotta. ⁸⁴	At the same time that they lodge together, they draw into a squadron a thousand bloody spikes and sharpened lances, spontoons and halberds, which are the devil's arms. And they fire their rifles with bullets resounding toof-taff.
Semper habent foedas barbazzas pulvere, semper cagnescos oculos nigra sub fronte revolvunt.	They always have nasty beards filthy with dirt; they always roll their menacing eyes beneath their sinister brows.
Protinus ad cifolum se intendant esse propinquum Quem faciant robbas pariterque relinquere vitam.	With a whistle they immediately know that someone is near whom they can cause to relinquish simultaneously his belongings and life.
Praesidet his ergo Baldus caporalis, ab ipso Tot mala dependent: Baldo cessante, quid ultra Mercator timeat? quid gens peregrina? quid urbs haec?	So Baldo, their captain, rules over these men, from him derives all evilness; with Baldo terminated, what more would a merchant have to fear? What would travelers, or this city have to fear?
Ad caput, o patres, est ad caput ensis habendus, Membra nihil possunt quum spallis testa levatur, Frangere caput Serpae, non amplius illa menazat.	The head, O senators, one should take a sword to the head, and the members can do nothing when the head is lifted from the shoulders: smash the head of a serpent and it no longer threatens.
Dixi: nunc vero quae nam sententia vestra est Expecto, ut cunctis sit larga Licentia fandi.	I have spoken: now whatever your judgment, is, I await, while to all broad license to speak is given.
Dixerat, et sdegnum premere alto in pectore fingit.	He had spoken, and pretends to stifle his contempt deep in his chest.
Confremuere omnes, aut quae contraria Baldo Pars erat, aut vafri quos longa oratio Regis Spinserat in coleram, tollentesque ora manusque Iustitiam clamant: Quid adhuc mala bestia vivit? Quid nisi iacturas, homicidia, furta, rapinas, O rex, a ladro poterit sperarier unquam? Picchentur fures, brusetur villa Cipadae, Ipseque squartatus reliquis exempla ribaldis Praestet, amorbator coeli terraeque marisque.	Everyone murmured, either that group that had been against Baldo, or those whom the long oration of the crafty king had propelled into anger; raising their faces and their hands, they clamor for justice: "Why does this wicked beast still live? What, O king, can one ever expect from a thief if not devastation, homicide, theft and burglary? Let the criminals be hung, the town of Cipada burned, and this man quartered as an example to the rest of the

⁸⁴ Note: *albergant* seems to invoke its earlier meaning of troops lodging together (from Old German: *heri-berg*, see Francesco Bonomi, *Vocabolario Etimologico della Lingua Italiana*, 2004.

	delinquents, this polluter of the heaven, earth and seas.”
Tum vero ingemuit strictis pars altera buccis , Compescens digito, Gaioffo adstante, labellum.	At that, another group growls with their mouths closed tight, restraining their lips with their fingers as Gaioffo is present.
At Gonzaga pater, quo non audentior alter Iustitiae in partes et linguae et robore spadae, Omnium ut aspexit vultus firmarier in se, Stat morulam, dehinc quantus erat de sede levatus Apparet, solvitque ingentem ad dicere linguam. ⁸⁵	Yet Senator Gonzaga, who is more courageous than anyone else on the side of justice with the power of his tongue and his sword, when he detects every face fixed on his, pauses a moment and then having raised himself to his full height appears and loosens his mighty tongue to say:
{R 253} {1527 p. 90}	{R 253} {1527 p. 90}
RESPONSIO.	Response
Inclyte rex, Regisque viri, vosque Urbis honori Instantes Proceres, quamvis locus iste soluta Labra petat laxisque velit sine vindice linguas, Attamen, aut iure hoc aut quadam lege rasonis, Quam Natura docet, ne me angat culpa tacendi, Incipiam. Baldi animum Baldique valorem, Baldi consilium novi a puerilibus omne.	Illustrious King, and men of the king, and you nobles concerned with the honor of the city, although this very place invites free speech and would have tongues loosened without retaliation, nonetheless, either by this right or by some law of reason which nature teaches, lest I suffer the guilt of keeping silent, I shall begin. Baldo’s character, Baldo’s courage, Baldo’s every decision I have known since his childhood.
Ingenium est homini, quum prima aetate tenellus Luxuriat, facili scelerum se inferre camino, Si incustoditus fuerit nulloque magistro: Cursitat huc illuc, ceu fert ignara voluntas.	It is human nature when a youngster revels in his first youth, to set himself on the easy path of wickedness, if he be unsupervised and without a teacher he races here and there, wherever naïve fancy takes him.
At puer ingenuus, quamvis retinacula brenae Non tulit, illecebras seguitans, si forte virum quem Maturum semel audierit leviterque monentem Principio, ne virga nimis tenerina, potenti Contrectata manu, media spezzetur in opra, Deposita sensim patitur feritate doceri, Seque hominem monstrat, quem humana modestia tantum Retrahit a vitio iurisque in glutine firmat. ^{86*}	But a noble youth, even though he does not bear the reins of the halter while pursuing enticements, if once by chance he should listen to a mature man gently teaching him from the beginning, so that the extremely tender rod, handled repeatedly by a powerful hand, might not break in the middle of the endeavor, if having set aside his wildness, he allows himself to be taught gradually and shows himself to be a man whom human decency only just pulls back

⁸⁵ Note: The 1527 edition has *dheinc* for dehinc.

⁸⁶ Gloss: Facile nostra tenera conciliantur ingenia ad honesti rectique amorem. Sen. (“When our minds are young, they are easily reconciled to the love of what is honorable and decent,” Seneca, *Moral Epistles*, 108.12.) Note: the

	from vice and establishes in the bonds of law.
Cernimus indomitos plaustro succumbere Tauros, Quorum duriciem removet destrezza Biolchi. Semper idem saeviret Equus Cozzone carente, Nec venit ad pugnum Sparaverius absque polastro.	We observe indomitable bulls submit to the plow: the farmer's skill removes their resistance; in the same way a horse would bolt without a trainer, and a hawk does not come to the fist without a chicken [lure].
Ne, rogo, conscripti patres (id forsitan unquam Rex sensit), pigeat mires audire prodezzas Quum fanciullus erat Baldus baculumque sbriabat. ⁸⁷	Conscript fathers, let it not displease you to hear (what the king has perhaps never understood) the wondrous deeds when Baldo was a little boy and gave free rein to a stick.
{1527 p. 91} {R 254}	{1527 p. 91} {R 254}
Gallicus (ut fama est) e Franzae partibus olim In Lombardia, grava cum uxore, paesum Straccus arivavit, nostramque hanc ductus ad urbem Albergavit agro tantum una nocte Cipadae, Donec ibi gravidata uxor sub fine laboris Ederet infantem, qua Baldus prodiit iste, Qui nascens oculos (veluti dixere Comadres Huic circumstantes) coelo tendebat apertos. Quem nemo (ut mos est) infantem, flere notavit.	Some time ago, a Frenchman (the story goes) arrived in the land of Lombardy from the region of France, with his pregnant wife, exhausted, and having led her to our city, lodged for one night only in a field in Cipada, until his impregnated wife at the end of her labor gave birth there to an infant; Baldo came forth from her, and while being born (as the midwives said who were standing around him) held his eyes open to the heavens. No one heard him cry (although it is typical) as an infant.
Hinc vox e summo fuit ascoltata solaro. Nascere macte, puer, cui coelum, terra fretumque Ac elementa dabunt tot afannos totque malhoras. Non terrae sat erit centum superare travaios, Ense viam faciens inter densissima tela, Verum quam citius pelago tu intrare parabis, Cinctus ab undosis montagnis nocte dieque Fortunae ingentis patiere tonitrua ventos Fulmina, Corsaros ac centum mille diablos.	At this moment, a voice was heard from the highest heaven: "Deign to be born, child, to whom the elements of the sky, the earth and the sea will give so many woes and so many misfortunes; it will not be enough to overcome a hundred travails on earth, making way amid a volley of arrows with your sword, indeed, as quickly as possible you will prepare to set out on the ocean, surrounded by mountains of waves; night and day you will suffer from a tremendous storm: thunder, winds, lightning, pirates and a hundred thousand devils.
Sed tandem (haud dubites) gaiarditer omnia vices.	And yet, have no doubt, in the end, you will conquer all."
Vocis ad hunc sonitum, mater meschina, vel ipso	At the sound of this voice, the poor mother, either

language seems suggestive – the tender rod handled repeatedly by a powerful hand, etc.; this passage was not present in the editions of the *Baldus* prior to the *Chaos*, but is added nearly verbatim to the two successive editions.

⁸⁷ Note: *sbriabat*, Italian *sbrigliare* – to give free rein to.

Supplicio partus vel sic pirlamina fusi Finierant Parcae, puerum pariterque fiatum Sborravit: puerum vulva, pulmone fiatum, Vos meditate suo qualis tunc doia marito Ingruit, ut mortam uxorem natumque puellum Ante oculos proprios tractu sibi vidit in uno.	because of the agony of her labor, or because the Fates had finished spinning out her thread, expelled her baby and her breath at the same time: the baby from her vulva, the breath from her lungs. Imagine for yourselves what agony seized upon the husband then, when he saw with his own eyes his wife dead and his son born in the same instant.
Ergo infantillum Villano tradidit uni, Mox abiit tacitus nec post apparuit unquam.	So, he handed his little infant to a peasant; after that he left quietly and never appeared again.
Nescitur (fateor) qui sit, verum alta gaiardi Forcia si Baldi, si animi prudentia, si frons Gentilesca alacris, si tandem forma notatur, ⁸⁸ Non nisi fortis erat, prudens, gentilis et acer Formosusque pater, licet huic sors aspra fuisset, Namque bonum semper fructum bona parturit arbor.	It is not known who he is, I admit, but if the strength of the gallant Baldo, if the wisdom of his mind, if his distinguished, energetic look, if, lastly, his handsomeness be noted, his father was nothing if not strong, wise, distinguished, vigorous, and handsome, although fate had been harsh to him, for a good tree always produces good fruit.
Interea Villanus (adhuc cum coniuge vivit) Infantem ad Gesiam causa baptismatis affert, Quem dum Pretus aqua signet, terque ore Gudazzum Compadrumque rogat quod debet nomen habere, En quoque ter facta est summo responsio templo, Baldum, vos Baldum fantino imponite nomen. ⁸⁹	In the meantime, the peasant (he is still living with his wife) brought the baby to the church to have it baptized; while the priest was marking him with water, he asked his godfather a question three times: what name the infant should have, and behold, three times a response is made from the pinnacle of the temple, “Baldo, you must bestow the name Baldo on the baby.”
{R 255} {1527 p. 92}	{R 255} {1527 p. 92}
Constupuere omnes: devenit murmur ad Urbem, Hic testes centum tantae novitatis habentur.	Every one was stupefied; a murmur spread through the town; there were a hundred witnesses to such a novelty.
Lactiferam Baldus tantum bibit ergo Madregnam, Ut iam carriolum, quo imprendit ducere gambas, Linqueret ecussis rotulis cantone refractum, Et pede firmatus nunc huc, nunc cursitat illuc. Quem pater, ignarum veri patris, instruit omni Rusticitate, docens villae poltronus usanzam. ⁹⁰	So then Baldo drank so much milk from his wet-nurse that already the little cart (with which he learned to guide his legs) he had left broken in a corner with its wheels off, and steady on his feet, he now runs every which way. His father (he didn’t know his real father) instructs him about every rustic thing: the oaf teaches the customs of the village.*
Post merdulentas iubet illum pergere Vaccas, Sed gentilis eam reprobatur Natura facendam,	He commands Baldo to walk behind pooping cows but the boy rejects this task due to his noble

⁸⁸ Gloss: Non splendor nisi splendoris causa. (There is no splendor without a cause of splendor.) Cordié shows a comma after *gentilesca*.

⁸⁹ Note: Cordié explains that *guidazzo* is a Northern Italian dialect word for godfather.

⁹⁰ Note: Cordié translates *poltronus* as an adjective: “tutte le poltronesche costumanze,” p. 845.

Non it post vaccas; at saepe venibat ad urbem, Atque ad Villani despectum praticat illam.	character: he does not follow behind cows; and often, paying no heed to this peasant, he went in to town and spent time there.
Solis in occasum villae tamen ipso redibat, Atque reportabat testam quandoque cruentam, Magnanimus quoniam puer (ut solet esse per Urbes) Semper pugnorum guerris gaudebat inesse, Sive bataiolis bastonum sive petrarum, Nec pensetis eum quod certans ultimus esset; At ferus ante alios squadram exortabat amicam, Et centum lapides saltu reparabat in uno.	He used to come back from town at sunset and sometimes he brought back his head bloodied; for he was a courageous boy, and as usually happens in cities, he enjoyed being involved again and again in fist-fights or in battles with sticks or stones, and don't think that in fighting he came in last; on the contrary, fierce before others, he cheered on his own team and dodged a hundred stones in one jump.
Quum Villanus eum Villam abhorrere notavit, Experimentum aliud, puerum quo exturbet ab armis In quibus immersum cognoverat esse, provavit: Nam neque Villanus sese cum milite confat. ⁹¹	When the peasant noticed that he hated the village, he tried another experiment, by which he might drive the boy away from the fighting in which he'd found him engrossed: for a peasant is not compatible with a soldier.
Comprat ei fortem tabulettam roboris (illam Rupisset subito), qua sculptum addisceret, A. B. Ille scholam primo laetanter currere coepit, Inque tribus magnum profectum fecerat annis, Ut quoscumque libros legeret sine fallere iotam.	He buys him a strong oak tablet (which he broke immediately) on which he could learn A and B – at first he began to run happily off to school, and in three years he had made such great progress, that he could read any books whatsoever without missing an iota.
At mox Orlandi grandissima bella nasavit, Non vacat ultra deponentia discere verba, Non species, numeros, non cases atque figuras, Non Doctrinalis versamina tradere menti.	And soon he sniffed out the great wars of Orlando, and no longer wastes time learning the deponent verbs, or categories, number, case, or figures of speech, or committing to memory lines from the <i>Doctrinale</i> . ⁹²
Regula Donati prunis salcicia coxit Ivit et in centum scartozzos Norma Perotti.	He cooked sausages in coals made of the <i>Regula Donati</i> and the <i>Norma Perotti</i> went into a hundred scraps of paper.
Quid Catholiconis malnetta vocabula dicam, Quae quot habent letras tot habent menchionica verba Et quot habent cartas tot culos illa netarent?	What shall I say of the dirty words of the <i>Catholicon</i> , which for every letter they had, had as many putzy words, and they had as many pages as those that wipe butts.
{R 256} {1527 p. 94}	{R 256} {1527 p. 94}

⁹¹ Note: The same sentiment is expressed in *Baldus* 12. 123, “Non contadinus cum milite convenit onzam” (A peasant has nothing in common with a soldier).

⁹² Note: The *Doctrinale* was a medieval grammar book often used as a text book, like the *Regula Donati*, and the *Norma Perotti* mentioned below; the *Catholicon* contained a lexicon as well. This passage is similar not only to Baldo's experiences in *Baldus* 3.86-120, but also to the poet Merlin Cocio's adventures in learning in 22.120-132.

Orlandi tantum cantataque gesta Rinaldi Agradant puero, quamdam in cor dantia bramam Ut cuperet iam vir fieri spadamque galono Cingere et auxilio rationis quaerere soldum, Ut legit errantes quondam fecisse guereros.	Only the deeds sung of Orlando and Rinaldo are pleasing to the boy, giving a certain yearning to his heart, so that he already desires to become a man and strap a sword to his side, and with the help of reason, to seek his fortune, as he reads that errant warriors once did.
Viderat Ancroiam, velut orlandesca necarat Dextra, gigantissam, vel quum de funere Carlum Dongellettus adhuc rapuit, tractoque guainis Ense durindana secat alto e tergore testam Ingentem Almontis, Franzamque recuperat omnem.	He had seen how the giantess, Ancrois, had been slain with an Orlandesque right, or how when still a young lad [Orlando] snatched Charles from a cord and having drawn his sword Durindana from its sheath, cuts the huge head off the shoulders of Almonte, and reclaims all of France.
Viderat ut miris Agricanem forcibus atque Mille alios fortesque viros fortesque gigantes Arce sub Albracchae, giorno truncavit in uno. ⁹³	He had seen how with amazing strength he cut down Agricane and a thousand other strong men and strong giants in one day under the citadel of Albracca.
Viderat ut nimias scoccante Cupidine stralas Ipse gaiardorum princeps, ipse orbis acumen Duxerat ad mortem, rupto gallone, Cusinum, ⁹⁴ At manus Angelichae, dum coelo brazzus ab alto Mortalem ferret colpum, succurrit, et ipso Orlandescum animum tenuit Spadamque pependit.	He had seen how with Cupid shooting too many arrows, that prince of the brave, with the pretense of being blind, had led his cousin (who'd broken a hip) to his death; but the hand of Angelica, while the arm would carry the mortal blow from the lofty sky, succored him, and held back Orlando's force and hung his sword up.
Saepius his lectis puer instigator ad arma, Sed gemit exigui quod adhuc sit corporis, annos Praecipitans cupiens, ut vir se denique posset Vestire ingentemque elum ingentemque corazzam.	Often the boy, having read these things, is roused to arms, but complains because he is still of small stature, desiring to hurry the years, so that as a man, he may at last wear a huge helmet and a huge breastplate.
Is tamen hispanam semper gallone daghettam Dependentem habuit, qua plures saepe bravettos Terruit inque fugam solettus verterat omnes.	Nevertheless, he always had a short Spanish dagger hanging down from his side, with which he repeatedly terrified many little thugs and all by himself had made everyone run away.
O pueri audentes animos agilemque prodezzam.	Oh the brave spirit of that boy, and his agile prowess.
At video e vobis hinc plures volvere testam, Nasutosque mihi parlanti ostendere nasos.	But I see many of you here turn your heads to show your snooty noses to me while I am speaking.
Quam bene nunc vestri pensiria nosco magonis.	How well I know by now the thoughts in your craw.
An subsannatis quia nostra oratio tandem Finiet, ut mores videatur in haste favorem Porgere Sbriccorum? veluti si Baldulus infans	Aren't you jeering so that my oration will end at last, so that it seems to give favor to the behavior of those scoundrels in court? As is the little Baldo may

⁹³ Note: Almonte and Agricane are characters of chivalric epic fame; Charles is Charlemagne, and Albracca is one of the Saracen fortresses he besieged.

⁹⁴ Gloss: Renaldus.

<p>Tum bene fecisset quum Lanzalota vigazzum* Traiecit gladio? sic divi nonne Sbisaos Castigare solent? sic nonne superbia nostra Cogitur interdum vilem portare cavezzam?⁹⁵</p>	<p>have acted appropriately that time when he jabbed the big lout Lanzalot with his sword? Aren't the gods wont to punish bullies thus? Doesn't our arrogance oblige us sometimes to wear a vile bridle?*</p>
<p>Quid, rogo, quid...</p>	<p>What, I ask you, what?..."</p>

⁹⁵ Note: *Vigazzum* is used in as a proper name for a bad cop in *Baldus*, 11.127. The name Vigaso Cocaio is the name of the person/persona who presents the final, posthumous, edition of the *Baldus*; *sbisaos*: bullies, *Baldus* 4.17, 11.147.

#Section 5: Selva seconda, parte due	#Section 5: Second Forest, part 2
{R 257} {1527 p. 95}	{R 257} {1527 p. 95}
TRIPERUNO ¹	TRIPERUNO
Volea seguir anchora il vecchio grasso, Né molto mi spiacea di starlo udire, Il dol nulla dimanco il troppo indugio Ch'era di ricercar la vaga Ninpha, Andarmi alhor da lui luntan mi astringe.	The fat old man wanted to keep going, and I didn't really mind staying and listening to him; the pain, however, the long delay there'd been searching for the charming nymph, obliged me to go away from him at that point.
Queto mi stoglio, senza dirli vale, Volgendomi d'un Rio lungo a la ripa, E pur egli mi segue passo passo.	I take my leave quietly, without saying good-bye to him, turning along the bank of a river, and yet he follows me step by step.
Fiumi di latte, laghi di falerno, Valli di macaroni e lasagnette, Ecco mi veggio intorno, e poggi et alte Rupi di caccio duro e sodo lardo, Acque stillate de caponi grassi, Torte, tortelli, gnocchi e tagliatelle. ²	Rivers of milk, lakes of Falernian [wine], valleys of macaroni and lasagne, this is what I see around me, and hills and high cliffs of hard cheese and solid lard, streams oozing from greasy capons, and pies, tarts, gnocchi and noodles.
Beata vita (dissi alhor mirando) È questa, che di tante trippe abbonda; Non mai quinci partire mi delibro. ³ E con questo pensier, mentre ad un fonte Di moscatella malvasia m'abbasso, Io tolsene, bevendo, in quella coppia Ch'un Bove sitibondo d'acqua sorbe. Trinch trinch con altro vaneggiar tedesco Incomenciai balordo a proferire.	"It's a wonderful life," I said then marveling, "that abounds in so much tripe." I decide to never leave this place. And with this thought, as I lower myself to a fountain of Malvasian muscatel, drinking I take as much of it as a thirsty ox slurps water. Dazed, I started to utter, "Trinch! Trinch!" along with other gibberish in German.
{R 258} {1527 p. 96}	{R 258} {1527 p. 96}

¹ ACROSTICS: UNICA QUE FUERAT BENEDICTI REGULA SACRIS MORIBUS IGNATI STERCORE FEDA PUTRET VIRTUTES ABIERE OMNES DII VERTITE SORTEM NURSINI UT REDEAT PRISTINA NORMA PATRIS. (The rule of [St.] Benedict which had been unparalleled in holy customs, decays with the fetid excrement of Ignatius; all virtues have gone away: O Gods, alter the fate of the Nursine [monks] so that the pristine order of our fathers may return.)

² Gloss: Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Carybdim. (He runs into Scylla hoping to avoid Charybdis.) Cordié notes that this is a verse from Gautier de Lille's *Alexandreis*, v. 301, p. 849.

³ Gloss: Ebrietas homines impetuus facit. Arist. ("Drunkeness makes men impetuous," Aristotle, source not found.)* Note: For a more extensive description of Germans in their cups see *Baldus*, 14.334-69.

<p>Rotavasi già 'l mondo a gli occhi miei, E sottosopra il Mar, la Terra, il Cielo Giran intorno e fannomi qual foglia Volar al vento, e gli Arbori, le Ripe, Le Spiagge mi parean cotanti Veltri Ai fianchi de le Capre gir correndo.</p>	<p>The world was already spinning before my eyes: the sea, the earth, the skies twirl around upside down and make me flutter like a leaf in the wind; and the trees, river banks and shores look like so many hunting dogs running around the flanks of she-goats.</p>
<p>Saltano ad alto l'erbe e gli virgulti, Alpe con monti e 'nsieme con poggetti Correno in rota e danzano leggiadri. Rapito poi con elli il mio cervello, In un momento scorse l'universo Senza posarsi mai, senz'ulla tregua.</p>	<p>The grasses and twigs jump high up; alps together with mountains and knolls dash into a ring and dance gracefully. Caught up with them my mind glimpsed then in one moment the universe without ever resting itself, without any pause.*</p>
<p>Mentre così danzava a la moresca, Odo dir Triperuno. Et ecco in mezzo Ratto mi vidi posto d'una turba.⁴ Io contemplai non so che volti grassi Bere sovente e poi cantar sonetti, Votando zaine, fiaschi e gran bottazzi, Saltavan poi chi su chi giù d'intorno:</p>	<p>So while I was dancing the moresca, I hear someone say, "Triperuno." And then abruptly I saw myself placed in the middle of a crowd. I observed indescribable fat faces drinking repeatedly and then reciting sonnets, emptying flagons, flasks and huge kegs, next they were spinning around, some high some low --</p>
<p>In quella foggia che vili fasoli Girano, a spessi tomi volteggiando, Nel Caldaio su fiamme ardenti posto.⁵ Alhor con quelli insieme canto in gorga Tutta tremante, Bacco eu oe. Incomenciando poi così dir versi.⁶</p>	<p>in the same way that lowly beans rolling over and over in copious falls, churn in the pot placed over burning flames. So then, I sing together with these people, my whole throat vibrating, "Bacchus, woo hoo!" After that I started reciting verses like this:</p>
<p>FUROR</p>	<p>Furor</p>
<p>Surgite trippivorae, Merlini cura, Camoenae, Trinch trinch si canimus, quid erit? cantate, Bocali, Ecce menestrarum quae copia quantaque stridet Rostizzana super brasas squaquarare bisognat. Currite, gnoccorum smalzo lardoque colantum O conchae, plenique cadì plenique tinazzi, Rumpite brodiflues per stagna lasagnica fontes, Errantesque novo semper de lacte ruscelli.</p>	<p>Rise up, tripe-devouring Muses, for Merlin's sake, if we sing, "Trinch, trinch," what then? Sing, flasks! Behold what quantities of minestrone, how much roast hissing over the coals it is necessary to enjoy. O hurry, you bowls and brimming platters and brimming vats of gnocchi dripping with grease and lard, erupt, you fountains flowing with broth through pools of lasagna and rivers meandering with ever-fresh milk.</p>

⁴ Gloss: Illusiones Ebrietatis. (Drunken delusions.)

⁵ Gloss: Vilemque faselum. Vir. ("The lowly bean," Virgil, *Georgics* 1.227.) Note: *tomi*, noun formed from *tomare*, to fall, cf. Boccaccio, *Decameron* 8.3.18.

⁶ Gloss: Nec non et carmina vino/ Ingenium faciente, canunt. Ovid. ("...and they sing songs while wine makes them clever," Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 7.432-3.)

{R259} {1527 p. 97}	{R259} {1527 p. 97}
Festinate meam per buccam intrare, foiadae, Et vos formaio Tortae filante sotilum, Dum canimus trippas, trippae sint gutture dignae; Atque altis cubitum calchetur panza fritadis. ⁷	Rush to enter through my mouth, broad noodles, and you, tortes woven with strings of cheese, while we sing of tripe, may the tripe be worthy of our gullet and may our belly be packed with fritters a cubit deep.*
Pande tuae, Merline, fores spinasque Catinae, Vernazzam Gregumque simul Corsumque bevandae Trade todescanae, donec se quisque Prophetam Rerum cognoscat venientum qualis et ipse est, Et quisquis Cyatosque levat vodatque Caraffas. Talia dum loquimur, somno demergimur alto.	Merlin, open wide the doors of your cellar and the spigots, offer Vernaccia and Greek and Corsican wine together with German drinks, until everyone will himself be a prophet and will know the whys and wherefores of things to come,* and everyone will raise his cup and empty a carafe. While we speak of such things we sink into a deep sleep.
Venit at interea mihi trippiger ille Cocaius, Ille, inquam, cui panza pedes cascabat ad imos, Rumpebatque uteri multa grassedine pellem. Tunc (ait) o Triperune tener, Triperune tenelle, Venisti? venisti etiam, Triperune galante? Tu ne ades? O mi lac, mi mel, mi marzaque panis, Eya age, zuccarate puer, ne, puppule, dormi, Surge, oculosque leva, hui, sbadacchias? surge, gaiarde.	But meanwhile that tripe-filled Cocaius comes, that very one, I say, whose gut hangs down to the bottom of his feet and whose belly-skin was ripping open from all the fat. “Now then,” he says, “O little Triperuno, tender little Triperuno, have you come? Have you really come, dear Triperuno? Are you here now? O my milk, my honey, my marzipan. Hey there, my sweet boy, do not sleep my little darling, rise up and raise your eyes! Hey, are you yawning? Rise up, my plucky one!
An, mellite, fugis sic me? me, ingrature, scampas? ⁸ Bastardelle levis levisque cinedule, sic sic Indignatus abis? Sta mecum, argutule, semper, En paradus adest, en hortus deliciarum, Relligio quaenam melior, quae tam bona lex, quam Esse hac in vita, qua vivimus absque travaio?	Can it be, honey, you are fleeing from me? Are you running away from me, ingrate? Fickle little bastard, fickle little Ganymede, are you going off indignant just like that? Stay with me forever, my clever boy: look, this is paradise, this is a garden of delights; what religion is better, what law is as good as to be in this life where we live without toil?

⁷ Note: Cordié notes that this is a parody of Vergil’s *Eclogues* 4.3, “Si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae” (p. 852); these verses seems a bit suggestive.

⁸ Gloss: Concors discordia. (Harmony through discord.)

O vitam sanctam, O ritus moresque beatos, Mellis molle mare est, illud travogabimus ambo, Nos ambo travogabimus, ambo errabimus, ambo Et simul ad poggiam simul et veniemus ad orzam. Surge, Poeta novelle, cane, heus, puer, accipe pivam: ⁹	Oh, to divine life, to sacred rites and customs! The sea of honey is smooth, we will both row across that, both of us will row across, both will stray, and at the same time we will come upwind and downwind. Rise up, new poet, sing, hey now, boy, accept the pipe!
Dic improviso macaronica gesta cothurno, Incipe, parve puer: qui non suxere fiascos, Illi, consumpto lardo, sonuere Carettam.” ¹⁰	Recite with an improvised buskin Macaronic deeds. Begin, my boy: those who don’t suck flasks will be tapped out once their bacon is fried.”*
{R 260} {1527 p. 98}	{R 260} {1527 p. 98}
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno
Van’ha il pensier et il desir inutile, Esser chi crede un cielo a questo simile, Ridi, cor mio, che cosa verisimile Tornar un’Alma a Dio non è, ma futile. Itene, leggi, e voi scritte ambigue, Tempo ch’eterno sia gli dei s’appropriano, E pel nostro sperar di risa scoppiano. ¹¹	Anyone who believes that heaven is similar to this has false thoughts and worthless desires; laugh, my heart, because to turn a soul towards God is not plausible, but futile. Go away, laws, and you, ambiguous scriptures, the gods appropriate time for themselves so that it will be eternal and at our hopes they burst into laughter.
MERLINUS	Merlinus
Sunt tibi tortificae faciles ad carmina Musae, O mi belle puer, sic sic bene concinis? an sic Recte recta canis? iam iam macaronicus esto, Tale tuum carmen nobis, quale Ocha plena Est aio mensis, quale est damatina Todesco Malvasia recens, Sus caulae, Melque fritellis.	Are the tort-making Muses well disposed toward your songs, O beautiful boy of mine, so that you sing so well? And is this why you sing proper things properly? Now you will be Macaronic; your songs are to us, as a goose stuffed with garlic is to the table, as new Malvasian is to a German in the morning, as a pig to cabbage and honey to fritters.
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno

⁹ Gloss: Mare voluptuosum huius vitae. (O delightful sea of this life.) Note: Merlin’s reported speech to Triperuno reads like an invitation to a life together which includes sexual intercourse.

¹⁰ Note from Cordié: *sonuere caretam*: a saying which means to be poor; he cites an example from Aretino’s *Ragionamento*, p. 853.

¹¹ Gloss: *Inclinatio sordidae mentis ad illicita*. (A sordid mind’s inclination [is] to illicit behavior.)*

Né per speranza d'altri beni, né Voglio per alcun pregio for di qui Reddurmi ad altri più felici di, ¹² Sciocco sperar il ben ch'anco non è, Io nacqui solo per gioir qua giù, Noi dunque in terra e Dio nel ciel si sta, Indarno altrui sperarvi chi non sa,	Neither for the hope of other goods, nor for any prize do I want to carry myself away from here back to other, happier days; it is silly to hope for good that doesn't even exist; I was born only to rejoice here below, for we stay on earth, and God in heaven: one who does not know [this] hopes in vain for something else.*
MERLINUS	Merlinus
Vera ais, O Corsi, o admiranda potentia Gregghi, Tantula ne in puero doctula lingua meo?	You speak the truth, O wondrous force of Corsican and Greek [wines] -- isn't the tongue of my boy just a bit learned?
{R 261} {1527 p. 99}	{R 261} {1527 p. 99}
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno
Riposte cime, Poggi ombrosi e Colli, E voi di lardo e di persutto Ripe, Densi antri d'ontò e tripe, Empiti noi, che pieni e ben satolli A vostro honore scoppiaremo versi, Ta' forse, che non mai sonòr si tersi.	Secluded peaks, shaded knolls and hills, and you banks of lard and ham, dark caverns of grease and tripe, fill us up, so that full and sated we will burst into verse in your honor, such that none ever sounded so polished.
MERLINUS	Merlin
Pannadae hinc abeant, aqua coctaque febribus apta. Radices herbaeque habiles in pascere Capras Ite ad Menchiones, ite ad saturare legeros, Stant qui per boscos, per montes perque Cavernas, Tessere sportellas, tenuatum battere corpus, ¹³ Inglutire favas, giandas ac millia quae fert Natura et Porcis et Asellis atque Cavallis: At nos hic melius Starnae Turdoque studemus.	Go away from here thin stews and boiled water suited to fevers. And herbs and roots suitable for feeding goats. Go to the schmucks, go sate those lightweights, those who stay in the woods, in the mountains and in caves weaving baskets, beating their feeble bodies, swallowing beans, acorns and a thousand things which nature produces for pigs and donkeys and horses. And we here will concentrate more agreeably on partridge and thrush.
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno

¹² Gloss: Elata laetitia praeter modum opinione praesentis alicuius boni. (Exalted joy is a sentiment beyond a thought of something good.)*

¹³ Gloss: Fomentum erroris. (A remedy for errors/ sins.)

Non sia cagion che mai da te mi scioglia, O mio maestro e guida Riposo, oggetto mio, mia scorta fida. Mangiamo dunque e rallentamo i fianchi, Acciò ch'un bon Castron da noi si franchi.	May there never be a reason for me to be separated from you, O my master and guide at rest [time], my object, my faithful escort. So let's eat and slacken our flanks, so that a good capon gets liberated by us.*
MERLINUS	Merlinus
Persutti accedant primo, bagnetur aceto, Apponatur Apri lumbus, cui sa maridet, Tripparumque Buseccarumque adsit mihi conca, Rognones vituli lessi, sapor albus odoret, Insurgant Speto quaias, Mostarda sequatur. Sic vivenda vita haec, veteres migrate fasoli. ¹⁴	Let the hams come forth first, and be soaked in vinegar, let a haunch of wild boar be served up, paired with a sauce, and let a basin full of tripe and sausages be brought to me, and may a taste of white sauce flavor the kidneys of boiled calves, let quail rise up to the spit and mustard follow. Life should be lived like this: Go away, old beans!
{p. 100} {R 262}	{p. 100} {R 262}
TRIPERUNO ¹⁵	Triperuno
STAVAMI un giorno fra li altri col mio maestro Merlino su la ripa d'un rapidissimo fiume di latte, lo quale impetuosamente le fragil sponde di pane fresco dirroccando, un suavissimo talento di mangiar suppe di cotal mistura porgevacì.	One day among others I was with my master Merlin on the bank of a very swift river of milk, which, by impetuously knocking down the fragile shores of fresh bread, offered us a very pleasant penchant for eating soups of such a mixture.*
Ma io talmente trovavami esser allora di frittelle compiuto e satollo, che (in mia laude vo' dirlo) col dito per la gola quelle toccare haverei potuto, laonde mi fu mistero la cintura (se scoppiare non vi voleva) rallentarmi su' fianchi.	But I found then that I was so sated and full of fritters, that (I want to say this in my own praise), that with my fingers down my throat I could have touched them, so that, it was necessary, if I did not wish to burst, to slacken the belt on my sides.
Vero è che 'l mio Precettore, assai di me non pur meglior Poeta, ma bevitore, mangiatore, e dormitore, tutto che di quelle istesse frittelle dovea ripieno essere, niente di meno erasi pur anco opposto agiatamente a l'impresa di espugnare un capacissimo vaso di lasagne, non già di pasta per	The truth is that my tutor, not only a much better poet than I, but also a better drinker, eater and sleeper, even though he must have been stuffed with the same fritters as I, nonetheless, had easily set himself to the task of expunging an extremely large platter of lasagne, not only of pasta for

¹⁴ Gloss: Hic ridere potes Epicuri de grege porcum. Hor. ("Here, you can laugh at a herd of Epicurus's pigs," Horace, *Epistles* (To Albius Tibullus) 1.4.15-16, where the quote reads: "Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises,/ cum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcu," translated by Christopher Smart (1722-71), "When you have a mind to laugh, you shall see me fat and sleek with good keeping, a hog of Epicurus' herd," in *The Poetical Works of Christopher Smart: Volume V: The Works of Horace*, Translated into Verse (original date c. 1769), edit. Karina Williamson (Oxford UP, 1996).

¹⁵ Note: Renda identifies this section with the heading "LA MATOTTA" (The Craziiness), the name of the second of three regions in this middle part of *Chaos*, named below, R 263.

zappatori usata, ma di pellicole de grassi Capponi, li quali del istesso colore, c'hanno la testa gli Giudei, erano. ¹⁶	peasants [diggers], but [also] of the skins of fat capons, which were the same color that Jews have on their heads.
E mentre io con seco favoleggiando mi trastullo in veder un Porco col griffo nel Caldaio di broda et egli per non perder il tempo mi ascolta solo e mai nulla risponde, ecco vi sovragiunse un Damigello, d'aspetto (per quel che mi ne pareva) molto gentile e saputo, lo quale una sua cetra soavemente ricercando, così accomodatosi con la voce al sono e appoggiatosi ad un lauro a lui vicino, disse.	And while conversing with him, I take delight in seeing a pig with its snout in the kettle of broth and he, so as not to waste time, just listens to me and never says anything back, here comes a young gentleman, with a very noble and (as far as I could tell) learned mien who, while pleasantly strumming a lyre of his, having harmonized his voice to the melody and having leaned against a laurel near him, said:
{p. 102} {R 263}	{p. 102} {R 263}
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
<p>La fama, il grido e l'honorevol suono Di vostra gran beltà Madonna è tale, Ch'en voi tanto 'l desio già spiega l'ale, Che non mi val s'addrieto il giro o sprono.</p> <p>Di che s'al nome sol l'arme ripono, Con cui spuntai d'Amore più d'un strale, Hor che fia poi vedendo immortale Aspetto vostro, a noi si raro dono?</p> <p>Ma, lasso. Mentre bramo e 'nsieme tremo Vederlo, più s'arrettra la speranza Quanto l'ardor più cresce col desio.¹⁷</p> <p>Però di quella homai poco m'avanza; E pur s'un riso vostro haver poss'io, Resorto fia da voi sul punto estremo.</p>	<p>Fame, acclaim and the honorable sound of your great beauty, madam, is such that desire already spreads his wings so much in you, that it does me no good to turn him back or spur him.</p> <p>Thus if at the name alone I set down the weapon with which I blunted more then one of Cupid's arrows, then what might happen now upon seeing your immortal aspect, for us such a rare gift?</p> <p>But alas, while I yearn and at the same time tremble to see it, the more hope is delayed the more ardor grows with desire.</p> <p>Although by now there is little that [hope] left to me, and yet if I can have a laugh of yours, I may be revived by you at the very end.</p>
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno

¹⁶ Gloss: Non immerito medici fidi cibo et crapula distentos sceva et gravia somniare autumant." Apul. ("Not without cause do trusted doctors assert that those who are stuffed with food and drink dream strange and oppressive things," Apuleius, *Metamorphoses*, 1.18.). Note: Jewish people [perhaps only males] were at times required to wear yellow berets.

¹⁷ Gloss: Amatoria contagio facile fit, et gravissima omnium pestis evadit. Marsil. ("Amatory contact is easily made, and the most terrible plague of all escapes." Marsilio Ficino, "Quam facile amore irretiamur," *Commentarium in Convivium Platonis, De amore, oratio 7.5.*)

Al soavissimo canto e suono di quel Giovene tacquero si le Selve, racquetatosi ogni vento, che le fronde niente si moveano, non già perchè nel contado del mio Maestro fusse de fioriti prati, ombrosi boschi, verdi poggetti amenitade veruna (quando che la vaghezza di quel luogo era solamente di lardo, botiro, cagiate, brode grasse et altre simili leccardie), ma quella fiumara, che dissi essere di latte, eravi confine di tre molto differenti regioni, come se fussero la Europa, l’Africa e l’Asia.	At the very lovely singing and playing of that young man, the forests fell so silent, every wind having died down, that the leafy branches did not move at all, not actually because in my master’s district there were flowery fields, shaded woods, green knolls, or any delight at all (since the charm of that place was usually made of lard, butter, cheeses, rich broths and other similar tidbits) but that waterway, that I said was of milk, was the boundary there of three very different regions, as though they were Europe, Africa and Asia.
La prima Regione, ove io col mio Maestro habitavamo, già pienamente dassignata avemo, la quale Carossa fu nominata. ¹⁸	The first region, where my master and I lived, which was called Carossa [Inebriation], we have already depicted fully.
La seconda, tutta vaga e ripiena di vive fontane, frondosi lauri, mirti, faggi, abeti, frassini, olive, querce, e d’altri assai bellissimi legni addombrata, chiamavasi Matotta, ove questo Limerno dimorava. ¹⁹	The second, all charming and full of lively fountains and leafy laurels, myrtle, beech, fir, ash, olive and oak trees, and shaded with other quite beautiful woods, was called Mattotta, where this Limerno resided.
La terza, per il contrario, tutta sassosa, rigida, secca, sterile et arenosa, Perissa fu appellata, ne la quale un eremita detto Fulica, senza ch’altrui lo invidiasse, habitava. ²⁰	The third, in contrast, all rocky, rigid, dry, sterile and sandy, was named Perissa, in which a hermit called Fulica lived without anyone envying him that.
{p. 103} {R 264}	{p. 103} {R 264}
Hor dunque m’accorsi quel giovenetto dover essere del paese di Matotta, lo quale, così polito de vestimenta e perfumato di muschio, sapeva dolcemente a l’strumento concordare la voce; onde io tratto in quella parte celatamente, che né egli né Merlino se n’avedesse, trapassai lo fiume di latte in quella verdura di là e, drento uno cespuglio di rose e spine appiattatomi non troppo da lui remoto, stetti ad ascoltarlo, lo quale, dopoi un lunghetto ricercare di quelle sonore corde, in queste rime così proruppe, dicendo:	Now then, I realized that that young man had to be of the county of Mattotta, who, so polished in his dress and perfumed with musk, knew how to harmonize his voice sweetly to the instrument; therefore, having covertly moved to that area, so that neither he nor Merlin would notice, I crossed the river of milk into that vegetation over there and I lay down flat within a bush of roses and thorns not far removed from him, I stayed to listen to him, he who, after a long rehearsing of those sonorous chords, burst forth with these rhymes, saying:
LIMERNO	Limerno
So ben che ‘l mio lodarvi, Donna altera,	I know well that my praising you, proud woman,

¹⁸ Gloss: Crapula. (Intoxication.)

¹⁹ Gloss: Vanitade. (Vanity/ Foolishness.)

²⁰ Gloss: Soperfluitade. (Overabundance.)

<p>Quando che non vi giunga, havete a sdegno; So ben che 'l mio avezato in fiumi legno Trovar porto nel vostro mar dispera,</p> <p>Ma d'e' vostr' occhi se quell'alma spera Mi si scoprisse alquanto, forse al segno Uguale mi vedrei, che 'l nostro ingegno Ascende amando e più oltra gir non spera.²¹</p> <p>Non è Barchetta così lenta e frale, C'havendo voi, e vosco Amor, in poppa, Per ogni ondoso mar non spieghi l'ale.</p> <p>Onde la Musa mia va pegra e zoppa Se schiva udite lei, ma se vi cale Il suo cantarvi, alhor lieta galoppa.</p>	<p>whenever it reaches you, you hold in disdain; I know well that my wood [boat] accustomed to rivers, despairs of finding port in your sea;</p> <p>but if you reveal that auspicious sphere of your eyes a little to me, perhaps I would see myself at the target all the same, for our intellect rises through loving and does not hope to go beyond.</p> <p>There is no little boat so slow and fragile that having you in the prow, and with you, Love, does not spread its wings through every wavy sea.</p> <p>Whence my Muse goes along lazy and halt if you hear her reluctantly, but if her singing to you pleases you, then she happily gallops.*</p>
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno
<p>Tosto che finito hebbe di dire, eccovi sprovedutamente un augelletto, o per caso o tratto dal suo concerto, si ripose appresso d'un arbore sopra un ramo secco, ove, taciuto c'hebbe Limerno, con un diretto gemito faceva la selva intorno richiamare: di che egli, alzata la fronte a quella, così a l'improvviso incominciò con seco a ragionare:</p>	<p>As soon as he had stopped speaking, behold, suddenly a little bird, either by chance or drawn by his concert, rested next to a tree, up on a dry branch, where, after Limerno was silent, it made the forest around echo with a broken cry, at which he, having raised his brow to it, began spontaneously to reason with it thus:</p>
{p. 104} {R 265}	{p. 104} {R 265}
LIMERNO	Limerno
<p>Vaga, solinga e dolce Tortorella, Ch'ivi sul ramo di quell'olmo secco Ferma t'appoggi et hai pallido il becco, Spennata, pegra e men de l'altre bella,</p> <p>Dimmi, che piagni? Piango mia sorella Perduta in queste Selve, e lei dal stecco Di questo antico legno chiamo, ond'Ecco Miei lai riporta a la più estrema stella.</p>	<p>"Lovely, solitary, sweet little dove, that here on the branch of that dry elm you rest motionless and have a pale beak, featherless, dull and less beautiful than others,</p> <p>tell me, why do you weep?" "I weep for my sister lost in these woods, and I call her from the branch of this old trunk, from which Echo carries my lays back to her to the furthest star.</p>

²¹ Gloss: Excitat ingenium miris amor artibus atque/ Eximium e vili pectore vibrat opus. (Love excites the mind with wondrous arts and compels an extraordinary effort from a lowly breast.)*

Lasso. ch'anco la mia pennando i' chero Per questi boschi, e 'ndarno quella abbraccio, Fingendo lei quell'Albero, quel Pino. Ma acciò che 'l nostro affanno men sia fiero, Partiamo a l'uno e l'altro il suo destino, Che altrui miseria al miser è solaccio. ²²	Alas, that I still search for my [sister] through these woods, and in vain I embrace that one, imagining she is that tree, that pine. But so that our troubles may be less terrible, let us share her destiny between ourselves, because to one in misery the misery of another is comfort.
TRIPERUNO	TRIPERUNO
Piacquemi sommamente quella foggia di dire, senza c'havessevi egli (come si sole) faticosamente avanti ripensato.	I really liked that way of speaking, without his having thought it out laboriously beforehand (as one usually does).
Ma, levandosi quella un'altra fiata su le penne, giuso in una valle portata, da gli occhi di quello si tolse.	But, [the dove] rising up once again on her feathers, having been carried down into a valley, left his sight.
Et esso, rallentata la corda del canto più de l'altre affaticata, mettesi a passeggiare accanto il fiume, tutto sopra di se, come penseroso, levandosi, non avendo ancora scorto lo mio maestro di là dal fiume, su la ripa del pane fresco agiatamente disteso.	And he, having slowed the chord of the song more worn than the others,* starts to stroll along the river raising himself all wrapped up in himself,* as though thoughtful, not having seen my master yet on the other side of the river, stretched out comfortably on the bank of fresh bread.
Ma vedutolo così sprovveduto, ritenne il passo e, tutto il viso in riso cangiatosi, cominciò ad interrogarlo in questo modo.	But having seen him so unexpectedly, he held back his step and with his whole face changed to a smile, he began to interrogate him in this way:
{p. 105} {R 266}	{p. 105} {R 266}
DIALOGO PRIMO.	First Dialog
LIMERNO ET MERLINO.	LIMERNO and MERLINO
LIMERNO. Che fai, Merlino?	LIMERNO. What are you doing, Merlin?
MERLINO. Empiomi lo magazzino. ²³	MERLINO. I'm filling my warehouse.
LIMERNO. Avantagiato mercadante sei tu; mangi tu forse?	LIMERNO. You're a lucky merchant; are you perhaps eating?
MERLINO. Non hai tu gli occhi da vederlo?	MERLINO. Don't you have eyes to see it?
LIMERNO. Ben veggio con gli occhi, ma non comprendo.	LIMERNO. I see well with my eyes but I don't understand.
MERLINO. Per qual cagione mi domandi tu adonca s'io mangio, non lo potendo chiaramente vedere?	MERLINO. Then why do you ask me if I am eating, [as though] you can't see it clearly?
LIMERNO. Io so che i fabri trattano solamente cose	LIMERNO. I know that smiths only deal with smiths'

²² Gloss: Ludit Amor sensus, oculos perstringit et aufert libertatem animi et mira nos fascinat arte. Bap. ("Love plays with our senses, grazes our eyes and carries away the freedom of our will and fascinates us with wondrous skill," Baptista Mantuanus, *Eclogues* 1.48-9, quote identified by Cordié p. 860.)

²³ Note: The activity alluded to seems ambiguous; Cordie notes a similar metaphor in *Orlandino* 8.59.4.

da fabri: laonde parrebbe mi cosa disusata e nova veder Merlino far altro che mangiare. ²⁴	things: therefore it seemed to me something new and unusual to see Merlin do something other than eat.
MERLINO. Io so ben far altro anchora.	MERLINO. I know how to do other things quite well too.
LIMERNO. Credolti troppo; ma che ne facci testé la prova, non molto mi cale.	LIMERNO. I believe it of you all too well, but that you are proving it just now doesn't concern me much.*
MERLINO. Perché così?	MERLINO. Why is that?
LIMERNO. Vi faressi sentire d'altro che zibetto e acqua nanfa.	LIMERNO. It would make you smell of other than civet and orange-blossom water.
MERLINO. È cosa naturale.	MERLINO. It's a natural thing.
LIMERNO. Via più asinale.	LIMERNO. More an ass thing.
MERLINO. Da quanto tempo in qua sei tu così delicato e schivoso divenuto? non ti fai (se mi rammento bene) chiamar Limerno?	MERLINO. When did you start getting so delicate and skittish? Don't you have yourself called, if I remember correctly, Limerno?
LIMERNO. Limerno son per certo.	LIMERNO. Indeed I am Limerno.
MERLINO. Limerno pitocco?	MERLINO. Limerno Pitocco?
LIMERNO. Io son pur desso.	LIMERNO. I am in fact he.
MERLINO. Dimmi adonca, Limerno pitocco, per qual cagione tu ti mostri ora tanto schivo e ritroso d'udir nominare quella cosa con cui lordamente hai sconcacato quel tuo <i>Orlandino</i> ?	MERLINO. Tell me then, Limerno Pitocco, why do you show yourself so bashful and shy now to hear that thing named with which you foully beshat your <i>Orlandino</i> ?
LIMERNO. Da te solo ne tolsi lo esempio, Merlino.	LIMERNO. I took my example in this only from you, Merlino.
{p. 106} {R 267}	{p. 106} {R 267}
MERLINO. E dove?	MERLINO. And from where?
LIMERNO. Ne la quinta phantasia del tuo volume. ²⁵	LIMERNO. In the fifth fantasy of your volume.
MERLINO. Più questo in un Zambello potevasi tollerare che in un cavallero e Paladino di Franza, e più col mio stile macaronico che col vostro tanto onorevole toscano.	MERLINO. One could better tolerate this in a Zambello than in a paladin and chevalier of France, and better with my Macaronic stile than with your very honorable Tuscan.
LIMERNO. Adoncha, se ben comprendo, appresso di te lo stile toscano è hauto in riverentia, che così onorevole lo chiami?	LIMERNO. Well then, if I understand correctly, the Tuscan style is held in reverence by you, since you call it honorable?
MERLINO. Perché no?	MERLINO. Why not?
LIMERNO. Che ne so io? mi pare di stranio ch'un huomo macaronesco voglia magnificare l'eloquenza toscana.	LIMERNO. What do I know? It seems strange to me that a Macaronic man would want to lavish praise on Tuscan eloquence.

²⁴ Gloss: Tractant fabrilis fabri. Iu. ("Tradesmen deal with tools of the trade," Juvenal, but perhaps Horace, *Epistles*, Book 2, 1.116.) Renda changed the author of the quote from Juvenal to Horace; Horace makes the point that in other fields only the skilled practice, but that all of us, learned or not, write poems, "indocti doctique."

²⁵ Note: Dantesque reference to an episode in his own *Baldus*, in which Cingar convinces Zambello that he can sell human waste for good money, Book 5 in T 1521, in final version, 7.469-613.

MERLINO. La cagione?	MERLINO. Why is that?
LIMERNO. Perché lo bove si rallegra nel suo puzzo. ²⁶	LIMERNO. Because the ox is happy in his own stink.
MERLINO. Et a te quanto la lingua toscana viene in gratia? in che openione l'hai tu?	MERLINO. And how much do you revere the Tuscan language? In what opinion do you hold it?
LIMERNO. Sopra tutte le altre quella reputo degna, laudo, magnifico, e contra li Dettratori di essa virilmente lei deffendo; che, quando talhora per sotto queste ombre mi trovo le belle rime del mio Francescho petrarca haver in mano overo quella fontana eloquentissima del Boccaccio, uscisco, leggendo, fora di me stesso, devengone un sasso, un legno, una fantasma, per soverchia meraviglia di cotanta dottrina.	LIMERNO. Above all the others, I deem that language worthy, I praise, exalt and defend it vigorously against all its detractors; because when under these shades I find that I have in hand the poetry of my Francesco Petrarca, or that fountain of eloquence, Boccaccio, I lose myself in them, and I become a stone, a log, a phantasm, due to excessive amazement at so much learning.
Qual più elegante verso, limato, pieno e sonoro di quello del Petrarca si può leggere? qual prosa oratione si può eguagliare di dottrina, di arte, di argutia, di proprietade a quella del facondissimo Boccaccio?	What more elegant verse, polished, full and sonorous than that of Petrarca can one read? What prose oration can one compare in learning, in art, in wit, in propriety, to that of the very prolific Boccaccio?
Dilché io reputo gli huomini litterati, li quali nulla delectatione di questa lingua si pigliano, essere non pur di lei ma di cortesia, gentilezza et humanitade privi.	For this reason, I deem literary men who take no delight in this language to be devoid, not just of [the language], but of gentility, kindness and humanity.
MERLINO. E quali sono questi Dettratori di essa?	MERLINO. And who are these detractors of it?
LIMERNO. Alquanti persianisti pedaghogi o pedantuzzi.	LIMERNO. Some little pedants or esoteric pedagogues.
MERLINO. Che cosa dicono?	MERLINO. What are they saying?
LIMERNO. Cotesta lingua essere cagione di lasciar la romana.	LIMERNO. This language is the reason for leaving the Roman one.
MERLINO. Et io nel numero di costoro mi rallegro essere, che di te e d'altri toi simili ignoranti maravigliomi, li quali, non intendendo dramma de la tulliana facondia e gravitade virgiliana, vi sete totalmente affisi et adescati al quinci, quindi, Teste, Altresi, Chiunque, Unquanco, Altronde, et altri dal toscano usitati vocaboli.	MERLINO. And I am happy to be among their number, as I marvel at you and at other ignoramuses like you, who, not understanding one iota of Ciceronian fecundity or Virgilian gravity, have completely fixatton and gotten seduced by "hither and thither," "just now," "likewise," "whoever," "not as yet," "nonetheless" and other vocabulary used by a Tuscan.
{p. 108} {R 268}	{p. 108} {R 268}
LIMERNO. A volto di tavolazzo, ubriaco che tu ti sei, presumi tu forse di tanta sufficientia essere che tu poscia la sublimitade de la toscana lingua diminuire?	LIMERNO. Ah, buckler-face, drunkard that you are, do you perhaps presume to be of such adequacy that you can diminish the Tuscan language?
MERLIN. A, muso di giottone e forca che tu ti sei, ardisci tu dunque cotanto lodare lo stile	MERLIN. Ah, pig's snout and gallow's bird that you are, do you thus dare to praise so greatly the

²⁶ Gloss: Bos gaudet in stercore suo. (The ox revels in his poop.)

petrarchesco e boccacciano, che la romana eloquentia, non essendo da te nominata, da te riporti infamia?	Petrarchan and Boccaccian style, that Roman eloquence, since it is not named by you, is insulted by you?
LIMERNO. Tu ne menti molto bene, che non biasmo io la romana lingua.	LIMERNO. You're lying about that really well, because I am not criticizing the Roman language.
MERLINO. Tu ne stramenti molto più, che, mentre innalzi quella troppo, questa abbassi e deonesti molto. ²⁷	MERLINO. You're a much bigger liar, because, while you raise that [Tuscan] language too much, you greatly lower and dishonor this one.
LIMERNO. De', vedi cotesto poetuzzo macaronesco in che modo non pur Giudice ma Advocato di Tullio e Virgilio da se medemo si costituisce.	LIMERNO. Well, look at how this little Macaronic poet presents himself not just as the judge but also as the defender of Cicero and Vergil.
MERLINO. De', mira cotesto zaratano lombarduzzo come si mette al rischio di saper ragionar toscano, ove egli non men si affà d'un Asino a la Lira.	MERLINO. Well, look at how this little Lombard charlatan ventures to know how to sound Tuscan where he is no less suited than an ass to a lyre.*
LIMERNO. Che zaratano? che lombarduzzo? Come se un conte di Scandiano, un Ludovico Ariosto, un Thebaldeo, un Lelio, un Molza et altri molti valenthuomini non fussero in Lombardia nasciuti. ²⁸	LIMERNO. What charlatan? what little Lombard? As if a [Boiardo] Count of Scandiano, a Ludovico Ariosto, a Tebaldeo, a Lelio, a Molza and many other great men were not born in Lombardy.
MERLINO. Non sei tu già del numero loro?	MERLINO. Surely you are not in their rank?
LIMERNO. Desidro esserne: onde ogni mio studio è di, se non eguarmi, almanco appressarmi a loro.	LIMERNO. I desire to be: whence my every effort is to, if not make myself equal, at least come close to them.
MERLINO. Molto luntano tu li vai.	MERLINO. You go very far from them.
LIMERNO. Lo bon'animo non vi manca, ma tu come hai bene osservato le divine vestigia di Virgilio in quel tuo perdimento di tempo?	LIMERNO. Not for a lack of good intentions; but you, how well did you observe the divine vestiges of Vergil in that waste of time of yours.
MERLINO. Quale?	MERLINO. Which?
LIMERNO. Quel tuo volume dico, nel cui sobbietto le prodezze de non so chi Baldo cachi e canti.	LIMERNO. I mean that volume of yours, in whose subject the great deeds of some Baldo or other you crap and chant.
MERLINO. Quanto al cantare non ho io già da imitare Virgilio, quando che del mio idioma, lo quale sopra tutti li altri appresso di me vien reputato nobile, io non mi tengna haver superiore alcuno; ma quanto al cacare, non voglioti rispondere altrimenti, perché, se ne l'opera mia son stato io sin a li galoni in quella tal materia puzzolente, tu, Limerno mio, sin a gli occhi ti vi sei lordamente voltato, però, lasciamo, pregoti, questo soprabbondevole ragionamento in	MERLINO. As for chanting, I don't need to imitate Vergil, since in my idiom, which is deemed noble above all the others in my vicinity, I don't believe I have any one superior [to me]; but as for crapping, I don't want to answer you at all because if in my works I was up to my stripes in such smelly stuff as that, you, my dear Limerno, rolled around in it filthily up to your eyes; but, I beg you, let's leave this overblown argument aside, as in any case you and I

²⁷ Gloss: Saepe ab unius laude alterius vituperatio dependet. (Often vituperation of one depends on praise of another.)

²⁸ Note: The first two of these writers are the famous authors of chivalric epics Boiardo, Count of Scandiano (1441-1494), the *Orlando innamorato*, and Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1535) the *Orlando furioso*; the remaining three are poets known for both Italian and Latin works: Tebaldeo (1463-1537), Lelio Gregorio Giraldi (1479-1552), and Francesco Maria Molza (1489-1544).

disparte, che tu et io habbiamo in ogni modo strabocchevolmente errato.	have erred exorbitantly.
{R 269} {1527 p. 109}	{R 269} {1527 p. 109}
LIMERNO. Io tolsi lo nome solamente di Pitocco per dire un tratto lo mio concetto.	LIMERNO. I only took the name Pitocco in order to state my idea straight away.*
MERLINO. Et al soggetto, qual è quello, non accascava se non malagevolmente il nome di Pitocco, et anco dedicarlo a un signore non si doveva.	MERLINO. And as for the subject, such as it is, the name of Pitocco (Beggar) wasn't suited except imperfectly, and besides, you should not have dedicated it to a lord.
LIMERNO. Orsù dunque, lasciamo, Merlino caro, le dette tra noi ingiurie, e siamo amighi come prima. ²⁹	LIMERNO. Oh come now, dear Merlin, let's set aside the insults spoken between us, and let's be friends as before.
MERLINO. Fa' come ti pare.	MERLINO. Do as you please.
LIMERNO. Ma vorrei da te una grazia sola, caro mio Cocaio, impetrare: non mi la negare (pregoti) se 'l bottazzo non mai ti si parte dal galone.	LIMERNO. But I would like to ask one favor of you, my dear Cocaio: don't deny me this, I beg you, may the jug never leave your side.
MERLINO. Tu non poi fallire di domandarmi, che a me starà poi (parendomi) darti.	MERLINO. You cannot fail to ask me, since then it will be up to me to give it to you (if I want to).*
LIMERNO. Non ti voler più oltra con esso meco turbare se un mio concetto, hauto già molti mesi, hora sono per scopirti...	LIMERNO. I don't wish to disturb you any longer with this [thing] of mine since I am now about to reveal to you a concept of mine, which I've had for many months.
MERLINO. Con la lingua di' pur ciò che ti pare, ma tacciano sopra tutto le mani.	MERLINO. With your tongue say whatever you want to, but above all let yours hands stay quiet.
LIMERNO. Non vi è pericolo, mediante fra noi lo flume, di conflitto alcuno, Merlino caro. Ma taci, (prego) non odi?	LIMERNO. There's no danger of any conflict, with the river between us, dear Merlin. But be quiet, please, don't you hear?
Conosco la dotta mano, conosco lo novo Amphione, conosco lo mio Marco Antonio, o mirabilissimo musico, che ben quella virtude a la gentilezza d'un tal animo degnamente conviene. ³⁰	I recognize the learned hand, I recognize the new Amphion, I recognize my Marc Antony, oh most admirable musician, for indeed that virtuosity is laudably well suited to the gentility of such a spirit.
Non odi tu lo accomodatissimo ricercare d'un Lauto? Costui discese da Vinegia, di tutta Italia nutrice.	Don't you hear the most melodious exploration of a lute? He came down from Venice, nurturer of all Italy.
Egli per doi giorni s'è dignato qui fra noi dimorare. ³¹	He has deigned to stay with us for two days.
Hor ascoltamolo, ti prego: egli anchora non ci ha veduto, e men voglio che ci lasciamo da lui vedere,	Now let us listen to him, I beg you: he still hasn't seen us, and I don't want us to let ourselves be seen

²⁹ Gloss: Bacchus et Amor, crapula et vanitas, osculatae sunt. (Bacchus and Love, intoxication and foolishness, have kissed; Cordié cites Psalms, 84.11, p. 864.)

³⁰ Note: Amphion, son of Zeus, when building the walls of Thebes was able to move stones with his lyre. The musician Marco Antonio could be singer and organist Marc Antonio Cavazzoni (c.1490-1570), a friend (or acquaintance) of Adrian Willaert.

³¹ Gloss: Biduo tantum in vanitatis loco retentus est. (He is held only two days in that place of foolishness.)

accìo lo rispetto suo verso de noi cessare no 'l faccia da si dolce impresa.	by him so that the respect he has for us does not make him cease from such a sweet task.
{1527 p. 110} {R 270}	{1527 p. 110} {R 270}
Al ciel hor triunfando spiego l'ale, ³² Non ho di sorte ch'io più tema l'onte, Da poi ch'anti si altera e degna fronte Ragiono, et ella udirmi assai le cale; E perché del suo nome alto immortale Alzar più non potrei le note conte, Scrissile in capo de' miei versi al Monte, Dove salir vorrei con più alte schale. ³³	Triumphantly now I spread my wings to the heavens, I no longer have cause to fear offense, since I converse before such a proud and worthy brow and it is quite happy to hear me. And because I could not raise the known notes of his lofty immortal name any higher, I wrote them at the beginning of my verses at the top of the mount, where I would like to climb with higher steps.
Gloria del mondo non che d'un sol stato Regna costui, ch'ai fatti egregi e' ad essa Integra forma ogni mortal eccede. Turchi, Mori, Tedeschi, e d'ogni lato Vien gente al grido; e mentre l'ode e vede, Sovra la fama esser il ver confessa.	He reigns as the glory of the world not just of one state, because as to egregious deeds he exceeds every mortal on this whole globe.* Turks, Moors, Germans, and from all sides people come to the cry, and while they hear and see him, he professes the truth to be above fame.*
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
A l'Eccellentia e magnanimitade d'un cotal Principe meglior tuba, che lo sollevi e innalzi, non si potria giammai trovare di questa. E se d'intender brami lo nome del lodato Signore, li capoversi del cantato sonetto chiaramente quello ti appresentano. Ma ecco si move a dirne appresso, stà queto.	For the excellence and magnanimity of such a prince, one could never find a better trumpet than this that raises and lifts him. And if you desire to understand the name of the lord praised, the first letters of the sonnet sung clearly present him to you. But look, he is about to say something more, be quiet.
Voi che soavi accenti, alte parole, Rime leggiadre e pronti sensi ognhora Impetrate dal ciel, dhe perch'un'ora Ei non m'enspira esser di vostra prole?	You who at all times entreat from the heavens soft tones, lofty words, lovely rhymes and ready senses, oh, why doesn't he inspire me to be of your breed for an hour?
Direi che d'un tal Principe non sòle Già 'l mondo esser adorno, il qual honora Non pur Vineggia bella, ma di fora Le genti sotto l'uno e l'altro Sole.	I would say that the world is not used to being adorned by such a prince, who honors not just beautiful Venice but the peoples beyond under the one and the other sun.
Cantate 'l dunque voi, che a me se diede Benigna udienza, onde lieto ringrazio L'inclita sua Vertù, l'atto gentile, ³⁴	Sing it therefore -- the gentle act -- because if he gives me a sympathetic audience, for which I happily thank his celebrated virtue,

³² ACROSTICS: ANDREAS D GRITUS. Andrea Gritti, 1454-1538, was a famous general and then a doge of Venice.

³³ Gloss: Proprium huius principis prudentia est. (Wisdom is a characteristic of this prince.)

Quanto più voi di dire havrete spazio, Ma ben v'annuncio che stolt'è chi crede Poter tant'alto porger human stile.	you will have much more time to talk, but indeed I declare to you that foolish is the person who thinks he/she can carry human style so high.*
{1527 p. 112} {R 271}	{1527 p. 112} {R 271}
LIMERNO [e MERLINO]	LIMERNO [and MERLINO]
LIMERNO. Hor ecco, Merlino, che a tempo questo gentil Musico porsemi bona cagione di dirti lo già mio promesso a te concetto.	LIMERNO. See here, Merlin, that right on time this gentle musician has offered me good grounds for telling you that idea of mine I'd promised you.
Per qual dunque ragione tu, homai attempato, di questo tuo paese di Carossa, paese dico da ubriachi, parassiti, lurconi, crapuloni, hoggi mai non ti svelli? perché pur ancho vi dimori tu? ³⁵	For what reason then don't you (older now) tear yourself away today from your country of Intoxication, a country, I mean, of drunks, parasites, gluttons and tipplers? Why do you still dwell here?*
Qual foggia di vita potrai tu forse in questa regione de Lupi adoperare, la quale posciati con la utilidade insieme recarti qualche honorevol fama in questo mondo e removerti finalmente quel nome di Cocaio; nome, dico, di somma leggerezza, si come il nome di Pitocco ancor io spero di lasciare? ³⁶	What style of life could you possibly adopt in this region of wolves, which could earn you any honorable fame in this world, together with usefulness, and remove from you at last the name of Cociao, a name, I mean, of great lightness -- just as I still hope to set aside the name of Pitocco?
MERLINO. De l'honorevol fama tanta io me ne acquisto col mio botiro e lardo, quanto tu con quelli toi zibetti e ambracani.	MERLINO. I acquire as much praiseworthy fame with my butter and lard as you do with your civets and musk.
Ma de l'utilidade io t'ho saggiamente da rispondere: niuna cosa essere più utile che 'l mangiare e bere.	But as for usefulness, I have a practical reply for you: there is nothing more useful than eating and drinking.
Non dicoti le antiche giande da tutti lodate e non toccate se non da' Porci, anzi parlo di questi miei delicatissimi liquori, ove la vera e dritta via di ben	I am not talking about those acorns of old praised by everyone and touched by no one except pigs, rather, I am talking about these most delicate liqueurs of

³⁴ Gloss: Summus locus bene regitur, quum is qui praeest vitiis potius quam populo dominatur. (The greatest place is ruled well, when he who is in charge is dominated by vices rather than by the multitude/ by the multitude rather than by vices.)* A similar sentence appears in a *Life of the Venerable Arnesti* [Ernst of Pardubitz, first Archbishop of Prague, c.1297-1364] written by Wilhelm von Lestkow of Wissegrad, where the discussion is of vice: "Tunc enim summus locus bene regitur dum is qui praeest vitiis potius quam fratribus dominatur" (In fact then the least place is well guided as long as the one who takes the lead is ruled rather than by vice, by brothers), *Vita Arnesti, Fontes rerum austriacarum, Oesterreichische Geschichts-Quellen*, (Vienna, Royal and State Press, 1865), part 1, vol. 6, p. 11. But ultimately it may be a borrowing from Pope Gregory I, *Liber regulae pastoralis*, part 2 chap. 6, and from his letter to John of Constantinople (*Epistolae*, Bk 1, 25).

³⁵ Gloss: Crapula. (Intoxication.)

³⁶ Note: *cocai* (cf. Italian *cocchiume*, *gucchiume*) means bottle stopper, so is light, like cork; by transference *cocai* also means the opening of a bottle; *pitocco* means beggar, from Greek *ptochos*.

vivere già molti anni passati mi ricondusse.	mine, where the right and true path of good living already led me back many years ago.
LIMERNO. Qual immortalade di animo vi conseguì tu per bere o mangiare?	LIMERNO. What immortality of the soul do you attain by drinking and eating?*
MERLINO. Hor come potrai tu, grossolano che tu ti sei, vivere senza queste due parti?	MERLINO. Well, how will you be able to live, boor that you are, without these two parts?
LIMERNO. Anzi tu vivi alhora sol per mangiare, e questa è vita bestiale.	LIMERNO. But then you are living only to eat and this is a beast's life.
MERLINO. Vah diavolo. Vivi tu forse senza mangiare?	MERLINO. To hell with you! Do you perhaps live without eating?
LIMERNO. Ben mangio, ma sol per vivere.	LIMERNO. Of course I eat, but only to live.
MERLINO. Et io vivo per mangiare.	MERLINO. And I live to eat.
LIMERNO. Grandissima differentia è cotesta.	LIMERNO. That's a huge difference.
MERLINO. Anzi è una istessa cosa, ma non la comprendi.	MERLINO. On the contrary it's the same thing, but you don't understand it.
LIMERNO. Ben io la conosco, che assai ti fora meglio mangiare per vivere che vivere per mangiare.	LIMERNO. I know very well that it would be a lot better for you to eat to live than to live to eat.
MERLINO. Et io quell'istesso ti replico: che meglio sarebbeti mangiare per smaltire che smaltire per mangiare.	MERLINO. And I answer you in kind: that it would be better to eat in order to digest than to digest in order to eat.
LIMERNO. Qual fama, qual gloria, qual immortalade ne haverai poi? non ti reuscirebbe meglio mangiar per vivere e, vivendo acquistarti perpetuitade di gloria?	LIMERNO. What fame, what glory, what immortality will you get from that? Wouldn't it be better for you to eat in order to live, and by living acquire everlasting glory?
{1527 p. 113} {R 272}	{1527 p. 113} {R 272}
MERLINO. Di qual gloria intendi tu?	MERLINO. What sort of glory do you mean?
LIMERNO. Di questo mondo.	LIMERNO. Of this world.
MERLINO. Aspettava che mi parlassi del cielo.	MERLINO. I was expecting you to speak to me of heaven.
LIMERNO. Mi pensi tu forse così pazzo ch' io creda sopra la Luna?	LIMERNO. Do you think I'm so crazy that I believe beyond the moon?
MERLINO. Et io di te assai manco credo; volendo una fiata salir un arbore di fico ad empirmene de le sue frutta, per mia sventura venendovi abbasso, ruppimi una spalla, onde da l'hora in qua non ho mai voluto più credere sin a l'altezza de li arbori. Ma qual è questa gloria del Mondo c'hai detto?	MERLINO. And I believe even less than you; once when I wanted to climb a fig tree in order to stuff myself with its fruit, unfortunately for me, while coming down, I broke my shoulder, and so since then I have no longer wanted to believe as far as the height of the trees. But what is this earthly glory you mentioned?
LIMERNO. Innamorati, raccendati, affocati, impazzisceti di qualche bella Donna.	LIMERNO. Fall in love, ignite, burst into flames and go crazy for some beautiful woman!
MERLINO. Con Diavolo impazzirmi, d'òlti forse d'essere solo pazzo che me in compagnia cerchi di haver ancora?	MERLINO. Like hell I'll go crazy: does it perhaps bother you to be crazy all alone, so that you keep trying to have my company?*

Ben doppia saria cotesta mattezza, che io homai vecchio ribambito mi cacciassi in cotal impresa. E quando pur io lo facessi, qual fama onorevole (come hai tu detto) ne conseguisco poi?	This would indeed be a double madness, that already old and doddering, I would throw myself into such an enterprise. And even if I were to do it, what praiseworthy fame, as you said, would I then attain?
LIMERNO. O dolce, o soave mattezza di questo tenero Cupidine, lo quale di tanta virtude si rende ne gli amanti cagione. ³⁷	LIMERNO. Oh sweet, oh lovely madness of this tender Cupid, who gives cause for such virtuosity in lovers.*
Voglio primeramente che a grande contento siati lo gir non pur de fini e strafoggiati panni ma de costumi e gesti lascivi ornato; perfomarti le mani, lo viso, le labbra, li capelli sovente di Zibetto, Muschio et altri unguenti con acque di grato odore, sforzarti di sapere ogni arte, ogni astuzietta con qualche simulata inventione di farti o pur conservarti grato a la tua Madonna, non perdonar a la borsa in feste, danze, conviti, notturne, mattinate e qualche dono per truzzimani a lei celatamente dricciato.	First of all, I want you to take great joy in going around adorned not only in refined and very stylish clothes, but with lascivious habits and gestures, to perfume your hands, face, lips and hair regularly with civet, musk and other unguents with waters of pleasing scents; force yourself to know every art, every little ploy with some sham invention to make you or to keep you pleasing to your lady; not spare your purse in parties, dances, banquets, soirées, matinées and gifts directed her way secretly by means of go-betweenes.
Ma sopra tutto per il sprono e dolce incarco di questo amoroso affetto tu sempre haverai lo componer arguti versi pronto e dilettevole; laonde voglio che totalmente a la Musica vocale tu ti abbandoni, cantando le cortesie, gli sdegni, gli atti, le parole, o in lira o in lauto o in altro soave strumento, del la tua diva. ³⁸	But above all, for the goad and sweet charge of this amorous affection, you will always have the ready and enjoyable composition of clever verses;* therefore I want you to abandon yourself completely to vocal music, singing the favors, the rebuffs, the actions, the words, either on a lyre or a lute or on some other gentle instrument of your lady friend.
{1527 p. 114} {R 273}	{1527 p. 114} {R 273}
MERLINO. Non mi fa mistiero lo già perfettamente imparato imparare di nuovo. Pensi tu forse, o Limerno, ch'io non sappia le passioni di quello Arciero, per cui già tanto cantai c' hora ne son roco e imbolsito?	MERLINO. It's pointless to learn what I've already learned perfectly well. O Limerno, do you really think that I do not know the passions of that archer, for whom I have already sung so much that now I am raucous and worn down.
LIMERNO. Troppo til credo, che 'l fiasco per soverchio bere consuma un corpo. ³⁹	LIMERNO. I believe you all too well, because due to immoderate drinking, the flask consumes the body.
MERLINO. Anzi lo bere fa bona et espedita voce.	MERLINO. On the contrary, drinking makes your voice good and ready.

³⁷ Gloss: Vanitas instruit Crapulam. (Vanity teaches intoxication.)

³⁸ Gloss: Delectatione opus perficitur. (The work is executed with delight.)

³⁹ Gloss: Copia vini et tentat gressus debilitatque/ pedes. Virg. ("An abundance of wine tries the step and lames the feet"; from an epigram attributed to Vergil.) [Robert Walpole cites a 1608 edition of Vergil's works, "Nec Veneris, nec tu capiaris amore;/ uno namque modo vino Venusque nocent./Ut Venus enervat vires, sic copia Bacchi,/ et tentat gressu debilitatque pedes..."]*

LIMERNO. Et ancho li quattro fa parerti otto. Ma dimmi: soni tu d'altro instrumento che di fiasco?	LIMERNO. And it also makes four look like eight. But tell me, do you play any other instrument besides the flask?
MERLINO. Ecco lo sacco.	MERLINO. Here's the sack.
LIMERNO. Per la croce di Dio, tu dei essere un Boia.	LIMERNO. By the cross of God, you must be an executioner.
MERLINO. Che vol dir Boia?	MERLINO. What's an executioner?
LIMERNO. Un mastro di giustitia, al quale si dà per sua mercede tre libre di piccioli e un sacco.	LIMERNO. A master of justice to whom one gives for his payment three pounds of pigeons and a sack.
MERLINO. Ma non gli danno però la piva drento.	MERLINO. But they don't give him the pipe inside.
LIMERNO. Tu dunque vi tieni drento la piva?	LIMERNO. You though, you hold the pipe there inside?
MERLINO. Eccola.	MERLINO. Here it is.
LIMERNO. Gonfia, ti prego.	LIMERNO. Blow, I beg you!
MERLINO. <i>Lirum bi lirum...</i> Vuoi ch'io ti mostri s'io so meglio di te cantare?	MERLINO. <i>Lirum bi lirum...</i> Do you want me to show you whether I know how to sing better than you?
LIMERNO. Aspetta, prego, ch'io prima dirò ne la Cetra, e tu con la piva mi succederai.	LIMERNO. Wait, I beg you, so I will speak first on the lyre, and you will follow me with the pipe.
MERLINO. Io ne son molto ben contento. Ma dimmi in lombardo stile, che non t'intenderei toscano.	MERLINO. I am really very happy about this. But tell me in Lombard style because I wouldn't understand Tuscan.
LIMERNO. Farollo veramente. Odi un Hendecasillabo del Sonno:	LIMERNO. Indeed I will do that. Hear a hendecasyllable [poem] on sleep:
Huc, huc, noctivage pater tenebrae; Huc, Som...	"Come here, father of night-flying shadows, come, slee..."
MERLINO. Taci lo. Questo mi par latino, e non Lombardo. ⁴⁰	MERLINO. Keep it quiet. This one seems to me Latin and not Lombard.
LIMERNO. Anzi e' lombardi fanno pessimamente, partendosi elli da gli antiqui soi maestri di lingua latina, quando che lo materno parlare tanto rozzo e barbaro gli sia. Onde s'io considero chi di Mantoa, chi di Verona e altri luoghi di Lombardia nacque, dirò che 'l proprio parlare de' Lombardi saria lo Latino. ⁴¹	LIMERNO. In fact the Lombards are really making a mistake by departing from their age-old masters of the Latin language, given that their maternal speech is so rough and barbaric.* Hence, if I reflect on who is born in Mantua, Verona and other places in Lombardy, I'll say that the proper speech of Lombards would be Latin.

⁴⁰ Note: One of many echoes of Dante's *Divine Comedy*: 1.27.33, "Parli tu, questi è latino."

⁴¹ Gloss: Virgilio. Catullo. Plinio. (Vergil. Catullus. Pliny.)

MERLINO. Hor ben conosco che sei huomo vano e smemorato, c'horà contradici a la openione tua innanzi detta. ⁴² Anzi, lo proprio de' lombardi è lo barbaro, da' longobardi derivato; ma di' meglio, forsennato che tu ti sei, che 'l proprio idioma de gli abitatori di Lombardia sarebbe lo latino, perche Lombardia non fu Lombardia se non dapoi che i longobardi la barbarie così del parlare come de' costumi portarono in quelle parti.	MERLINO. Now I see clearly that you are an idle and forgetful man, since now you contradict the opinion you expressed earlier. In fact the proper language of the Lombards is the barbaric, derived from the <i>Longobards</i> , but you should more correctly say (half-wit that you are) that the proper idiom of the inhabitants of Lombardy would be Latin, because Lombardy was not Lombardy until after the <i>longobards</i> brought to those parts the barbarism of their speech as well as their customs.
{R 274} {1527 p. 116}	{R 274} {1527 p. 116}
Li costumi se ne sono in sua malora partiti, e lo parlare vi è restato; e però confermarotti quello che già sopra dissi: che tu, essendo lombardo, più presto avezzarti doveressi a la paterna tua lingua latina che a la pellegrina a te toscana, che molto più di fama e gloria conseguiranno per lo avvenire li scrittori latini che li toscani, quantunque hoggidi a molti lo contrario appaia, Servando però sempre la dignitate de la mia macaronesca.	The customs have gone to their ruin, and the speech remained there; and yet I will demonstrate to you what I already said above, that you, being a Lombard, should more quickly get accustomed to your father tongue than the Tuscan which for you is foreign, because, in the future, the Latin writers will confer much greater glory and fame than the Tuscan, even though today it seems to many the contrary – while, preserving forever, however, the dignity of my Macaronesque [language].
Hor dunque, mentre io m'apparecchio responderti, di' suso quel tuo promesso Hendicasillabo: o latino o lombardo che si sia, non voglio di cotesto più teco disputare.	So then now, while I get ready to reply to you, speak up your promised hendecasyllable [poem]: whether it be Latin or Lombard, I don't wish to dispute this with you any longer.
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
Huc, huc, Noctivage pater tenebrae, Huc, Somne, huc, placidae sator quietis Morpheu, huc, insiliens meis ocellis Amplexusque thorum cuba, aut pererra Totum hoc populeo madens liquore Corpus, tum gelidum bibens papaver. Hinc hinc mordicus intimis medullis Haerentes abeant, cadant ve curae, Ut grato superum fruar sopore, Mox grates superis feram diurnas.	Come here, here, father of night-flying shadows; come here, Sleep; come here, Morpheus, originator of calm rest; come here, leaping into my little eyes and the embrace of my bed, lie down, or wander about wetting my whole body with the liqueur of the poplar, drinking the icy poppy after that. Away, away -- may all the worries clinging tenaciously to my innermost marrow go away and die, so that I might enjoy those above with pleasurable slumber; shortly I will bring to those above diurnal gratitude.
MERLINUS	MERLINUS

⁴² Gloss: Proprium vanitatis. (A characteristic of vanity.)*

<p>Post vernazzi flui sugum Botazzi, Post Corsi tenerum Greghique trinchum, Et roccam cerebri capit fumana, Et sguerzae obtenebrant caput Chimaerae. O dulcis bibulo quies Todesco, Seu feno recubat canente naso, Seu terrae iaceat sonante culo. Mox panzae decus est tirare pellem, Mos est sic Asino Bovique grasso.</p>	<p>After the juice of a barrel of <i>vernaccia</i> is flowing, after a tender drink of Corsican or Greek, then a river captures the fortress of the brain and one-eyed Chimeras obscure the head. O sweet sleep of the sodden German, whether he might recline in the hay with a singing nose or lie on the ground with a resounding butt. It is fitting now to stretch taut the belly's skin, such is the habit of the fat ox and ass.</p>
{R 275} {1527 p. 117}	{R 275} {1527 p. 117}
LIMERNO E MERLINO	LIMERNO and MERLINO
LIMERNO. Ha, ha, ha, tu mi rumpi de le risa il petto con questa tua gentil Camena. Veridico Philosopho ben fu quello che disse lo Ranocchio non sapersi comportare del suo fango fora.	LIMERNO. Hah, hah, hah. You are splitting my chest with laughter with this fine Muse of yours. Truthful indeed was the philosopher who said that the frog away from his mud doesn't know how to act.
MERLINO. Non mi dar piglio a la coda, Limerno, ch'io so meglio mordere che tu pigliare.	MERLINO. Don't yank my chain, Limerno, because I am better at biting than you are at yanking.
LIMERNO. Non ti addirare, prego, che d'addirarti causa non è, già cotal proverbio non dissi per biasmo tuo, anzi contra me solo volsi accennare, che via più sono manco agevole a dir latino che toscano.	LIMERNO. Don't get angry, please, I assure you, there's no reason to get angry: I didn't recite that proverb just now in order to scold you, on the contrary, I intended to refer only to myself, since more and more I am less at ease speaking Latin than Tuscan.
MERLINO. Et io similmente trovomi essere manco idonio ad ascoltare toscano che Bergamasco, e questo men aggradiscemi del Romano o voi latino. Dilche se hai pur a dirne più, ecco ai numeri latini mille orecchie ti spalanco e sbaratto.	MERLINO. And I likewise find myself less suited to hearing Tuscan than Bergamasco, and the latter is less pleasing to me than Roman, or if you prefer, Latin. If you have more to say, go ahead and say it – here, I open wide and surrender a thousand ears to Latin verse.
LIMERNO. Di qual nome fassi degno, Merlino mio, un uomo che ingrato sia?	LIMERNO. By what name does a man make himself worthy, my dear Merlin, who is an ingrate?
MERLINO. Dilli ragionevolmente Bestia.	MERLINO. You justly call him Beast.
LIMERNO. Così da bestia te ne voglio trattare uno, hor odi.	LIMERNO. So this is why I want to treat you like a beast, now listen:
<p>Iam geris humanos necquicquam, perfide, vultus, Iam cole cum nemorum stirpe, ferine, nemus, Immemor accepti qui muneris infremis instar Bellvae, et in nostram saevis, inique, fidem.</p>	<p>Already, traitor, you wear human faces in vain; you wild animal, you inhabit the forest with the tribe of the forest; unmindful of the gifts you have received, you bellow like an animal and rage against our faith,</p>

Prodis amicitiae foedus, nec te pudor ullus Arguit, i, pete (vir non eris inde) feras. ⁴³	foe! You betray the pact of friendship, and yet no blush accuses you; go, seek out (after that you won't be a man) wild beasts.
Chiamavasi costui per nome Urbano; e male convenivagli veramente, che mai nè il più scortese nè il più rozzo nè il più aspro si puote vedere di lui fra quante ville di Padoa o Vicenza si trovano.	This fellow was called by the name Urban, which really did not suit him, because one can never see anyone ruder, coarser or rougher than he among all the villas found in Padua or Vicenza.
Del quale fu già composto quella similitudine contraria:	About whom was already composed that contrary simile:
Lucus luce carens nomen de luce recepit, Bellum, quod Bellum sit minus, inde venit, Hinc quoque te Urbanum merito appellamus, ut isto Nomine rusticitas sit tua nota magis. ⁴⁴	A copse lacking light receives its name from light; warfare which is not fair at all derives from in. Hence we also justly call you Urban, so that with this name, your rusticity will be better known.
{R 276} {1527 p. 119}	{R 276} {1527 p. 119}
Dhe pregoti, amantissimo Merlino lasciami ch'io canti di Amore in toscano idioma, che veramente non so io più che dirti latino.	Oh, I pray you, most beloved Merlin, let me sing of Love in the Tuscan language, for I really do not know what else Latin to say to you.
MERLINO. Non lo farò io giammai, tu canti a me e non a te.	MERLINO. That I will never do: you are singing to me not to yourself.
LIMERNO. Non voglio per niuna guisa esserti ritroso; e perché di cotesta materia latina ho molta penuria, e tu vi hai pur piantato ostinatamente lo chiedo ch'io non debbia se non latinamente cantare, non mi ritraggo a dirti alquanti versi da me anchor fanciullino composti, trovandomi su quello di Ferrara in certa villa, mandatovi da mio padre per imparare lettere appresso d'un prete lo quale molti scolari teneva soggetti, e più li belli che li brutti; nel qual luogo, per corruttela di grosso aere, soprabbondavano tante bische, Rane, Zenzale e Pipastrelli, che uno inferno mi pareva di tormentatori.	LIMERNO. I don't want to be reserved with you in any way; and both because I have a great dearth of this Latin material, and because moreover you've been hammering obstinately at the nail that I should only sing "Latinly," I won't hold back from reciting to you some verses composed by me when I was still a young boy, finding myself in a certain villa in that area around Ferrara, sent there by my father in order to learn letters at the home of a priest who held many students subject, and more the handsome than the homely; in which place, due to a corruption of the filthy air, there abounded so many snakes, frogs, mosquitoes and bats that it seemed an inferno of tormentors.
Laonde, ritrovandomi ogni sera in guisa d'un Lazzaro	Wherefore, finding myself every night like a

⁴³ Note: Catullus used the expression *foedus amicitiae* to describe his relationship with Lesbia, "aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae" (this eternal pact of holy friendship), *Carmine*, 109; *prodis amicitiae foedus* can also mean "you come forth filthy from friendship."

⁴⁴ Note: Word play with *lucus* (grove), *luce* (light) and *bellum* (war), *bellus* (beautiful). Urban could be a penis.

mendico tutto da le punture di quelli volatili animaluzzi impiagato, cosi al mio Maestro puerilmente recitai:	mendicant Lazarus wounded all over by the punctures of those little flying creatures, I thus recited childishly to my master:
LIMERNUS	LIMERNUS
O mihi Pieriis liceat demergier undis, O veniat votis dexter Apollo meis. Quicquid ago, fateor, sunt carmina, carmina sed quae Non sapiunt liquidas Bellerophontis aquas. Hic nisi densa Palus iuncis et harundine torpet, Hic nisi stagnanti me Padus amne lavat. ⁴⁵	O that I may be permitted to plunge into the Pierian spring, O that propitious Apollo might come to my prayers! Whatever I produce are poems, I concede, but poems that do not taste of the limpid waters of Bellerophontes. Here only a dense marsh lies sluggish with reeds and canes, here only the Po washes me with a stagnant stream.
Advoco si Musas: pro Musis ecce caterva Insurgit Culicum, meque per ora notat. Dum cantare paro fletu mihi lumen inundat, Factaque per Culices vulnera rore madent. Hic quoque noctivagae strident ululantque volucres, Ac ventura nigrae damna minantur Aves. Quid referam Pulices, agili qui corpore saltant? Utraque quos caedens iam caret ungue manus.	If I call to the Muses, instead of Muses, behold, a swarm of gnats rises up and brands me about the face. While I prepare to sing, my eyes flood with tears, and the wounds made by the gnats drip with dew. Here too night-flying birds screech and howl, and black birds threaten misfortunes to come. What shall I say of the fleas, who jump with agile bodies? By now for slaughtering them both [my] hands lack nails.
{R 277} {1527 p. 120}	{R 277} {1527 p. 120}
MERLINO	MERLINO
Questi tuoi versi quantunque mi sappiano di pueritia, pur non vi manca l'arte, e (per dir meglio) la veritade, imperò che io molto più volentieri abitarei su lo contado di qualunque altra cittade che su quello di Ferrara, non già perché ella non habbia tutte le bone conditioni che si ricercano in una simil terra, cosi di reggimento come di nodrimento, ma baldamente dirò che causa veruna non le occorre	These verses of yours, although they smack to me of immaturity, still they're not lacking art/ skill, and better yet, truth; for this reason, I would much more willingly live in the vicinity of any other city than that of Ferrara, not because it doesn't have all the good conditions that one looks for in a similar region, both as to governance and nourishment, but boldly I will say that it has absolutely no reason why it should

⁴⁵ Gloss: Alveus antiquioris Padi. (The river of the ancient Po.)

perché de l'Aere o sia del Cielo ella si debbia lodare, che, quando la industria più de la Natura non vi avesse proveduto, guai a le sue gambe.	congratulate itself as for the air and the skies, since, if industry had not provided for it better than nature, what a problem for ones legs.
Laonde, essendovi non so qual Poeta Mantoano, per un eccesso non piccolo, destinato dal signore a partirne in onesto esiglio, e già pervenuto su l'entrata di essa, in queste parole sospirando ruppe.	Wherefore, there being I don't know which Mantuan poet, on account of a not-small transgression, destined by the lord to depart from Mantua in honest exile, and having already come to the entrance of Ferrara, he broke out in these words sighing:
Insperata meis salve Ferrari curis, Tale sis exilium ne, rogo, quale daris. Me non parva reum fecit tibi culpa, reatum Ex te num luerit congrua poena meum? Noster, ais, venias; nostros quoque suscipe ritus, Vivitur humano sanguine, trade cibum. Mantous Culicis funus iam lusit Homerus, Mantous Culicum tu quoque gesta cane. ⁴⁶	Greetings, unsought [place] of Ferrara, for my treatment, do not, I beg you, be such an exile as you are given.* Not a small offense made me guilty to you, surely a commensurate penalty will not compensate you for my crime? Come you say, be ours; accept our rites as well. One lives on human blood: surrender food! Earlier, the Mantuan Homer mourned the funeral of a gnat; you too, sing the deeds of gnats.
LIMERNO E MERLINO	Limerno and Merlino
LIMERNO. Che quelle bestiuole siano causa per cui lo usar in Ferrara non ti aggrada, malamente te lo credo.	LIMERNO. That those little creatures are the reason for which the practice in Ferrara is not pleasing to you, I find it hard to believe.
MERLINO. Poco errore è questa tua mescredenza.	MERLINO. This disbelief of yours is hardly in error.
LIMERNO. Perché dici tu dunque la menzogna?	LIMERNO. Then why are you telling the lie?
MERLINO. Se per mezzo de la menzogna tu intendi la veritade, perché mentitore mi fai?	MERLINO. If by means of the lie, you understand the truth, why do you call me a liar?
LIMERNO. Mentitore sei per certo.	LIMERNO. You are a liar for sure.
{R 278} {1527 p. 121}	{R 278} {1527 p. 121}
MERLINO. Si, ma verace.	MERLINO. Yes, but a truthful one.
LIMERNO. Qual veritade ho io già inteso per la bugia testé fatta?	LIMERNO. What truth have I understood then by means of the fib told just now?
MERLINO. Perché Ferrara cortesa non per Mosche o Tavanelle mi è a noia, ma perché ivi raccogliensi lor vini su le groppe de le Rane.	MERLINO. Since courtly Ferrara is bothersome to me not for house flies and horseflies, but because there they harvest their wines on the backs of frogs.

⁴⁶ Gloss: Virgilius. (Vergil.)

Pensa mò tu qual eccidio, qual ruina sarebbe del mio stomaco.	Think a moment what a devastation, what a waste that would be of my stomach.
LIMERNO. Ferrara e Mantoa di molte qualitati si corrispondeno. Ma voglio che, si come hora ti concessi lo mio cantar latino, così non manco tu ti comporti ne l'ascoltarmi un breve capitolo.	LIMERNO. Ferrara and Mantua correspond in many aspects. But, just as you conceded to my Latin singing a moment ago, so I want you to behave no less [well] in listening to a brief <i>capitolo</i> of mine.
MERLINO. Chi fu lo Authore di esso?	MERLINO. Who was the author of it?
LIMERNO. Perché ciò mi domandi tu?	LIMERNO. Why do you ask me that?
MERLINO. Quando che non mi diletino molto le cose tue, e consequevolmente non ti presto udiienza se non sforzato.	MERLINO. For the reason that I don't much care for your things and consequently I don't lend you my ear unless forced.
LIMERNO. Non è mio veramente: io già fora d'un Scrigniolo quello rubbai dentro di Lementana, o Nomentana meglio diremo, luntano da Roma diece migliara; Castello nobile si per la vecchiezza di esso si per la generosissima famiglia de Orsini, di quello et altre assai terre posseditrice e Madonna. ⁴⁷	LIMERNO. It's not actually mine: I stole it earlier from out of a little coffer in Lementana, or we could better say, Nomentana, ten miles from Rome; noble castle both for its antiquity and for the most generous family of the Orsini, owner and mistress of this and many other lands.
E benche io molte volte l'habbia per mio recitato, nulla di manco (mi confesso a te) non esser egli mio son certo, ma d'un Gian Lorenzo Capodoca secretario del signore del loco. ⁴⁸	And although I have recited it many times as mine, nonetheless (I confess to you) I am certain it is not mine, but is from Gian Lorenzo Capodoca, secretary to the lord of the manor.
MERLINO. Hora incomincia, et io frattanto un sonetto voglioti comporre.	MERLINO. Now begin, and I in the meantime, I want to compose a sonnet for you.
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
Sia pur contrario a noi l'aspro furore D'ogni Stella crudel; d'ogni Elemento, Che l'ira sua non piega un stabil cuore.	Let the harsh furor of every star, of every element, be contrary to us, because its anger does not bend a stable heart.
Latri chi vol latrar, io gli 'l consento, Che tanto si alza più la fiamma accesa Quando lei spegner vole un picciol vento.	Let him bark who wants to bark, I grant this to him, that the lit flame rises all the more when a slight wind wishes to extinguish it.

⁴⁷ Gloss: Nomentana meum tibi dat vindemia Baccum/ Si te Quintus amat, commodiora bibas. Mart. ("My Nomentana harvest gives my Bacchic [wine] to you; if Quintus likes you, you will drink more agreeable wine," Martial, *Epigrams*, 13.119.) Now called Mentana, this town NE of Rome has about 17,000 inhabitants.

⁴⁸ Note: In 1527 the lord of Nomentana was Camillo Orsini: this *Second Forest* is dedicated to him; there is no information known on the secretary Gian Lorenzo Capodoca.

Qual più lodevol, qual più chiara empresa D'una costante d'una fede pura, Ch'odio non teme ne di sorte offesa? ⁴⁹	What more laudable, what more noble enterprise of a constant, a pure faith, which does not fear hate nor the affront of fate.*
{R 279} {1527 p. 123}	{R 279} {1527 p. 123}
Un fermo scoglio d'onde non ha cura Né un stabil cuore di qualunque oltraggio, Che fede intorno a lui più alhor s'indura.	A solid shoal has no worry of waves, nor does a staunch heart of any outrage whatsoever, because at that point faith hardens around it more.
Sol ne gli affanni si conosce il saggio, Lo qual, per ch'un bersaglio sia di sorte, Non parte mai dal cominciato viaggio.	Only in times of trouble is the sage recognized, who, although he may be a target of fate, never departs from the journey begun.*
Nè di ferro minacce nè di morte, Mentre animosamente spiega l'ale Di fede, mai paventa un huomo forte.	Threats neither of the sword nor of death ever frighten a strong man, while courageously he spreads his wings of faith.
Però la forza lor in noi che vale? Già chi congiunse il ciel altrui non scioglie Perché non svaria mai corso fatale.	But what does their strength matter to us? He who has already joined another's heaven does not disengage, because a fated course never varies.*
Lasciali pur empir lor empie voglie, Livido cuor sol di se stesso è pena E chi semina tosco, tosco accoglie.	Let them fulfill their wicked desires, a livid heart is only painful to itself, and he who sows poison reaps poison.
Pingon in ghiaccio e solcan ne la rena, E quelli de le pugna al vento danno, Che rodon la fidel nostra catena.	They paint on ice and plow in the sand and they shake their fists at the wind, those who gnaw on our faithful chain.
Ma tu la lor malitia, il loro inganno Impara di conoscer, e lor fraude, Che bello è l'imparar a l'altrui danno.	But you, learn to recognize their malice, their treachery and their deceit, because learning [used] for the detriment of another is good.
Se ride 'l tuo nemico, se 'l t'applaude, Tu similmente applaudi e ridi ad esso, Ch'esser falso co' falsi è somma laude.	If your enemy laughs, if he applauds you, you likewise applaud and laugh at him, because to be false with false people is the highest glory.*
Se ancora ti minaccia e morde spesso, Contienti d'ira, che ti fia gran palma, Summa vittoria è 'l vincere se stesso.	If still he menaces and bites you over and over, hold in your anger, this will earn you great respect, the highest victory is conquering ones self.

⁴⁹ Gloss: Oh felix hominum genus, si vestros animos amor, quo coelum regitur, regat. Boet. ("Oh happy race of men, if love, by which heaven is ruled, may rule your spirits," Boetius, *Consolation of Philosophy*, 2.8.28.)

Non de' turbarsi un'incolpevol Alma, S'ognhor in lei più l'odio si rinforza, Ch'un gir leal non sa peso ne salma.	A guiltless soul should not get upset if hate reinforces itself more in it all the time, because a loyal circle does not know weight nor burden [of the body].*
Ma se considri ben sua debil forza Tu riderai di lor invidia e onte, Ardor di paglie subito s'ammorza.	However if you consider its weak force, you will laugh about their envy and shame: a straw fire is easily quenched.
Sian dunque lor insidie occulte o conte, Osserva quelle e queste ridi e sprezza, Che 'l bon Nocchier, se tien la fronte a fronte	Whether their snares are hidden or known, observe and laugh at the former and disdain the latter, because the good helmsman keeps his head ahead
Di sorte accortamente, mai non spezza. ⁵⁰	of doom vigilantly, he never splinters.
{R 280} {1527 p. 124}	{R 280} {1527 p. 124}
MERLINO E LIMERNO	MERLINO and LIMERNO
MERLINO. Oh quanto m'è giovato questa dolcezza.	MERLINO. Oh, how much good this sweetness did me.
LIMERNO. Hor vedi tu dunque che sin a te la soavitate di rime toscane sono aggradevoli?	LIMERNO. So then, you see that even for you the gentleness of Tuscan rhymes are pleasing.
MERLINO. Per qual segno conosci tu in me cotal effetto essere?	MERLINO. By what sign do you recognize such an effect on me?
LIMERNO. Come, tu non hai già detto questa dolcezza haverti non poco gradito?	LIMERNO. What do you mean, didn't you just say this sweetness had pleased you not a little.
MERLINO. Si, del sonno che ho fatto.	MERLINO. Yes, on account of the sleep I got.
LIMERNO. Tu dormevi dunque mentre io cantava?	LIMERNO. So you were sleeping while I was singing?
MERLINO. Che meraviglia? non sei tu già di minor vigore d'una sirena.	MERLINO. Why the astonishment? You are not less powerful than a siren.*
LIMERNO. Dormevi tu, caro Merlino?	LIMERNO. You were sleeping, dear Merlin?
MERLINO. Domine, ita. ⁵¹ Ben ti lo dissi da prima.	MERLINO. "Lord, it is thus." I told you clearly from the start.
LIMERNO. Che cosa?	LIMERNO. What?
MERLINO. Di componerti un sonnetto.	MERLINO. To compose yourself a sonnet/somnolence.
LIMERNO. Hor baldamente t'intendo: grandissima è la differentia tra lo Sonnetto e Sonetto.	LIMERNO. Now unflinchingly I understand you: there is an immense difference between do's and doze.
MERLINO. Quanto è tra 'l persutto e lo schenale.	MERLINO. As much as between the thigh [ham] and the back.
LIMERNO. Io ti voleva domandare lo giuditio tuo si	LIMERNO. I wanted to ask your opinion of both the

⁵⁰ Gloss: Fides sanctissimum humani pectoris bonum est. Sen. ("Faith is the holiest good of the human breast," Senecca, *Epistles*, 88.29.)

⁵¹ Note: "Domine, ita" appears also in *Orlandino*, 4.72.7.

de lo verso come del recitatore; ma, per quello che me ne pare, ho ragionato con le mura.	verse and the performer; but from what I can see, I was talking to the wall.
MERLINO. Anzi, e la campana e lo campanaro mi è piaciuto, ma...	MERLINO. On the contrary, I liked both the bell and the bell ringer, but...
LIMERNO. Ma che?	LIMERNO. But what?
MERLINO. Aggradito m’haveria più, se...	MERLINO. It would have pleased me more if...
LIMERNO. Se che?	LIMERNO. If what?
MERLINO. Se più lungo fusse proceduto.	MERLINO. If it had gone on longer.
LIMERNO. La cagione?	LIMERNO. The reason?
MERLINO. Per più dormire.	MERLINO. To sleep longer.
LIMERNO. E pur gran torto me fai non ascoltarmi così come io voluntieri ascolto te, non già per fausto e vanagloria, ma per havere solamente qualche aviso da gli uditori, se dicendo nel istrumento mi sconcio troppo nel volger il capo, nel girar de gli occhi, nel finger caldi sospiri, se graziosamente o no tengomi sul braccio la cetra, se abbasso oppur troppo innalzo la voce, e altri simili particolari effetti d’un amante, acciò che per l’altrui aviso più ragionevolmente avezzare mi sapessi, dovendomi egli poscia essere a molto accrescimento de lo Amore di mia Donna. ⁵²	LIMERNO. And yet you do me a great wrong not to listen to me the way I willingly listen to you, not at all for success and vainglory, but only to have some advice from my listeners, whether while playing the instrument I make myself too unattractive by moving my head, rolling my eyes, faking warm sighs, whether I hold the lyre on my arm gracefully, whether I lower or raise my voice too much, and other similar particular effects of a lover, so that through the advice of others I might learn how to train myself more reasonably, needing it then to be quite augmented with the love of my woman.*
{R 281} {1527 p. 125}	{R 281} {1527 p. 125}
MERLINO. Se queste parti non hai, ben ti le poscio mostrar io, se mi ascolti per una pezza, e forse lo sonno ti starà lontano per vigor de la mia piva. Hor odi una oda in loda d’una mia amorosa, detta la Mafelina, et impara da me gli affettuosi gesti.	MERLINO. If you don’t have these parts, I can certainly show them to you, if you listen to me for a bit, and maybe sleep will stay far away from you by way of the vigor of my pipe. Now hear an ode in praise of one of my girlfriends, called Mafelina, and from me learn affectionate gestures.
LIMERNO. Comincia, ch’io mi sento voglia di mangiar riso. ⁵³	LIMERNO. Go ahead, because I feel like laughing.*
MERLINUS	MERLINO
Aspra, crudelis, manigolda, ladra, Fezza Bordelli, mulier Diabli, Vacca vaccarum, Lupaque Luparum Porgat orecchiam,	You harsh, cruel, cheating, thieving scum of bordellos, wife of the devil, cow of cows, she-wolf of she-wolves, lend an ear,

⁵² Gloss: Studium vanitatis. (A study in vanity.)

⁵³ Note: Common word play with *riso* meaning both laughter and rice; also used as orgasm, see below R 286, first sonnet, second stanza.

Porgat uditam Mafelina Pivae; Liron o bliron, coleramque nostri Dentis ascoltet, crepet atque scoppiet, More Vesighae.	lend your hearing to the pipes, Mafelina: <i>Liron o bliron</i> , and listen to the anger from our teeth burst and explode like a bladder.
Illa stendardum facie scoperta Fert Puttanarum, petit et guadagnum Illa, marchettis cupiens duobus Saepe pagari.	She carries the standard of the whores with a bare face, and asks to be paid, often desiring a fee of two marks.*
Semper ad postam Gabiazza, rosso Plena Belletto, sedet ante portam, Chiamat, invitat, pregat atque tirat Mille famatos, ⁵⁴	The hussy is always at her post, full of red rouge, she sits in front of the door, she calls, she invites, she pleads and draws in a thousand starving men;
Mille descalzos petit ad cadregam, Perque mantellum faciens carezzas, Intus agraffat, quid habent monetae Prima domandat.	a thousand barefooted men she invites to her throne, and while making caresses through a cloak, she grabs inside – first she asks what they have for money.
Quis mihi credat quod avara stabit Salda ad unius pagamenti bezzis? Quis Bagassarum similem scoazzam Vidit Harena?	Who would believe me that the greedy [woman] will stand firm for the payment of one half-penny. Who has seen such a tail-less one of the trollops in the Arena?
{R 282} {1527 p. 126}	{R 282} {1527 p. 126}
Nulla Veronae meretrix Harenae Peior Ancroia reperitur ista, ⁵⁵ Heu tapinelli poverique amantes, Ite dabandam,	No prostitute from the Arena of Verona is to be found worse than this bawd. Ah! poor and wretched lovers, go away,
Ite luntani moneo provator Ipse crustarum putridae carognae Ibit in Franzam pochi pendit istum Quisquis avisum. ⁵⁶	go away, I am warning you -- whoever gives little value to this advice will go to France, the very proof of the scabs of this putrid carcass.*
LIMERNO E MERLINO	Limerno and Merlino

⁵⁴ Gloss: Tu procul hinc absis, cui formam vendere cura est. Tib. (“Keep your distance from here, you whose job it is to sell beauty,” Tibullus, *Elegiae*, 9.51).

⁵⁵ Note: Ancroia is the name of the warrior queen from an early French chivalric romance, *La Reine Ancroia* (published in Venice in 1499), here used as a derogatory term for a woman; Ancroia was also thought to be the mother of Guidon Selvaggio, Baldo’s father in Folengo’s epic.

⁵⁶ Gloss: Pochi pendit pro parvi pendit. (“One gives small value to” for “one gives little value to.”)* Note: Go to France, meaning to get syphilis, the “French pox.”

LIMERNO. Merlino mio, questa tua foggia di cantare non si domanda “cantare,” ma un abbagliare, un muggire, un tonare su per le ripe del Pado.	LIMERNO. My dear Merlin, this style of singing one does not call singing, but rather a barking, a bellowing, a thundering along the banks of the Po.
MERLINO. Sonano li pifari su per li argini del Pado.	MERLINO. They play the pipes up along the banks of the Po.
LIMERNO. E raggiano, come dice il mantoano, li Asini.	LIMERNO. And the asses rail, as the Mantuan says.
MERLINO. Tu vò dunque dire che in questa mia Chiusura fra tanti Asini io canto?	MERLINO. Do you wish to tell me then that I am reciting this closing of mine among so many asses?
LIMERNO. Et anco peggio ti direi, s’io sapessi.	LIMERNO. And I’d tell you even worse if I knew how to.
MERLINO. Più rozzo cantore di lui non saperei io già mai trovare.	MERLINO. A more boorish poet than [the ass], I wouldn’t know how to find.
LIMERNO. Sì, di canto figurato.	LIMERNO. Yes, of figurative song.
MERLINO. Cantano forse altramente che di figurato?	MERLINO. Do they sing perhaps other than figuratively?
LIMERNO. Lo suo naturale e nativo.	LIMERNO. Its own natural and native [way].
MERLINO. Qual è?	MERLINO. What is it?
LIMERNO. Canto quadrato, largo, sonoro e molto di gorga, e più de le volte fannoli drento un strano contra punto. ⁵⁷	LIMERNO. A song in four parts/well built, wide melodious and very much in the throat, and in there most times they do a strange counterpoint.
MERLINO. In qual modo?	MERLINO. In what way?
LIMERNO. Con la musica di drieto, la quale mantengono con la eguale battitura de’ calzi, non mai alterandovi la misura.	LIMERNO. From the music behind, which they keep up with the constant beat of kicks, never altering the measure there.
MERLINO. Dunque lo Asino ha una parte da Natura più de gli altri animali.	MERLINO. So then from Nature the ass has one part greater than the other animals.
LIMERNO. Come così?	LIMERNO. How is that?
MERLINO. Che l’asino con due voci in una istessa musica può cantare.	MERLINO. That an ass with two voices can sing one and the same melody.
LIMERNO. Anzi può cantare, sonare e battere insieme.	LIMERNO. In fact, it can sing, play and [keep the] beat at the same time.
{R 283} {1527 p. 127}	{R 283} {1527 p. 127}
MERLINO. Annodavi un altro groppo a questa virtù.	MERLINO. Tie another knot in this virtuosity.*
LIMERNO. Quale?	LIMERNO. Which?
MERLINO. Messer lo Asino sa chiudere una borsa senza serraglie. ⁵⁸	MERLINO. Master Ass knows how to close a purse without closures.
LIMERNO. Maravigliavimi se da gli Asini si potesse guadagnare altro che calzi e corregge e da un	LIMERNO. It would astound me if from asses one could receive anything other than kicks and farts,

⁵⁷ Note: Double meanings abound in this passage, which refers to sodomy.

⁵⁸ Note: The various double meanings in this preceding section warrant closer study.

Merlino altro che sporche e stomacose parole.	and from a Merlin anything other than dirty and nauseating words.
Hor stattine tuo mal grado, in questa tua Lordura, Porco da brotaglie che tu sei, che ben di me medemo non posso fare che non mi meraviglia, standomi quivi ad altercar con un devorone di lasagne, nemico di gentilezze e cortesie.	So stay there in this filth of yours then to your own ruin, pig of slops that you are, since really there is nothing I can do but marvel at myself, for standing here arguing with a great devourer of lasagne, an enemy of nobility and gentility.
MERLINO. Vanne tu, vanissimo et effeminato Cinedo. che gli odori de quelli toi unguenti e impiastri fumentati per altra cagione non porti tu, se non per ammortare e spegnere lo fetore de le sozze bagascie fra le quali giorno e notte sempre tu dimori.	MERLINO: Go on now, you vain effeminate cinaedus/ Ganymede! The only reason you wear the scents of those unguents and concocted plasters is to extinguish and douse the fetor of the filthy harlots among whom you always stay, day and night.
LIMERNO.	LIMERNO
Forsennato e pazzo che son io, essermi raffrontato a favoleggiare con questa destrutione di rafiòli. O meschino me, se la unica mia Signora e divinissima Dea giammai presentisse lo suo Limerno haver dimorato una bona pezza con un lordissimo Porco, hor che direbbe? hor che farebbe ella?	What a madman and fool I am to have taken on a conversation with this raviola-eater. Oh poor me, if my unique lady and most divine goddess ever sensed that her Limerno had dwelled a good piece with a very filthy pig, what would she say? What would she do?
Per lo vero, non mai più se non con torto semblante mi guardarebbe.	In truth, she would never more look at me except with her features awry.
Voi adunque, chiari fonti, Cristallini ruscelli, porporei fiori, amene piagge, riposti antri; voi, gai augelletti, lascivetti Conigli, guardativi che alcuno di voi non presumi lo fole mio errore a lei manifestare; a lei dico, la cui presentia tutti con un sol riso vi abbellà, che molte volte degnavi del angelico suo conspetto, appoggiando le belle membra hor su quella fiorita sponda del vivo ruscello hor sotto quel speco inederato di Allori, mentre l'ardente sole a gli animali rende l'ombre aggradevoli.	You then, clear springs, crystalline streams, crimson flowers, appealing slopes, secluded caves, you gay birds, lascivious rabbits, watch out that none of you presumes to disclose my error to her, to her I say, whose presence adorns you all with a single smile, that many times she graces you with her angelic countenance, posing her beautiful limbs, now on that flowered bank of the lively stream, now under that ivied cave of laurels, while the burning sun makes the shadows pleasant for the animals.*
Dhe pregovi, tenetimi dal mio Sole coperto; che dubbio non è, quando ella non più si degnasse di comportar le mie lodi, lo mio ver lei Amore, io ne morirei, io da me istesso di quell'Olmo al vecchio tronco mi sospenderei.	Ah, I beg you, keep me covered from my sun, because there is no doubt, if she were no longer to deign to allow my praises, my love towards her, I would die of it, I would suspend myself all by myself to the old trunk of that elm.
Ma, innanti la miserabil morte mia, annunziavi che crudel vendetta di tutti voi ne pigliarei: non è fiore, non è pianta, non è fonte, che impetuosamente non	But before my miserable death, I declare to you that I would take cruel revenge on all of you: there is no flower, no plant, no fountain, which I would not

stracciassi, svellessi e disturbassi.	recklessly shred, uproot and demolish.
{R 284} {1527 p. 129}	{R 284} {1527 p. 129}
Statene dunque, o de' miei secreti consapevoli, statene taciti e quieti, ma non si taciti e quieti che le rime mie, le quali hora sono cantando per isfogare, non subito le riportati e recantati a le sue divine orecchie.	Stay mindful therefore of my secrets, stay silent and quiet, but not so silent and quiet that my rhymes, which I am now singing in order to vent, you do not immediately carry back to her and sing to her divine ears.
E perché voi havete ad essere miei fidelissimi compagni, consequevolmente voglio che d'ogni mio secreto voi siate partecipevoli.	And since you have to be my most faithful companions, consequently I want you to be part of my every secret.
Io dunque meritar puoti la entrata di questo santissimo Giardino alhora quando la fama sola d'una non pur bellissima ma prudentissima Madonna mi cocque le medolle, lo cui bel nome voi ne' capoversi di questo succedente Sonetto potreti conoscere, Lo quale già lo fido mio Falcone nel scorzo di quel Frassino intagliando scrisse:	I can therefore be worthy of the entrance to this most sacred garden then, given that the mere mention of a lady not only extremely beautiful but also extremely wise boils the marrow, whose name you can learn from the initial letters of this subsequent sonnet, which earlier my faithful Falcone wrote by carving into the bark of that ash.
Gloriosa madonna, il cui bel nome In capo de' miei versi porrò sempre, Vorrei pur io saper de quali tempre Sian que' vostr'occhi neri et auree chiome. ⁵⁹ Trema ciascun in lor, mirando come Ivi sia la virtude, che distempre Nostra Natura e 'n ferro i cuori tempre, Acciò più di leggier lor tiri e dome. ⁶⁰	Glorious lady, whose pretty name I will place forever at the beginning of my verses, I too would like to know: of what temper are those black eyes of yours, and the golden tresses. Everyone trembles in them seeing how there is virtue [in them] which softens our nature and tempers our hearts into iron so that more easily it may draw them in and dominate them.*
Di calamita dunque se non sete, In voi di cotal pietra è forza almanco Vivace sì, ch'ogni materia liga. Io tragger vidi d' e vostr'occhi al rete Natura, Amor e 'l Sol di sua quadriga. Altra simile a voi chi vide unquanco?	Thus, even if you are not of magnet, there is a force in you as vigorous as in this stone, so that it binds every material. I saw Nature, Love and the Sun in his chariot pulled into the net of your eyes.* Who has ever seen another [lady] like you?
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
Mirabilissima è per certo di costei la beltade e cortesia, la cui fama sola (hor che fa poi la presentia?) puote di luntane contrade altrui	Most marvelous indeed is the beauty and gentility of this lady, whose fame alone can draw forth others from distant districts (so what then does her

⁵⁹ ACROSTICS: GIUSTINA DIVINA (Divine Justina.) Note: Santa Giustina is the name of a Benedictine monastery in Padua where Folengo resided time and again – this seems to be the referent: see acrostics starting at R 292.

⁶⁰ Gloss: Pulchra facile amatur foeda non facile concupiscitur. Hier. (“A pretty woman is easily loved, a loathsome one is not easily desired,” St. Jerome, source not found.)*

<p>ricondere a vedere e contemplare la tanta lei vaghezza, la tanta lei graziosissima onestade.</p>	<p>presence do?) to see and to contemplate her great loveliness, her ever so charming earnestness.</p>
<p>Laonde chiunque al primier assalto la vede, subitamente vien costretto a prorumpere in coteste simili parole:</p>	<p>Wherefore whoever sees her in the first onslaught is immediately obliged to break forth in words similar to these:</p>
<p>{R 285} {1527 p. 130}</p>	<p>{R 285} {1527 p. 130}</p>
<p>Hor non più fama, hor non più 'l sparso grido L'unica sua bellezza mi dichiara; Che mentre agli occhi nostri non fu avara, Vidila sì, che così ardendo i' grido:</p> <p>Per l'universo non che 'n questo lido Più bella, accorta, pronta, onesta e rara Donna chi vide mai? quivi s'impara Nata beltà d'Amore ad esser nido.⁶¹</p> <p>Però se questo e quello od altri l'ama, Meraviglia qual è? ma ben saria, S'huom è che lei mirando non s'impetra.</p> <p>Quel guardo pregno d'alta leggiadria, Quel dolce riso anco nel cuor mi chiama: Costei sola del ciel le grazie impetra.</p>	<p>Now her unique beauty declares her fame to me no longer, now no longer the public cry, because while she was not stingy to our eyes, I saw so much that, burning thus, I cry:*</p> <p>Across the universe not just on this shore, whoever saw a more beautiful, smart, quick, honest and rare woman? Here beauty born of love learns to make a nest.*</p> <p>Yet if this one, that one or another loves her, what marvel is that? But it would surely be [a marvel] if there were a man who, upon seeing her, would not turn to stone.</p> <p>That look impregnated with lofty allure, that soft laughter still calls to my heart: She alone entreats heavenly favors.</p>
<p>LIMERNO</p>	<p>LIMERNO</p>
<p>Ma si come dal ciel ogni grazia in lei discese, così ella in me non dedignossi la sua impartire, contentandosi ch'io di lei faccia resonare voi, sollevati colli e ombrosi poggetti.</p>	<p>But as every favor came down from heaven to her, so did she not deign to concede her [favor] to me, satisfying herself that I would make you raised hills and shady knolls resound with her.</p>
<p>Hor dunque abbassativi, o verdi cime de voi faggi et Abeti; de voi, Lauri e Mirti; de voi, Querze et Illici; de voi, Viti et Olmi: abbassativi, dico, ad ascoltare questa mia sonora cetra, ma non bastevolmente sonora a l'altezza di quella Madonna; ad udire queste mie leggiadre rime, ma non leggiadre al merito di quella Dea; a sentire lo mio dirrotto pianto, ma non si dirrotto che poscia l'ardentissime faci spegnere de l'affocato core.</p>	<p>Now therefore, lower yourselves, O green peaks of you, beeches and firs, of you, laurels and myrtles, of you, oaks and hollies, of you, vines and elms – lower yourselves I say, to listen to this sonorous harp of mine, but not sonorous enough for the greatness of that lady; to hear these charming poems of mine, but not so charming as the worth of that goddess, to heed my abundant sobbing, but not so abundant that it can douse the most ardent torches of my burning heart.</p>

⁶¹ Gloss: Anceps forma bonum mortalibus. Exigui donum breve temporis. Sen. ("Beauty is a two-faced boon to mortals, a small gift of meager time," Seneca, *Phaedra*, chorus, 761-2.) *

E se troppo baldanzosamente vi paio di fare mentre io dico di lei d'ogni alto stile degna, incolpate sol Amore, lo quale mi fa sovente dire quello che di tacere assai mi fora meglio, e, sognandomi più volte, movemi a vaneggiare quanto hora sete per udire in questa mia debil cetra:	And if I appear to you to act too audaciously while I speak of her, [she who is] worthy of every high style -- blame only Love, who often makes me say that which it would be better for me to keep silent, and while I'm dreaming many times, moves me to fantasize that which you are about to hear on this weak harp of mine.
{R 286} {1527 p. 132}	{R 286} {1527 p. 132}
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
<p>Questa Madonna, che si dolce altiera Un sol di tante stelle in mezzo asside, Dimmi, dond'è che austera in volto ride Scoprendo insieme il verno e primavera?⁶²</p> <p>Vedi se di vertù Donna si intera Fu mai, ch'un cor a un sol riso conquide. Ma lui tropp'alta speme non affide, Che fugge 'l riso et egli più non spera.⁶³</p> <p>Così l'alta guerrera e sferza e freno Tien di chi l'ama, et ama chi la vede, Anzi chi l'ode anzi chi dir ne sente.</p> <p>Così 'l regno d'amor costei possede, Ove tanti be' spirti, saggiamente Bella, nudrisse al dolce suo veleno.</p>	<p>This haughty Lady a sun, in the middle of so many stars, who perches sweetly, tell me -- why is it that she laughs with an austere face, revealing both winter and spring at the same time?</p> <p>See if there was ever a woman of virtue so intact, that she conquered a heart with a single laugh. But don't entrust him with too high hope, because the laugh flees, and he no longer hopes.*</p> <p>Thus the superior female warrior holds both the whip and the reins of the one who loves her, and he loves who sees her, or just who hears her, or just who hears mention [of her].</p> <p>Thus she possesses the reign of love, where, sagely beautiful, she nourishes so many good spirits on her sweet poison.*</p>
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
<p>Quando l'alma gentile, per cui sola Moro la notte e poi rinasco 'l giorno, Venne dal ciel, per farvi anco ritorno, In questa vita ch'è d'errori schola,</p> <p>Amor, che 'nqueto quinci e quindi vola, Si le fe contra di sue spoglie adorno,</p>	<p>When the noble soul for whom alone I die at night and then by day am reborn, comes from the sky in order to return there too, in this life that is a school of errors;</p> <p>Love, who flits here and there impatiently, comes up to her adorned in his spoils, like a proud tyrant who</p>

⁶² Gloss: *Suavis res est pulchritudo, quam viget prudentia.* (Beauty is a charming thing, which thrives on prudence.)*

⁶³ Note: These sonnets could be interpreted according to the code delineated by Jean Toscan in *Le carnaval du langage*, 1981; *speme* is used by many poets for sperm, and by extension, penis.

<p>Qual fier Tiranno ch'al suo carro intorno Ha tanti huomini e dei, ch'al mondo invola.</p> <p>Ma lei di se maggiore e d'altre fresse Vista lontan'alteramente armata, Stette smarrito e dal triunfo scese.</p> <p>Quella da sue virtù, da sue bellezze, Di che l'orno natura e 'l ciel, levata Nel carro stesso, in noi l'arco si tese.</p>	<p>around his cart has so many men and gods, that he disappears from the world.*</p> <p>But having seen her from a distance better armed than himself and with other arrows, he remained lost and fell from triumph.*</p> <p>She, due to her virtues, to her beauties, with which nature and heaven adorn her, having been lifted into the cart itself, draws her bow at us.*</p>
{R 287} {1527 p. 133}	{R 287} {1527 p. 133}
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
<p>Allontanato è 'l Sole, e noi qui manchi Del suo bel raggio (fan più giorni) lassa, Lo pur spiando s'altri quindi passa, Spesso alzo gli occhi, di mirar già stanchi;</p> <p>I' dico, s'alcun passa, che rifranchi Noi d'esta valle dil suo lume cassa, Narrando il suo ritorno; ma trapassa Con speme l'anno, e morte habbiamo ai fianchi.</p> <p>Sleguasi 'l tempo ne pur anco appare, Chi dica, Annuntio a voi grande alegrezza, Ecco torna colei che 'l mondo abbellà.⁶⁴</p> <p>Lasso, non so che più mi speri che ella Per su que' monti con Diana pare Va solacciando e noi qui giù non prezza.</p>	<p>The sun has gone far away, and leaves us here without its beautiful ray (several days now), even while looking to see if another passes by there, I open my eyes over and over, already so weary of looking;</p> <p>I mean, if anyone passes, who might free us from this valley devoid of her light, telling of her return, but the year passes away with hope and we have death at our flanks.</p> <p>Time dissolves and still no one appears yet who says, "I announce to you great joy – here she comes again who beautifies the world."</p> <p>Alas, I don't know what to hope for any more, since up along those mountains equal to Diana she goes enjoying herself and does not appreciate us here below.*</p>
LIMERNO	LIMERNO
<p>In quelle parti, ove di poggio in valle Di valle in poggio va scherzando Aprile, Madonna hor giace e in atto signorile Sovente in l'herbe pon su' fior le spalle.</p> <p>Zephiro intorno baldamente valle</p>	<p>In those regions, where from hill to valley, from valley to hill, April goes playing, my lady now lies, and in a noble act often places her shoulders on the flowers.</p> <p>Zephyr goes boldly around her blowing in that face,</p>

⁶⁴ Gloss: Quid non longa dies, quid non consumitis anni? Mart. ("Boundless time, years, what do you not consume?" Martial, *Epigrams*, 9.49.9.)

<p>Spirando in quella faccia in quel gentile Sino d'avorio schietto, e chiama vile Di Borea l'Orithia e biasmo dalle.⁶⁵</p> <p>Talhor ella si parte al loco, dove Già di sua Laura si altamente disse, Colui che 'n rime dir' ha'l più bel vanto.</p> <p>Quivi s'inchina humile al sasso e move A l'ossa, ch'entro stanno, un dolce pianto, Ch'Amor sul marmo di sua man poi scrisse.</p>	<p>in that gentle breast of pure ivory, and calls Orithyia of Boreas vile and scolds her.</p> <p>Sometimes she leaves for the place, where earlier that one spoke highly of his Laura who to speak in rhymes has the best boast/highest glory.</p> <p>Here she bows humbly to the tombstone and to the bones that stay inside emits a sweet cry, which Love wrote after that with his hand on the marble.</p>
<p>{R 288} {1527 p. 134}</p>	<p>{R 288} {1527 p. 134}</p>
<p>LIMERNO</p>	<p>LIMERNO</p>
<p>Quando 'l tempo, Madonna, a noi si parco, Dramma di sè concedemi talhora Di vosco ragionar, i' grido alhora: Dolci fiamme d'amore, dolce l'arco.</p> <p>Ma quando invidia le più fiate il varco Mi serra ai lumi, ove convien ch'io mora, Vo richiamando mille volte l'ora Non è amarezza al amoroso incarco.</p> <p>Qui poi la fede, che di par col sole Certar solea, s'annebbia di sospetto, Fulgura il sdegno e zelosia tempesta.⁶⁶</p> <p>Pero scusar si deve se, d'un petto Scacciato 'l cor dal vermo che l'infesta, Non già d'invidia ma d'amor si dole.</p>	<p>When time, my lady, so parsimonious to us, now and then concedes a drachma of himself to commune with you, I cry, "Sweet are the flames of love, sweet the bow."</p> <p>But more often when envy closes the passage to [her] lights, when it is fitting that I die, I go calling again a thousand time an hour, it is not bitterness at the amorous burden.</p> <p>Here then faith, which usually battles as an equal with the sun, clouds up with suspicion, fulminates contempt and rains down jealousy.</p> <p>However he must excuse himself if, having chased the heart out of a breast due to the worm that infests it, he does not ache from envy but from love.</p>
<p>LIMERNO</p>	<p>LIMERNO</p>
<p>Invido ciel che tante stelle e tante In grembo hai sempre e di lor vista godi, A che per cento vie, per cento modi La mia levar contendi a me davante?⁶⁷</p>	<p>Enviably sky that always has so many stars and so many in your lap, and you enjoy the sight of them, to what [end], by a hundred ways, by a hundred means, do you strive to lift mine from in front of</p>

⁶⁵ Gloss: Forma bonum fragile est. Ovid. ("Beauty is a fragile good," Ovid, *Ars amatoria*. 2.113. Note: Orithyia of Greek mythology is the daughter of the Amazon Queen Marpesia (or alternately of Praxithea and King Erechtheus of Athens); in one version Boreas rapes Orithyia, and she bears him two daughters and two sons.

⁶⁶ Gloss: Res est solliciti plena timoris Amor. Ovid. ("Love is a thing full of anxious dread," Ovid, *Heroides*, 1.12)

⁶⁷ Gloss: Rivalem possum non ego ferre lovem. Prop. ("I cannot bear to have Jove as a rival," Propertius, *Elegies*, Book 2, 34.18.)

<p>N'hai mille e mille di splendor prestante, Et pien d'invidia pur t'affanni e rodi Per cui? Sol per colei, che, acciò mie lodi Sianle più belle, starmi degna innante.</p> <p>Bastar ti deve il tuo, lascia 'l sol mio, Ch'enfiamme in spirti e sopra se l'innalzi, Come 'l tuo nutre i corpi, l'herbe, i fonti.</p> <p>Ma 'l mio perché più bello, in tal desio Rancor ti sferza, che ne trai d'e calzi, E'n su le cime tue voi ch'egli monti.</p>	<p>me?</p> <p>You have thousands and thousands of them gorgeous in splendor, and yet full of envy you disturb yourself and wear yourself down, for whom? Only for her, who, so that my praises may be more beautiful to her, deigns to stay before me.*</p> <p>Your own should be enough for you, leave my sun alone, which you enflame in spirit and raise above itself, as yours nourishes bodies, grasses, fountains.*</p> <p>But because mine is more beautiful, rancor goads you into such yearning, that you get kicks from it, and you want him to mount up on your peaks.</p>
{R 289} {1527 p. 135}	{R 289} {1527 p. 135}
LAMENTO DI BELLEZZA ⁶⁸	Beauty's Lament
<p>Io tratto a l'ombra d'un gentil boschetto Vidi, giacendo su la piaggia erbosa, Starsi Donna solinga e penserosa, Turbata in vista, col mento sul petto. In tal vaghezza stava, ch'ivi intorno Né fu pianta ne augel che non movesse A lei mirar e seco ne piangesse.</p>	<p>Drawn into the shade of a nice wood, I saw, lying on the grassy knoll, a woman remain solitary and thoughtful, her face troubled, with her chin on her chest. She was staying in that reverie, so that all around there, there was neither plant nor bird that was not moved to watch her and to weep with her.</p>
<p>I' mi le appresso e per veder m'abbasso. Vidila troppo, aime che, alzando il viso, Si mi scoperse in lei tal paradiso, Tal, dico, che mi fece d'huom un sasso. In me si volse e disse: "Fa' ritorno, Né star qui meco ove star sola deggio A pianger quel che tarda in me correggio.</p>	<p>I went closer to her and to see lowered myself. I saw her too well, alas, because raising her face, she revealed such a paradise to me, such a one, I say, that it made me a stone of a man. She turned to me and said, "Go back, and don't stay here with me where I must stay alone and cry for that which belatedly I correct in myself.*</p>

⁶⁸ ACROSTICS: IUSTINA. (Justina, seven times.)

<p>Il dolo amar che più sempre si acerba Vien d’alterigia molta e troppo orgoglio, Son bella, come vedi, e mi raccoglio Tutta sovente in Donna, ma soperba Inalzo lei così, che ‘n questo scorno Ne son rimasta, onde l’alta bontade Ama suppor l’orgoglio ad humiltade.⁶⁹</p>	<p>The bitter pain that is ever more harsh comes from much arrogance and excessive pride; I am beautiful, as you see, and often I gather myself totally in Woman, but I elevate her so superbly, that I have remained in this scornfulness on account of it, as a result, lofty goodness loves to subject pride to humility.</p>
<p>In queste bande su dal primo cielo Vols’egli in scherno mio, ch’un’alma stella Scendesse humile assai di me più bella. Tant’ella è più gentil quant’ha più ‘l velo In cerco d’e ligustri e rose adorno. Nacque non per mostrar quant’è bellezza, Anzi benché sia bella, lei disprezza.</p>	<p>In these parts up in the highest heaven he wished that for my derision a noble star quite a lot more beautiful than I would humbly descend. She is all the more distinguished the more she has her veil adorned in a circle of jasmine and roses. She was not created to show off how great beauty is, but rather, even though she is beautiful, she disdains it.*</p>
<p>{R 290} {1527 p. 137}</p>	<p>{R 290} {1527 p. 137}</p>
<p>Io son (perché ti miro star sospeso) Vana beltà, ch’orno di gigli e rose Sol de le donne i volti, ma ritrose Tutte le faccio e di cuore scorteso In lor amanti, cui di giorno in giorno Nudrendo van di speme, e mai non giunge A lor il patto, ma si fa più lunge.⁷⁰</p>	<p>I am (because I see you remain uncertain) vain beauty, I adorn with lilies and roses only the faces of women, but I make all of them reluctant and of hearts uncivil toward their lovers, whom day after day they go nourishing with hope, and the pact never reaches them, but makes itself longer.*</p>
<p>In questo l’alto padre più adirato Ver’ me ch’abbello i visi e i cuor inaspro Sculpando lor di porfido e diaspro, Tolse ‘l bel spirito e l’ebbe incatenato In quelle belle membra ove soggiorno Non fa soperbia mai, non schivo sdegno, Anzi è d’alte virtuti un vaso pregno.</p>	<p>The high father, angrier toward me about this because I embellish the faces and harden the hearts sculpting them from porphyry and jasper, took my fine spirit and had it enchained in those beautiful limbs where pride never makes its abode, nor reluctant disdain, rather it is a vessel impregnated with lofty virtues.*</p>
<p>Il nome suo dal ciel in terra stette. Volendolo saper fa che misure, Scendendo d’alto, le maggior figure: Tre volte e quattro il trovarai di sette In sette versi: Alhor indi mi torno, Né possio più di lei dolermi fina A tanto che sei nosco, alma divina.”</p>	<p>Her name from the sky stayed on earth. Wishing to know it, take the measure of the capital figures in descending order: three times and four, you will find them in seven by seven verses. So then I return there, and I cannot complain about her any more until such [time as] you are with us, holy soul.”*</p>

⁶⁹ Gloss: Fastus inest pulchris superbia sequiturque formam. Ovid. (“Arrogance belongs to the good-looking and pride follows upon beauty,” Ovid, *Fasti*, 1.419.)

⁷⁰ Gloss: Fallax gratia et vana est pulchritudo. Pro. (“Grace is deceptive and beauty is empty,” Proverbs, 31.30.)
Note: *speme*, see note above, R 286.

#Section 6: Seconda selva, part 3	#Section 6: Second Forest, part 3
{R 291} {1527 p. 137}	{R 291} {1527 p. 137}
CENTRO DI QUESTO CHAOS, DETTO LABERINTO	Center of this Chaos, called "Labyrinth"
CLIO. ¹	Clio [Muse of History and Epic]
Qual gode in carne perche in carne viva, E'n terra stando l'animo da terra Non leva al ciel onde si parte unquanco, D'humana spezie, in cui si serra L'alta ragione, adhor adhor si priva, Si come di candela il lume stanco Vedesi, giunto al verde, venir manco. Di che gia spento non che morto il sole De la Giustitia, resta cieco et palpa La circonfusa nebbia, et come Talpa Sotterra errando, uscir ne sà ne vole; Tanto che'l miser sole Un nuvol d'Ignorantia farsi tale Che mai del Ciel non sà trovar le scale. ²	Who delights in flesh since he lives in flesh, and keeping to earth never lifts his soul from earth to heaven from where it departs, of human aspect -- in which is enclosed noble reason -- is deprived from time to time, just like the weary light of a candle one sees, having come to the quick, quiver. So with the sun of Justice by now spent, if not dead, it stays behind blind and gropes the all-pervasive haze, and like a mole roaming underground, loath to leave, inept, so that the poor thing is wont to make itself such a cloud of ignorance that it never finds the stairway to Heaven.
Se mi deggia pensar o in terra dentro O sotto'l ciel, fra terra & l'aere puro, Esser in pene stabil altro inferno D'un core ne peccati antico e duro, Non so, sassel pur Dio; mi par un centro, L'habito nel mal far, di foco eterno. Quando che ne d'estade ne di verno Forza veruna o sia losinga d'huomo (Questo sperar dal cielo sol si debbe Quel infelice misero potrebbe Indi ritrarlo piu di bestia indomo. Però tal vitio nomo L'orribil ombre del Chaos deforme, Cui sempre a morte in grembo un'Alma dorme. ³	If I must think of myself inside earth or under the sky, 'twixt earth and pure air, to be in another hell enduring pains of a heart age-old and hardened in sins, I don't know, God alone knows; to me it's a center, this habit of doing wrong, of eternal flame. Since neither in summer nor in winter, no human force or charm of any sort (this one should expect only from heaven) could pull back from there that ill-fated wretch more untamed than a beast. Therefore such vice I label the ghastly shadow of deformed Chaos, in whose lap a Soul sleeps always till death.

¹ Note: Clio, or Kleio (I proclaim), the Greek Muse associated with weaving history and fame, was thought to be the daughter of Memory and Zeus (Geia and Uranus), and the mother (with Pierus) of Hyacinth and Rhagus.

² Gloss: Omnium vitiorum perniciosissimum est malus habitus et Ignorantia. (The most pernicious of all vices is bad habit and Ignorance).

³ Note: No closing parenthesis for "(Questo" in the 1527 Mantua edition. The atmosphere of *Clio* seems akin to that of Seneca's deep questioning in *Thyestes*, whose Chorus frets that Chaos may again overwhelm men and gods: "... iterumque deos/ hominesque premat deforme chaos" (832), *Thyestes* may be referenced again below at

{R 292} {1527 p. 138}	{R 292} {1527 p. 138}
Triperuno ⁴	Triperuno
Stavami basso nel cespuglio e queto, Vago d'udire più che mai Limerno, E già m'era disposto per adrieto Volgermi di Merlin for del governo. E al fin sbucato da la macchia, lieto Richiamo lui. Dhe svellemi d'Inferno: ⁵ A lui dico, che già calando il Sole, Tolsesi dal cantar dolci parole.	I was keeping low in the bushes and quiet, more eager than ever to hear Limerno, and I already had determined henceforth to turn away from Merlin's control. And having popped out from the hedge at last I gladly call him back. "Hey, uproot me from hell!" I say to him, who, as the sun was already sinking, stopped himself from the singing of sweet phrases.
O vago (a lui diceva) giovenetto, Ben mi terrei de gli altri più beato, S'io fusse tale che tu havessi grato Tenermi (ecco son presto) a te soggetto. Restossi allora quello, e col bel viso Il novo Ciparisso over Narciso: Chi chiama? (disse) e vistomi soletto, Tennesi a lungo il naso fra le dita: O tu mi sai (dicea) di lorda vita.	"O charming young man," I was saying to him, "I would consider myself more blessed than others, if I were such that you would be pleased to keep me (here I am, ready) subject to you." He paused then, that man, and with his handsome face the new Cyparissus or Narcissus said, "Who calls?" -- and seeing me all alone, he held his nose a long time between his fingers, saying, "O you, you smack to me of the foul life."
Cacciati presto in quel fragrante rivo, Lavandoti lo puzzo fin ch'io torni. Alhor si parte ritrosetto e schivo, Vedendo una Carogna in luoghi adorni. Spogliomi nudo in quel fonte lascivo Temprato d'acque nanfe, che da' forni Rigando viene giù d'un Monticello, Ove Ciprigna gode Adonio bello. ⁶	Throw yourself quickly into that fragrant stream, washing away the stench until I return." Then he departed hesitant and wary, seeing a Carcass in decorated places.* I strip myself nude in that lascivious fountain tempered by scented waters which came down in rivulets from the furnaces of a small mountain, where Cyprian Venus enjoys beautiful Adonis.

R 303; *ombre*: the plural seems unexpected – when read aloud it sounds like Spanish *hombre*; the first person singular subject shows no gender identity (*mi deggia, non so, mi par*), quite unusual in Italian.

⁴ ACROSTICS: SUEVERAT OBSTRICTO CLAUSTRO CELLISQUE REMOTIS OCCULTATA URBIS LITIBUS ESSE PROCUL AT NUNC INFLATO INCEDIT IUSTINA CUCULLO ATQUE GALERATIS OPTAT INESSE TOGIS. (Giustina used to be far away from urban quarrels, confined in a cloister and in remote cells, but now she goes about with an inflated cowl and desires to be in [a pope's] ceremonial robes.)

⁵ Gloss: Ut cadat in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim. (So that he falls into Scylla trying to avoid Charybdis.) Cf. similar gloss above: Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Carybdim. (He runs into Scylla hoping to avoid Charybdis), R 257. Note: *macchia* is identified with a place for practicing sodomy (Toscan).

⁶ Gloss: Hic pudicitia, hic natura adulteratur. (Here modesty, here nature is debased.)

<p>Celavasi ne l'alpe giunto il sole; Ecco, fra molte Ninphe vaghe e snelle Limerno torna solacciando, e quelle Lui van ferendo a botte de Viole.⁷ Io, ch'era nudo, ambe le mani adduno Su quelle parti oscene che ciascuno, Quantunque sia piccino, coprir sòle. Vedrai (parla Limerno) quant'è meglio Esser di miei che di quel sporco Veglio.*</p>	<p>Having reached the peaks, the sun was hiding; behold, among many nymphs beautiful and lithe, Limerno returns to enjoying himself and they are wounding him with blows from their violas. I, who was naked, join both my hands over those obscene parts which everyone, no matter how little he is, usually covers. "You'll see" (Limerno is speaking) "how much better it is to be on my side than with that dirty old sage.</p>
<p>{R 293} {1527 p. 139}</p>	<p>{R 293} {1527 p. 139 }</p>
<p>Recativi'l in braccio, o belle Ninphe, Et a la Dea portandolo direte, Madonna, dentro le muschiate Llinfe Offerto s'è costui nel nostro rete, Tegnamolo qui nosco, se'l vi pare, Idonio testimon, quando che v'habbia Sempre a lodar ne l'amorosa rabbia.</p>	<p>Convey him in your arms, o beautiful nymphs, and when bringing him to the goddess, you will say, 'Madame, within the musky fluids this one has offered himself into our net; let's keep him here with us, if you agree, s suitable witness, given that he must always praise you in the amorous fury.'"*</p>
<p>O (dissi alhor) o di vaghezza fiore, Chi mi porge la stola ond'io mi copra?⁸ Cuor mio (rispose) quivi non s'addopra Vestir alcuno dove regna Amore, Lo qual ignudo va co' soi seguaci: Taci là dunque, pazzarello, taci."⁹ Alhor fui ricondotto a grand'honore Tra Gioveni leggiadri e Damigelle, Avanti una più bella de le belle.</p>	<p>"Oh," I said then, "O flower of loveliness, who will offer me a gown with which I may cover myself?" "My heart," he answered, "no one is accustomed to clothe himself here where Love reigns -- who goes naked with his followers: So then, keep quiet you little fool, quiet!" And after that I was led back with great respect among charming young men and maidens, each one more beautiful than the last.*</p>
<p>Venere fu costei, la qual nel seggio Regina di Matotta il settro tiene. Benedetto sia 'l cuore di chi viene (Incomenciosi alhor cantar intorno) Sotto Amathonta al dolce lei soggiorno.¹⁰</p>	<p>It was Venus who held the scepter on the throne of the Queen of Matotta. "Blessed be the heart of the one who comes," they began to sing all around, "into the charming dwelling of [Venus] Amathusia."*</p>

⁷ Note: "viole" here seems to represent the nymphs' bodies and their orifices;; this image is reinforced by Limerno's mention of "muschiate linfe" and "rete" (net) which is also associated with orifices (see Toscan).

⁸ Note: "chi mi porge la stola" may have liturgical overtones.

⁹ Gloss: Vanum cor vanitatis notitiam quaerit corpori. Ber. ("A vain heart seeks the recognition of vanity in the flesh," St. Bernard, source not found.)*

¹⁰ Note: A temple was dedicated to Venus Amathusia at Amathus on the island of Cyprus.

Lauti, Cetre, Lire et Organetti Ivan toccando parte, parte al sòno Tenean le voci giunte, ahi quanto vaghe. In quel medesimo tempo, a vinti a trenta, Basciandosi l'un l'altro insieme stretti Vanno danzando intorno, e questi sono Sinceri Giovenetti e Donne maghe. ¹¹	Some of them go playing lutes, cithers, lyres, and hand organs, while others kept their voices joined to the sound -- oh, how lovely [they were]. At that exact moment/ time, about twenty or thirty people go dancing around close together kissing each other, and these are sincere young lads and women sorceresses.*
{R 294} {1527 p. 140}	{R 294} {1527 p. 140}
Erano mille fiamme intorno accese Sotto gli aurati travi de la Sala: Stanno da parte alquanti e fan un'ala E qua e là mirando le contese.	There were a thousand flames lit all around under the golden beams of the hall; a few [people] stay to the side and make a wing and watching here and there challenged them.*
Pendono da' pareti alte Cortine Ricchissime di seta, argento et oro, Oro sopr'oro (dico) spesso e rizzo Con mille groppi ziffare e beschizzo, Vasi di pietre di gran pregio e fine Lungo a le Mense fanno un bel tesoro.	Long curtains hang on the walls, so rich with silk, silver and gold, gold on gold (I mean) thick and whorled with a thousand knots, symbols and emblems, urns of fine gems of great value the length of the tables make a fine treasure.
Acque rosate, nanfe et altri odori Tendon spruzzare i pargoletti Amori.	The little cupids stretch to sprinkle rose water, orange-blossom water, and other perfumes.
Nascosì molti a le cortine drieto Vanno non so che far, et escon dopo Nel volto fatti in guisa di piropo Che furon d'Alabastro per adrieto.	Many [of them] hidden behind the curtains go to do I know not what, and later they come out their faces looking flame-red that before had been alabaster.
{R 295} {1527 p. 141}	{R 295} {1527 p. 141}
AMORE DI TRIPERUNO E GALANTA	Love of Triperuno and Galanta
Io dunque nudo fra cotanti nudi Non più arrossisco, non più mi vergogno, Fatto di lor famiglia, ove m'agogno Lassivamente in quei salaci studi. A lato la Regina sta' Limerno, Tenendole la bocca ne l'orecchia, Ond'io ne fui chiamato poscia al trono.	I then, nude among so many nudes, no longer blush, I no longer get ashamed, having joined their family, where I hunger lasciviously in those salacious studies. At the queen's side stays Limerno, holding his mouth to her ear, by which I was soon called to the throne.

¹¹ Gloss: *Luxuriae nimium libera facta via est*. Prop. ("The way to pleasures has been made too easy," Propertius, *Elegies*, 3.13.4; this elegy tells of wealth in Rome destroying society.)

<p>In terra humilmente i' m'abbando, Nanti ch'al primo grado vi montassi, Che d'altro che de marmi, petre e sassi Erano, ma sol oro e gemme sono. Dritto poi sollevato già m'avento In fretta nanti a l'alta Imperatrice, Tremando per viltà qual foglia al vento.</p>	<p>I humbly prostrate myself on the ground, before I could mount the first step, [steps] which were of other than marbles, rocks and stones, but [now] are only of gold and gems.* Then having stood up already I fling myself hastily in front of the high empress, trembling from cowardice like a leaf in the wind.</p>
<p>Incomenciò l'altiera, O Triperuno, Vassallo mio de gli altri non men caro, Sappia che 'l tuo Limerno saggio e raro T'ha impetrato da me quel che nessuno In questa Chorte mai gioir non puote. Nove anni e sei non passa una Fanciulla: A te la dono e facciovi la dote.</p>	<p>The haughty [lady] began, "O Triperuno, vassal of mine no less dear than the others, know that your Limerno, wise and special, has beseeched me for you what no one in this court can ever enjoy. Nine years and six a girl does not pass, I give her to you and make the dowry too.*</p>
<p>Costei, pronta, vivace, accorta e bella, Voglio ch'ami, desidri prima et ardi, Che piagna e canti, assorto ne' soi guardi, Versi pregni d'Amor e sue quadrella. Limerno fia tuo mastro e fida scorta: Limerno sa quel si ricerca amando. O dolce sorte a chi entra cotal porta.</p>	<p>This girl, eager, lively, savvy and beautiful, I want you to love, desire and burn before you weep and sing, absorbed in her glances, verses pregnant with love and his darts. Let Limerno be your master and your trusted guide: Limerno knows what one looks for in loving. O sweet fortune to the one who enters that door!</p>
<p>{R 296} {1527 p. 142}</p>	<p>{R 296} {1527 p. 142}</p>
<p>Affrettati, Lagnilla, et qui Galanta Tien modo di condur furtivamente, Quando ch'ella non esce mai di Ciambra."¹² Venne la Ninpha chiesta finalmente, E tutto di rossore il viso ammanta.</p>	<p>Hurry up now, Lascivia, and find a way to bring Galanta here stealthily, since she never leaves her room. The requested nymph comes finally and cloaks her face in red."</p>
<p>Galanta mia (dicea l'Imperatrice) Alza la fronte e mira il novo Amante, Levò la vista dunque, ove si elice Ecco una fiamma, et ove un cieco infante, Raccolto l'arco e la saetta, altrice Ahi di quanti martiri, lo diamante Trito mi ruppe al petto e quindi svelse Il cor già fatto de' sospiri al vento Stridente face e d'acque un fiume lento.</p>	<p>"Dear Galanta," said the empress, "Lift your brow and look at your new lover!" So she raised her face where [the empress] indicates, there is a flame, and where a blind boy, having taken up his bow and arrow (source, alas, of so much suffering), the crushed diamond broke through my chest and then tore out my heart, already made a crackling brand in the wind by my sighs, and a steady stream of water.*</p>

¹² Gloss: Lascivia. (Wantonness.)

O quante da quell'ora incomenciaro Pene, tormenti, affanni, sdegni et ire, Travagli, doglie, angoscie e zelosie. Arsi, alsi di ghiaccio e fiamme dire, Tal che 'l dolce al fin divenne amaro. ¹³	O, how many pains began from that hour, and torments, worries, travesties and rages, travails, aches, agonies and jealousies. I burned, I froze from ice and dire flames, so that sweetness in the end became bitter.
Imperò ch'una Laura sozza e lorda, Nefanda incantatrice invidiosa Era del nostro amor la lima sorda. Sorda lima costei fu senza posa, Senza quiete mai del dolce nodo, Ebra sol di spuntar col chiodo il chiodo. ¹⁴	For indeed a filthy and disgusting Laura, a heinous envious enchantress was the silent file of our love. A silent file she was of the sweet knot without pause, without respite ever, inebriated only with driving one nail out with another.
Tant'ella fece, ch'io nel fin m'accorsi Ombrosa esser cotesta ria Cavalla. Galanta ne ridea, donde più acerba, Iniqua più, ne venne ai duri morsi, Si ch'io le scrissi questo in una Querza:	[Laura] did so much that in the end I realized this guilty mare was shady. Galanta laughed about her -- more bitter as a result, more treacherous she came to hard bites from her, so that I wrote this on an oak to her [Laura]:*
{R 297} {1527 p. 143}	{R 297} {1527 p. 143}
TRIPERUNO.	TRIPERUNO
Sléguati in polve, fulminando Giove, O tu, che, sozza tanto, lorda e vieta, Lo nome hai di colei che 'l gran pianeta Mosse da prima ad altre imprese e nove. Fogo dal ciel giammai non casca dove Natura strinse l'honorata meta Del sempre verde Lauro, che non vieta Ulla stagion far le sue antiche prove. Ma Dio tal legge in te servir non deve, Ché hai sol' il nome e non di Laura i gesti: Sei di carbone e credi esser di neve. Pur meglio, acciò 'l bel Lauro non s'incesti, Quel V che'l terzo seggio vi riceve, Tolgasi 'l quarto, acciò che Larva resti. ¹⁵	Break into dust while Jupiter fulminates, O you who, dirty, filthy and decrepit, have the name of she who first moved the great planet to new and different endeavors. Fire from the sky never falls where nature clasped the honored post of the evergreen laurel, which does not prohibit any season from making its age-old trials.* But God does not need to maintain that rule in you who have only the name of Laura and not the deeds: you are of carbon and believe yourself to be of snow. Better yet, so that the handsome laurel does not get defiled, that "v" which obtains the third position

¹³ Note: *pene* is the plural of *pena*, meaning pain, punishment, etc. but *pene* also means penis, and Folengo seems to use this word for its double meanings here, as above, R 241 and R 291 (*pene stabil*), and below, R 369.

¹⁴ Gloss: Claus clava extruditur. (One nail drives out others; similar to "Clavum clavo pellere," Erasmus, *Adages* 1.2.4 and Jerome, *Epistles* 125.14.)* Note: *Imperò che* = *imperciocche*, for the fact that.

¹⁵ Gloss: Laura. Larva. Note: Folengo tells us that Ignatius Squarcialupi, president of the Benedictine Order called himself "laura" which as we see in the first strophe here can refer to Petrarch's beloved; *laura* in Greek meant a

	there, let it take the fourth, so that it becomes "larva."
{R 298} {1527 p. 144}	{R 298} {1527 p. 144}
DIALOGO SECONDO LIMERNO TRIPERUNO ET FULICA. ¹⁶	Second Dialog: Limerno, Triperuno and Fulica
<p>Io canto sotto l'ombra del bel Lauro Che pose il gran Petrarca in tanta altura, Lo qual (mercé d'Amore) mentre dura Il ciel, terrà la chiave del Thesauro.¹⁷</p> <p>Nel mese quando 'l Sole si alza in Tauro Et empie il monte e 'l piano de verdura, Nacque una bella e saggia Criatura, Che riconduce a noi l'età de lauro.</p> <p>Cantar vorrei sue lodi, o fresche linfe: Linfe fresche di Cira, hor dati bere A chi dicer d'un Phebo novo brama.</p> <p>Girolamo sol dico, in cui non spere Più di me affaticar altrui le Ninphe, Ché più di me (so bene) altrui non l'ama.¹⁸</p>	<p>I sing beneath the shade of the pretty laurel that set the great Petrarch on such heights, which, on account of Love, as long as the heavens endure, will hold the key to the treasure.</p> <p>During the month when the sun rises in Taurus and fills the mountain and plain with vegetation, a beautiful and wise creature was born who brings the age of the laurel back to us.</p> <p>I would like to sing his praises, O fresh waters: Fresh waters of Cyrrha [Delphi], give drink to the one who yearns to tell of a new Phoebus.</p> <p>I mean only Girolamo, in whom no one else hopes more than I to exhaust the nymphs [Muses?], because (I know well) no one loves them more than I do.*</p>
LIMERNO. ¹⁹	LIMERNO

lane between houses and a sewer, and later was used to designate a group of cells or huts for monks who met together; *larva* in Latin means evil spirit, horrific mask, ghost; see also R 327.

¹⁶ Note: Fulica does not show up until page R 309.

¹⁷ Gloss: Li. (Limerno.)

¹⁸ Note: Girolamo appears to refer to Girolamo Mercatelli (see note below); Folengo's given name was Girolamo until he joined the Benedictine order in 1509 and changed it to Teofilo: he may referring to himself.

¹⁹ ACROSTICS: HIERONIMA DIEDA HIERONIMI MERCATELLI DIVA. (Hieronima/Gironima Dieda [?] goddess of Girolamo Mercatelli.) Note: In 1522, Girolamo Mercatelli became coadjutor to his uncle Andrea Mercatelli and in 1535 became canon of Padua; not much is known about his presumed wife, Hieronima/Girolama, but see Marco Faini, "Merlino e 'Vinegia vaga': Riflessioni sulla cultura veneziana e Teofilo Folengo (1525-1530)," *Letteratura e Arte*, 3.2005, Pisa-Roma, IEPI.

<p>Hor che per prova Amor t'intesi a pieno In fiamme ove già n'arsi e 'n ghiaccio n'arsi, Ecco mi tieni d'altro dol' a freno. Regnar di se medemo e suo già farsi O chi porrà giamai sotto 'l tuo giovio?²⁰ Niun, o se pur gli è, non sa trovarsi. Io quella via, quest'altra cerco e provo, Ma che mi val? tu mi travolvi e giri Al aspro tuo voler, né schermo i' trovo.</p>	<p>Now that with proof I have fully understood you, Love, where before in flames I shivered and in ice I burned, behold, you hold me back from other pain.* Oh, who could ever rule over himself and yet make his own yoke under yours?* No one, or if there is, he cannot be found. I seek and try that way and this other one, but what good does it do me? You spin me around and bend me to your harsh will, and I find no protection.</p>
{R 299} {1527 p. 145}	{R 299} {1527 p. 145}
<p>Diluntanarmi volsi e placar l'iri Iri tant'empie di te, fier Tiranno, E nulla feci, ché più in me t'addiri; Di maggior pene, (onde maggior è 'l danno) Amor mi sproni, e fai di tuo costume.</p>	<p>I wanted to go away and placate rages, your rages so ferocious, proud Tyrant, and I did nothing that could make you angrier with me; of greater pain (from which comes greater ruin) Love, you spur me on and do as you are wont.*</p>
<p>Haggia chi più s'allunga più d'affanno. Io piansi già molt'anni sotto 'l nume Errando d'una Ninpha, onde, per pace Recarmi, mi privai del suo bel lume. O qual mi crebbe ardente e cruda face Nel petto alhor che gli occhi, anzi due stelle, Io non più vidi, e 'l raggio lor mi sface. Mi sface il raggio lor, e pur senz'elle I' non vivrei giammai, perché non pinse</p>	<p>Holy is she more who distances herself more from more trouble.* I cried for many years floundering under the guidance of a nymph, so that in order to achieve some peace, I deprived myself of her pretty light. Oh how the burning and cruel torch burned then in my breast as soon as I no longer saw her eyes, or rather two stars -- and their ray undoes me. Their ray undoes me, and yet without these [stars], I could never live, because Zeuxis never painted</p>
<p>Mai Zeusi un si bel volto o taglio Apelle. Ecco Donna il martir, ch'al cor s'avinse: Ritrassimi da voi, ma non lo volle Colui che 'n me sovente ragion vinse. A dunque per gir lunge non si tolle Tanta mia passion, c'hebbi già innante; E questo avien, ché 'l mal è in le medolle. Luntan il corpo mi portar le piante, Luntan il cor non già, perché vel diede In su l'aurata punta il vostro amante.</p>	<p>such a beautiful face, nor Apelles such a sculpture. Behold, woman, the suffering that binds itself to the heart:* I pulled myself away from you, but the one who often vanquishes reason in me did not wish it. Therefore, by going far off he didn't remove much of my passion which I already had before; and thus it happens that the sickness is in the marrow.* The sobs carried my body far away, but not far my heart, because your lover gave it to you on the golden point.*</p>
<p>Diede'l a voi, c'havesse ad esser sede Immobile perpetua d'esso, e voi Vi 'l toglieste per cambio data fede A l'un e l'altro sempre esser fra doi.</p>	<p>Gave [the sickness of passion] to you, so that it would have to be the everlasting stationary seat of it, and you took it in exchange for the faith to be given to one and the other between two.*</p>

²⁰ Note: cf. *giovi, giovio*, R 217.

{R 300} {1527 p. 146}	{R 300} {1527 p. 146}
TRIPERUNO E LIMERNO,	Triperuno and Limerno
TRIPERUNO. Nel vero, caro mio maestro, non sono giammai tanto fastidito et annoiato che, udendo voi e l'aurea vostra lira insieme cantare, non subitamente mi racconsoli.	TRIPERUNO. In truth, my dear master, I am never so upset or annoyed that hearing you and your golden lyre singing together I am not immediately soothed.
LIMERNO. Et io credevami tanto da la turba e volgo entro questa selva luntanato essere che niuno, se non le Querze et Olmi, havessero ad ascoltare. ²¹	LIMERNO. And I had thought to have distanced myself so far from the crowd and the masses within this forest that no one, if not the oaks and the elms, could have been listening.
TRIPERUNO. Dogliomi essere huomo di turba e volgare; ma, la dolcezza di vostre muse ovunque mi volgo sentendo, non men di ferro a la tenace Calamita son io da quella tirato. Nulla di manco, se da me voi sète del vostro singular concerto impedito (parendovi) hora mi parto e solo vi lascio.	TRIPERUNO. I am sorry to be one of the crowd, and common, but hearing the sweetness of your muses wherever I turn, I am attracted to that no less than iron to the tenacious magnet. Nonetheless, if you are impeded by me in your singular harmony (as it seems to you) I will depart now and leave you alone.
LIMERNO. Solo non è chi ama, anzi de' pensieri ne la moltitudine sommerso: io sopra ogni altro veggjoti volentieri, Triperuno mio. Vero è che lo essermi da la consueta nostra compagnia distratto potevati accertare che da me dovevasi far cosa la quale fusse da essere secreta, lo, come tu sentisti, cantai testé una canzone, li cui capoversi non vorrei già c'huomo del mondo havesse notato, ché 'l gentilissimo spirito, di cui sono (già molto tempo fa) humile servitore, non men ha cura de l'honorevole suo stato che del comun obietto di questo nostro Amore. Dimmi dunque: hai tu lo nome suo compreso?	LIMERNO. One who loves is not alone, on the contrary [he is] submerged in a multitude of thoughts: I see you willingly above all others, my Triperuno. It's true that being distracted by our usual company could convince you that something was being done which should have been secret; I was singing a song just now, as you heard, whose first letters I wouldn't want anyone in the world to have noticed, because the most kind spirit of whom I am a humble servant (already for quite some time), has no less care for his honorable state than the common object of this love of ours. So tell me, did you understand her name?
TRIPERUNO. Non, per il dolce groppo di mia Galanta. ²²	TRIPERUNO. No, not by the sweet saddle of my Galanta!
LIMERNO. Non senza molta cagione ricondotto mi sono a l'ombra di questo Lauro, lo quale, tanto agiatamente difeso da queste duo collaterali Querze	LIMERNO. Not without good reason did I bring myself to the shade of this laurel, which, so easily protected by these two oaks on the sides, as much

²¹ Gloss: Alludit huic operi trium sylvarum quod *Chaos Triperuni* vocat. (He alludes to the work of the three forests that is called *Chaos of Triperuno*.)

²² Note: *groppo*, lap, saddle -- used repeatedly with sexual overtones; see *Baldus*, 12.26 (and the note in the Tatti edition).

così da venti e procelle come da' raggi de l'ardentissimo Sole, al soprannominato giovane con le sue sempre chiome verde fa di sé gratissimo soggiorno. Ma dimmi, se 'l sai, questi doi versi latini, li quali nel tenero scorzo di esso lauro tu vedi quivi intagliati essere, chi fu lo sottil interpretatore di essi?	from the wind and storms as from the rays of the hot burning sun, with its evergreen locks makes a very pleasant resting place for the above named young person.* But tell me, if you know, these two Latin verses, which you see here inscribed on the tender bark of this laurel, who was the subtle interpreter of these?
TRIPERUNO. Isidoro.	TRIPERUNO. Isidoro.
LIMERNO. Isidoro Chiarino?	LIMERNO. Isidoro Chiarino?
TRIPERUNO. Esso fu.	TRIPERUNO. It was he.
{R 301} {1527 p. 147}	{R 301} {1527 p. 147}
LIMERNO. O divino spirito d'un fanciullo, ché veramente nel sino di Thalia succiò le dotte mamme, né maggior fama et honore si arrega lo authore che 'l commentatore loro.	LIMERNO. O divine spirit of a boy, who truly sucked the learned breasts on Thalia's chest, nor does the author bring himself greater fame and honor than their commentator.
TRIPERUNO. Sono assai male insculpiti.	TRIPERUNO. They are rather badly chiseled.
LIMERNO. Scrivili (prego) un'altra volta più ad alto, e perché lo argomento loro in quello... sai? intagliali col ferro acuto.	LIMERNO. Write them, I pray you, once more, higher up, and, because their subject matter in that ... you know? -- carve them with a sharp blade.
TRIPERUNO. Intendo.	TRIPERUNO. I understand.
DE SOMNO. ²³	On Sleep
Hic laceo, Et Repens Oculis Natat Intima Mors, At Divorum Imperio Est Dulcior Ambrosia.	Here I lie, and quick covert death swims in my eyes, but ambrosia is sweeter than the empire of the gods.
LIMERNO.	LIMERNO
Tu quelli hai già scritto? O quanto bene stanno, fammi appresso un piacere (perché lo ingegno del giovenetto più ognhora posciasi addestrare) scrivi ancora un altro Enigma non men di questo laborioso, lo quale dopoi la morte di Giulio pontifice sotto Leone, fu nel candidissimo tumulo di Catharina dal suo Consorte crudelmente uccisa scolpito, dove ella così parlando dice: ²⁴	So you wrote those? Oh, how good they are; do me a favor now, so that the mind of the young man may exercise itself more all the time: write another enigma no less laborious than this, which, after the death of the pontiff Julius was sculpted under Leo on the most pure tomb of Catherine cruelly murdered by her consort, where she speaking thus said:
TUMULUS CATHARINIAE. ²⁵	Catharine's Tomb

²³ ACROSTICS: HIERONIMA DIEDA.

²⁴ Note: The wording suggests that Catharina was murdered by her consort.

²⁵ ACROSTICS: CONSORS MEUS ROBERTUS.

CONfodit SORS ME, USum ROBoRis ERige TUScha Sphera, necis causa est non nisi nulla meae.	Fate mortally wounds me, no cause of death rouses the use of power in the Tuscan sphere, if not mine.*
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
Cotesta Catharina (se bene mi soviene) fu gentilissima et amorosa Donna a la quale fu già mandato quel sonetto con un paio de Guanti insieme, li capoversi del quale dicono lo nome suo:	This Catharine, if I remember well, was a most noble and loving lady, to whom was already sent a pair of gloves together with that sonnet, the first letters of which tell her name.
{R 302} {1527 p. 148}	{R 302} {1527 p. 148}
D'una tenera, bianca, leggiadretta, Integra onesta man elesse 'l cielo Voi, puri Guanti, ad esser dolce velo; Andati a lei, c'homai lieta v'aspetta. ²⁶ Cortesamente la terrete stretta, Anzi pur calda contra l'empio gelo, Tutto, però, ch'io per soverchio zelo Habbia di voi non a prender vendetta. Amo l'alta virtù che 'n sé diversa Regna più ch'in Arachne od ella istessa Inventrice de l'ago e bel trapunto. ²⁷ Ne man più dotta né più dolce e tersa Avinse guanto mai, né chi promessa Honestamente più servasse appunto.	The heavens chose you, pure gloves, to be the sweet veil of a tender, white, charming sincere honest hand: Go to her, who now happily awaits you. Chivalrously you will keep her close, and indeed keep her warm against the cruel cold, all this however [in such a way] that due to excess zeal I won't have to take out a vendetta on you. I love the high virtue that in itself reigns variously more than in Aracne or she who herself was the inventor of the needle and pretty lace.* No hand more learned, or sweeter or smoother did a glove ever enwrap, nor did anyone honestly keep a promise better.*
LIMERNO [E TRIPERUNO].	Limerno [and Triperuno]
LIMERNO. Dirotti la veritade, O Triperuno: questi capoversi, non usati mai da valenthuomo veruno, poco a me sono aggradevoli e a gli altri sodisfacevoli, imperocché altro non vi si trova se non durezza di senso, et un impazzire di cervello, Ma ragionamo d'un'altra cosa di assai più importanza di questa. Confessati meco, e non vi haver un minimo risguardo: Chi fu lo compositore di que' versi, li quali hoggi furono da tutta la corte in una querza letti e	LIMERNO. I will tell you the truth, O Triperuno, these acrostics -- never used by a gentleman of any sort -- are not very pleasing to me and not very satisfying to others, because one finds nothing more in them than a hardness of meaning and a maddening of the brain. But let us talk about another matter of much greater importance than this. Now confess it to me and don't be shy at all about it: Who was the composer of those verses, which today by the entire

²⁶ ACROSTICS: DIVA CATHARINA H.

²⁷ Gloss: Minerva. Note: Minerva is the Etruscan and Roman goddess associated with wisdom, warriors, poetry, magic and crafts such as the weaving, and the lace-making mentioned here.

biasmati?	court were read on an oak and censured.
TRIPERUNO. Perché, caro maestro? sapeno forse con gli altri miei?	TRIPERUNO. Why, my dear master? Do they perhaps taste like my others?
LIMERNO. Di che?	LIMERNO. [Taste] of what?
TRIPERUNO. Di mastro di schola.	TRIPERUNO. Of school teacher.
LIMERNO. Perché così di mastro di schola?	LIMERNO. Why so of school teacher?
TRIPERUNO. Li quali, per la varietà de' stili da loro addoperati pedantescamente (come voglio dire) scrivono, e fanno un Chaos non men intricato del mio. ²⁸	TRIPERUNO. Those who, due to the variety of styles adopted by them pedantically (what am I trying to say) write and make a <i>Chaos</i> no less intricate than mine.
{R 303} {1527 p. 149}	{R 303} {1527 p. 149}
LIMERNO. Io bene di cotesto tuo riviluppato Chaos mi sono meravigliato, lo quale potrebbe a gli huomini dotti forse piacere; ma non lo credo, e specialmente per cagione di quelle tue postille latine suso per le margini del libro sparse.	LIMERNO. I was really amazed at this entangled <i>Chaos</i> of yours, which maybe could be pleasing to learned people, but I don't think so, and especially on account of those Latin glosses of yours scattered up along the margins of the book.
TRIPERUNO. Io per confonderlo più, come la materia istessa richiede, volsivi ancora la prosa latina in aiuto de lo argomento porre.	TRIPERUNO. I, to confound it more, as the matter itself requires, wanted to place the Latin prose there as well to support the argument.
LIMERNO. Lasciamo in disparte lo stile tuo, o sia pedantesco o triviale; ma peggio è, che sono quelli versi mordaci de la fama di tale che leggermente potrebbeti offendere. Tu non conosci ancora, buono huomo, la rabbia d'una adirata et orgogliosa Donna, la quale tengasi da qualcuno oltraggiata e sprezzata.	LIMERNO. Let's leave your stile aside, whether it be pedantic or banal; but what's worse is that those verses are biting into the reputation of a certain person who could easily hurt you; you don't know yet, good man, the fury of an enraged and proud woman, who maintains that she has been disrespected and scorned by someone.
TRIPERUNO. Qual bene o male posso io sperare o temere da questa Larva o volsi dire Laura?	TRIPERUNO. What good or what evil can I hope or fear from this larva or, if one prefers, Laura.
LIMERNO. Voglia pur Idio che tu non ne faccia veruna isperienza.	LIMERNO. May God grant that you have no experience of this.
TRIPERUNO. In qual modo un sacco di carcami, una Cloaca di fango, una stomacosa meretrice del dio Sterquilinio è per vendicarse di me?	TRIPERUNO. In what way is a sack of remains, a sewer of muck, a nauseating whore of the god Sterquilinio going to have revenge on me?
LIMERNO. Con mille modi, non che uno.	LIMERNO. In a thousand ways, not just one.
TRIPERUNO. Come?	TRIPERUNO. How?
LIMERNO. È peritissima vindicatrice.	LIMERNO. She is a very skilled avenger.
TRIPERUNO. Qual si terribile ruffiano d'una trita Bagascia prenderia giammai la difesa?	TRIPERUNO. What pimp so terrible would ever take up the defense of a worn-out tramp?
LIMERNO. Non vi mancano gli affamati al mondo; ma	LIMERNO. There is no lack of hungry people in the

²⁸ Note: *pedantescamente* -- words related to pedant often have a connotation of homosexuality, and the emphasis given this word by the parenthetical remark which follows it points to this connotation.

sei male, Triperuno, su la via di conoscere, in cui posciati ella danneggiare.	world. But, you have started badly, Triperuno, on the path to understanding, in what way she could harm you.
TRIPERUNO. Avelenarmi? ²⁹	TRIPERUNO. Poison me?
LIMERNO. No.	LIMERNO. No.
TRIPERUNO. Farmi con ferro uccidere?	TRIPERUNO. Kill me with a knife?
LIMERNO. Né questo ancora.	LIMERNO. Not this either.
TRIPERUNO. Tórmi la fama?	TRIPERUNO. Take my reputation from me?
LIMERNO. Non ha credito.	LIMERNO. She has no credibility.
TRIPERUNO. In qual foggia dunque?	TRIPERUNO. In what way, then?
LIMERNO. Trasformarti in uno Asino.	LIMERNO. Change you into an ass.
TRIPERUNO. Che dite voi?	TRIPERUNO. What are you saying?
{R 304} {1527 p. 151}	{R 304} {1527 p. 151}
LIMERNO. Un asino, sì; tu ti meravigli dunque?	LIMERNO. An ass, yes; so, you're surprised?
TRIPERUNO. Ho ben io più volte inteso queste Donne haver possanza, con non so che unguenti, voltar gli huomini in Becchi. ³⁰	TRIPERUNO. I have heard many times that these women have power, with I don't know what unguents, to turn men into billy goats.
LIMERNO. Anzi, assai più Becchi fanno che Castroni. Quanti hoggidi conosco io, li quali già per violentia de suffumigi da queste Maghe adoperati furono in Bovi, Buffali et Elefanti conversi. ³¹	LIMERNO. On the contrary, they make a lot more billy goats than geldings. How many do I know today who already by the violence of the smoke charms practiced by these sorceresses, were converted into oxen, buffaloes and elephants.
TRIPERUNO. Questo saria ben lo Diavolo. Se questa Laura mi trasfigurasse in un Becco, vorrebbe mi più oltra bene Galanta?	TRIPERUNO. This would indeed be the devil. If this Laura transfigured me into a billy goat, would Galanta still love me?
LIMERNO. Più che mai.	LIMERNO. More than ever.
TRIPERUNO. Come? io sarei pur un Becco?	TRIPERUNO. How so? I would still be a billy goat?
LIMERNO. Et ella una Capra.	LIMERNO. And she a she-goat.
TRIPERUNO. Cambiarebbe ancora lei?	TRIPERUNO. She would change too?
LIMERNO. Che 'n credi tu?	LIMERNO. What do you think?
TRIPERUNO. Io già comincio temere.	TRIPERUNO. I'm already starting to dread.
LIMERNO. Tien stretto.	LIMERNO. Hold tight.
TRIPERUNO. Forse che non sa ella ancora chi sia lo authore?	TRIPERUNO. Could it be that maybe she still doesn't know who the author is?

²⁹ Note: cf. Seneca, *Thyestes*, 256-9, and see note at R 291.

³⁰ Note: In *Baldus*, a character named Boccalo (whom the author links to himself) is transformed into an ass and driven from a cloister in a scene involving allusions to Io from Greek mythology – a maiden raped by Zeus and turned into a cow unable to tell her story (23.660 and note).

³¹ Note: *suffumigi*: suffumigation, from the verb subfumigate, to apply smoke from below; in *Baldus*, Folengo tells of how a powerful sorcerer, Michael Scottus, “suffumigates marrow from a human spine and teaches how to enchant a cape with magic words” (19.194) where the implication is that those who are initiated amid screams and wear tunics or habits (i.e. monks and nuns) become invisible.

LIMERNO. Tu sei pazzo persuadendoti una Malefica non sapere quello che a tutta la corte già divulgato leggesi.	LIMERNO. You are crazy to convince yourself that an evil sorceress doesn't know what has already been divulged to the whole court and is being read.
TRIPERUNO. Lasso ch'io me ne doglio.	TRIPERUNO. Alas, I am sorry about this.
LIMERNO. Tu vi dovevi più per tempo considerare e prenderne da me consiglio. ³²	LIMERNO. You should have thought about this earlier and taken advice from me.
TRIPERUNO. Non l'ho fatto, in mia malora.	TRIPERUNO. Oh I wish I'd never done it to my ruin.
LIMERNO. Se tu sapessi la importanza di questo scrivere e lo mandar così facilmente a luce le cose sue, vi haveressi meglio pensato; ché pagarei un theosoro [sic] di Tiberio, non mai ne gli occhi de tanti valenthuomini una mia operetta scoperta si fusse.	LIMERNO. If you knew the importance of this writing and this bringing ones things to light so easily, you would have thought better of it; I would pay Tiberius's treasure if a little work of mine had not been revealed to the eyes of so many gentlemen.
TRIPERUNO. Come farò io dunque, misero me? ch'io debbia un asino devenire?	TRIPERUNO. What shall I do then, poor me, that I must become an ass?
LIMERNO. Hor va' più animosamente, tu già sei vòlto in fuga, e niuno ti caccia: non ti partirai da me se non bene consigliato e consolato. Ma pregoti, Triperuno mio, non t'incresca sotto l'ombra di quel Platano corcarti, fin che io faccia la prova di alquanti versi con la cetra, da essere in questa sera da me recitati avanti la Regina; e veramente assai haverò che fare, se li quattro Sonetti da lei richiesti aggradirla potranno.	LIMERNO. Come on now, act more bravely -- you have already turned in flight and no one is chasing you: you will not leave me until you are well-advised and consoled. But I beg you, my Triperuno, please don't mind lying down under the shade of that plane tree, until I have tried out some verses with the harp, which tonight are to be recited by me in front of the queen; and I will really have quite enough to do, if the four sonnets requested by her will be able to please her.
{R 305} {1527 p. 152}	{R 305} {1527 p. 152}
TRIPERUNO. Questo tal comporre a l'altrui petitione difficilmente può sodisfare a coloro li quali non vi hanno parte alcuna. Ma ditemi, prego, avanti che da voi mi parta, lo soggetto de' quattro Sonetti.	TRIPERUNO. Such composing like this at another's behest can hardly be satisfying to those who have no part in it. But tell me, please, before I leave you, the subject of the four sonnets.
LIMERNO. Dirottito ispeditamente. Già la Signora non è cagione propria di questi, ma heri Giuberto e Focilla, Falcone e Mirtella mi condussero in una Camera secretamente, ove trovati c'hebbeno le Carte lusorie de Trionphi, quelli a sorte fra loro si divisero, e vòlto a me, ciascuno di loro la sorte propria de li toccati trionphi mi espose, pregandomi che sopra quelli un sonetto gli componessi. ³³	LIMERNO. I'll tell you right away. All right, the lady is not the real reason for these [sonnets], but yesterday Giuberto, Focilla, Falcone and Mirtella secretly led me into a room where, since they'd found playing cards of trumps [Tarot], they dealt these according to chance among themselves, and having turned toward me, each one of them explained to me the specific destiny of the trumps received, entreating me to write a sonnet about

³² Gloss: Consilium post factum, imber post tempora frugum. Bap. ("Advice after the fact is like a storm after the harvest." Baptista Mantuanus, *Eclogues* 2.94, *Fortunatus: De amoris insania*.)

³³ The names of these characters are not presented to us elsewhere in *Chaos*: a Giuberto (later Gilberto) appears in *Baldus* as a handsome young singer-songwriter (13.350-420, 15.1-45, et passim, and see the woodcut, p. 191r Toscolana edition).

	them for each person.
TRIPERUNO. Assai più duro soggetto potrebbevi sotto la sorte che sotto lo beneplacito del Poeta accascare.	TRIPERUNO. A much harder subject could fall to you under fate than under the request of the poet.*
LIMERNO. E questa tua ragione qualche bona iscusatione appresso gli huomini intelligenti recarammi, se non così facili (come la natura del verso richiede) saranno. Hora vegnamo dunque primeramente a la ventura overo sorte di Giuberto, dopoi la quale, né più né meno, voglioti lo sonetto di quella recitare, ove potrai diligentemente considerare tutti li detti trionfi, a ciascaduno sonetto singularmente sortiti, essere quattro fiato nominati si come con lo aiuto de le maggiori figure si comprende:	LIMERNO. And this reason of yours will earn me good excuses from intelligent people, if the sonnets will not be so effortless (as the nature of verse requires). So then now let us come first to the future or rather the destiny of Giuberto, after which, I want to recite no more or less, the sonnet of that [destiny] to you, where you will be able to diligently consider all the trump cards mentioned, sorted one by one to each sonnet, to be named four times so that with the help of the major Arcana it is understood:
Giustitia. Angiolo. Diavolo. Foco. Amore.	Justice, Angel, Devil, Fire, Love
Quando 'l Foco d'Amor, che m'arde ognhora, Penso e ripenso, fra me stesso i' dico, Angiol di Dio non è, ma lo Nemico Che la Giustitia spinse del ciel fora. Et è pur chi qual Angiolo l'adora, Chiamando le sue Fiamme dolce intrico, Ma nego ciò, ché di Giustitia amico Non mai fu, chi in Demonio s'innamora. Amor di donna è Ardor d'un Spirto nero, Lo cui viso se 'n gli occhi un Angiol pare, Non t'ingannar, ch'è fraude e non Giustitia. ³⁴ Giustitia esser non puote, ove malitia Ripose de sue Faci il crudo Arciero, er cui Satan Angiol di luce appare.	When I consider and reconsider the Fire of Love, which burns me even now, to myself I say, "This is not the Angel of God, but the Enemy whom Justice pushed out of heaven." And there are still those who adore him as an Angel, calling his flames sweet intrigue. But I refute that, because no one was ever a friend of Justice who falls in love with a Demon. Love of a woman is the fervor of a black Spirit, whose face if it appears in the eyes to be an Angel, don't be fooled, because this is deception and not Justice.* This cannot be Justice, where the cruel Archer sets the malice of his Torches, so that Satan appears the Angel of light.
{R 306} {1527 p. 153}	{R 306} {1527 p. 153}
TRIPERUNO E LIMERNO	TRIPERUNO and LIMERNO
TRIPERUNO. Molto arguto parmi questo primo, né	TRIPERUNO. This first one of yours seems very

³⁴ Gloss: Dux malorum foemina et scelerum artifex. Sen. ("Woman is the leader of evil deeds and the maker of sins," Seneca, *Phaedra*, 559-60.)

anco di soverchio difficile; ma che egli aggradire debbia la Regina con l'altre Donne, non credo.	clever, and not even too difficult; but I don't suppose that it may please the queen and the other ladies.
LIMERNO. Dimmi la causa.	LIMERNO. Tell me the reason.
TRIPERUNO. Lo sobbietto non lauda il Feminile sesso.	TRIPERUNO. Your subject matter does not praise the feminine sex.
LIMERNO. E Giuberto non lo volse d'altra sententia di quella c'hai udito. Hor vengone al secondo, nel quale la sorte di Focilla contienesi.	LIMERNO. And Giuberto did not want it on any other topic than the one you heard. Now I'll come to the second of these, in which the fate of Focilla is contained.
Mondo. Stella. Rota. Fortezza. Temperantia. Bagattella.	World, Star, Wheel, Strength, Temperance, Magician
Questa Fortuna al Mondo è 'n Bagattella, C'hor quinci altrui solleva, hor quindi abbassa. Non è Temperantia in lei, però fracassa La Forza di chi nacque in prava Stella. Sol una Temperata forte e bella Donna, che di splendor le Stelle passa, La instabil Rota tien humile e bassa; E'n Gioco lei di galle al mondo appella. ³⁵ Costei Tempratamente sua Fortezza Usato ha sempre, tal che 'l Mondo e 'nsieme La Sorte de le Stelle a Scherzo mena. Ben può Fortuna con sua Leggerezza Ir ne le Stelle di più Forze estreme: Chi sa Temprarsi lei col Mondo affrena.	This Fortune is a Magician, who first lifts someone up then brings him down. There is no Temperance in her, so, she shatters the Strength of anyone born under a bad Star. Only a Temperate and Strong and beautiful woman, who surpasses the Stars in splendor, the fickle Wheel keeps humble and low, and in Jest calls her poked in public. This woman has always used her Strength Temperately, so that she makes a Game of the World and of the Fate of the Stars too.* Well may Fortune with its Lightness go into the Stars of more extreme Forces: who knows how to Temper oneself with the World reins her in.*
TRIPERUNO E LIMERNO.	TRIPERUNO E LIMERNO
TRIPERUNO. Questo altro Sonetto appresso di me più del primo lodevole mi pare: cosa che già per lo contrario giudicai da prima dover essere, attendendovi quella sorte del Bagattella non potere se non li soli consorti disconciare. Ma (si come a me pare) de gli altri assai meglio vi quadra.	TRIPERUNO. This other sonnet in my opinion seems to me more praiseworthy than the first: something which I at first thought would be the contrary, expecting in it that sort of "Magician" unable to defile anyone but his own consorts.* Yet (as it seems to me) it suits you a lot better than the others.*
{R 307} {1527 p. 155}	{R 307} {1527 p. 155}
LIMERNO. Ogni cosa che ad essere patisce durezza, lo più de le volte eccellente diviene: laonde Focilla,	LIMERNO. Every thing that suffers hardship to exist, most often becomes outstanding: wherefore Focilla,

³⁵ Gloss: Rarissimum animal bona mulier. (A good woman is a very rare creature.)

<p>donna (come si vede) prudentissima, contristandosi prima di cotal leggerezza a lei per ventura sortita, hor che reuscita la vede in maggior suo honore, giubila e saltella. Ma vengo a l'oscurissimo soggetto de li disordinati trionphi di Falcone, al quale, sopra tutti gli altri gentile, doveva la miglior fortuna accadere.</p>	<p>an extremely cautious woman (as one can see) first getting dismayed about that frivolity which fell to her by chance, now that you see her restored to her greater glory, delights and dances. But I am coming to the very obscure subject of the scattered trumps of Falcone, to whom, as he was kinder than all the others, better fortune should have ensued.</p>
<p>Luna. Appiccato. Papa. Imperatore. Papessa. [versione con lacunae]</p>	<p>Moon, Hanged Man, Pope, Emperor, Papesse [with lacunae]</p>
<p>Europa mia, quando fia mai che l'Una Parte di te, c'ha il turco Traditore, Rifràncati lo Papa o Imperatore, Mentre han le chiavi in man per lor Fortuna?</p> <p>Aime la Traditrice et importuna Ripose in manhonore Die tien furore, Sol contra il giglio e non contra la Luna. ³⁶</p> <p>Che se 'l non fusse una Che per un pièSospeso tiene, La Luna in griffo a l'aquila vedrei;</p> <p>Ma questimiei Fan sì che mia Papessa far si viene La Luna, e vo' Appiccarmi da me stessa.</p>	<p>My [dear] Europe, when does it ever happen that the one part of you, which the traitorous Turk holds, the Pope or the Emperor frees for you, while they have the keys in their hands for their [own] Fortune?</p> <p>Alas, the one places the honor of and keeps furor only against the lily and not against the Moon.</p> <p>Because if the were not a who holds Hanging by a foot, I would see the Moon in the clutches of the eagle.</p> <p>But these of mine act so, that my Popesse comes to make herself the Moon, and I want to Hang myself.</p>
<p>Luna. Appiccato. Papa. Imperatore. Papessa. [versione completa]</p>	<p>Moon, Hanged Man, Pope, Emperor, Papesse [complete version]</p>
<p>Europa mia, quando fia mai che l'Una Parte di te, c'ha il turco Traditore Rifrancati lo Papa o Imperatore, Mentre han le chiavi in man per lor Fortuna?</p> <p>Aime la Traditrice et importuna Ripose in man di donna il summo honore Di Piero e tiene l'Imperial furore Sol contra il giglio e non contra la Luna.</p> <p>Che se 'l Papa non fusse una Papessa Che per un piè Marcin Sospeso tiene,</p>	<p>My [dear] Europe, when does it ever happen that the one part of you, which the traitorous Turk holds, the Pope or the Emperor frees for you, while they have the keys in their hands for their [own] Fortune?</p> <p>Alas, Treacherous and ruthless, she places in the hand of woman the highest honor of Peter and maintains Imperial furor only against the lily/fleur-de-lis and not against the Moon.</p> <p>Because if the Pope were not a Papesse who holds little Marco Hanging by a foot, I would see the Moon</p>

³⁶ Gloss: Fortuna fatta Papessa. (Fortune made Papesse.)

La Luna in griffo a l'aquila vedrei. Ma questi Papi o Imperatori miei Fan si, che mia Papessa far si viene La Luna, e vo' Appiccarmi da me stessa.	in the clutches of the eagle. But these Popes or Emperors of mine act so, that my Papesse comes to make the Moon, and I want to Hang myself.
{R 308} {1527 p. 156}	{R 308} {1527 p. 156}
TRIPERUNO E LIMERNO.	TRIPERUNO E LIMERNO
TRIPERUNO. Voi giocate, Maestro mio, sovente al mutolo in questo sonetto.	TRIPERUNO. In this sonnet, my dear maste, you often play the mute.
LIMERNO. Fu sempre lodevole.	LIMERNO. It was always praiseworthy
TRIPERUNO. Che cosa?	TRIPERUNO. What?
LIMERNO. La verità...	LIMERNO. The truth...
TRIPERUNO. Confessare?	TRIPERUNO. To confess?
LIMERNO. Anzi tacere.	LIMERNO. No, to keep silent.
TRIPERUNO. La cagione?	TRIPERUNO. The reason?
LIMERNO. Per scampar l'odio.	LIMERNO. To circumvent hate.
TRIPERUNO. Di poco momento è questo odio, se non vi susseguisse la persecutione.	TRIPERUNO. This hate is of little consequence, if persecution were not to follow it.
LIMERNO. Però lo freno fu trovato per la bocca.	LIMERNO. However a bridle was found for the mouth.
TRIPERUNO. Meglio è Martire che Confessore.	TRIPERUNO. A martyr is better than a confessor.
LIMERNO. Cotesto è più che vero. Ma veggiamo finalmente lo sonetto di Mirtella, la cui sorte fu questa:	LIMERNO. This is very true. But let's look at Mirtella's sonnet at last, whose destiny was this:
Sole. Morte. Tempo. Carro. Imperatrice. Matto.	Sun, Death, Time, Chariot, Empress, Fool
Simil pazzia non trovo sotto 'l Sole, Di ch'a gioir del Tempo tempo aspetta; Morte su 'l Carro Imperatrice affretta Mandar in polve nostra humana prole. Al Sole in breve Tempo le viole Col strame il villanel sul Carro assetta, Matto chi teme la Mortal saetta, Ch'anco L'imperatrice uccider vole. Però de' Sciocchi havrai sul Carro Imperio	Similar craziness I don't find under the Sun, that waits for some time to enjoy Time; the Empress hurries to send Death on the Chariot to drive our human race into dust.* Under the Sun in a short time the peasant arranges violets with fodder on the Chariot. A Fool is he who fears the mortal bolt that wishes to kill the Empress as well.* However you will have rule over the dim-witted on

<p>S'indugi, donna, più mentre sei bella, Che 'l Sol d'ogni bellezza Invecchia e More.³⁷</p> <p>Godi, Pazza, che A tempi? godi'l fiore,* Fugge del Sol il Carro, è il cimiterio La Nera Imperatrice empir s'abbella.</p>	<p>the Chariot if you linger any longer, woman, while you are beautiful, because the Sun of every beauty grows old and dies.*</p> <p>Enjoy, crazy woman. Why do you wait? Enjoy the flower, flee the Chariot of the Sun, it is the cemetery the black Empress delights herself to fill.*</p>
{R 309} {1527 p. 157}	{R 309} {1527 p. 157}
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno.
Hor questo de gli altri più sodisfarmi pare, Maestro mio.	TRIPERUNO. Now this seems to satisfy me more than the others, dear master.
LIMERNO. Havrei con men durezza composto loro, se la divisione di essi trionfi in mia balia stata fusse. Onde pregoti non t'incresca udirne un altro, molto (per quello che me ne paia) de gli già recitati men rozzo e triviale, quando che la libertade di esso tutta in me solo stata sia, dove li ventiuono trionfi, aggiungendovi appresso la Fama et il Matto, si contengono :	LIMERNO. I would have composed these with less difficulty, if the division of these trumps had been under my care. So I beg you to not mind hearing another of mine, a lot (as far as I can tell) less rough and trivial than the others already recited, given that the freedom of this resided only in me, where the twenty-one trumps, adding to them Fame and the Fool, are included.
<p>Amor, sotto 'l cui Impero molte imprese Van senza Tempo sciolte da Fortuna, Vide Morte su'l Carro horrenda e bruna Volger fra quanta gente al Mondo prese.³⁸</p> <p>Per qual Giustitia (disse) a te si rese Né Papa mai, né s'è, Papessa alcuna? Rispose, chi col Sol fece la Luna Tolse contra mie Forze lor diffuse.</p> <p>Sciocco qual sei? quel Foco disse Amore, C'hor Angiol or Demonio appare, come temprar sannosi altrui sotto mia Stella.³⁹</p> <p>Tu Imperatrice ai corpi sei, ma un cuore Benché Sospendi, non uccidi, è un nome</p>	<p>Love (under whose Empire many endeavors go lacking Time, dissipated by Fortune) saw Death on the Chariot -- horrendous and brown -- turning among so many people taken in the World.*</p> <p>"By what Justice" said [Love], "did neither a Pope, nor (if there is one) a Papesse, ever submit to you?" [Death] answered, "He who with the Sun made the Moon took their defense against my powers."</p> <p>"What kind of fool are you? That Fire," said Love, "which appears now Angel now Demon, others know how to temper under my Star.</p> <p>You are Empress to the bodies, but even though you suspend a heart, you don't kill, it is a name only of</p>

³⁷ Gloss: Ut navem et aedificium idem destruit facillime qui struxit, sic hominem eadem optime quae conglutinavit natura dissolvit. Cic. ("Just as the same person who built a ship or a building can very easily destroy these, so Nature who glued together a human is the very one to best dissolve him." Cicero, *Cato Maior de senectute* 20.3.)

³⁸ Note: Does *prese* modify *gente*?

³⁹ Gloss: Venere. (Venus.)

Sol d'alta Fama tienti un Bagattella.	high fame [that] keeps you a Magician.”
Ma che miracolo è questo c'ora veggio, Triperuno mio?	But what miracle is this that I now see, my [dear] Triperuno?
TRIPERUNO. Dove?	TRIPERUNO. Where?
LIMERNO. Quel matto solenne di Fùlica veggio a noi venire.	LIMERNO. That solemn fool of a Fulica I see coming toward us.
TRIPERUNO. È dunque passato di Perissa in Matotta? ⁴⁰	TRIPERUNO. So he has crossed from Perissa into Mattotta?
LIMERNO. Costui veramente (se non fallo) ha gittato in disparte le sportelle col breviario e vole de' nostri farse; o vecchio forsennato, che così inutilmente da gli soi primi verdi anni s'ha ricondotto fin a la impossibilitade di poter più gioire di questi nostri piaceri; O come ha lunga barba il santo Eremita, O come va savio, noverandosi li passi, questo santuzzo del tempo vecchio. ⁴¹	LIMERNO. If I am not wrong, this one has truly thrown aside the bags with the breviary and wants to make himself one of us. Oh witless old man who so needlessly from his first green years reduced himself again unto to the impossibility of being able to take pleasure in these delights of ours. Oh how long the holy hermit's beard is. O how wise he goes along, numbering his steps, this little saint from olden times.
{R 310} {1527 p. 158}	{R 310} {1527 p. 158}
TRIPERUNO. Tacéti, per Dio, ché, homai troppo vicino, potrebbevi sentire.	TRIPERUNO. Hush now, for God's sake, because by now he's too close and could hear you.
FULICA. Dio vi salvi, amici miei.	FULICA. God save you my friends.
LIMERNO. <i>Et vos, domine pater.</i>	LIMERNO. And you, lord father.
FULICA. Di che cosa ragionate voi?	FULICA. What are you [two] talking about?
LIMERNO. Di Amore.	LIMERNO. About love.
FULICA. Amore spirituale?	FULICA. Spiritual love?
LIMERNO. No, animale.	LIMERNO. No, animal.
FULICA. Sta molto bene.	FULICA. That's very well.
LIMERNO. Ma, dite voi, qual importante causa vi mena in questa regione amorosa? qual convenientia è di questi nostri muschi et ambracani con quelli vostri rigidissimi costumi?	LIMERNO. But, speak up, what important reason leads you to this amorous region. What compatibility is there of these musks and ambers of ours with those rigid customs of yours?
FULICA. Causa non pur importante, ma importantissima, mi driccia a te Limerno mio; acciò che con gli altri toi simili homai da questo mortal sonno vi svegliati,	FULICA. A reason that is not just important but extremely important, leads me to you, dear Limerno, so that you awake now from this mortal sleep with those similar to you.
Queste tre nostre regioni, Carossa, Matotta e	These three regions of ours, Crapula, Idiocy and

⁴⁰ Gloss: Superstitia. Vanitade. (Superstition. Vanity.) [Note about Perissa: here defined as Superstition, but also related perhaps to *peritia*, expertise?]

⁴¹ Note: The verb *ricondurre* can mean to re-enlist, as in to join holy orders again.

Perissa, veramente sono uno laberinto di cento migliaia di errori; né mai se non testé la ignorantia, la sciocchezza, la soperstitia di me e mei compagni ho conosciuto, li quali havevamo la felicitade nostra riposto nel andar scalci, radersi il capo, portar Cilitio et altre cose assai, le quali, quantunque siano bone, fanno però lasciar le migliori; ma non v'incresca udirmi, ché forse hoggi la comune nostra salute haverà principio.	Deception, are actually a labyrinth of a hundred thousand errors; I never recognized until this moment the ignorance, silliness, and superstition of my companions and myself, we who have set aside our happiness to go around barefoot, shave our heads, wear hair-shirts and a lot of other things, which, although they are good, make one leave better [things]; but let it not bother you to hear me, because perhaps today our common health will have [its] beginning.
LIMERNO. Vi ascolteremo voluntieri: hor incomenciate.	LIMERNO. We will listen to you willingly, now begin.
{R 311} {1527 p. 160}	{R 311} {1527 p. 160}
LA ASINARIA; DIALOGO TERZO.	The Ass's Den; Third Dialog*
FULICA. LIMERNO. TRIPERUNO.	Fulica, Limerno and Triperuno
FULICA. In poco frutto reuscirebbe lo mio ragionamento assai lungo, se primamente non mi movessi al sommo principio de tutte le cose, e pregarlo ch'egli si degni aprirvi gli occhi et il core, già tanto tempo fa cieco e da la veritade di lungo intervallo disgiunto.	My rather long discourse would come to little fruition if I did not first turn to the great originator of all things and beseech him so that he might deign to open your eyes and hearts already blind so long ago and disconnected from the truth for a long interval.
Omnipotens pater, aethereo qui lumine circum Mortale hoc nostrum saepis ubique genus, Ut queat artificis tenebrarum evadere fraudes, Ut ve queat recti tramitis ire viam, Excipias animam hanc, usu quae perdita longo, Iam petit infernas non reditura sedes.	Omnipotent Father, you who surround this mortal race of ours all around with ethereal light, so that one may be able to avoid the dishonesty of cunning shadows, or may be able to walk the path of the right course, receive this soul, who is lost from long custom and now seeks infernal abodes, not to return.
LIMERNO. Ha, ha, ha, ridi meco, Triperuno mio, vedi questo insensato come ha pregato non so che suo dio per me, come se altro Idio fusse più di Cupidine da esser temuto e pregato.	LIMERNO. Hah, hah hah! Laugh with me, my Triperuno -- do you see this fool, how he prayed to some god of his for me, as if there were another god to be feared and implored more than Cupid.
TRIPERUNO. Ascoltiamolo, caro maestro, ché egli già si leva da la oratione.	TRIPERUNO. Let's listen to him, dear master, as he is already rising from his prayer.

<p>FULICA. Ritrovandomi heri, per aventura, non molto luntano da la spelonca mia col mio fidelissimo Liberato, da me molto amato e àuto caro, avvenne che, vedendomi egli tutto nel viso maninconioso, di me tenero e pietoso divenuto (si come colui che di benigno ingegno era e non poco mi amava,) humilmente mi domandò la cagione per che si tristo io fussi e penseroso e quasi tutto in uno freddo et insensibile sasso trammutato et appresso tanto mi pregò, che insieme con esso lui in sin ad un boschetto, lo quale assai vicino era a la grotta mia, ne andai Camminando dunque noi con lenti e tardi passi verso il delettevole Boschetto,</p>	<p>FULICA. Finding myself yesterday not very far from my cave with my faithful Liberato, much loved by me and cherished, it happened that, seeing me looking all melancholic, having become tender and compassionate toward me, like one who was of a gentle mind and who loved me not a little, humbly he asked me the reason for which I was so sad and pensive and almost completely transformed into a cold and insensate stone, and then he entreated me so much, that I went with him as far as a little wood, which was rather close to my grotto; walking then with slow and tardy steps towards the delightful wood,</p>
<p>{R 312} {1527 p. 161}</p>	<p>{R 312} {1527 p. 161}</p>
<p>Camminando dunque noi con lenti e tardi passi verso il delettevole Boschetto, Deh (dissi alhora) caro mio Liberato, già fussi io morto in culla ché, poi ch'io mi sono dato a gli vani studi de la naturale philosophia, a cercare di conoscere le proprietadi de le cose a noi occulte e impenetrabili, non hebbi mai l'animo mio tranquillo né quieto, et hora più che mai l'ho travagliato e de vani e diversi pensieri tutto ripieno e distratto:</p>	<p>I said then, "Well, my dear Liberato, would that I had died in the cradle, because ever since I dedicated myself to the vain studies of natural philosophy, in order to seek to know the properties of things impenetrable and concealed from us, I never had my spirit tranquil or calm, and now more than ever, I have it dismayed and all filled and distracted with various and sundry thoughts:</p>
<p>Io non veggio homai quello che per me si debba adoperare o credere; perché, se veraci sono gli evangelici dottori e se parimente li sottili e tenebricosi maestri in teologia e nostri sophisti dicono il vero; se li pontificali decreti overo humane leggi, che vogliamo dire, ligano o ligar possano le nostre coscienze; et oltre di questo se alchuni altri dottori moderni non sono né capitali nemici de la vera fede né bugiardi, ma hanno la verità ritrovata; a cui crederò io? a cui prestarò fede?</p>	<p>I don't see at this point what for my part should be espoused or believed because if the evangelical doctors are truthful and if likewise the subtle and enshrouded masters of theology and our sophists are telling the truth, if the pontifical decrees or human laws, whatever we call them, bind or may bind our consciences; and beyond this, if some other modern professors are not mortal enemies of the true faith nor liars, but have found truth, whom will I believe? whom will I trust?</p>
<p>Nel vero, io non comprendo come tutti non possino errare si come coloro che homini sono, né mi può entrare nel capo come a tutti egualmente noi debbiamo o possiamo credere.</p>	<p>In truth, I do not grasp how all of them can not err seeing as they are human, nor can I get it into my head how we must or can believe all of them equally.</p>
<p>O miseri cristiani ov'è fuggita la ferma fede e piena di credenza de li venerabili Patriarchi, de gli santi Propheti, de' poveri Apostoli e de tutti i nostri maggiori?</p>	<p>Oh wretched Christians, where has it fled, the solid faith full of belief of the venerable Church fathers, of the poor apostles and of all of our elders?</p>

Hoime donde sono tante e si diverse openioni? Donde si contrarie sètte e si ripugnanti? onde tante vane quistioni? onde tante liti et empie contentioni?	Oh my, where do so many and such diverse notions come from? Whence such discordant and such divisive sects? Whence so many meaningless questions? Whence so many fights and vicious controversies.
Se una è la fede e uno battesimo, poscia che è uno sol Dio e un signore e fattore de tutte le cose, così invisibili et incorporee et eterne come ancora de le visibili e corporee e mortali, perché dunque siete voi tra voi tutti divisi?	If there is but one faith and one baptism, since there is only one God and one lord and maker of all things – as much the invisible and incorporeal and eternal, as too the visible and corporeal and mortal, why then are you all so divided among yourselves?
Non così tosto quelle poche parole hebbi detto, una asinina voce, subitamente rumpendo lo aere, con soi pietosi accenti percosse le nostre orecchie.	No sooner had I spoken those few words, when suddenly breaking the air an ass's voice struck our ears with its piteous intonations.
LIMERNO. Ditemi la verità, Fùlica.	LIMERNO. Tell me the truth, Fulica.
FULICA. Io son presto.	FULICA. I'm about to.
LIMERNO. Donde veniti?	LIMERNO. Where do you come from?
FULICA. Da Perissa. Per qual cagione questo mi domandi?	FULICA. From Perissa. For what reason do you ask me this?
LIMERNO. Le parole vostre mi sapiono di Carossa: Baldamente che Merlino vi ha retenuto ne la Catina sua; non gli è mancato una dramma, che questo asino da la bocca vostra non habbia parlato.	LIMERNO. Your words smack to me of Crapula, frankly that Merlin has held you in his cellar; there was not one tiny thing lacking [his influence] that this ass spoke from your mouth.
{R 313} {1527 p. 162}	{R 313} {1527 p. 162}
FULICA. Anzi così chiaramente con queste mie orecchie io l'ho sentito ragionare, come hora facemo noi.	FULICA. On the contrary, I heard him discoursing with these ears of mine, just as we are doing now.
LIMERNO. Con diavolo ch'un Asino ha parlato.	LIMERNO. Oh, like hell an ass spoke.
TRIPERUNO. Lasciamolo finire, caro maestro.	TRIPERUNO. Let's let him finish, my dear master.
LIMERNO. Séguiti a sua posta.	LIMERNO. You continue in his stead.*
FULICA. Confortativi (disse quella voce) o boni huomini, e non habbate paura, ma siate di forte animo. Per la qual cosa noi tutti sbigottiti, dattorno vòlti, guardavamo se alcuno vi fusse, che noi senza esserne adveduti ascosamente ascoltasse.	FULICA. "Be comforted," said that voice, "O good men, and do not be afraid, but be of strong courage." On account of this all of us, having spun around dumbfounded, were looking to see if there was someone there listening whom we did not see.*
Ma nessuno vedendovi se non questo Asino, che vecchissimo essere pareva e molto attempato, il quale quivi nel Boschetto pasceva, essendo noi già al fine pervenuti del nostro cammino, vie più che innanzi, la pietosa e lamentevole voce udendo, temuto non avevamo, incomenciammo a stordire e forte temere, e varie cose fra noi stessi a rivolgere.	But seeing no one there except this ass, which seemed to be really old and very mature, who was feeding here in this little woods, having already come to the end of our path, even though earlier upon hearing the piteous and lamentable voice we had not been afraid, we began to get bewildered and to be very afraid, and to talk about various

	things back and forth among ourselves.
Laonde questo Asino, alzata un poco la testa quasi sorridendo, un'altra volta racconfortandosi disse: — Cacciati da voi ogni gelata paura. Io sono a voi da Dio mandato a mostrarvi la cristiana e vera fede e sciolvervi ogni dubbio et ogni vostra quistione a finire e terminare.	Wherefore this ass, having raised his head a little almost smiling, reasserting himself once again spoke: "Drive away from yourselves every icy fear. I am sent to you from God to show you the true and Christian faith and to dissolve every doubt and to end and terminate every question of yours.
Le quali parole udendo noi, quale e quanto fusse lo stordimento, voi da voi stessi puotete pensare: dico che tutti li capelli se ne arricciarono e, quasi perdute tutte le sentimenta, più morti che vivi in terra cademmo.	Upon our hearing such words, you can picture for yourselves the depth and breadth of our bewilderment, I mean, all our hair stuck straight up, we almost lost all sensory perceptions, more dead than alive we fell to the ground.
Ma ritornate poscia in noi le perdute forze et il natural vigore e rassicuratene alquanto, lo comenciamo a scongiurare et a comandare da parte de Dio che, se ciò inganno fusse del Diavolo, tosto indi si dipartisse.	But once our lost powers and natural vigor had returned to us, and being reassured about it a bit, we started to exorcize it and to order in God's name that if this were a trick of the devil, it must leave there immediately.
Ma egli, che veramente da Dio era, tutto immobil si stette; e per levarci ogni sospetto et ogni dubbiosa mescredenza che ne l'animo nostro nasciuta fusse o nascerci potesse, con voce assai humana et humile rispose cosi: Quanto sia, figliuoli miei, da fuggire e biasimare l'essere sciocco e imprudente, e troppo agevolmente e di leggiero dare orecchie et haver fede a visioni e parole, quantunque e buone e veracissime quelle ne paiano, io non potrei giammai con parole spiegare né con la penna scrivere.	But he, who really was from God, stood completely immobile, and to take away every suspicion and every wary disbelief which had arisen in our spirits or could arise there, with a voice quite human and humble, he answered thus: "How much, my children, the being silly and impulsive is to be fled and restrained, and the giving heed too easily and lightly and the having faith in visions and words, although these [visions and words] seem to be good and utterly true, I could never explain with words or write with a pen.
{R 314} {1527 p. 164}	{R 314} {1527 p. 164}
Ma colui, il quale vorrà più sottilmente con l'acume de lo intelletto considerare la cagione de tutte l'humane miserie, non potrà certamente ritrovar alcuna altra che la sciocchezza e la subita et empia credenza hauta da li nostri primi Parenti al velenato e mendacissimo serpente, onde Christo, che troppo bene conosceva il malvagio ingegno di questo fallace nemico, siate, disse a gli apostoli e a' suoi cari discepoli, saggi et adveduti a guisa de li Serpenti e de gli Aspidi sordi, i quali, come è scritto nel salmo, si riturano gli orecchi acciò che non sentano la voce né	But he who will be agreeable to consider the reason for human miseries subtly with the sharpness of his intellect, will certainly not be able to find anything other than silliness and the immediate and impious trust held by our first parents in the poisonous and lying serpent, so Christ, who recognized all too well the wicked cleverness of this deceitful enemy, said to the apostles and to his dear disciples, "Be wise and watchful like the serpents and the deaf asps, which, as is written in the psalm, stop up the ears so that they do not hear the voice or the verses of the

li versi de l'incantatore. ⁴²	enchanter.
Perché io reputo gran senno a sapersi guardare e defendere da gli agguati e da gl'inganni de l'infernale Lucifero primo inventore e padre de la bugia. ⁴³	Because I think it is great wisdom to know how to protect and defend oneself from the ambushes and the traps of the infernal Lucifer, first inventor and father of the lie.
E voi bene in ciò e saggiamente havete addoperato, che anchora che per aventura alcuna volta il credere scioccamente non rechi il creditore, ne lo metta in grande miseria, anzi il tragga da grave noia e da grandissimi pericoli e ripongalo in securissimo e felice stato, non è perciò da commendare molto, dove la instabile fortuna e non l'humano ingegno s'interpone.	And you have acted in that well and wisely, since even if by chance sometimes the believing foolishly does not bring the believer great wretchedness or place him in it, instead it pulls him from serious trouble and from very grave dangers and sets him back in a most safe and happy state, it is not therefore to be commended much, where fickle fortune intervenes and not human intelligence.*
Né per il contrario è da biasimare e riprendere colui lo quale, essendogli la fortuna nemica e niente favorevole, si ritrova al fine in povero e assai vile stato e in grandissima miseria, dove bene adoperare egli si sia ingegnato, ponendo ogni sollicitudine et ogni arte et ogni forza per potere a buono e laudevole fine condurre i fatti suoi.	Nor, on the contrary is he to be blamed and rebuked, the one who, with fortune inimical and not at all favorable to him, finds himself in the end in a poor and quite low state and in great misery, where he may have contrived to adapt well, placing every care and every skill and every effort in order to be able to direct his affairs* to a good and laudable goal.
Ma lasciamo hora stare così fatti ragionamenti, e si per non esser troppo lunghi, et in quella cosa massimamente, ne la quale non è di bisogno, e si anchora per potere più pienamente ragionare de la cristiana fede, la quale assai larga et ampia materia di sé ne darà da parlare.	But now let us leave alone such disputations as these, and, both in order not to be so lengthy and in that most of all in which it is not necessary, and also to be able to dispute more fully on the Christian faith, which in itself will give us quite broad and ample material to discuss.*
LIMERNO. Noni mi maraviglio punto se, nel parlare, molto sète lungo e fastidioso; e più di noi, che stiamovi quivi ad ascoltare.	LIMERNO. I am not at all surprised that in speaking you are very long-winded and annoying; and more than us, who are here listening to you.
FULICA. Perché son io così lungo e fastidioso?	FULICA. Why am I so long-winded and annoying?
LIMERNO. La pienezza di quel vostro biancuzzo volto dicemi voi essere di flemma tutto ripieno.	LIMERNO. The fullness of that rather white face of yours tells me that you are filled with phlegm.
TRIPERUNO. Un flemmatico è dunque molto verboso?	TRIPERUNO. A phlegmatic person then is very verbose?
{R 315} {1527 p. 166}	{R 315} {1527 p. 166}

⁴² Note: For the adder which stops her ears to charmers cf. Psalm 58, 4-5; Cordié suggests also Matthew 10.16.

⁴³ Note: Ugo Paoli and Cordié cite John 8.44, and Dante, *Inferno*, 23.144 (Ugo Paoli, *Il Baldus e le altre opere latine e volgari*, 1941).

LIMERNO. Sì, secondo li fisici nostri. Né solamente la flemma causa multiloquio e nugacitate, ma tutte l'altre operationi del corpo rende più tarde e pegre; al contrario d'uno che collerico sia, lo quale il più de le volte le cose comencia due fiata, non riescendogli bene la prima per l'ingordigia solamente del soperchio desiderio.	Yes, according to our physicians. Not only does phlegm cause loquaciousness and idiocy but it renders all the other bodily functions slower and more sluggish; which is the opposite of someone who is choleric, who more times than not, begins things two times, not being successful the first time only because of the engorgement from excessive desire.
TRIPERUNO. Tu vòl forse inferire che egli flemmatico ti neca.	TRIPERUNO. You perhaps want to infer that the phlegmatic one slays you.
LIMERNO. Che vòl dir neca?	LIMERNO. What does slay mean?
TRIPERUNO. Ammaccia, uccide, ancide.	TRIPERUNO. Crush, murder, kill.
LIMERNO. Anzi gli sta cotesto vocabolo molto bene, ché fermamente non trovo morte a quella d'una lingua, quale è quella d'un Alberto da Carpo di testa rasa. ⁴⁴	LIMERNO. Actually this term fits him very well, because I definitely don't find death in a tongue, such as that of Alberto da Carpo of the shorn head.
TRIPERUNO. Io molto bene lo riconosco, lo quale, già d'anni carco et attempato, ha fatto la più bella pazzia che fusse mai, che dirotti poi; ma fra l'altre sue virtù è mordacissimo, loquacissimo e vanissimo: et appresso lui un Sebastiano non men di lui chiacchiarone e puzzolente di bocca, lo quale mentendo fassi fiorentino. ⁴⁵	TRIPERUNO. I recognize him very well, the one who, already laden with years and mature, has done the most delightful idiocy there ever was, which I will tell you about next, but among his other virtues he is extremely mordacious, loquacious and vain, and alongside him, a Sebastian no less blabbering and stinking from the mouth, who by lying calls himself Florentine.
LIMERNO. Megliore vendetta non si può fare che scrivere (se non ti lasciano stare) li soi costumi.	LIMERNO. A better vendetta one cannot make than to write down (if they don't leave you alone) their habits.
TRIPERUNO. Anzi odi questo mio tetrastico de la nugacitate di quello da non nominare Alberto, fondato sopra questo verbo latino:	TRIPERUNO. Instead, hear this fool-hardy four-sided strophe of mine about that one not to be called Alberto, founded on this Latin verb:
NECAT. ⁴⁶	NECAT.

⁴⁴ Gloss: Alberto da carpo [sic – carpo in lower case.] (Albert da Carpo/the carp.) Alberto da Carpo (or Carpi) has been identified as one of the Benedictines who accused Folengo of theft, an accusation that was one factor in his departure from the order in 1525; referred to again below, R 385-7, where he is contrasted with a good Alberto da Carpo; see also *Orlandino*, 7.68.3-4.

⁴⁵ Gloss: Sebastiano di patria oscuro. (Sebastian of obscure origins); this appears to be Don Sebastiano Dionisii, said to be Florentine, who became a Benedictine in 1494 and at Santa Giustina in Padua worked closely with Folengo's enemy, Ignatius Squarzialupi.

⁴⁶ ACROSTICS: NECAT NECAT NECAT.

Non necat ulla magis nos Nex, non unda necat, noN Et necat igne modo, necat Et modo Iuppiter imbrE, Cum necor a lingua, mos Cui nescire loqui, neC Atamen obturat tot hyAntia dentibus orA Te necat ore, necat gesTu, nece totus abundaT.	No death kills us more, no wave kills [us], and even Jupiter does not kill [us] now with fire, now with a storm, as I am killed by a tongue, whose practice is to be unwilling to speak, and yet stopped up by so many teeth in the Muses's mouths it kills you with an expression, it kills you by an action, it overflows all together with death.
LIMERNO, FULICA E TRIPERUNO.	LIMERNO, FULICA and TRIPERUNO
LIMERNO. Molto è bello e artificioso, ma (per quello che me ne paia) oscuro e faticoso.	LIMERNO. It is very pretty and artificial, but, as far as I can tell, obscure and tedious.
FULICA. Deh, per lo amore de la passione di Christo, non siate cosi ritrosi a la salute vostra. Lasciatimi finire, non mi sconciate dal bono e santo proposito, ch'io sono certo delectarannovi li miei ragionamenti.	FULICA. Well, for the love of the Passion of Christ, do not be so averse to your own health. Let me finish, don't deter me from my good and holy proposal, because I am certain that my arguments will delight you.
{R 316} {1527 p. 167}	{R 316} {1527 p. 167}
LIMERNO. Posciovì molto bene ascoltare, ma non voluntieri, se non mi parlate di qualche bella Donna.	LIMERNO. Certainly I can listen to you, but not willingly, if you don't speak to me about some pretty woman.
TRIPERUNO. Hor oltra, ché vi porgemo le orecchie.	TRIPERUNO. Go on now, because we lend you our ears.
LIMERNO. Assai men lunghe di quelle del suo Asino.	LIMERNO. Not nearly as long as those of his ass.
FULICA.	FULICA.
Stupefatto dunque Liberato, ch'un Asino così qual huomo saputamente parlasse, gridando disse: "O che cosa è questa ch'io veggio e sento? dove son io? hor dormo io anchora o son pur desto?	Liberato, stupefied therefore, that an ass could speak as learnedly as a man, crying out said, "Oh, what is this that I see and hear? Where am I? Am I still sleeping now or am I actually awake?
Io, per quello me ne paia, non so se vedo quello che vedo, né so altresì se odo quel che odo. Sarei io mai un altro divenuto?	I, as far as I can tell, do not know if I see what I see, nor likewise do I know if I hear what I hear. Could I possibly have become another?
Dimmi dunque, messer l'Asino, come può egli essere che, essendo tu una Bestia la quale di grossezza ogn'altra, quantunque grossissima ella si sia, avanzi, hora parli e ragioni non altrimenti che se uno saggio huomo fussi e molto adveduto?	Tell me then, mister ass, how can it be that, you being a beast which surpasses every other in coarseness, no matter how coarse it may be, you speak now and reason no differently than if you were a wise and very thoughtful man.
Questo è contra a la tua natura. Né di ciò è meno da	This is against your nature. One should be no less

maravigliare che se il luogo freddo divenisse e più non rescaldasse.	startled by this than if the place were to become cold and never more get warm.*
E qual mai fia colui si stolto e d'intelletto si scemo e senza senno che, raccontandogli noi quello che hora con gli occhi de la fronte ne pare di vedere, non ci reputi ubbriachi ovver dormiglioni?	And who has ever been so proud and so deprived of intellect and without wit that, while we are telling him about that which he appears to see with the eyes in his head, does not deem us drunk or sleepy headed.*
Perché volentieri io saperei se vano sogno è quello che io veggio o no.	Because I would like to know whether or not what I see is just an empty dream.”
Queste et altre simiglianti parole udendo, Messer l'Asino schioppava tutto de la risa; ma aspettando poi il fine di quelle, poi ch'egli si tacque, così incomenciò:	Hearing these and other similar words, Mister Ass totally burst with laughter, but waiting then for the end of this, as soon as he was quiet, he began thus:
Estimava io assai sufficiente e bastevole testimonianza havervi potuto fare i vostri scongiuri alhora quando per essi non mi mossi io punto, ma tutto immobile mi vedeste stare.	“I thought your exorcisms were able to make quite sufficient and adequate corroboration for you when I did not move at all on account of them, for you saw me remain completely immobile.
Ma egli è altrimenti advenuto che io advisato non mi sono.	But it came to pass otherwise than I had thought.*
Per la qual cosa nel rimanente di questo giorno, che fia poco, intendo io di dimostrarvi con vere et aperte ragioni quello che voi vedete e udite non essere né vana spezie o sogno né favole né alcuno inganno.	For which reason, for the remainder of this day, which is short, I intend to demonstrate to you with true and open reasons that which you see and hear to be neither empty facade nor dream nor fables nor any trick at all.
E ciò di leggero mi potrà venire fatto, dove voi vorrete con intento animo raccogliere tutte le mie parole.	And that can easily be done by me, since you will want to gather all my words with focused energy.*
{R 317} {1527 p. 168}	{R 317} {1527 p. 168}
Però, quando a grado vi sia, vi potrete su la verde herba porre a sedere, per ascoltare più agiatamente le mie ragioni, a le quali, poscia che il Sole con frettolosi passi incomencia già traboccare da la sommità del cielo, tempo mi pare convenevole da dar homai principio.	However, if it should please you, you could sit yourselves down on the green grass, in order to listen more comfortably to my arguments, on which, given that the sun with hurried steps is already beginning to fall from the summit of the sky, it seems to me the right time to begin.
Dovete adunque sapere che ogni Artefice, il quale secondo il suo arbitrio e volunta opera, può fare et altresì non fare uno medesimo effetto come e quando il meglio li piace.	You must know therefore that every creator, who operates according to his own judgment and wishes, can make and likewise not make an identical effect how and when it suits him best.
E cotale principio è dirittissimamente da l'empio	And this principle is most rightly by the impious

Averoi chiamato principio di contraditione. ⁴⁷	Averroes called the principle of contradiction.
È un altro principio naturale, il quale è determinato ad un sol fine, e solamente uno medesimo effetto in ogni luogo e in ciascuno tempo sempre necessariamente produce: il che manifestamente essere veggiamo nel luogo, il quale è, come dicono, formalmente caldo e sempre genera il calore e sempre scalda e non può altrimenti adoperare dove egli si ritrove.	And another natural principal, which is directed toward a single goal and always necessarily produces only one identical effect in each place and in every time, which we see to be manifestly in the place, which is, as they say, formally hot and always generates heat and always warms and where it is found can not act differently.
Né sono da essere ascoltati quelli philosophi, li quali negavano affatto cotesto naturale principio, dicendo ogni cosa essere hor buona hor rea, hor dolce hor amara, hor calda hor fredda, e brevemente ogni cosa essere tale, quale a noi ne paia e quale le varie e diverse openioni de gli huomini essere giudicassino.	Nor should those philosophers be listened to, who utterly negated this natural principle, saying every thing is either good or evil, sweet or bitter, hot or cold, and to be brief, that every thing is just what it seems to us and just what the various opinions of people judge it to be.
Nel vero stoltissimo fora colui, che dicesse le cose gravi ugualmente e senza alcuna differenza, ma secondo la falsa openione e humano giudicio, hor scendere nel centro et hor salire a la circonferenza, conciosiacosaché qua giù sempre quelle da loro gravezza sospinte discendano, ma là sù mai elevare non si possino se non per violenza e per altrui forza e contra loro natura, anchora che altrimenti estimi la nostra openione, la quale mutare non può le nature e proprietati de le cose, si come colei che naturalmente seguitare dee, e la cui veritade pende e nasce da loro verità, come apertamente si può vedere ne gli sopradetti esempi.	In fact, anyone who might say heavy things fall equally and without any difference, but according to the false opinion and human judgment, now descending into the center and now ascending to the circumference, inasmuch as down here those driven by their gravity always descend, but up there can never elevate themselves if not for the violence and for the force of others and against their nature, even though our view point judges it in a different way, a point of view which cannot mutate the natures and properties of things, as that which must follow naturally, and whose truth depends on and arises from their truth, as one can plainly see in the above examples.
Che perché noi crediamo la grave pietra discendere, non è perciò la nostra openione cagione de la verità de lo scendere de la pietra; ma si bene il discendere di quella è cagione perché vera sia la nostra openione e credenza.	For, because we believe the heavy rock to fall, our opinion is not therefore the cause of the truth of the rock's descent, but that descent is indeed the reason why our opinion and belief is true.*
Ma perché mi distendo io in più parole? Dico che ogni nostra openione o conoscenza, o vera o falsa che ella si sia, viene dietro a le cose, come scrive Aristotile nel libro de la interpretatione, et ogni cosa	But why do I bloat myself with more words? I mean that every opinion or awareness of ours, true or false that it may be, follows after things, as Aristotle writes in his book on interpretation, and every thing

⁴⁷ Gloss: Averrois. (Averroes.)

procede va innanzi a la nostra scienza, si come oggetto e cagion di quella. ⁴⁸	proceeds and goes ahead of our learning, as an object and cause of that [learning].
{R 318} {1527 p. 170}	{R 318} {1527 p. 170}
Ma il contrario avviene de l'eterna et immutabil sapienza del Padre, la quale è principio e cagione de tutte le cose, de la quale anchora ne parliamo con lo aiuto di Colui che ogni cosa col suo intelletto e governa e regge e dispone con la sua infinita virtù e provvidenza.	But the contrary happens of the eternal and immutable knowledge of the Father, which is the beginning and cause of all things, about which we will speak further with the help of the One who with his intellect governs and rules and disposes each thing with his infinite virtue and providence.
Ma da ritornare è (perciò che troppo dilungati siamo) là onde ne departimmo.	But (given that we have gone too far afield) we should return there from whence we departed.
Dissi che duo erano gli principi, l'uno, libero e volontario, l'altro naturale, necessario e determinato:	I stated that there were two principles, the one, free and voluntary, the other natural, necessary and determined:
Idio dunque, il quale (come cantando dice il Propheta) creò e produsse tutto ciò che egli volle e fece i cieli e la terra con l'intelletto, non è da dire che egli sia alcuno naturale principio o determinato, ma del tutto libero e volontario, anzi essa prima et eterna volontà, e potentissimo Arbitrio senza principio e sopra ogni principio, come più pienamente dimostreremo quando ragionare ne converrà de la creatione di questo mondo sensibile contra a gli naturali philosophi, e massimamente contra al Principe de li peripatetici e contra al suo ostinato commentatore, gli quali vogliono questo Mondo sempre essere stato senza mai cominciare e sempre dovere durare senza mai finire. ⁴⁹	Therefore, God, who (as the Prophet says in song) created and produced everything that he wanted to and made the skies and the earth with intellect, which is not to say that there is any natural and determined principle, rather [it is] utterly free and voluntary, indeed this first and eternal will and extremely powerful free will [is] without beginning and above every principle, as we will demonstrate more fully when it will be appropriate to argue about the creation of this sensory world in opposition to the natural philosophers, and above all in opposition to the Prince of the peripatetics and in opposition to his obstinate commentator, who [all] insist this world has always existed without ever beginning and should always endure without ever ending.*
Non è dunque gran meraviglia, nonché impossibile, purché a Dio piaccia, che uno Asino parli e ragioni così come uno huomo d'alto ingegno dotato ragionerebbe.	It is not therefore a great marvel, let alone impossible, as long as it pleases God that an ass may speak and reason just like a man endowed with a keen intellect would reason.
Hor non può egli fare ciò che egli vole? è forse egli così infermo et impotente che adempire egli non possa ogni sua voglia e sodisfare a ogni suo appetito	Well, can't he do what he wants to do? Is he perhaps so weak and impotent that he cannot fulfill his every wish and satisfy his every appetite and desire?

⁴⁸ Gloss: Aristotle.

⁴⁹ Gloss: Aristotile. Averroi. (Aristotle. Averroes.) Note: The syntax of this long sentence perplexes me – there seem to be verbs missing.

e desiderio?	
Il che se fare non può, ov'è la sua onnipotenza? ove è la sua infinita virtù? ove è la sua perfettissima Beatitudine e felicità?	So that, if he can't do this, where is his omnipotence? where is his infinite ability? where is his most perfect beatitude and happiness?
Nel vero, io non so come egli non possa così agevolmente a uno sasso, non pur a uno Animale (come l'Asino è) dare la vita e l' intelletto, come liberalissimamente a gli huomini dare gli piace.	In truth, I don't know why he cannot as easily give life and intellect to a stone, not just to an animal (like the ass), as it pleases him most generously to give to humans.*
Né veggio simigliantemente alcuna differenza tra 'l nostro e vostro corpo, e perché più tosto il vostro possa ricevere tanta nobile forma quanto è l'intelletto, che non possa anchora il nostro.	Nor similarly do I see any difference between our body and yours, and why yours could sooner receive such noble form as is the intellect, than ours could not also [receive it].
Ma lasciamo hora alquanto le ragioni ne' loro termini stare, e produciamo in mezzo le sacre e veracissime istorie, e manifestamente vedremo nessuna cosa essere a Dio faticosa e impossibile.	But now for a time let's let the arguments rest in their terminology, and let's produce in the middle [of them] sacred and very authentic stories, and we will see manifestly nothing to be difficult and impossible for God.
{R 319} {1527 p. 172}	{R 319} {1527 p. 172}
Leggiamo nel Genesi che la verga, la quale teneva Mosé in mano, d'uno legno, per divina potenza, divenne uno serpente e ritornò poi di serpente ne la sua primiera forma. ⁵⁰	We read in <i>Genesis</i> that the rod, which Moses was holding in his hand, from wood, by divine might, became a serpent and then returned from a serpent to its first form.
Ecco chiaramente veggiamo che puote egli le spezie mutare e le forme de le nature de le cose, si come colui nel cui arbitrio è dare e torre ogni essere et ogni vita et ogni intelletto.	Here we see clearly that He can mutate the appearances and forms of the natures of things, just as one in whose will it is to give and take away every being and every life and every intellect.
Leggiamo anchora che molte statue o idoli di metallo o di pietra per diabolica virtù parlavano e rispondevano a coloro che gli domandavano.	We read also that many statues and idols of metal or of stone spoke by means of diabolical power and responded to those who questioned them.
Che direte voi qui? negarete voi non potere l'Idio operare in uno Asino quello che gli Diavoli hanno potuto operare in uno insensibile Marmo o Metallo?	What will you say to this? Will you deny that God is able to perform on an ass what devils were able to perform on an insensate rock or metal?
Questo certamente non negarete voi, ché negare non si dee il vero né a quello mai contrastare, ma dargli perfetta e piena fede.	This you will certainly not deny, because one should not deny the truth nor ever struggle against it, but give it perfect and complete credibility.
Taccio io Lazzaro e molti altri da Christo da' suoi	I will keep silent about Lazarus and many other

⁵⁰ Gloss: Mose. (Moses)

santi risuscitati, taccio altresì molti ciechi alluminati, taccio gli attratti dirizzati, taccio e leprosi mondati, taccio finalmente tutti gl'infermi da lunghe e mortifere infermitati con la sola parola curati e a perfetta et intera sanità renduti, i quali tutti senza alcun dubbio ne mostrano la divina potenza e virtù. ⁵¹	resuscitated by Christ and his saints, I will keep silent as well about the many blind given light and the hunched straightened, I will keep silent about the lepers made clean and lastly I will keep silent about all those who are ill with long and mortal illnesses cured by the word alone and restored to perfect and complete health, all these without a doubt show in them divine power and virtue.
Hora vengo a più aperto argomento di quella, e dico che niuno è il quale non sappia che l'Asino, o Asina che ella si fusse, di Balaam Propheta non solamente parlò ma, profeta anchora divenuto, profetò e predisse quelle cose le quali da Dio gli erano state rivelate. ⁵²	Now I come to a more clear issue than that, and I say that there is no one who does not know that the ass, or she-ass that she may have been, of the Prophet Balaam not only spoke, but, having also become a prophet, prophesied and predicted those things which were revealed to it by God.
Che più dunque m'affatico di volere ciò più apertamente dimostrare? Chiarissimo argomento è quella cosa essere possibile, la quale alcuna volta è overo fu già buono tempo passato.	Why then tire myself further wishing to demonstrate that more clearly? It is an extremely clear subject that that is possible, which at some time is, or already was, quite a while ago.*
Né mi fa qui hora mistieri di produrre <i>L'Asino</i> d'Apuleio, anzi di Luciano, stimolo de tutti i filosofi e morditore d'ogni laudevole openione, per ciò ch'io non intendo né voglio hora dimostrare come possino gli huomini in uno Asino o in qualunque altro animale mutarsi; di che io non ho dubbio alcuno; ⁵³	Nor is it here my job to produce <i>The [Golden] Ass</i> of Apuleius, or rather of Lucian, agitator of all the philosophers and a critic of every laudable opinion,* seeing that I don't intend or wish to demonstrate now how men might mutate into an ass or in any other animal, about which I have no doubt whatsoever.
e volesse Idio che pochi fussino quelli, li quali sovente di huomini divengono crudelissime fiere e, rivolgendosi ne la bruttura de tutti e' viti e peccati, sono vie più peggiori de le Bestie, le quali buone sono per ciò che vivono secondo la loro natura, la quale buona fu dal sapientissimo et ottimo Maestro criata.	And God willed that there be only a few who from men habitually become very ferocious beasts, and rolling around in the nastiness of all vices and sins, are quite a lot worse than animals, which are good in that they live according to their nature, which was created good by the most wise and excellent Master.
{R 320} {1527 p. 173}	{R 320} {1527 p. 173}

⁵¹ Gloss: Lazaro. (Lazarus.)

⁵² Gloss: Balaam.

⁵³ Gloss: Apuleio. Luciano. (Apuleius. Lucian.) Note: Lucius Apuleius (c. 125-180) is the author of the *Metamorphoses*, also known as *The Golden Ass*; a similar book, *Lucius the Ass*, is attributed to Lucian of Samosata (Lucianus). Note: Nuccio Ordine explores many aspects of the philosopher-ass in his book, *Giordano Bruno and The Philosophy of the Ass*, (Naples: Liguori, 1987; English edition, New Haven: Yale, 1996).

Né altro forsi Pittagora, divinissimo mattematico, volse intendere per lo trasmigrare d'uno in uno altro animale; il che anchor mi pare che habbia confermato il Principe de tutti e Filosofi, Platone dico, il quale di gran lunga avanza e trapassa d'ingegno ogni altro Filosofo che mai fusse o sarà nel mondo, togliendo dal nuovero quelli solamente li quali alluminati furono da la vera fede, o saranno, per opera del spirito Santo, il quale per tutte le cose haverà scienza. ⁵⁴	And perhaps Pythagoras (most divine mathematician) meant nothing else than this, by the transmigration of one animal to the other, which seems to me was confirmed by the prince of all philosophers, I mean Plato, who in intelligence far outshines and surpasses every other philosopher who ever was or who ever will be in the world, drawing from the [total] number only those who were illuminated by the true faith, or who will be by the works of the Holy Spirit, who for all things will have learning.*
Io credo fermamente havere sodesfatto secondo il mio giuditio a le vostre quistioni, hora intendo più dimesticamente con voi ragionare e ricontarvi le più meravigliose cose del Mondo.	I believe firmly to have satisfied your questions according to my way of thinking, now I intend to converse with you more informally and tell you about the most marvelous things in the world.
LIMERNO [FULICA e TRIPERUNO].	LIMERNO [FULICA and TRIPERUNO]
LIMERNO. Fatimi, prego, o padre Stùnica, un piacere. ⁵⁵	LIMERNO. Do me a favor, I pray you, O Father "Stunica."
TRIPERUNO. Con cui parlate, maestro? ove trovasi questo Stùnica?	TRIPERUNO. Whom are you speaking to, master? Where is this Stunica?
FULICA. Volse egli dirmi Fùlica.	FULICA. He means me, Fulica.
LIMERNO. O sia Fùlica o Stùnica, vorrei da Vostra Santitade una grazia.	LIMERNO. Whether it's Fùlica or Stùnica, I would like a favor of your Saintliness.
FULICA. E dua, potendo.	FULICA. Even two, possibly.
LIMERNO. Non mi vogliate più oltra imbalordire lo debol cervello con queste vostre filosofie. A che tanti Platoni, Aristotili e Asini? voi potreste così con le mura ragionare.	LIMERNO. Don't keep trying to make my weak brain go crazy with these philosophies of yours. To what end so many Plato's and Aristotle's and asses? For that matter you could argue with walls.
TRIPERUNO. Anzi vorrei, caro mio maestro, che vi piacesse di ascoltarlo. Ma facciamone qualche poco di pausa.	TRIPERUNO. Indeed, my dear master, I would like you to be willing to listen to him. But let's take a little break from this.
LIMERNO. Ditemi, prego, santo Fùlica: foste giammai di alcuna bella Donna innamorato?	LIMERNO. Tell me, I beg you, Saint Fùlica: were you ever in love with a beautiful woman?
FULICA. Io fui e sono innamorato per certo. ⁵⁶	FULICA. Certainly I have been and am in love.
LIMERNO. O sia lodato il Dio d'Amore che più oltra non verrò necato di parole al vento gittate. Voglio	LIMERNO. Oh, praise the Lord of love that I will no longer be slain by words cast into the wind. I would

⁵⁴ Gloss: Pitagora. Platone. (Pythagoras. Plato.) [1527: Piltagora.]

⁵⁵ Note: Stunica a play on the name Fulica, with the privative "s" meaning Fulica is defrocked (Father Extunic), but Cordié also tells of another meaning: Stunica was the nickname of Jaime López de Zùñiga a Spanish anti-Erasman, p. 905-6; [his brother?] Diego Lopez de Zùñiga (Jacobi Lopidis Stunicae) also published works critical of Erasmus.

⁵⁶ Gloss: Hic Fulica supprimit divinum amorem. (Here Fùlica suppresses [that he means] divine love.)*

<p>ch'en questa mia cetra cantiamo tutti noi tre successivamente qualche amoroso canto, come più al suo particolar soggetto ciascuno de noi aggradirà. Io dunque sarò, (piacendovi) lo primiero e cantarovi di mia Diva la summa cortesia, la quale dignossi mandarmi un bianchissimo panno di lino, lo quale, dapoi lungo sudore nel danzare preso, mi havesse a sciugare le membra.</p>	<p>like all three of us to sing love songs on this harp of mine, one after the other, as will best suit the particular topic each of us has. I, therefore, if it please you, will be first, and I will sing to you of the supreme graciousness of my goddess, she who deigned to send me a pure white piece of linen, so that I would have it to dry my limbs after sweating a long time from dancing.</p>
{R 321} {1527 p. 175}	{R 321} {1527 p. 175}
<p>Bruggia la terra il lino col suo seme, Disse cantando il mantoan'Homero. Perché un verso non giunse a dir più intiero, Del lin cosa non è, ch'un cor più creme?⁵⁷</p> <p>Quel lino, che le man vostre medeme Dopo il grato sudor, Donna, mi diero, Tessuto l'ha (chi 'l nega?) il crudo Arciero, Tanto m'incende l'ossa e 'l cor mi preme.</p> <p>Vi lo rimando. Ahi rimandar non posso L'ardor però, ch'ogni hor sta 'n le medolle, Né humor di pianto va'/v'ha che giù mi'l lave.*</p> <p>Ma prego Amor, si come incender volle Tutte le mie, che almanco roda un osso In voi o di mia vita ferma chiave.</p> <p>Piacquevi cotesto bel soggetto, o padre eremita?</p>	<p>"Flax burns the earth with its seed," said the Mantuan Homer in verse. Why didn't he add a verse to say more fully, that flax is not what burns a heart most.</p> <p>That linen, which your hands themselves gave me after the welcome sweat, lady, the cruel archer wove (who denies it?), so it inflames my bones and presses on my heart.</p> <p>I send it back to you. Alas, though, I cannot send back the burning that at all times stays in my marrow, nor is there liquid from weeping that will wash it off of me.*</p> <p>But I pray Love, that at least he gnaws one bone in you since he wants to enflame all of mine, O unyielding key to my life.*</p> <p>Did you like this nice subject, O father hermit?</p>
FULICA. Molto aggredisce l'humana generatione questa vocale musica.	FULICA. The human race quite enjoys this vocal music.
LIMERNO. Hor segui, Triperuno.	LIMERNO. Now you follow, Triperuno.
TRIPERUNO. Dirò io alquante parole d'un oroglio [sic] di vetro, con lo quale mediantovi una tritissima rena si misura d'ora in hora lo tempo.	TRIPERUNO. I will say a few words about a clock made of glass, with which, by means of a very fine sand, one measures time hour by hour.

⁵⁷ Gloss: "Virrit.n. [Urit enim] lini campum seges." Virg. ("For indeed the flax crop burns the field," Vergil, *Georgics* 1.77); unlike Vergil, Folengo uses wording here that causes one to pause and question his intended meaning for *membra*, *seme*, etc; see Toscan on *panno*, e *panni lini*.

<p>Pensarsi non sapea più agevolmente, Cosa che d'human stato avesse imago D'un fragil vetro in vista così vago, Che libra il tempo a polve giustamente.</p> <p>Vedi le trite rene come lente Filan e' giorni pel foro d'un ago E fan col fiume hor quello hor questo lago In doi grembi, s'altrui volge sovente.</p> <p>Ma cotal opra tosto va in conquasso, Se avien che fra doi vetri a la giuntura Quel debil filo e cera si dissolve.</p> <p>O forsennato, chi d'haver procura In terra stato, sendo un vetro al sasso, Al foco molle cera, al vento polve.⁵⁸</p>	<p>One couldn't think of anything that carries the image of the human condition more suitably than a fragile glass so lovely to the sight, which weighs time correctly from dust.</p> <p>See the crushed sands, how they flow slowly with the days through the eye of a needle, and with their stream form a lake either here or there in two beds, if someone turns [it] often.</p> <p>But such a work quickly goes to ruin if it happens that at the juncture between the two glasses that weak thread and resin dissolves.*</p> <p>Oh, a madman is he who has concerns for status on earth, being glass to a rock, soft wax to a flame and dust to wind.*</p>
{R 322} {1527 p. 176}	{R 322} {1527 p. 176}
<p>FULICA. Assai più lo discipolo mi piace che lo Maestro, e particolarmente la fine di questo tuo morale sonetto, Triperuno mio diletteissimo; et annunzioti che in breve cangiarai vita e costumi in assai migliore stato.</p>	<p>FULICA. I like the disciple quite a bit more than the master, and particularly the end of this moral sonnet of yours, my most delightful Triperuno; and I declare to you that shortly you will change your life and habits into a much better state.</p>
<p>TRIPERUNO. Io non son tale che mai puotessi adeguare l'alto ingegno del mio Maestro. Ma toccavi, padre, la volta vostra.</p>	<p>TRIPERUNO. I'm not such that I could ever match the high-intellect of my master. But now it is your turn, father.</p>
FULICA	FULICA

⁵⁸ Gloss: Non est crede mihi sapientis dicere: Vivam, Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie. Mart. ("There is no wise man who says: 'I shall live.' Life tomorrow is too late: Live today." Martial, *Epigrams*, 1.15.11-12.)

<p>Nacque di fiera in luogo alpestro et ermo, Et hebbe co' le man il cor d'incude, Ove dì e notte già molt'anni sude, Far al inopia il pover fabro schermo,</p> <p>Qualunque al pio lesù già stanco infermo Al onte ai scherni a le percosse crude Sofferse in croce le sue membra nude Al segno traher per darvi un chiodo fermo.</p> <p>Quinci una mano, quindi affisse l'altra Et ambo e' piedi al smisurato trave; Né vinse lui quel mansueto aspetto,</p> <p>Ma questo avien ché in prava mente e scaltra E che di sangue human sempre si lave, Non cape amor né alcun pietoso affetto.</p>	<p>He was born in a solitary alpine place for a beast, and had the hands and heart of an anvil, where day and night the poor artisan has already been sweating many years to make a shelter from poverty,</p> <p>even though pious Jesus already weary and sick from disdain, from scorn, from the cruel blows, suffered to have his naked limbs dragged to the sign of the cross to give [them] a firm nail.</p> <p>Here one hand, there the other is affixed to the huge beam, and both feet, nor did that mild countenance win him over,*</p> <p>but this happens because in a depraved and cunning mind, which always washes itself in human blood, love does not take hold nor any compassionate feelings.</p>
<p>LIMERNO. Non altramente sperava io dover avvenire di questo ipocrita e torto collo, e degno da esser nominato (se lo capo raso vien bene considerato) cavallerol de la gatta. Mal habbia chi giammai ti mise quello bardocucullo al dosso frate del Diavolo.⁵⁹</p>	<p>LIMERNO. I did not expect anything different to come from this hypocrite and wry-necked one, worthy to be called Cavalier of the Cat (if a shaved head is taken into consideration).* Woe to him, who put that bard's hooded cowl on you, brother of the Devil.*</p>
<p>TRIPERUNO. Deh, caro maestro, non vi partite.</p>	<p>TRIPERUNO. Oh, my dear master, don't go off.</p>
<p>FULICA. Lascialo andare, figliolo. Colui che su nel cielo regna, solo può fare di Saolo Paolo; di Lupo Agnello; di notte giorno. Ma tu ne verrai meco e, acciò che la lunghezza de cammino siati meno a noia, seguirò de lo asino la miracolosa dottrina.</p>	<p>FULICA. Let him go, son. Only he who reigns on high can make of Saul Paul; of a wolf a sheep; of night day. But you will come away from here with me and, so that the extent of our journey be less wearisome for you, I will continue the miraculous doctrine of the ass.</p>
<p>TRIPERUNO. Anzi ve ne volea pregare, quando che molto lo vostro favoleggiare m'addolcisca il core, avendo voi parlamenti di vita.</p>	<p>TRIPERUNO. Indeed, I wanted to ask you to do that, so that your narration might soften my heart, given that you have sermons about life.</p>
<p>{R 323} {1527 p. 178}</p>	<p>{R 323} {1527 p. 178}</p>
<p>FULICA.</p>	<p>FULICA.</p>

⁵⁹ Note: *bardocucullo**; Diavolo is spelled Diavelo in the 1527 Mantua edition.

Voglio che sappiati (diceva quello) che gli Asini e gli Bovi anchora hanno l'ontelletto; non che lo possono havere.	"I want you to know," he said, "that asses and oxen actually have an intellect, not just that they can have it.
Di che ve ne può far chiari Esaia quando dice, Conobbe il bove il sito possessore, e l'Asino lo presepio del suo signore. ⁶⁰	Isaiah can clarify this for you when he says, "The ox knew his owner's site and the ass [knew] the manger of his Lord."
E David, Non vogliati, dice, divenire Cavalli e Muli, e soggiungevi la ragion, perché sono (dice) senza senno e senza alchuno advedimento.	And David, "Do not wish to become horses and mules" and he added the reason, "because they are (he said) without wisdom and without judgment."
Per che Christo, humile e mansuetissimo signore e obbedientissimo figliuolo al suo Padre, non volse montare suopra gli Cavalli né suopra gli Muli, superbissimi animali e oltre a modo ostinati, ma si voluntieri si degnò ascendere suopra il mansueto Asinello.	Because Christ, most gentle and humble lord and most obedient son of his Father, did not want to get on either horses or mules, very haughty animals and extraordinarily stubborn, but he consented very willingly to mount a gentle little ass.
O beati gli Asini e vie più ch'ogni altro animale felici.	Oh blessed are the asses, and happier than all other animals.
O beati quelli che Asini divengono e sono degni di portare il Re de la gloria in Gierusalem, città de li Angioli e de tutti i Santi li quali sempre veggono il Sole de la Giustitia che rasserena le nostre menti piene d'errori oscuri e folti e sempre mirano la divina e vera bellezza, la quale gli fa in eterno beati e giulivi.	Oh blessed are those who become asses and are worthy of carrying the King of glory into Jerusalem, city of the angels and of all the saints who forever see the Sun of Justice that soothes our minds full of dense and dark errors and they ceaselessly see the divine and true beauty which makes them blessed and joyful for eternity.
Non posso io qui tacere la soperbia e 'l fasto di coloro che servi di Christo suoi discepoli si fanno chiamare, e temo forte che siano a guisa di quelli servitori dalli quali è luntano iloro signore. ⁶¹	I cannot be silent here about the hauteur and grandeur of those who have themselves called servants and Christ his disciples, and I am much afraid that they act like those servants whose master is far from them.
Ma se pur di così sacro nome si vogliono gloriare, perché essi con più pompa e con maggiore fasto cavalcano più ricchi Cavalli et più belli Mulli che Christo mai non fece?	But even if they wish to glorify themselves with such a sacred name, why do they with more pomp and more grandeur, ride richer horses and more elegant mules than Christ did?
Et perche non cavalcono essi gli Asini, come 'l loro Maestro e signore (come dicono) gli ha dato esempio?	And why don't these [disciples] ride asses, as their master and lord (as they say) gave them the example.

⁶⁰ Note: Isaiah 1.3; David: Psalms 32.9.

⁶¹ Note: In his annotations to this passage, Ugo Paoli notes that popes after Gregory the Great (590-604) added *servus servorum Dei* to their names (op. cit. p. 288).

Ma in ciò prudentemente hanno fatto e fanno, anchora cavalcando quelli animali gli quali loro più assomigliano. ⁶²	But in that they have acted and still act sensibly, since they are riding those animals whom they most resemble.
Dhe guarda bene disse alhora Liberato a l'Asino, e considera quello che tu parli; ché se per mala sciagura mai si saprà, tu ne sarai molto male trattato, et io ti so bene accertare che tutte l'ossa con un grosso bastone rotte ti saranno in dosso in così fatta guisa che mai più non porterai soma, ma miseramente di questa vita passerai.	"Hey, watch out," Liberato said then to the ass, "and consider what you are saying, because if by dire misfortune it will ever be known, you will be very badly treated because of it, and I can guarantee you that all the bones on your back will be broken with a great big stick in such a way that you will never again carry a load, rather you will pass miserably from this life.
Né ti giovarà mercé per Dio chiedere: per te morta sarà pietà, né potrai alcuno aiuto o conforto ritrovare.	Nor will it do you any good to ask God for mercy, for you pity will be dead, nor will you be able to find any help or comfort.
{R 324} {1527 p. 179}	{R 324} {1527 p. 179}
Deh non sai tu quello che indice Idio per bocca del Propheta: che dobbiamo lasciare stare i Christi suoi? Perché dunque tu gli tocchi, perché gli mordi, perché non gli lasci stare?	Oh, don't you know what God proclaims through the mouth of the prophet: that we must leave his Christ s alone? Why then do you touch them, why do you criticize them, why don't you leave them alone?"
Rispose l'Asino con un mal viso e disse: Se temessi io il Bastone e le Busse più che Idio, io mi tacerei, né sarei mai oso di dire la verità.	The ass answered with a mean face and said, "If I feared the big stick and the beatings more than God, I would stay silent, and I would never dare to tell the truth.
Ma perciò che io sono disposto, dove a Dio non dispiaccia, morire, se mi fia di bisogno, non ho paura di confessare e dire il vero.	But because I am disposed to die, when it not be displeasing to God, if it proves necessary, I am not afraid of confessing and telling the truth.
Né perché io dica la verità, si debbono essi reputare essere offesi da me, se veramente discepoli sono e servi o amici di Christo, il quale (come egli di se medesimo fa vera testimonianza) è essa prima verità e cagione d'ogni nostra verità.	Nor because I tell the truth, must they consider themselves insulted by me, if they are actually disciples and servants or friends of Christ, who (as he himself gives true witness) is the prime truth and reason of every truth of ours.*
Io non mordo loro, io non gli tocco né pungo; io lascio stare, anzi riverisco e temo i veri Cristi e sacerdoti e regi.	I do not bite them, I do not touch or sting them, I leave them be, indeed I revere and fear the true Christs and priests and kings.
Io favello di quelli che vogliono essere creduti buoni Pastori e vogliono essere commendati e riveriti, li quali nel vero sono Mercenari e prezzolati, che a prezzo temporale e vilissimo pascono le pecore di	I am speaking about those who wish to be believed good pastors and want to be commended and revered, who in truth are mercenaries and hirelings, who, for a temporal and very low price, pasture the

⁶² Gloss: "Sunt ditiores quod fuerant saeculares: possident opes sub Christo paupere, quas sub locuplete diabolo non habuerant." Hieronimus. ("They are wealthier [as monks] than they had been as secular men; they possess riches in the service of a poor Christ which they did not have under an opulent devil," St. Jerome, *Epistles*, 60.11, *Ad Heliodorum Episcopum*.) Note: Folengo substituted "quod" for "monachi quam."

Christo sono per aventura affamati Lupi; che alli buoni e veraci Pastori e santi prelati de la Chiesa convenevole cosa è anzi necessaria, a fargli ogni honore; il più che noi gli possiamo. ⁶³	sheep of Christ and are all of a sudden famished wolves, because for the good and authentic pastors and holy prelates of the Church it is a proper thing, indeed a necessary one, to make them every honor, as much as we are able [to do] for them.*
Si che giusto sdegno mi sospinge a biasimare la lorda e malvagia vita de li mali Cherici e Rettori de la Chiesa.	So that just disdain spurs me to revile the filthy and wicked life of the bad clerics and rectors of the Church.*
Né può l'animo mio sofferire di vedere quelli cavalcare con tanta pompa e compagnia, quanta mai non si vide in Campidoglio ne gli vittoriosi Triomphi de li Romani, nel tempo che havevano in mano il freno e 'l governo de tutte le provincie e de le genti Barbare, le quali di dì in dì soggiogano i nostri dolci paesi, togliendoci hoggi una Città e domani l'altra, et hor questo Castello et hor quell'altro, e temo che in brieve non ci tolgiano le persone.	Nor can my spirit bear to see them riding with such pomp and circumstance, the like one never saw on the Capitol in the victory triumphs of the Romans, at the time that they held the reins in hand, and had the government of all the provinces and of the barbaric peoples -- who from one day to the next subject our sweet lands, taking one city from us today and another tomorrow, and now this castle, and now that one, and I fear lest before long they take from us [our] people.
Christo cavalcò una sol volta sopra l'Asino, ma gli soi discepoli trionphalmente alle più volte si fanno portare dove a piè andare devrebbono.	Christ road on an ass only one time, but many more time his disciples have themselves carried in triumph where they should go on foot."
Non hai tu (disse Liberato) di ciò troppo da rammaricaroti e da dolerti, che dove una fiata portasti sopra gli homeri tuoi il nostro Signore leggerissimo e soave peso ne la santa città di Hierusalem Hora ti converrebbe portare i suoi Vicarii e suoi discepoli per oscuri boschi e per le frondute selve, discorrendo hor in qua hor in là, a le maggiori fatiche del mondo, senza che oltre al convenevole saresti carico d'una gravissima Soma, in maniera che staresti male. ⁶⁴	"About that, you don't have too much to regret and lament," said Liberato, "since where once you carried on your shoulders our Lord in the holy city of Jerusalem, a most light and soothing weight, now it would be obligatory to carry his vicars and his disciples through dark woods and leafy forests, rushing off now this way now that, to the biggest events in the world, not to mention that you would be burdened with an extremely heavy load, so that you would feel bad.*
{R 325} {1527 p. 181}	{R 325} {1527 p. 181}
Perche ti déi assai bene contentare del tuo quieto stato, né vogli procurare scabbia al tuo corpo che sanissimo esser veggio.	Because you must be quite content with your quiet state, and do not wish to get scabs on your body, which I see to be very healthy.
E maravigliomi io forte di così fatte parole quali sono state le tue; ché io fermissimamente creduto havrei,	And I really get amazed at pronouncements such as yours have been, because I would have most

⁶³ Gloss: Quid faciet sub tunica poenitentis regius animus? Qui alios vult regere, alios iudicare et a nemine regi et a nemine iudicari? Hieronimus. ("What will a royal spirit do under the tunic of a penitent? Who wishes to rule others, to judge others, and be ruled by no one and judged by no one?" St Jerome, source not found.)* For the image of evil people in sheep's clothing see Matthew 7.15 and note at R 326.

⁶⁴ Gloss: Venatio. (Hunting.)

et anchor credo, che voi Asini sempre fuggito havereste cotali pompe, là dove hora mi pare che procacciate voi d’haverle.	steadfastly believed, and do still believe, that you asses would have always fled such pomp, whereas now it seems to me that you strive to have it.
Io sempre ho udito dire che a gli Asini non dilettono molto l’ornate e nobili selle né gli aurati freni né le fregiate vestimenta e quelle che d’oro sono o d’ariento dipinte.	I have always heard it said that asses don’t much like decorated and elegant saddles, nor the gilded reins or the frilly clothes and those that are of gold or covered with silver.
Né vidi io mai alcuno di voi essere troppo vago del sòno de le corna o d’altri dilettevoli Istromenti, onde sogliono e’ Greci dire d’alcuno, che sia d’alcuna cosa rozzo e grosso, uno cotale proverbio, egli è a guisa d’un Asino a la lira.” ⁶⁵	Nor did I ever see any of you very fond of the sound of horns or of other entertaining instruments, about which the Greeks often say of someone, who is rough and unrefined in something, this sort of proverb, ‘He is like an ass at the lyre.’
De l’uccellare e de andare a cazza non mi è hora di bisogno che io ne parli, perciò che dilettere non vi possono quelle cose le quali contrastano a la vostra natura, la quale non vi diede l’ali a volare né veloci piedi e leggieri a potere forte correre.	About going birding and hunting, it is not necessary for me to speak now since those things cannot delight you which contrast to your nature – which did not give you wings to fly nor fleet and nimble feet capable of running fast.
Per le quali tutte cose io brevemente conchiudo che ingiustamente voi e senza ragione facciate alchuna querela o romore de lo vostro sbandeggiamento, recandovi a vergogna l’essere scacciati da coloro, il cui Maestro, (se pur suoi veraci discepoli sono), vi elesse per suo portatore, quasi come più vi caglia il giudizio de gli huomini che quello di Dio.	On account of all these things I conclude in short, that you unjustly and without reason make some quarrel or disturbance of your disbandment* bringing shame upon you for having been chased away by them, whose master (if they are indeed his true disciples) elected you as his carrier, almost as though you care more about the judgment of men than that of God.
Perche vi dovete voi dare pace di tutto ciò che a Colui piace, a la cui direttissima volontà et eterna dispositione e legge immutabile ogni cosa si creda per certo essere soggetta.	So that you should put yourselves at peace about all that which is pleasing to Him, to whose most righteous will and eternal disposition and immutable law one believes everything certainly to be subject.*
Hor dubitate forse voi de la divina ordinatione et infallibile providenza? Credete voi che alcuna cosa senza ordine e senza alcuno reggimento qua giù sempre errando vada?	Well, do you perhaps doubt the divine order and infallible providence? Do you believe that anything could go wandering about forever here below without any order and without any regulation?
Il che se voi credete, perché incolpate voi gli huomini e non la instabile Fortuna?	If you believe this, why do you blame men and not fickle fortune?
{R 326} {1527 p. 183}	{R 326} {1527 p. 183}

⁶⁵ Gloss: Asinus ad lyram. (An ass to a lire.)

Non havete dunque voi giusta cagione da dolervi ne da riprendere i Chierici e Prelati de la madre Chiesa, a li quali, benché di scellerata e cattiva vita siano alquanti e avenga che facciano le sconcie cose, nondimeno dovete voi fargli ogni honore et ogni riverenza come a vostri maggiori e come a quelli li quali sono da Dio ordinati e mandati a nostra utilità, habbiando riguardo al divinissimo precetto di Christo che ne comanda e dice: Facete voi quelle cose le quali essi vi dicono e predicano che fare dobbiate; ma le malvagie opere loro, le quali essi sovente fanno, non vogliate voi fare.	You do not therefore have fair cause to complain or to rebuke the clerics and prelates of the Mother Church, to whom, although some may lead wicked and evil lives and it may happen that they do nasty things, nonetheless you must show them every honor and reverence as to your betters and as to those who are ordained by God and sent for our service, having regard for the most holy precept of Christ which gives commandments about that and says, 'Do those things which they tell you and preach that you should do, but the wicked actions which they often do, do not wish to do.'
Non più (rispose l'Asino) non più parole.	"No more," responded the ass, "no more words."
Io non niego che non debbiano essere ascoltate et ubbidite loro leggi oneste e pie, né vitupero io in tutto loro decreti e canoni o regole del ben vivere.	I don't deny that their honest and pious laws should be listened to and obeyed, nor do I find fault with all their decrees and canons and rules for living well.
Non sono io di coloro che forse v'immaginate, ma di Christo vivo e morto, al quale io servo e servire voglio nel suo dolce e grazioso Evangelio, né di servirgli sarò mai sazio.	I am not like those that you perhaps imagine, rather I both live and die in Christ, whom I serve and want to serve in his sweet and gracious gospel, nor will I ever be sated of serving him.*
Al quale così piangendo son astretto di dire, O benignissimo Padre, riguarda. Riguarda, o bono pastore, con l'occhio de la pietà le tue povere e deboli pecorelle, le quali tra crudelissimi Lupi sono poste drento a cardi, vepri, spine et altre vitiose herbe a pascere. ⁶⁶	To whom I am constrained to say, crying, "O most benign Father, look, look, O good Pastor, with eyes of pity at your poor and fragile sheep, who are set to pasture among the most cruel wolves, inside thorns, barbs and other vicious plants.
Ecco (hoimè) di quelli uno più de gli altri affamato e fiero, Licaone, a passo a passo, senza alcuno rispriarmo, tutte le caccia, le svena, le straccia, le divora. ⁶⁷ Defendile, potentissimo Signore: Defendile da gli soi crudi artigli. Che. [sic]	Here, alas, one of these more famished and proud than the others, Licaone, step by step without sparing any of them, catches them all, deveins them, shreds them and devours them. Defend them, O most powerful Lord, defend them from his cruel claws. That...
{R 327} {1527 p. 184}	{R 327} {1527 p. 184}

⁶⁶ Note: Recurring theme of wolves among sheep, see also R 221, 231, 238-9, 264, 372 and elsewhere.

⁶⁷ Note: Licaone is an Arcadian king of Greek mythology who is said to have sacrificed a child on the altar of Zeus, here he is identified with Ignatius Squarcialupi, and see acrostics immediately below; cf. *Orlandino* 5.77, and *Epigram* 16, "Chiesa Petri."

TRIPERUNO. ⁶⁸	TRIPERUNO.
<p>Era per seguir anco il Vecchio bono Già su l'entrar d'un Poggio il qual si monta Non senza gran sudore, quando un grido Al tergo viemmi, rotto di dolore. Torsi la fronte, et ecco for d'un Bosco Io vidi una Dongiella scapigliata Venir fuggendo, et ha chi l'urta et ange Sempre battendo lei con aspra fune,</p>	<p>The good old man was about to continue again, already at the start of a hill which one does not ascend without a lot of sweat, when a pain-wracked shriek came at my back. I spun my head around, and behold I saw a tousled maiden come fleeing from a wood, and there is someone who drives her and hurts her, beating her repeatedly with a harsh rope;</p>
<p>Stetti prima qual sasso; ma dapoi Quando comprendo il viso di Galanta, Volgo le spalle più d'un strale in fretta A Fùlica per trarla for d'affanni. Rompeva la meschina l'aero intorno Con alte strida e son di petto e mani. Intendo l'occhio a chi la fea gridare: Ahi ch'io la riconobbi, ahi cruda et empia Laura maligna, incantatrice e maga, Venefica non men di Circe fiera, Putta sfacciata vecchia, il cui fetore Volgea gli huomini in bestie, augelli e serpi, Stringendo ai carmi soi l'altrui costumi.</p>	<p>First, I stood like a stone, but then when I take in the face of Galanta, I turn my back to Fulica faster than an arrow in order to pull her [Galanta] away from harm. The poor thing was shattering the air around with loud screams and the sound of breast and hands. I focus my eye on who was making her cry out: Oh no, I recognized her. Oh no, cruel and impious, corrupt Laura, enchantress and sorceress, poisonous no less than wild Circe, impudent old whore, whose stench turned men into beasts, birds and serpents, by forcing the customs of others to her rituals.</p>
<p>Fùlica su pel monte ansando scampa, Lo qual non più vedere i' puoti mai. Ovunque una sen fugge e l'altra segue.⁶⁹ Ratto m'avento al fondo d'un Vallone: Ecco vidi Galanta in un instante Non esser più Galanta, ma curvarsi Tutta ritratta e capo e braccia e gambe, In una picciol forma di Mustella. Non puoti far alhora, che non ratto Vòlto in gran fuga e lagrimando forte Scampassi per nascondermi da Laura.</p>	<p>Fulica panting escapes up the slope, whom I was never able to see again. One flees every which way and the other follows.* Suddenly I found myself in the bottom of a valley: here I saw Galanta in one instant be Galanta no longer, but curling up, head and arms and legs all pulled into the small shape of a mouse. I could do nothing at that point other than escape to hide myself from Laura, after having turned quickly in hasty retreat and crying hard.</p>

⁶⁸ ACROSTICS: EGNATIUS SQUARIALUPUS FLORENTINUS DESTRUCTOR RELIGIONIS DIVI BENEDICTE LARUE SIBI NOMEN VINDICAVIT AT LARVAM ILLUM APPELLANDUM ESSE CENSEMUS. (The Florentine Ignatius Squarzialupi, destroyer of the religious order of St. Benedict, claimed the name Laura for himself, but we think he should be called Larva); see above, note at R 297.

⁶⁹ Note: Both subjects in this sentence are feminine: Fulica seems to be referred to with a feminine pronoun here, but above with the masculine direct object "lo." *

<p>Di passo in passo mi volgeva a dietro, Errando e qua e là come stordito. Stettesi la malvagia su duo piedi Tutta minace in vista e neghittosa. Resto anchor io nel folto d'una macchia, Vedendo lei ma non da lei veduto. Cessò dunque la Vecchia scelerata Tener più via d'havermi alhor nel griffo, Onde quindi partita io mi discopro Ritornando a veder ov'è Galanta.</p>	<p>With each step, I turned back around, wandering here and there as though bewildered. She stood there on two feet, malicious, her face all full of menace, and sluggish.* I stayed in the thick of a hedge, seeing her but not seen by her. Therefore the depraved old woman stopped having a way to hold me in her claw,* so then after she had gone off, I uncover myself, while returning to see where Galanta is.</p>
<p>{1527 p. 185} {R 328}</p>	<p>{1527 p. 185} {R 328}</p>
<p>Ramparsi lungo al fusto d'un Sambuco Ecco la veggio, O quanto vaga e snella, Leggiadra, pronta, sedula, sagace.⁷⁰ Io la richiamo come far solea: Galanta mia, perché mi fuggi, ingrata? Io son il tuo fidele Triperuno: Ove serpendo vai? vieni a me, vieni, Non ti levar da me, ché bona cura Io sempre havrò di te, fin che col tempo Si trovi chi ti renda al esser vero.</p>	<p>I see her then, climbing up the stalk of a sambuco, oh how pretty and slim, lovely, ready, attentive, wise! I called her as I used to, "My Galanta, why do you flee from me, ingrate? I am your faithful Triperuno, where do you go snaking away? Come to me, come, don't take yourself off from me, because I will always take good care of you, until with time someone is found to restore you to your true being.*</p>
<p>Dissi queste parole e passo passo I' m'avicino, losingando, a lei. Venne dunqu'ella, dolce mormorando, Intratami nel sino a starvi ad agio.</p>	<p>I said these words and step by step I go closer to her, flirting, and she comes then, murmuring sweetly, having entered my bosom to stay there at ease.</p>
<p>Basci soavi quella mi porgeva, Et io basciava lei, non men insano, Non men caldo di quel che fui davanti. Era sul picciol dorso tutta d'oro, Di latte il corpo e leggiadretti piedi, Intorno al collo un circolo di perle Cinto l'adorna e fammi esser men grave Tutta la doglia che m'assalse, quando Io vidi lei cangiarsi a me davante.</p>	<p>Sweet kisses she offered me, and I kissed her, no less insane, no less ardent than what I was before. On her little back, she was all golden, her body and her charming little feet were milky, a loop of pearls circling her neck adorns her and lessens the severity of all the pain that assailed me, when I saw her changing in front of me.</p>

⁷⁰ Note: For Toscan, *sambuco* (also referred to as *santo buco*) refers to the anus, p. 696; *fusto* is phallic. This meaning is reinforced by the images which follow. Galanta is an enigma: Folengo says, among other things, that she is a wife, a mouse, a star (R 331); to me she seems to represent a facet of the author's personality, his sexuality, and/or his penis (she was "gementis delitiae," R 332).

Lo giorno mai, la notte mai non cesso Appagarmi di questo sol piacere. Venni a Perissa finalmente, dove Restar non volse Fùlica, ché 'l loco Era d'errori e soperstitia pieno. ⁷¹	I never cease either day or night to satisfy myself of this one pleasure. Finally I came to Perissa, where Fulica did not wish to stay, because the place was filled with errors and superstition.
Stetti qui molti giorni, mesi et anni In una grotta sol per fiere usata, Bevendo acque de stagni torbe immonde, lonci e palme tessendo e molli vinci.	I stayed many days, months and years in a grotto used only by animals, drinking turbid unclean marsh waters, and weaving rushes and palms and pliable cords.
Non mi levai dal dosso mai la gonna, Onde l'immondi Vermi di più sorte M'erano sempre intorno vigilanti, Et un setoso manto folto et aspro Non mai giù da le nude carne i' tolsi.	I never lifted my tunic off me, so there were filthy worms of various kinds always surrounding me expectantly, and a bristly cloak, thick and rough, I never took away from my naked skin.
{R 329} {1527 p. 186}	{R 329} {1527 p. 186}
Varcar un huomo in ciel non io credea, Il qual fuggisse vivere famato, Nudirsi d'erbe, more, fraghe e giande, Destarsi a mezzanotte e macerarsi Il corpo già homicida di se stesso, Corcarsi o su le frondi o in terra nuda, Arrecarsi a gran merto il girne scalzo, Vender se stesso ad altri, non havere Il proprio arbitrio in sé, che Dio concesse Tenacemente al spirito di ragione.	I did not believe that a man could pass into heaven, who ran away to live starving, to nourish himself on herbs, blackberries, strawberries and acorns, to get himself up at midnight and macerate his body, already a murderer of himself, to lie down either on branches or on the bare ground, to consider it his great merit to go around barefoot, to sell himself to others, to not have free will in himself, that God resolutely granted to the spirit of reason.
Al fin, essendo sotto l'altrui voglia, Tolta mi fu la mia dolce Galanta:	In the end, being under another's will, my sweet Galanta was taken from me.
Lo mio solaccio, il mio contento e spasso, Aimè da me fu radicato e svelto. Rimasi d'alma privo, ma nel dolo Vivendo sempre tanto piansi et arsi, Arsi d'Amore, piansi di dolore, Morte chiamando ognhor, che al fin privato	My solace, my satisfaction and my recreation, alas, was uprooted and eradicated. I remained deprived of soul, but living always in pain, and I cried and burned so; I burned from love, I cried from pain, calling death continually, so that in the end

⁷¹ Gloss: Soperstitione. (Superstition.)

<p>Io fui de gli occhi e d'ogni sentimento. Laura qui ottenne il seggio, e sol de Volpi, Lupi, Tigri, Pantere, Draghi e Serpi, Ventrosi Vermi empitte Boschi e Selve, Monti, Valli, Spelonche, Fiumi e Stagni.</p>	<p>I was deprived of my eyes and of every feeling. Laura obtained the throne, and filled the woods, forest, mountains, valleys, caves, rivers and ponds only with foxes, wolves, tigers, panthers, dragons and serpents.</p>
<p>Attonita scampavasi la turba, Per le Phantasme, Sogni e negre Larve, Per l'ombra infauste che da l'empia Erinni Erano sparse drento al Laberinto, Laberinto d'errori colmo e pieno, Laberinto che già di Dio fu stanza. Augellazzi notturni d'ogn'intorno Non cessano volar con alte strida, Del Sole homai non più v'entran le fiamme, Volti de Spirti neri sempre in gli occhi M'erano fisi digrignando e' denti.⁷²</p>	<p>Stunned, the crowd ran away through the phantasms, dreams and black larvae, through the unholy shades that were dispersed by the impious Erinyes inside the labyrinth: a labyrinth brimming and filled with errors, a labyrinth which earlier had been God's house. Horrid nocturnal birds do not stop flying from all around with loud screeching. By now the rays of the sun no longer enter; faces of black spirits gnashing their teeth were forever fixed in my eyes.</p>
<p>{R 330} {1527 p. 187}</p>	<p>{R 330} {1527 p. 187}</p>
<p>E la Galanta mia fu in preda d'altri Suso al bel Mondo, in grembo altrui, rimasa: Suso al bel Mondo, et io nel più profondo Era del Chaos, Centro e Laberinto.</p>	<p>And my Galanta was prey to others, she stayed up there in the beautiful world, in others' laps: up there in the beautiful world, and I was in the very depths of Chaos, center and labyrinth.</p>
<p>Colui che l'ebbe in mano fu l'egregio, Egregio mio Grifalco, il qual non hebbe, Non ha, non avrà mai di sé più fido.⁷³ Strinse Galanta mia fra l'uscio e muro. Ella morì chiamando: Triperuno. Ma 'l giovane magnanimo e cortese Volve che d'Alabastro un fino vaso Sepolcro fusse a la gentil Mustella.</p>	<p>The one who had her in his hand was my distinguished Grifalco, who never had, does not have and never will have anyone more trustworthy than himself. He pressed my Galanta between the door and the wall. She died calling, "Triperuno!" But the noble and courteous young man wished a fine vase of alabaster would be the tomb for that gentle little mouse.</p>
<p>{R 331} {1527 p. 188}</p>	<p>{R 331} {1527 p. 188}</p>
<p>TUMULI GALANTHIDIS MUSTELLAE⁷⁴</p>	<p>At the tomb of the weasel Galanthis</p>
<p>Grifalco.</p>	<p>GRIFALCO</p>

⁷² Note: *augellazzi notturni* – a recurring image of black nocturnal creatures causing harm, associated with monks, see *Chaos* R 276, *Baldus*, 19.529-31, 21.201-4, and my *Allegorical reading of Folengo's Baldus*.

⁷³ Gloss: Grifalco. (Grifalcone.)

⁷⁴ Note: *Mustella* could be any of the family of small carnivorous mammals: weasels, martens, skunks, badgers, otters, etc, or just a small mouse.

Cogimur exiguam deflare Galanthida, virtus Quippe sub exiguo corpore multa fuit. Hanc neque tum poterat limen collidere, vixit Quae pede Cervus, Aper fulmine, corde Leo. At magis offensas ulta est Saturnia priscas, Solvit ubi, invita hac, ventre Galanthis heram. ⁷⁵	We are compelled to mourn little Galanthis, for indeed, there was much virtue in her little body. For so long as the doorway was unable to crush her, she was alive who was a deer in her foot, a boar in her destructiveness, and a lion in her heart. But the Saturnian instead took revenge for her earlier offenses when, against [Hera's] will, Galanthis liberated her mistress from her womb.
FULICA .	FULICA
Si brevis hic tumulus, breve carmen, me breve fatum, Quae mustella fui tam brevis, huc rapuit.	If this tomb is small, the poem brief, my fate brief, as I was such a small mouse, it rushed to this place.*
MERLINUS.	MERLINUS
Ter mutata, fuit Mulier, Mus, Stella, Galanthis, Me Mulier, tumulum Mus Pete, Stella polum.	There were three mutations of Galanta: she was a wife, a little mouse, a star; seek me as a wife, the tomb as a mouse, the poles as a star.
LIMERNUS.	LIMERNO
Quae Mulier quondam, quae nunc Mustella fuisti, Hic medium linquis nomen et astra tenes. ⁷⁶	That one who was formerly a wife, who was just now a weasel, leave your name here in the middle and reach the stars.
PAULUS F.	Paulus F.
Lusus eram, nunc luctus Heri, qui fraude peremptam Lucinae officio me decorat tumuli. ⁷⁷	I was mocked, now I am mourned by the Lord who with the service of a tomb honors me, destroyed by the trickery of Lucina.*
{R 332} {1527 p. 189}	{R 332} {1527 p. 189}
MARCUS C.	Marcus C.

⁷⁵ Note: cf Ovid, *Metam.* 9.289-323: Galanthis was the maid-servant of Alcmene (Semele); when Juno (Hera) tried to prevent Alcmene from giving birth to Herakles (Dionysus), Galanthis distracted her and was punished by being transformed into a weasel who afterwards had to give birth through her mouth; translation help and notes from Douglas Olson and George Sheets, Classics, University of Minnesota.

⁷⁶ Gloss: Mus. Stella. (Mouse. Star.) [Together: Mustella – weasel, or little mouse.]

⁷⁷ Note: Lucina, goddess of childbirth: from Wikipedia: Lucina was an epithet for Juno as ("she who brings children into light").

An misera, an felix? dominum damnemve probemve, Cum dederit mortem qui modo fert tumulum? Si pius, unde mihi mors est? si non pius, unde Et decus et laudes et lacrymae et tumulus?	Is she wretched, or is she happy? Should I condemn or approve the lord after he gave her death, she who just now goes to the tomb? If he is virtuous, why is she dead? If he is not virtuous, why honor and glory and tears and a tomb?*
IDEM.	The same
Dum placeo interii occidit dum diligit, ingens Struxit Amor tumulum, sed prius ille necem.	Meanwhile I am pleased I perished: mighty Love kills as long as he favors, he arranges the tomb, but first [he arranges] death.*
IDEM	The same
Mole brevi brevis ipsa tegor mustella, gementis Delitiae nuper, nunc lacrymae domini.	I myself a small mouse am covered with a small rock; not long ago, moaning with delight, now with my lord's tears.
ISIDORUS C. Iunonis querela.	Isidoro C. Lament of Juno
O ego quantum egi, extinxisse Galanthida dudum Credideram lethaeisque immersisse sub undis, Dum terris prohibere paro coelum occupat audax Et Vatum celebri late iam carmine vivet.	Oh, what have I done? At the same time that I had thought to have extinguished Galanta and to have plunged beneath the Lethean waves, while I prepare to forbid/prohibit on earth, a bold one occupies heaven and he may live far and wide now in celebrated poems of poets.
IDEM.	The same.
Indulges lacrymis inane quiddam Deflens, et teneram gemens alumnam Grifalco, at nihil huic magis salubre, Magis nobile prestitisse posses. Vivens cognita vix tibi latebat. Vitae munere functa nunc perenni Vivet iam celebrata laude: per te Haec dum mortem obiit, absoluta morte est.	You give in to tears bewailing some foolish thing and lamenting a tender young pupil, Grifalco, and you can provide nothing more beneficial than this, [nothing] more important. Living acknowledged, she was scarcely hidden from you. May she now live with notable praise engaged in the service of eternal life: provided that she met death for you, she is released from death.
{R 333} {1527 p 191}	{R 333} {1527 p 191}
TRIPERUNUS AD DEUM CONF.	Triperuno confesses to God
Summe opifex rerum, pater instaurator et unus Qui Deus existens coelo terraque potenter Cuncta regis, certo dum lapsu saecula torques, En ego, si ante tuum debentur vota tribunal	O supreme creator of things, sole father and founder, you who, existing as God, powerfully rule all in heaven on earth, while in fact you torture the ages with passing [time], look at me, if before your

<p>Assistique hominum curae trutinisque movendae, Quid faciam, tanto qui absumpto tempore noctes Produxi vigiles ea per figmenta, volumen Nugarum aedificans? En culpa cognitor omnis, En quibus ingenium, quo nos decora alta subimus, Turpiter implicui fabellis, quo per ineptos Consenuit lusus viridis squalore iuventa. Pars melior consumpta mei, redituraque nunquam Rapta est, unde animi ratio me conscia torquet. Heu heu quid volui misero mihi? sordibus aurum, Perditus, et gemmas immisi fecibus indas.⁷⁸</p>	<p>tribunal vows are proper, and the concerns of men are placed on the scales to be weighed -- what shall I do, I who have produced these fictions with so much time squandered during night vigils constructing a volume of trifles? Look at the witness of all my guilt, look at [my] character in these, by which we move ourselves up to high honors, disgracefully I wove these fables, by which on account of inappropriate games green youth grew old in squalor. The better part of me has been consumed, once snatched away never to come back again, whence the conscious reason of my soul torments me. Alas, alas, what did I wish for my wretched self? Reckless, I threw gold on filth and Indian jewels on feces.</p>
<p>FINISCE LA SECONDA SELVA.</p>	<p>End of the Second Forest</p>

⁷⁸ Note: “Heu! heu! quid volui...” similar to Vergil, *Eclogues*, 2.58-9, “heu heu, quid volui misero mihi? floribus Austrum/ perditus et liquidis inmissi fontibus apros” (Alas, alas, what did I wish for my wretched self? Reckless, I let loose the south wind in the flowers and boars in the clear fountains); Vergil’s two lines are used verbatim at the end of *Baldus*, 25, 655-8, and in the 1521 Toscolana *Baldus*, at the end of Book 23.

#Section 7: Selva terza e parte finale	#Section 7: Third Forest and final part
{R 337} {1527 p. 191} ¹	{R 337} {1527 p. 191}
PREFATTIONE DE LA SELVA TERTIA	Preface to the Third Forest
Lo Animale ragionevole, lo quale per vivere o soperstitiosa, o lascivamente, ovvero che per falsa dottrina avezzato e abituato non più sente lo errore suo, ma Cieco et obliuoso nel grembo de la Regina de' peccati e difetti, che è la Ignorantia, sede e dorme, costui non pur di bestia peggiore, ma un'ombra, anzi uno niente si pò chiamare, come quello che non ode, non sente, non vede, non tocca più di se stesso lo essere.	The rational animal, who, in order to live either superstitiously or lasciviously, or who inured and habituated by false doctrine, no longer perceives its errors, but sits and sleeps blind and forgetful in the lap of the Queen of sins and vices, which is Ignorance, he is not just worse than a beast, but is a shadow, or rather, one can call him a nothing, as one who does not hear, does not feel, does not see and no longer touches the essence of himself.
Hor dunque trovasi egli nel Chaos, e a lui non è fatto ancora il Mondo, dil ché per divina pietade apparegli una fiammella d'intelletto e così a poco a poco entra egli in cognitione di queste cose per lui da Dio criate, e talmente vi affigge il core, che distinguendo e scegliendo va lo smisurato beneficio da Dio a lui dato, ma non troppo egli vien poi rassicurato da questa nostra humana e corrotta Natura, che non caschi o poscia egli cadere in alterigia, vedendosi essere di tante belle cose Tiranno.	Now therefore he finds himself in Chaos, and the world has not yet been made for him, so then by divine mercy a small flame of intellect appears to him and thus, little by little he enters into the knowledge of these things that were created for him by God, and his heart concentrates so much on these, that he goes discerning and distinguishing the unlimited bounty given to him by God, but he does not become too persuaded by this human and corrupt Nature of ours, so that he does not descend or have the potential to descend into haughtiness, seeing himself as the Tyrant of so many great things.
Però la Anima, d'ogni macchia purgata, è nello stato, che già fù Adam (intendendosi questo allegoricamente) avanti lo gustato pomo, la Natura gli è ancora incorrotta; non vi è lo Tempo, non vi è la Morte, vero è che nel Paradiso terrestre de la purgata conscientia potrebbe ella facilmente con lo arbore del libero arbitrio fallire, o sia nel tornare a la soperstitiosa vita lasciando lo vangelo secondo Livia: O sia per lo tribuire a soi istessi meriti la acquistata grazia, secondo Corona. O sia nel voler comprendere e diffinire la incomprendibil et infinita potentia di Dio dando opera al studio de li nostri moderni Theologi infruttuosamente per noi affaticati, secondo Paola. ²	However, the Soul, purged of every stain, is in the state that Adam was already before the tasted fruit (understanding this allegorically): Nature is still uncorrupted for him; in it there is no Time, there is no Death; the truth is that in the terrestrial Paradise of the cleansed conscience, [the soul] could easily fail with the tree of free will, either by returning to the superstitious life while abandoning the gospel, according to Livia; or by attributing the acquired grace to ones own merits according to Corona; or by desiring to understand and define the incomprehensible and infinite potential of God, paying heed to the study of our modern

¹ Note: Renda postponed the Preface, moving it down to page R 337.

² Gloss: Livia Corona Paola. [in the 1527 Mantua edition at hand, both the name *Corono* and *Paolo* appear to end with an "o" instead of an "a."]

	Theologians unproductively exhausted by us, according to Paola.
{R 335} {1527 p. 193}	{R 335} {1527 p. 193}
CHAOS DEL TRIPERUNO. Selva Tertia.	The Chaos of Triperuno: Third Forest
Unus adest triplici mihi nomine vultus in orbe, Tres dixere Chaos, numero Deus impare gaudet.	One face appears to the world with my threefold name; three dictated the Chaos: God likes an uneven number.
Immagine: Stemma della casa Folengo, come sopra, tre merle, ognuna con una lettera M[erlino], L[imerno] e F[ulica/Folengo], con a sinistra le lettere FR[ancesco] e a destra GR[ifalcone].	Image: The Folengo family coat of arms: as above, three merles marked M[erlin], L[imerno] and F[ulica], with the initials FR[ancesco] on the left and GR[ifalcone] on the right.
Fortuna con soi larghi e pronti Giri Rotandosi, nel volto ad altri Ride, Ad altri pur par sempre, che s'addlri. Non so Grifalco mio, che me ne Fide. Costei veggio, ch'a molti spenna le Ale E dal ciel tratti in terra le collide, Si come Borea fa de le ciCale. Che temer lei, s'un Dio nel ciel adOro Over s'in terra un Mecenate oNoro? ³	Fortune, by rotating with her wide and swift gyrations, laughs in some people's faces, and yet to others it always seems that she gets irate. I don't know, my Grifalco, that I trust her. I see her -- that she strips the wings of many people and having pulled them from heaven to earth, crashes them together, as Boreas does to the cicadas. Why should I fear her, if I adore a God in heaven or honor a patron/Maecenas on earth?
{R 336} {1527 p. 194}	{R 336} {1527 p. 194}
Hor sbuco già qual Nottula di tomba, Et oltra quella Spera, onde la pioggia Descende, e per Augel rado si poggia, Date mi son le penne di Colomba. Tant'alto salirò, che mi soccomba Chi ha 'l giro di trent'anni, e'n laurea Loggia, Ove 'n se stesso un trino Sol s'appoggia, Fia tempo, ch'al convito suo discomba. ⁴ Quivi non sotto enimma, non per velo C'habbia su gli occhi Mose, non per mano Posta al forame di l'eburneo ventre,	Now already I am popping out like a cemetery owl and beyond that sphere where rain descends and lands on an occasional bird, I have given myself the feathers of a dove (i.e. white feathers). I will ascend so high, that the one who has a thirty year orbit will succumb to me and in the laurel/golden Lodge where within itself a trine sun rests, let it be time that I recline at its banquet.* Here, not by way of enigma, not through the veil that Moses may have on his eyes, not by a hand placed at the opening of the ivory belly,

³ ACROSTICS: FRANCESCO GRIFALCON. Note: Several poems in this section display acrostics not just at the beginning of the line but internally and at the end of the line: the significant letters are in uppercase.

⁴ Needs work; Saturn could be "the thirty year orbit"; *laurea loggia* could be *l'aurea*, so, golden cavity.

Non più a le spalle no, ma in vista piano L'altissimo vedrò quanto sia mentre Si turba entro lo 'nferno e ride in Cielo.	no longer at the back, but plainly in sight, I will see what there is of His Highness, while one is tormented inside hell and laughs in heaven.
MAGNANIMUS TEMPLUM HOC MUSIS GRIFALCO LOCAVIT.	Here the magnanimous Grifalco built a temple to the Muses.
{1527 p. 195} {R 336}	{1527 p. 195} {R 336}
SELVA TERTIA.	Third Forest
[Immagine: Un penitente a ginocchio davanti a Cristo]	[Image: A penitent kneeling before Christ]
TRIPERUNO	TRIPERUNO
Quel spaventevol Mar, che a Naviganti Promette l'Epicuro si soave, Solcai gran tempo in feste, gioie e canti, Finchè la Gola, il Sonno e l'Otio m'ave Travolto in bande, ove d'acerbi pianti Nel Scoglio si fiaccò mia debil Nave, Che aperse a l'acque il fondo et ogni sponda, E 'n preda mi lasciò de Pesci a l'onda. ⁵	That terrifying sea, that to sailors Epicurus promises [to be] so smooth, I plowed a long time in parties, delights and song, until my Gullet, Sleep and Sloth had swept me away to regions where my frail bark wearied itself so on the shoals of harsh plants/sobs, that it opened its bottom to the waters and to every shore/bed, and left me in the waves prey to Fish.
E l'Ignoranza d'ogni ben nemica, Tosto che 'n grembo a Morte andar mi vide, Corsevi come Donna, ch'impudica Con vista t'ama e col pensier t'ancide; ⁶ Quindi svelto mi trasse, ove s'intrica Nostr'intelletto in quel sogno, ch'asside Fra le Sirene, e dormevi egli in guisa, Che sua spetie da se resta divisa.	And Ignorance, enemy to all good, as soon as it saw me going toward the lap of death, rushed there like a woman who, shameless, loves you with her eyes and kills you with her thoughts; then she quickly pulled me where our intellect gets tangled up in that dream, for it sits amid the Sirens and sleeps in such a way that it remains separated from its nature.

⁵ Gloss: Molle ostentat iter via lata, sed ultima meta/ Praecipitat captos volvitque per ardua saxa. Virg. ("The wide way seems smooth, but in the final bend, it hurls down those it has seized and rolls them on the harsh rock," attributed to Vergil in the Middle Ages, *Antologia Latina*; often quoted as *via laeva* (the left way) instead of *via lata* as here.)* Note: *acerbi pianti* (harsh plants) could also be translated as bitter wailing.

⁶ Gloss: Mors peccati. (Death from sin.)

<p>Vago mi parve sì l'aspetto loro, Che froda in tal sembianza non pensai; Ma ciò che splende poi non esser oro Tardo conobbi e subito provai;⁷ Un d'angeliche voci eletto coro Entrato esser mi parve, e poi mirai Cangiarsi e' bianchi volti in sozze Larve, Et il lor concento in stridi e urli sparve.</p>	<p>Their appearance seemed so charming to me, that I did not think of fraud in such a guise; but that which glitters is not then gold, I learned late and experienced immediately. It seemed to me that I'd entered a select choir of angelic voices, and then I watched the white faces change into filthy larvae, and their harmony vanished in screams and hollers.</p>
<p>{1527 p. 196} {R 340}</p>	<p>{1527 p. 196} {R 340}</p>
<p>Et una Nebbia horribile, che addombra La ragion, lo 'ntelletto e l'altro lume, M'avea offoscato sì ch'inutil ombra Io mi trovai for d'ogni human costume, E in stato di color cui sempre ingombra La dolce sete a l'oblioso fiume, Che come egli son vani e fatti nulla Tal vien, ch'in Ignorantia si trastulla.</p>	<p>And a horrible Fog, which overshadows reason, the intellect and the other light, had so befuddled me that I found myself a worthless shadow removed from every human custom, and in the state of those who are always encumbered by a sweet thirst for the river of forgetfulness, that, like those who are empty and made nothing -- such does he become who dallies in Ignorance.</p>
<p>Donde s'ardisco dire, che 'n niente m'avea travolto la Regina cieca, Taccia chi 'n l'altrui fama sempre ha 'l dente, Nè dica il mio cantar favola greca. Ma Dio com'ora fece a me, sua mente Svella dal stesso nuvol, che l'accieca, E scotalo dal sonno, ah, troppo interno, Che puoco fummi ad esser pianto eterno.</p>	<p>Therefore if I dare to say that in nothing flat the blind Queen had overwhelmed me, let him be silent who always has his tooth in another's reputation, and don't let him say that my poetry is Greek myth. But let God, as he did to me just now, pluck him from the same cloud which blinds him, and shake him from sleep, alas, too internal, that for me was close to being wailing eternal.*</p>
<p>Però ti rendo mille grazie, e lodo, Lodar quanto può mai potesta humana, Te dolce mio lesù, te fermo chiodo De l'alta fede, ch'ogni dubbio spiana; Te dico, che disciolto m'hai quel nodo, Il qual ci lega e fanne cosa vana, Te sommo Author di tal e tante cose, Che 'l suo thesor per noi la suso ascose.</p>	<p>And yet I give a thousand thanks to you, and I praise you, as much as human power can ever praise you, my sweet Jesus, you the fixed nail of profound faith, who levels every doubt; I mean you who undid that knot, which ties us and makes a plaything of us, you, supreme author of so many and such things who hides his treasure up there for us.</p>

⁷ Gloss: Ignorantia inter delitias. (Lack of awareness during delights.) Note: cf. "non so, ma tardo imparo," R 381, and see R 373, "I might be like one who repents too late."

Nè Lingua voci nè 'ntelletto sensi Muova giamai senza 'l tuo nome sacro, Nome, che sempre, o canti, o scriva, e pensi, Spero pietoso, e temo giusto et acro. ⁸ Iesù, te dunque invoco per l'immensi Chiodi amorosi, ch'alto simulacro T'han fatto in terra al popol Christiano. Hor mentr'io scrivo scorgimi la mano,	A tongue never stirs voices, nor a mind our senses without your holy name, a name that, whether sung, written or thought, I always hope [will be] merciful, but I fear [will be] just and harsh. I invoke you therefore, Jesus, by the immense loving nails that have made you a lofty image on earth to the Christian people. Now, while I write, observe my hand,
{R 341} {1527 p. 197}	{R 341} {1527 p. 197}
Scorgi la man non più cruda rapace, Non più del mondo posta in servitute. La man, che particella (sel ti piace) Scriver desia de l'alta tua vertute, La quale d'ogni senso human capace Mi ricondusse al poggio di salute, E nel tuo nome pareggiar voria Mio basso stile un'altra phantasia. ⁹	observe the hand no longer cruel, rapacious, no longer set down in servitude to the world. The hand, which wishes (if it please you) to write a little part of your lofty virtue, which, capable of every human sense, led me back to the mount of health, and in your name my low style would like to equal another fantasy.*
TRIPERUNO	TRIPERUNO
Il grave sonno, in cui m'era sepolto Quanto di bono vien dal primo cielo, Ruppemi horrendo grido, qual in molto Scoppio far sòle il fulgurante telo. Apro le ciglia, e quando hebbi distolto Da sensi un puoco l'importuno velo, Dritto m'inalzo, guato, e nulla veggio, Perch'era il Mondo ancora d'ombre un seggio. ¹⁰	A horrendous cry broke the deep sleep in which I had buried all the good that comes to us from the first heaven, such as that a lightning bolt makes in a big explosion. I open my eyelashes, and once I had removed somewhat the unwelcome veil from my senses, I stand up straight, watchful, and I see nothing because the world was still a place of shadows.

⁸ Gloss: Thesaurus coeli quem neque Tinea neque Erugo [sic] demolliuntur. (The vault of heaven which is not undermined by either moth or caterpillar.)* [Note: *eruga*, *uruca*, caterpillar]

⁹ Note: Folengo may be comparing his work to Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*, as below, "ma ch'abbia se non tutto almen in parte/ di Lodovico attendo il stile, e l'arte," R 381.

¹⁰ Gloss: Omnium honestarum rerum ignava perditaque neglegentia. (Ignoble and depraved negligence of all honest things.)

<p>Anzi nè ciel, nè terra, nè 'l Mar era, Nè haverli mai veduto mi sovenne; Non Verno, Estate, Autunno, Primavera, Non animai d'e peli, squamme o penne; Non selve, monti, fiumi, non minera D'alcun metallo, non veli nè antenne, Mercè ch'era del Chaos in la massa D'ogni ombra piena e d'ogni lume cassa.¹¹</p>	<p>In fact, there was no sky, no earth, no sea, nor did I remember ever seeing them; no winter, summer, autumn, spring, no creatures of fur, scales or feathers; no forests, mountains, rivers, no mines of any metal, no veils or antennae, since I was in the mass of Chaos full of every shadow and empty of all light.</p>
<p>Nè più sapea di me stesso nè manco Di chi vaneggia in forza di gran febre; Star o insensibil pietra o trar del fianco, Haver maschile, o sesso muliebre, Esser o verde, o secco, o negro, o bianco, Sì m'eran folte intorno le tenebre, Pur sempre non vi stetti, ma ecco d'alto Un Sol m'apparve, onde ne godo e salto.¹²</p>	<p>I knew no more or less of myself than he who raves in the throes of a high fever; whether to stay an unfeeling rock or to draw from the hip, to have male or female sex/gender, to be green or dry, black or white, so dense had the darkness around me become, and yet I did not stay there, but behold a sun appeared to me from above, and so I delight in it and dance.*</p>
<p>{R 342} {1527 p. 199}</p>	<p>{R 342} {1527 p. 199}</p>
<p>Perchè, sì come il Pullo dentro 'l uovo, Bramando indi migrar si fa fenestra Col becco, donde v'entra il raggio nuovo; E poscia da le spoglie si sequestra; Tal io, mentre me stesso in l'ombre covo, Luce spontar mi vidi a la man destra, Ch'empì la notte, onde ratto m'avento Là col desio, che 'l corso far sòl lento.</p>	<p>Because like the chick inside the egg yearning to migrate from there, makes a window for itself with its beak where the new ray enters, and then it separates itself from its coverings, such am I, while I incubate myself in shadows, I see light crop up on the right that fills the night, and so I rush there quickly with desire, which makes movement seem slow.</p>
<p>Inusitato e subito conforto Ardor m'offerse al cuor e ale al piede. Lungo un sentier de gli altri men distorto Affretto i passi ovunque l'occhio il vede. Oh avventurosa fuga, che a buon porto Giunger mi fece d'un tal pregio erede, Ben duolmi, che narrarvi ciò volendo Mentre son carne in van mie rime spendo.</p>	<p>Ardor offered sudden and remarkable comfort to my heart and wings to my feet. Along a path less twisted than the others I hurry my steps wherever my eye sees it. O adventurous flight, that made me reach a good port, heir of such prestige. It hurts me dearly that wishing to narrate this to you while I am flesh, I spend my rhymes in vain.*</p>

¹¹ Note: The subject of *era* (line 7) could be a third person indefinite it instead of the first person.

¹² Gloss: *Consuetudo cui non resistitur facta est necessitas*. Aug. ("Habit which is not resisted becomes a necessity," Augustine, source not found.)* Note: In this octave, Folengo is examining his identity -- his sexuality, his gender, perhaps his religious affiliation -- further elucidation is needed.

<p>Di luce un Gioven cinto, anzi un'Aurora, Ch'appare spesso al Alma cieca e frale, Ecco si mi presenta, e mi 'ncolora Col viso più che 'l Sol di luce eguale.¹³ Onesto e lieto sguardo, che 'namora Ogni aspro e rozzo core, onde immortale So ben che a tal beltà, l'avrei pensato, Se alhor io fussi, quel c'hoggi son stato.</p>	<p>A young man cinched in light, or rather an aurora, which often appears to a blind and frail soul, behold – presented himself to me, and colored me with his face more than equal in light to the sun. An honest and joyful look, which endears every harsh and rough heart, and thus I know well that with that beauty I would have thought him immortal if I had been then what today I have been.*</p>
<p>Que' soi begli occhi, ch'abbellar il bello, Quanto su ne risplende e giuso nasce, Raccolsi a la mia vista, e fui da quello Non men depinto, che quando rinasce Proserpina in obietto del Fratello, E de' soi rai (benché luntan) si pasce;¹⁴ Né il lume pur, ma un amoroso ardore Sentiva entrarmi dolcemente al cuore.</p>	<p>Those beautiful eyes of his which to adorn the beautiful [young man], as much as shines from them up there and is born below, I gathered to my sight and was painted by him no less than when Proserpine is reborn to her brother's objection, and nurtures herself on his rays, (although far off); I too did not feel the pure light, but an amorous ardor enter sweetly into my heart.*</p>
{R 343} {1527 p. 200}	{R 343} {1527 p. 200}
<p>Pur come avvenne a Piero, in sua presentia La vista persi, il senno, e le ginocchia. Chi sopra human valor si fa violentia Portar tal peso vinto s'inginocchia, Veggendomi egli a terra di clementia Pingesi 'l volto e con pianto m'addocchia, Poi, sollevando i lumi al ciel tal voce Muosse, ch'anco m'abbruggia e mai non cuoce.</p>	<p>Just as happened to Peter, I lost my sight in his presence, and my mind and my knees. He who violates himself by carrying such a weight beyond human strength kneels vanquished. Observing me on the ground his countenance is colored with clemency and he looks at me with sorrow, then raising his eyes to the sky, uttered such a voice, that it burns me even now and never cooks me.*</p>
FIGLIO AL PADRE	Son to the Father
<p>O tu, che 'ntendi te, te, qual son io, Quant'alto sei, quant'eccellente e saggio, Lo qual in nulla cosa mai non manchi, Sublime sì, che sotto e sopra quello, Che sei pensar non puossi, e quest'è 'l mio Nè mai dal lume tuo smembrato raggio, Io non di te, nè tu di me ti stanchi Mirar quanto ti sia e mi sii bello, Nè quel Spirito snello E fuogo, che fra noi sempre s'avampa,</p>	<p>"Oh you, who understand yourself, yourself, as I am, as elevated as you are, as excellent and wise, you who are never lacking in anything, so sublime, that under and over that which you are, one cannot contemplate, and this is my ray never cut off from your light, I never tire of you, nor do you of me admiring how beautiful I am to you and you are to me, nor that quick spirit and fire, which always flares up between us, and now forms itself into a sweet bolt, now into a dove, it proceeds never</p>

¹³ Gloss: Natura Dei est invisibilis: potest tamen videri in aliqua spetie quam ipse elegerit. Aug. ("The nature of God is invisible: he can nevertheless be seen in whatever form he chooses," Augustine, source not found.)*

¹⁴ Gloss: Etenim Deus noster ignis consumens est. Pau. ("For our God is a consuming fire," St. Paul, *Epistle to the Hebrews*, 12.29.)* Note: Here Proserpine's brother appears to be Apollo.

Et hor in dolce lampa Hor in colomba formasi, minore Di noi giamai procede nè maggiore.	smaller than us nor larger.*
Padre, figliuol, e l'almo spirto un Dio Eterno siamo fuor d'ogni vantaggio, Tre siam un, et un tre securi e franchi, Che l'un vegna de l'altro mai rubello; Non cape in noi speranza nè desio, Non spazio tra 'l comun voler, nè oltraggio. Io del tuo lume e tu del mio ti imbianchi; Nè del nodo che tien l'alto sugello, Unqua Padre mi svello, Però d'ogni bontà nostra è la stampa, Che l'amorosa vampa Del Paracleto imprime, onde 'l Motore Del tutto siamo detti, e creatore.	Father, son and the holy spirit we are an eternal god beyond any advantage; three we are one, and a three secure and free, that the one never becomes rebellious to the other; hope never takes hold of us nor yearning, there is no space amid the common desire, nor insult. I get white from your light and you from mine, nor do I ever tear myself from the bond which holds the lofty seal, father; but it is the stamp of every goodness of ours that the loving flame of the Paraclete imprints, whence we are called the "Mover of all things" and "creator."
{R 344} {1527 p. 201}	{R 344} {1527 p. 201}
Hor di quel nostro incomprendibil Rio, Così soave al humile coraggio. (S'humile mai verrà ne spirti bianchi Conoscitor di noi) l'huomo novello Nasce d'animo e sangue, Santo e pio, C'havrà del mondo in man tutto 'l rivaggio, Nè voi verrete in suo servizio stanchi Stellati cieli e tu nostro scabello Ritonda terra; ma ello S'indura contra noi l'ungiuo ciampa, E già si finge e stampa Di ferro e pietra statue, quell'honore Lor dando che a Dio vien, del tutto autore. ¹⁵	Now of that incomprehensible stream of ours, so soothing to humble courage. (If in the white spirits a humble knower of us will ever come) the new man, holy and pious, is born of soul and blood, that will have the whole shore of the world in hand; nor will you become tired in his service, starred skies and you, round earth, our footstool; but he hardens against us the cloven hoof and already fashions statues for himself and stamps them in iron and stone, giving them that honor which comes to God, author of all.
Nascon insieme l'huomo e l'alto oblio Del dritto e anteposto a lui viaggio, Dico 'l sentier, che al fin porge doi branchi, L'un stretto dolce, l'altro piano, fello. Quinci al gioioso, quindi al stato rio S'arriva, onde Giustitia in lor dannaggio A tristi vegna, e tengali ne' fianchi Tema per Sprono, e Morte per flagello,	They are born together: man, and the deep forgetting of the right journey set before him -- I mean the path, which in the end offers two forks, one sweet and narrow, the other flat, treacherous. This way one arrives at the joyous, that [way] at the wicked state, whence Justice shall come to the sad ones in their misfortune, and fear shall hold them like a Spur in the flanks and Death like a whip --

¹⁵ Gloss: Deus pater se ipsum intelligit et amat; quae intelligentia Filius est, amor vero Spiritus Sanctus. (God the Father understands himself and loves himself, His Son is wisdom, the Holy Spirit is genuine love.) Note: *rio* means both stream and evil, as immediately below ("al stato rio"); *scabello*: the earth as the Lord's footstool cf., Isaiah 66.1, Acts 7.49, Matthew 5.35. [Note: *ello* – hapax?]

Morte, che 'n un fardello Cogliendo tutti ovunque vol si rampa. Nullo da lei mai scampa; Sia pur bel volto, sia pur verde il fiore Far non può mai, che Morte no 'l scolora. ¹⁶	Death, who wherever she flies snatches everyone, gathering [them] into a bundle. No one ever escapes from her, even though the face be pretty, and the flower green, it can never prevent death from making it pale.
Ma guai, chi 'n mal far sempre ha del restio, Ch'ogni sempre di là trova 'l paragio; Que' di che mai di colpa non fur manchi Men fian di pena ove gli rei flagello, In fin al hore estreme, quando 'l fio Pagar verammi inante ogni linguaggio Dal ciel i destri e dal Inferno i manchi. Pur stando in carne lor spesso rappello, Non son Tigre m'Agnello; Chi 'l perso ben per racquistar s'accampa, Chi 'l viver suo ristampa, Intenda realmente, che 'l Signore Del ciel in ciel non sdega il Peccatore. ¹⁷	Yet beware he who in doing evil always has some hesitation, because everyone in the beyond finds parity: those who were never lacking in guilt may receive less punishment where I flagellate the wicked at the end of the final hours, when every language will come before me to pay for the crime, the righteous from heaven, the sinister from hell. Still I often call to those staying in the flesh: "I am not a Tiger but a Lamb"; he who gets ready to reacquire his lost goods, he who re-issues his living, understand truly that the Lord of heaven does not disdain the Sinner.*
{1527 p. 202} {R 345}	{1527 p. 202} {R 345}
Dunque, Padre, mi 'nvio dar suffraggio A loro, che non san chi sia pur quello, Ch'altri da morte scampa e esso muore.	Therefore father, I begin to give suffrage to them, who don't even know who that one is, that one who saves others from death and dies himself."
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno
A li alti accenti d'un tal sono heroico, Del quale ne tremai com'huom frenetico, Vennemi voce altronde: A che esser stoico Miser ti giova nè peripatetico? Che ti val fra l'un mar e l'altro euboico Pigliar oracli e ber fiume poetico? A che spiar la verità da gli huomini, Che di menzogna furon mastri e domini? ¹⁸	In the lofty tones of such a heroic sound from which I was trembling like a frantic man, a voice came to me from elsewhere, "What good does it do you, wretch, to be stoic or peripatetic? What use is it to you to get oracles and drink from a poetic stream between the one sea and the other, Euboean? To search out the truth from men who were masters and lords of lies."

¹⁶ Gloss: Non enim potest rationem hominis obtinere qui parentem animae suae Deum nescit: quae ignorantia facit ut Diis alienis seruiat. Lactan. ("For no one can maintain human reason if he does not recognize God as the father of his soul: ignorance of this makes him serve other Gods." Lactantius*)

¹⁷ Gloss: Nemo renascitur in Christi corpore nisi prius nascitur in peccati corruptione. Aug. ("No one is reborn into the body of Christ if first he is not born into the corruption of sin." Augustine.*) Note: A few years after writing the *Chaos del Triperuno*, Folengo will re-issue his 1521 *Baldus*, in a third, supposedly expurgated version (the *Cipadense*).

¹⁸ Gloss: Sapientia carnis inimica est Deo. Paul. ("Carnal wisdom is inimical to God," Romans 8.7.) Note: Perhaps relevant: the narrow Euboean Sea was used by Italian burlesque poets as a metaphor for the anus in contrast to

<p>Io, che sculpito in cuor le note aveami D'un sì bel viso d'un parlar sì altiloquo, A poco a poco gli occhi aprir vedeami, Al sono di colui tanto veriloquo; Pur tal era l'error, ch'anco teneami, Ch'appena svelto fui, perché 'l dottiloquo Gioven mi sciolse, onde ciò che anti nubilo Mi parve intendo, et intendendo giubilo.</p>	<p>I who had the notes of such a beautiful face and of such eloquent speech sculpted in my heart, saw my eyes open little by little to the sound of that one so truthful; and yet such was the error that was still holding me, that no sooner was I disengaged, because the wise-speaking youth freed me, than I understood that which before appeared a cloud, and understanding, I rejoice.</p>
<p>Giubilo perchè intendo (intenda e Plinio, C'hor vive morto) viver sempre l'anima; Non sì però, ch'i stia sotto 'l dominio Di chi 'i legume d'human spirito innanima. Stetti gran tempo in tale sterquilinio, Nel qual concedo ben, che l'alma exanima La troppo vaga e addolcita letera, E molti uccide il canto d'esta cetera.¹⁹</p>	<p>I rejoice because I understand (and let Pliny understand who now dead, lives) the soul lives forever; not so much however, that I remain under the control of the one who in-animates the pod of the human spirit; I stayed for a long time in that manure pile, in which I freely concede that the soul ex-animates/deadens the too appealing and sweetened letter, and the song of this lyre kills many.</p>
{1527 p. 202} {R 346}	{1527 p. 202} {R 346}
<p>Qual è, chi 'l creda, c'hoggi tanta insania La nostra verità, si prema e vapoli?²⁰ S'io mi diparto al humile Bethania Per alto mar da Roma o sia da Napoli, Ecco a man manca dal parnasso Urania Scopremi l'Helicona, ove mi attrapoli. Ben sà che a lei m'avento, benché 'l Tevere Lasciassi per Giordan, quell'acque a bereve.²¹</p>	<p>Why is it? Who would believe it, that today so much insanity might oppress and batter our truth? If I depart for humble Bethany on the high seas from Rome or Naples, behold on the left from Parnassus, Urania shows me [Mount] Helicon, where I become entrapped. Know well that I lash out at her ["Helicona"], even though I left the Tiber for the Jordan to drink those waters.</p>
<p>Acque sì dolci, quanto più bevemone, Più a la tantalea sete si rinfrescano. Quivi l'argute Nimphe lacedemone A gli hami occulti nostre voglie addescano; Così non mai dal bianco il negro Demone Sceglie mi sò, non mai l'onde si pescano, Cui trasser a la destra del navigio Piero e Gioan de pesci il gran prodigio.²²</p>	<p>Such sweet waters, the more we drink of them, the more they refresh themselves with the thirst of Tantalus; here the clever Lacedaemonian [Spartan] nymphs lure our desires with hidden hooks, so that I can never choose for myself the black demon from the white, they never fish in the waters, from which on the right side of the boat Peter and John pulled in the great portent of fish.*</p>

the Aegean Sea, mentioned below, R 353 (see Toscan pp. 574-5); note also Folengo's use of Malamocco and Scylla-Charybdis in *Baldus* 21.1-27.

¹⁹ Gloss: Litera enim occidit animam. (For the letter kills the spirit; cf. 2 Corinthians, 3.6.) Note: Ignatius Squarcialupi, Benedictine leader, is referred to above as "una stomacosa meretrice del dio Sterquilinio," R 303.

²⁰ Note: *vapoli* from Latin, *vapulo*, *vapulare* (to beaten, batter), also *Orlandino*, 3.31.7.

²¹ Gloss: Metaphorice. (Metaphorically.) Helicona -- feminized form of Helicon.

<p>Però dal mio lesù se detto fiami Giamai: Di poco fede hor perchè dubiti? Scusarmi non saprò, quando che siamo Concesso por le dita fin ai cubiti Nel suo costato e trarvi 'l ben, che diamo Fidi pensieri e al ver creder subiti. Non lece dunque più d'Egitto in gremio Starsi, ma gir con Mose al certo premio.</p>	<p>However, if it were ever said to me by my Jesus, “You of little faith, why do you doubt now?” I won't know how to excuse myself, given that I am allowed to put my fingers right up to the elbows into his side and withdraw the good, so that it may give me thoughts that are faithful and subjected to true belief. It is no longer permitted therefore to keep oneself in the lap of Egypt, but to go with Moses to the sure prize.</p>
<p>Assai d'oro forniti e gemme carichi Di Pharaon scampiam homai la furia, Nè si men gravi paran e rammarichi, E pene che ci dava l'empia curia, Che nel deserto alcun de noi prevarichi, Dicendo in faccia a Mose questa ingiuria: Mancaron entro Egitto forse i tumuli Che morir noi per queste valli accumulì?²³</p>	<p>Furnished with plenty of gold and laden with gems, let's escape now the wrath of Pharaoh, and let not both the regrets and the punishments that the impious curia was giving us appear so much less grave, that in the desert some of us prevaricate, saying this insult to the face of Moses, “Were there then perhaps not enough tombs within Egypt that you pile us up to die in these valleys?”</p>
<p>{1527 p. 202} {R 347}</p>	<p>{1527 p. 202} {R 347}</p>
<p>Ma non così l'Alma gentil improve A chi oltra 'l mar asciutto mena un popolo; Che nel primo sentier quantunque povere Sian le contrate, ove sol giande accopolo Per cibo, al fin vedrassi manna piovere, Sorger un largo rio di nudo scopolo, Che cominciando a ber nostri cristigeni San quanto nocchia usar co' li alienigeni.²⁴</p>	<p>But not to admonish thus the kind soul of the one who leads a people across the dry sea; because in the first pathway, however poor the countries may be where I gather only acorns for food, one will see at last manna raining, a wide river flow from bare rock, so that our Christians beginning to drink, know how much harm it does to frequent foreigners.*</p>
<p>De non ci chiuda il passo ai rivi, ch'ondano Di latte e mele nostra ingratitudine: Rivi che noi di lepra e scabbia mondano Contratta dianzi ne la solitudine. O di qual mel e' nostri petti abbondano, Ch'assaggian pria di fell'amaritudine,</p>	<p>Oh, do not close to us the pass to the banks that flood our ingratitude with milk and honey, banks which we cleanse of leprosy and scabies contracted earlier in solitude. Oh, of what honey our chests abound, which they taste before sinful bitterness; but I didn't know that before Jesus set these very</p>

²² Gloss: Qui addit scientiam addit dolorem. Eccl. (“Those who increase knowledge, increase pain.” Ecclesiastes, 1.18.) Note: Lacedaemon, son of Zeus, was the king of the Spartans (Sparta was his wife); the miracle of the fish, Luke 1.1-11.

²³ Gloss: Spoliant Aegyptum qui e libris philosophorum eloquentia tantum eligunt. (They plunder Egypt who choose from the books of philosophers only on the basis of eloquence.) Note: The people with Moses complain of thirst, Exodus 17.3.

²⁴ Gloss: Sermo incultus divinarum scripturarum principio eloquentibus horret. (Rough speech shrinks at the beginning of the eloquent words of divine scripture.)

Ma ciò non prima seppi, che 'n cuor fissemi lesù questi sì dolci accenti e dissemi:	sweet tones in my heart and said to me:
{1527 p. 203} {R 348}	{1527 p. 203} {R 348}
DIALOGO. CHRISTO ET TRIPERUNO.	Dialogue: Christ and Triperuno
CHR.	Christ
Pace tra noi, ch'Amor ciò vòl, o privo D'amor e pace miser animale, Sì bello dianzi e hor sì lordo e schivo. ²⁵ Amor sia, prego, e pace teco, che ale Nè augel mai vola senza, nè Alma, cui Amor e pace manchi, ad alto sale. Ma non m'intendi, si contende i tui Sensi la folta nebbia, v' l'aurea face Del cuor spent'hai, ne vedi te ne altrui. ²⁶	Peace between us, because Love wishes that, O wretched animal, deprived of love and peace, so beautiful before and now so filthy and disgusting.* Let there be love, I pray, and peace to you because no bird ever flies without wings, nor does a spirit, in which love and peace are lacking, soar high. But you don't understand me, the thick fog so perplexes your senses, you have extinguished there the golden torch of the heart and don't see yourself or others.
Ahi misero, che sperì? ove fugace Te sottraendo a l'ira vai, che altrove Ben giugne al varco l'empio contumace? Le tue (non solle?) mal pensate prove T'han scolorato 'l viso e spento a' piedi La scorta luce; Dove vai? di', dove? Hor vegno liberarti, spera e credi, Porge la man, nè haver huomo di tema El spirito Sol, d'amor anco 'l possedi. ²⁷ Ma un dono qui ti cheggio, cui l'estrema Vertù del ciel, c'hor tu non sai, si pasce, Nè in lui divina fame unqua vien scema.	Oh wretch, what are you hoping? where do you go fleeing, pulling yourself away from wrath, so that elsewhere you'll happily reach the impious disobedience at the threshold/pass?*
	Your badly conceived efforts (not only yours?) have made your face pale and have extinguished at your feet the escorting light; where are you going, do tell, where? Now I come to liberate you, hope and believe, offer your hand, nor [should] you have the spirit in fear, man, even if you possess only the Sun of love.* But here I ask a gift of you, on which the great virtue of heaven is nourished, which you don't know about now, nor in him may divine hunger

²⁵ Note: *schivo* means wary, but can also be used as *schifoso*, disgusting.

²⁶ Gloss: Omne nostrum peccatum consuetudine vilescit et fit homini quasi nullum sit, obduruit iam dolorem perdit et valde putre est nec dolet. Hier. ("Every one of our sins grows worse with habit and becomes as though it were nothing to a person: he/she is already hardened and loses the anguish and is quite rotten and does not feel pain," St. Jerome.)*

²⁷ Non nostrum accepistis spiritum iterum in timore. Paul. ("You did not receive our spirit [of servitude] again in fear," Romans 8.15.)

	ever be diminished.*
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno
Il vago vostro aspetto, onde mi nasce Un trepido sperar (qual che voi siate) Signor deh in questo errore non mi lasce.	Your charming aspect, from which is born in me a timid hope (whatever you are) Lord, ah, let it not leave me in this error.*
{R 349} {1527 p. 204}	{R 349} {1527 p. 204}
O dolce man e occhi di pietate, C'hor man i' stringo, c'hor begli occhi veggio, Morrò, se 'l venir vosco mi negate.	Oh sweet hand and eyes of pity/piety, hand that I now clasp, beautiful eyes that I see, I will die, if you deny me your coming.
Mentre vi guardo e 'nsieme favoleggio, Si rasserena e sfassi quella scabbia Nel cor già fatta un smalto e duro seggio.	As I look at you and at the same time speak, that scabies in my heart which had become an enameled and hard seat becomes calm and dissolves.
Qual si fort'ira, qual schiumosa rabbia Non ratto cade al viso vostro onesto? E pace mi chiedete in questa gabbia?	What anger so strong, what frothy fury does not quickly fall before your honest face? And you ask me for peace in this cage?
In questa d'error gabbia chiuso e mesto, Privo d'ogni (se non sia 'l vostro) aiuto, Dunque ch'i v'ami e doni son richiesto?	Closed off and sorrowful in this cage of errors, bereft of every help (if it not be yours) so am I then required again to love you and give [myself to you]?*
Amarvi, anzi adorarvi, non refuto, Che (quanto parmi al bel sembiante altero,) Amarvi, anzi, adorarvi son tenuto. ²⁸	To love you, indeed to adore you, I do not refuse, because (as much as the beautiful face appears haughty to me) I am held to love you, rather to adore you.
CHRISTO.	Christ
Oh se co' l'occhio havessi 'l cor sincero, Più che di forme 'ntenderessi dentro, Però di me non hai giudicio intero.	Oh, if you had with your eye a sincere heart, more than exteriors you would understand inside; however you do not have full understanding of me.
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
Non pur voi, ma me stesso, e 'n questo centro Come 'ntrassi non so; ben hor vi dico, S'uscirne poscio mai non mai più v'entro. ²⁹	Not just of you but of myself, and how I entered this center, I don't know; I assure you now, if I am able to get out, I will never enter there again.

²⁸ Gloss: Summum et maximum mandatum est Deum colere et amare. (The highest commandment is to cherish and love God.)

<p>Non trovo in lui nè porta nè postico Per cercar ch'ì mi faccia, e brancolando, In guisa d'orbo più miei passi intrico.</p> <p>Hoggimai tempo è trarsi d'ombra, quando La luce de vostr'occhi essermi scorta Non sdegni al uscio per voi fatto entrando.</p>	<p>I don't find in it front door or back for all the looking I do, and stumbling like a blind person, I further entangle my steps.</p> <p>Now it is time to draw oneself from the shadow, when you do not disdain the light of your eyes to be my guide at the exit made by you when entering.*</p>
{R 350} {1527 p. 205}	{R 350} {1527 p. 205}
CHRISTO.	Christ
<p>Questa prigion da tutte parti porta Non ha, for ch'a l'entrare; ma ritorno Far indi e sovra girsen via più importa.³⁰</p> <p>Questo è quel lungo nel mal far soggiorno, Non speri human valor, chi uscir ci vole, Et io la guida son, ch'altrui distorno.³¹</p> <p>Di che se ben sentissi o ingrata prole Quanto ti diedi e darti anco apparecchio Di questa cieca e inornata mole;</p>	<p>This prison does not have doors on any sides, except at the entrance; but to return there and circle above is way more important.*</p> <p>This is that long sojourn in doing evil; whoever wants to exit should not place hope in human valor and I am the guide who turns others aside.</p> <p>So that if you really perceived, O ungrateful progeny, how much I gave you and am still preparing to give you of this blind and unadorned mass,</p>
<p>Non fora mai, che per alcuno specchio Di verità lasciassi 'l vero lume, Havendo al falso pronto si l'orecchio.</p> <p>Son io la verità, son io l'acume Del raggio, che volendo, sempre havrai, Persona i' son del inscrutabil nume.</p> <p>Io son l'amor divin, che ti criai Huomo simile mio, del ciel consorte Se 'l cor porgi, che pria t'addimandai.</p>	<p>it would never be that for some mirror you would leave the true light of truth, having your ear so alert to the false [light].</p> <p>I am the truth, I am the tip of the ray, which by desiring, you will always have, I am the person of the inscrutable godhead.</p> <p>I am divine love, who created you, man, my similar, consort of heaven, if you offer your heart, which earlier I asked of you.</p>
<p>A te il mio regno, a me il tuo cor per sorte Convien, stolto sarai se darmi 'l nieghi, Che no 'l facendo ti verrà la Morte.³²</p>	<p>To you my reign, to me your heart is fitting by destiny, you'll be foolish if you refuse to give it to me, for by not doing it, death will come to you.</p>

²⁹ Note: *centro* can also mean hell, used above in the Center of Chaos, R 291.

³⁰ Gloss: Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad horas [sic; auras] / Hoc opus hic labor est. Virg. ("But to recall your steps and escape to the air above, this is the task, here is the labor." Vergil, *Aeneid*, 6.128-9.)

³¹ Note: This sentiment is expressed above, "Clio" R 291.

<p>Morte fera crudele ai lunghi prieghi Che le sian fatti, acciò non ti divore, Immobil sta non che punto si pieghi.</p> <p>Ma se remetti nelle man mie 'l core, E per altrove porlo indi no 'l svelli, Non fia perché habbi tu di lei timore.</p>	<p>Death will be cruel to the long prayers that may be made to her [Death]: so that she will not devour you, stay immobile and don't bend even one point.*</p> <p>But if you put your heart back into my hands, and you do not tear it away from there to put it elsewhere, you do not need to have fear of her.</p>
<p>Soi tumuli, sepolcri, roghi, avelli, E quant' urne s'affretta empire d'ossa Non temer, ne di forza c'haggian elli.</p> <p>Lei, di catene vinta in scura fossa Rinchiusa, freno, che sciorse volendo Talhora si dimena con tal possa,</p> <p>Ch'ella, te il cor ritolto havermi, udendo, Subito rotte lasciaralle a dietro, E quant'hor ti son bello e ti risplendo</p>	<p>Her tombs, sepulchers, pyres, sarcophagi, and as many urns as she hurries to fill with bones, do not fear, nor the power that they have.</p> <p>Her, vanquished in chains enclosed in a dark ditch, I control, because wanting to be set free, she sometimes flails with such force,</p> <p>that she, hearing that you have taken back your heart from me, will leave the broken chains behind her and as much as I am now beautiful and resplendent to you,</p>
{R 351} {1527 p. 208}	{R 351} {1527 p. 208}
<p>Questi più lorda e d'aspro viso e tetro Ti assalirà, co 'l insaziabil ferro Di nervo tal, ch'ogni altro li è qual vetro.</p> <p>E 'n piggior stato, di cui hora ti sferro, Respinto ancideratti e parangone Farai del gran destin, che altrove serro.</p> <p>A te sol d'intelletto e di ragione Bell'alma poi, ch'ucciso Morte t'aggia, In Dio del opre tue sta 'l guidardone.³³</p>	<p>this one more filthy and with a harsh gloomy face will assail you, with the insatiable blade of sinew such that every other is as glass to it.</p> <p>And in a worse state, from which I now unshackle you, having been rebuffed, it will slay you and will make an example of the great fate, that elsewhere I shut in.*</p> <p>To you alone beautiful soul of intellect and reason then, given that Death has killed you, the reward for your works rests in God.</p>
<p>Pur speme nè timor da te ti caggia, Ma l'una e l'altro insieme fa' che libri;</p>	<p>Yet neither hope nor fear changes you from yourself, but makes you liberate the one and the</p>

³² Gloss: Graminibus pecudes pascuntur, rore cicadae/ Quadrupedum tigres sanguine, corde Deus. ("The sheep are fed on grasses, the cicadas on dew, four-footed tigers on blood, God on heart/spirit," citation found online from *Philothei monachi, de vita et moribus Sancti Bernardi abbatis Clarae-vallensis carmen encomiasticum, 1292-1293 PROLOGUS, 0553B.*) *

³³ Gloss: Prudentia carnis mors est, prudentia autem spiritus vita et pax est. Paul. ("Understanding of the flesh is death, however, understanding of the spirit is life and peace," Romans 8.6.)

<p>Che chi spera temendo al fin assaggia</p> <p>Di me quale dolcezza là si vibri, Ove sfrenato amor ragion non stembre, Ma sian le due virtù del senso i cribri.</p>	<p>other together; that he who hopes while fearing for the end tastes</p> <p>of me such sweetness that vibrates there, where unbridled love does not weaken reason, but let the two virtues be the filters of sensing.*</p>
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
<p>Se per cosa, Signor, di basse tempere Da voi si largo pregio me n'acquisto, Ecco vi dono il cuor, habbate 'l sempre.</p> <p>Ma (dirlo vaglia) non più bello acquisto Farsi potria di quel, c'hor faccio, haverve O d'ogni ben bellezza in fronte visto.</p> <p>In quella fronte, onde tal foco ferve In l'Alma mia, che ardendo s'addolcisce, Mentre che 'l suo del vostr'occhio si serve.³⁴</p> <p>Non ho ch'io temi Morte se perisce Ogni sua forza, pur che sempre v'ami; E il sempre amarvi troppo m'aggradisce.</p>	<p>If, for a thing of base tempers, Lord, I acquire from you such a generous prize, here -- I give you my heart, have it forever.</p> <p>But (in other words) one will be able to make no more beautiful acquisition than I now make, oh, to have seen there the face of beauty of every good.**</p> <p>In that face, where such a fire burns in my soul, that in burning gets sweeter, even as his eye makes use of yours.</p> <p>I have no [reason] to fear death if his every force perishes, as long as you always love there, and loving you always pleases me greatly.</p>
{R 352} {1527 p. 207}	{R 352} {1527 p. 207}
TRIPERUNO [sic] ³⁵	Triperuno
<p>Non mancheranno tesi lacci e ami D'un Adversario tuo, che 'nvidioso Al don, c'hor ti darò, sotto velarti</p> <p>Di verità cerchi farti ritroso A l'amistade nostra, ma più bassi Che puoi gli occhi terrai col piede ombroso.</p> <p>Muovi tu dunque accortamente i passi Per questo calle, che a man destra miri, Onde al terrestre Paradiso vassi.³⁶</p>	<p>They will not lack traps laid and hooks of an adversary of yours, who, envious of the gift that I will give you now, under a veiling</p> <p>of the truth, may try to make you disinclined toward our friendship, but you will keep your eyes as low as you can, with the shaded foot.</p> <p>Move your steps then carefully along this road, that you see on the right hand, upon which one goes to terrestrial paradise.</p>

³⁴ Gloss: Iesus mel in ore, melos in aure, iubilus in corde. Bern. ("Jesus is honey in the mouth, songs in the ears, joy in the heart," Bernard, source not found)*)

³⁵ Note: Some scholars have changed the attribution of the four tercets and coda which follow from Triperuno to Christ, which makes sense, yet the miss-labeling may have been deliberate on the author's part.

³⁶ Gloss: Haec est in omnibus sola perfectio: suae imperfectionis cognito." Hiero. ("This is the only perfection in things: from the recognition of ones imperfections," Jerome, source not found.)*

<p>Cosa non è vi per cui unqua sospiri, Anzi gioisci di quel dolce, ch'io T'apporto, acciò che m'ami, e toi desiri</p> <p>Commetta a me, che t'ho svelto d'oblio.</p>	<p>There is nothing for which you will ever sigh, instead you will take pleasure in that sweetness, that I bring to you, so that you love me, and your desires</p> <p>commit to me, who awakened you from forgetfulness.</p>
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno
<p>Com'esser può, ch'un arbore, ch'un fiume L'un stia verde giamai senza radice, L'altro più scorra se acqua non s'elice Di fonte, o neve al austro si consume?</p> <p>Com'esser può, che 'ncendasi le piume. Mancando il Sole, l'unica Fenice, O ch'ardi al spento foco cera o pice Di natural e non divin costume?</p> <p>Com'esser può, dal cor un alma sgiunta Che 'n corpo viva, come alhor vid'io Che 'l cor al cor mio dolce lesù diedi?³⁷</p> <p>Ma 'n ciò tu sol, Amor, Natura eccedi, Ch'un corpo viver fai, benchè 'l desio Sen porti altrove il cor sul aurea punta.</p>	<p>How can it be that a tree, a river – one might stay green at all times without root, and the other might keep rushing if water does not come forth from a fountain, or snow consume itself in the south wind.</p> <p>How can it be that the special phoenix may ignite its feathers without the sun, or wax or pitch may burn on a spent fire from natural and not divine custom.</p> <p>How can it be that a soul separated from a heart may live in a body, as I saw then that my sweet Jesus gave his heart to my heart.</p> <p>But in that you alone, love, exceed nature, you who make a body live, even though desire carries its heart elsewhere on the golden tip.</p>
TALIA ³⁸	Thalia [Muse of Comedy]
{1527 p. 211} {R 353}	{1527 p. 211} {R 353}
<p>Più di noi fortunati sotto 'l Sole Fra quantunque animal non muove Spirto, Ch'al fin d'esta mortal incerta Nebbia Migrar ci è dato sovra l'alte Stelle;</p>	<p>The Spirit does not move any of the animals more fortunate than us under the Sun, because at the end of this uncertain mortal Fog, it is given us to migrate over the highest Stars; kindness of him to</p>

³⁷ Gloss: Felix conscientia illa in cuius corde, praeter amorem Christi, nullus alius versatur amor. Hiero. ("Happy is that conscience in whose heart no other love is stirred contrary to the love of Christ," Jerome, source not found.*)

³⁸ Note: Thalia is the Muse of comedy; *Thalia* is also the title of a book by Arius (c. 250-336) concerning the nature of God and Jesus; his teachings were at times declared heretical by the Catholic Church. Note: The following poem would be a sestina except that the fifth stanza is deliberately left with only five verses: Folengo explains that he always kept it incomplete, "Finito che fu dunque l'alto verbo, benché infinito sempre lo servai," R 355.

Bontà di lui, che a man destra del Padre Regnando farsi degna nostra Guida.	make himself our Guide, for reigning at the right hand of the Father.*
Nostra per cieco Laberinto Guida, Ove smarì de lo 'ntelletto il Sole, Nostro fermo dottor, che sè col Padre Esser c'insegna un Dio col almo Spirto, Un Dio, che stabil muove il mar le Stelle, Augelli, belve, frondi, vento e Nebbia.	Our Guide through the blind Labyrinth, where the Sun of our intellect got lost, our steady doctor who himself with the father teaches us he is one with the Father and the Holy Spirit, a God who, while stable, moves the sea, the Stars, birds, animals, branches, wind and Fog.*
Ma dal Egeo mar un'atra Nebbia, Che tanti perder fà la dolce Guida, Levata in alto fin sotto le Stelle, Ai saggi erranti ceta il vero Sole: Che più credon salir di Plato il Spirto, Che Paolo e Mosè, che d'Isacco 'l Padre; ³⁹	But from the Aegean sea another Fog, which makes so many lose the sweet Guide, raised up high till it is beneath the Stars, it hides the true Sun from the errant wise men: for they believe they'll ascend further than the Spirit of Plato, than Paul and Moses, than the Father of Isaac.
Nè Archesilao, nè de stoici il Padre Sin qui gli han tolto via del cuor la Nebbia, ⁴⁰ She penetrar non lascia, ove sia 'l Spirto Muotor di ciò, che muove, mastro e Guida, Però van ciechi e bassi, e solo al Sole Molti dricciar altari e a le Stelle.	Neither Archesilaos, nor the father of Stoics have up until now taken the Fog away from the heart, which does not allow [itself] to be penetrated, wherever the Spirit may be a mover of that which moves, master and Guide, however they go blind and lowly, and many raised altars only to the Sun and to the Stars.*
O voi dunque, mortali, de le Stelle De l'anime e di noi cercate il Sole, E non del dubbio Socrate la Nebbia. Meglio è morendo haver lesù per Guida, Che ad Esculapi offrir d'un gallo il Spirto,	O therefore, you mortals, seek the Sun of the Stars, of the souls and of us, and not the Fog of Socratic doubt. ⁴¹ When dying it is better to have Jesus for a Guide than to offer to Asclepius the Spirit of a cock;
Io veggio trasformato il negro Spirto In angelo di luce, per le Stelle Volando a noi mostrarsi esser lor Guida, ⁴² Se leggo Averois, d'errori Padre. Ma l'Aquila Gioanni in bianca Nebbia	I see the black Spirit turned into [an] angel of light, flying through the Stars to show itself to be their guide, if I read Averroes, Father of errors. But the eagle, John, affixed his eyes in white fog to the sublime Sun of the Sun.

³⁹ Gloss: Omnis doctrina et virtus philosophorum sine capite est quia Deum nesciunt, qui est virtutis ac doctrinae caput. (The teaching and value of all philosophy is without life because it does not know God, who is the life of teaching and value.) Note: The Greek philosopher Plato is followed by biblical figures, Paul, Moses and Abraham (the father of Isaac).

⁴⁰ Note: Archesilaos (c.315 BCE-c. 240), teacher at the Middle Platonic Academy, introduced a new phase in skeptic thought (see *Universal Encyclopedia of Philosophers* online, entry by Zbigniew Pańpuch); called "Archesilao dubbioso" by Petrarch, *Trionfo del Tempo*, cap 3.

⁴¹ The second line of this strophe which would end with *Padre*, is missing.

⁴² Gloss: Socrates moriturus gallum immolari Esculapio iussit. (Socrates about to die commanded that a cock be sacrificed to Asclepius.)

Sublime affise gli occhi al sol del Sole;	
Al sol del Sole, onde 'l figliuol, dal Padre Mandato in questa Nebbia su a le Stelle, Si è fatto nostra Guida amor e Spirto.	To the Sun of the Sun, whence the son, from the Father sent into this Fog up to the Stars made himself our Guide love and Spirit.
{R 355} {1527 p. 210}	{R 355} {1527 p. 210}
DISSOLUTIONE DEL CHAOS.	Dissolution of the Chaos
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
Finito che fu dunque l'alto verbo, Benché infinito sempre lo servai, Disparve 'l mio signor in un soperbo Triumpho tolto a mille e mille rai; Ma nel fuggir un sono così acerbo Tonò dal negro ciel, ch'io ne cascai Come Frassino, o Pino, il qual per rabbia Di vento stride, e stendesi a la sabbia.	Therefore, once the lofty word was finished, although I always kept it unfinished, my lord disappeared in a superb triumph taken from thousands and thousands of rays; but in fleeing, a sound so harsh resounded from the black sky, that I fell down from it like an ash, or pine, which due to the fury of the wind, screeches and stretches itself on the ground.
Vidi la cieca Massa in quell'istante, Che 'l capo m'intronò l'orribil scopio Smembrarsi in quattro parti a me davante, Et elle sgiunte haver già loco propio [sic]; Due parti in capo e due sotto le piante Somministarmi sento effetto dopio, Qual puro e caldo, qual sottil e leve, Qual molle e fredo, qual densato e grave. ⁴³	I saw the blind mass in that instant for the horrible explosion thundered in my head to dismember itself in four parts before me and the disjointed [parts] already having a place of their own; two parts in the head and two under the soles, I feel a double effect administer to me, like pure and hot, like delicate and light, like soft and cold, like dense and heavy.*
Vidi anco le 'ncurvate spere intorno De la terrestre balla farsi cerchio, Che rotan sempre e mai non fan ritorno, Sol'una è fatta a noi stabil coperchio. Ma 'l ciel d'innumerabil lumi adorno, (Un solo non mi parve di soverchi), M'offerse al fin girando un sì bel occhio, Che lui per adorar fissi 'l ginocchio.	I also saw the curved spheres making a circle around the terrestrial ball: for they always rotate and never come back, only one is made a stable cover for us. But the sky adorned with innumerable lights (not a one seemed excessive to me) offered me at last such a beautiful eye while turning, that to adore him I set my knee.*
{R 356} {1527 p. 211}	{R 356} {1527 p. 211}
Egli se alzando tal mi apparse, ch'io	He, lifting himself up, appeared to me such, that I

⁴³ Gloss: *Iudicet qui potest an maius sit iustos creare quam impios iustificare.* Aug. ("Let her/him judge who can whether it is greater to create just people than to justify wicked people," Augustine, *In Epistolam Ioannis ad Parthos*, Tractatus 72.3.13.)

Lasciai pur anco 'l fren in abbandono, Drieto a l'error del credulo desio, Che 'n tal sentier non sferzo mai ne sprono. ⁴⁴ Ma strana voce, onde quell'occhio uscio, Mentre, ch'assorto in lui sto fiso e prono, Scridommi come Paolo ai Listri fece, Che di Mercurio l'adorar invece. ⁴⁵	even left the bridle in abandon, behind the error of credulous desire, because in such a path I never whip nor spur. But a strange voice, which exited from that eye at the same time that I stay fixed and prone absorbed in him, screamed at me like Paul did to the Lystri, who adored him in Mercury's stead.*
SOLE	Sun
Alma felice, c'hai sola quel vanto Haver di l'alta mente simiglianza, Onde guardar mi puoi frontoso, altero, Qual'hor ti fai, che 'n me codarda tanto Più estimi questo raggio, che l'orranza Del dato a te sovra ogni stella impero? ⁴⁶ Non Dio, ma un messaggero Di lui ti vegno, da quell'una luce, Ove ben sette volte intorno havrai Di me più bianchi rai Da quel, senza cui nulla fiamma luce, Ma come in vetro egli per noi traluca.	Happy soul, that has that unique boast of having similarity to the lofty mind, wherefore can you look at me [as] haughty, superior, which you make yourself now, that in me, coward, you esteem this ray all the more, than the honor of the authority given to you over every star?* I come to you not as God but as a messenger from him, from that one light, where indeed you will have seven turns around whiter rays of me than that, without whom no flame lights, but it shines through us as in a glass.*
Hor dunque più alto e non sì basso adora, Che l'esser mio fu solo in tuo servigio, Mira, come ascéndo passo passo Senza mai far in lunga via dimora, Di miei cavalli tempro si 'l vestigio, Che l'ampia rota, ove tornando passo Non unqua vario e lasso, Finir a la prescritta meta deggio. Vedi come l'estreme parti abbraccio, E quanto puosso faccio Sol per accommodarti l'human seggio, Ove di quanto sai voler proveggio.	Now therefore higher up and not so low I adore, because my being was only in your service, look how ascending step by step without ever making a pause on the long path, I temper so the trace of my horses, that I never diverge and depart from the ample wheel where I pass while turning: I must finish at the preordained goal. See how I embrace the furthest parts and I do all I can only to accommodate the human seat for you where I provide however much you know to wish for.*
{R 357} {1527 p. 212}	{R 357} {1527 p. 212}

⁴⁴ Gloss: Facilis descensus Averni [sic; Averno]. Virg. (The descent into Avernus is easy." Vergil, 6.126.)* [Note: *pur anco* – yet again?]

⁴⁵ Note: Reference to St. Paul's account of his healing a cripple in Lystra, after which the people mistook him for the God Mercury and were about to sacrifice a human to him, but he yelled at them not to, Acts 14, 1-19.

⁴⁶ Gloss: Anima facta est similis Deo, quia immortalem et indissolubilem fecit eam Deus. Imago erga ad formam pertinet, similitudo ad naturam. Aug. ("The soul is similar to God since God made it immortal and indissoluble. Therefore the image is related to form, resemblance to nature," Augustine, [source not found other than when quoted by Nanus Mirabellius in his collection of quotes, *Polyanthea*, 1503].)*

<p>Mira quell'empia zona come obliqua Mi volge a drieto, onde ne vado e riedo Insieme, ostando al mio tornar sì ratto.⁴⁷ Nè di che tal ripulsa mi sia iniqua, Che risospinto, mentre vi procedo L'un emisfero aggiorno l'altro annotto, Scorrendo quattro e otto Segni per tanti mesi, e passeggiando Causo molta bellezza di Natura, C'ha variando cura Farti più vago e lieto il mondo, quando D'ambi solstici al equinozio scando.</p>	<p>Look at that impious zone how it turns me from oblique to straight, so that at the same time I go from it and come back, preventing my returning so quickly.* Nor may such repulsion be bad for me, because having been pushed back, while I proceeded there, I bring day to one hemisphere and night to the other, rushing through four and eight signs for as many months, and in passing I cause much beauty in nature, which by varying, is intent on making the world more lovely and cheerful for you, when I count from both solstices to the equinox.</p>
<p>Quinci l'arista e 'l ghiaccio, quindi apporto Là il fiore e 'l frutto a più tua dolce gioia, Ma non usar del ben concesso in male, Che sentiressi quanto è ratto e corto Il mio gir lento, e ti darei gran noia Solcando il cerchio estivo e glaciale.⁴⁸ Poi 'l Tempo, c'ha cent'ale A gli homeri a le mani al capo ai piedi, C'ora sotterra giace in le catene, Verria storti dal bene, C'hoggi sì lieto godi, e te 'l possedi, E ne faria soi giorni e mesi eredi.</p>	<p>First the ear [of grain] and the ice, then I bring the flower and the fruit there for your sweeter delight; but do not use the good [that has been] conceded for evil, as you would feel how rapid and short is my slow turn and I would give you great trouble plowing the summer circle and the glacial.* Then Time, which has a hundred wings at its shoulders, at its hands at its head and its feet, which now lies underground in chains, would become deviated from the good, which today you enjoy so happily, and seize it from you and would make his days and months heirs of it.</p>
<p>Ben tempo fu, che chi sia 'l Tempo e Morte Quello provasti, e questa dir sentisti; E l'huomo dio, che d'huomo a tempo nacque, Ma sempre di Dio nasce, e hor le porte Del ciel entrar hai visto, già servisti, Quando per l'huomo farsi huomo li piacque; Che nel presepio giacque Nudo fra l'Asinello e Bue nasciuto. Ma d'Ignorantia in grembo l'hai scordato, Però da Dio novato Col mondo sei, che dianzi eri perduto, E novo Adamo fatto sei di luto.</p>	<p>That was a good time, when that one established who is Time and Death, and you heard this one speak; and man already served God, who in time was born of man, but is always born of God, and now you have seen [him] enter the gates of heaven; when it pleased him to make himself a man for man; for he lay in the manger, born naked between the little ass and the ox. But due to Ignorance you forgot it in the womb, but you were renewed with the world by God, you who before were lost and you have been made a new Adam of clay.</p>
<p>{R 358} {1527 p. 213}</p>	<p>{R 358} {1527 p. 213}</p>

⁴⁷ Gloss: Zodiacus. (Zodiac.) Duplex et diversus motus. (Two different motions.) Note: The twelve signs of the Zodiac are referred to below as four and eight.

⁴⁸ Gloss: Quanto maiora beneficia sunt hominibus constituta tanto graviora peccantibus indicta. Chryso. ("How much greater are the favors granted to humans so much more gravely are they indicted for sin," St. John Chryostomus on Matthew, *Manipulus florum*, Ingratitudo F, <http://info.wlu.ca/~wwwhist/faculty/cnighman>)*

<p>Luto non sei più no, ma novo Adamo, Per cui ruppe hoggi Dio la massa, e d'ella Novellamente noi per tuo ben scelse; Noi dico stelle, ch'anzi ti eravamo Co l'altre cose nulla, o quel si appella Chaos, donde 'l bel sceclo [sic] Dio ti svelse. Ma sovra le più excelse Corna de' monti, onde ti porto il giorno, Piantato t'è un terrestre Paradiso, Che di solaccio e riso Onestamente sendo sempre adorno, lesù spesso vi fa teco soggiorno.⁴⁹</p>	<p>You are no longer clay but a new Adam, for whom today God broke the mass and selected us from it newly for your good; we stars, I mean, for with the other things we were actually nothing, or what one calls Chaos, from which God drew out the golden era. But above the highest peaks of the mountains, from which day was brought to you, you planted a terrestrial Paradise for yourself, which being forever adorned honestly with solace and laughter, Jesus often makes his sojourn there with you.</p>
<p>Adora lui, se forse quanto sia, Dandogli 'l cor sì come hai fatto, gusti. Quel non son io, perché da te adorato Ne vegna, come al mondo errore fia Di Manicheo e soi seguaci ingiusti. Christo non son, perché egli sempre a lato Del padre sia chiamato Sol di giustitia, dond'ei dir si puote Christo esser Sole, e 'l sol non esser Christo.⁵⁰ Sol son io 'l sole, visto D'occhio mortal, ma l'altro sol percuote Di cieco error, chi vol mirar sue rote.⁵¹</p>	<p>Adore him, if perhaps you enjoy as much as there may be, giving him your heart as you have done.* I am not such, that I should come to be adored by you, as the error exists in the world of the "Manicheo" and his mistaken followers. I am not Christ, as he is always at the side of the father, called the Sun of Justice, hence one could say that Christ is the sun, and the sun is not Christ. I am only the sun seen by mortal eye, but the other sun strikes with blind error whoever wants to look at its gyrations.</p>
<p>Ora più non m'attempo, Che senza me vedi ogni errante stella, (Per trarne frutto, chi testé, chi a tempo) Volersi unir indarno a mia sorella, Che adultera s'appella D'ogni pianeta, e pur senza noi dua Con puoco effetto va la vertù sua.⁵²</p>	<p>Now I no longer delay, that without me you see every wandering star wanting to unite in vain with my sister (to garner fruit from her, some right now, some later) for she is called the adulterer of every planet, and yet without the two of us, her virtue goes forth with little effect.*</p>
<p>{R 359} {1527 p. 214}</p>	<p>{R 359} {1527 p. 214}</p>
<p>TRIPERUNO</p>	<p>Triperuno</p>
<p>A l'increpar humile del mio Apollo,</p>	<p>Humbled by the admonishment of my Apollo, as a</p>

⁴⁹ Gloss Laetitia bonae conscientiae paradisus est, pollens affluentia gratiarum affluensque deliciis. Aug. ("Paradise is the happiness of a good conscience, the abundance of graces having strength and flowing from delights." Augustine.*)

⁵⁰ Gloss: Christo. (Christ.) Note: "Manicheo" is the 3rd century Persian prophet, Mani, best known in English by the name of his followers, the Manicheans.

⁵¹ Gloss: Inscrutabile Dei numen. (The will of God is inscrutable.)

⁵² Gloss: Luna omnium planetarum concubina. (The Moon is the concubine of all the planets.)

<p>Com'huom, che cade e su vergogna l'erger, Mi rilevai mirando quanto armollo Di sua potentia dio, che ovunque asperge Li aurati raggi il mondo fa satollo Di caldo lume, e ratto che s'immerge A l'altro uscito già d'un hemispero, Imbianca quello, e questo lascia nero.⁵³</p>	<p>man who falls and shame raises him up, I stood back up watching how god armed him with power, so that wherever he spreads his golden rays, he saturates the earth with warm light, and as quickly as he immerses himself in the other exit, he already whitens that of the one hemisphere and leaves this one black.*</p>
<p>Ma non sì tosto il giorno fu dal lume Solar causato, e nanti mi rifulse, Che là una fonte, qui bagnan un fiume Vidi le ripe sue da l'onde impulse: Parte stagnarsi e mitigar lor schiume, Parte volgersi al Mar, e l'acque insulse Far salse, ove l'orribil Oceano Distende l'ampie braccia di luntano.</p>	<p>But no sooner was day caused by solar light, and shone before me, than I saw there a fountain, here a river bathe its banks pulsed by the waves: one part [of the waves] to pool and diminish their foam, another part to return to the sea and make the insipid waters salty, where the horrible Ocean stretches its wide arms far apart.*</p>
<p>In mille parti ruppesi la Terra, Donde montagne alpestre al ciel ne uscìro. Quinci una valle, quindi un lago serra De colli e piagge qualche aprico giro. L'alto profondo Mar già non pur erra La sua consorte, che rotonda miro, Anzi fatta la via per calle stretto, In grembo a lei si fece agiato letto.</p>	<p>In a thousand parts the earth was ruptured from where alpine mountains came forth to the sky. On this side a valley, on that, sunlit rings of hills and knolls enclose a lake. Its consort, whom I admire [in its] roundness, does not just wander around the profoundly deep sea, in fact, after having made its way along a narrow path, it made a comfortable bed in her lap.</p>
<p>Già d'erbe, fiori, piante e de' virgulti La terra d'ogn'intorno si verdeggia, Quai poggi erbosi, e quai lor gioghi occulti Han di frondose cime, e qual pareggia Monte le nebbie. Ma de' boschi adulti Ecco già sbuca l'infinita greggia Degli Animali, chi presto, chi pegro, Chi fier, chi mansueto, o bianco o negro.</p>	<p>Already the earth was greening up all over with herbs, flowers, plants and branches, some grassy knolls and ridges are hidden by leafy peaks, and some mountains are level with the clouds.* But look, the infinite flock of animals is already popping out of the adult woods, some fast, some slow, some wild, some tame, either black or white.*</p>
<p>{R 360} {1527 p. 215}</p>	<p>{R 360} {1527 p. 215}</p>
<p>Anco d'Augelli un'alta copia vidi Sciolti vagar per l'aere, e altri tanti Su per le frondi e macchie tesser nidi, O rassettar col becco li aurei manti, Non è poggietto e Riva, che non gridi Lor vari e ben proportionati canti. Altri lasciar il volo e al nuoto darsi, E in acque scesi d'Augei pesci farsi.⁵⁴</p>	<p>I also saw a high pair of birds, fly freely through the air, and many others up in the boughs and bushes weave their nests or rearrange their golden mantels with their beaks, there's not one little hill or bank that does not sing with their various and well- proportioned songs. Others leave their flight and give themselves over to swimming, and having descended into the water make themselves from</p>

⁵³ Gloss: Dies et nox. (Day and night.)

	birds to fish.
<p>Stavami affiso, e nel mirar un dolce Pensier alto diletto m'apportava, Gran cosa il Mondo, e più chi 'l guida e molce Troppo mi parve alhor, e, ch'ei non grava Nè l'un nè l'altro Polo, che lo folce, E ch'un si magno artefice l'inchiaua. Nè fu mirabil men che de niente, Pender lo vidi ad alto incontanente.⁵⁵</p>	<p>I stood transfixed, and in looking a sweet thought of intense delight carried me away, so great a thing the world, seemed to me then and greater who guides and calms it, neither the one or the other Pole which supports it and which such a great creator inserts in it. Nor was it any less amazing that in nothing [flat] I saw it immediately hanging upwards.</p>
<p>Tra nulla e tutto 'l Mondo alcun indugio, Quantunque pargoletto, in Dio non cape; Hor stracco di stupir non più m'indugio, Ma volto il passo ad un pratel, che d'Ape Tutto risona, dando a lor rifugio Sì l'aura dolce, come i fior le dape, Mi si presenta ratto in bella gonna Ch'esce d'un bosco, sola e grave Donna.⁵⁶</p>	<p>Between nothing and the whole world no delay however slight occurs in God; now, weary from being stupefied I linger no further, but having turned my step to a meadow that resounded all around with bees, giving to their refuge such sweet scents, as the flowers [give] their nectar, suddenly in a beautiful skirt a lone grave woman who exits a wood presents herself to me.</p>
<p>Presta ne' gesti, e di sguardo matura, Ma più d'Augello nel andar spedita, Ha vesta bianca, gialla, e di verdura, E ciò che incontra tocca e dàlle vita. Che nulla, a drieto lasciassi procura, E sopra giunta ov'era l'infinita Mandra dell'Ape, tutte le ragguna, E fece lor, non so che, ad un ad una.</p>	<p>Agile in her actions and with a mature look, but swifter than a bird in her movements, she is dressed in white, yellow and green, and what she passes, she touches, and gives life to it. She takes care that nothing is left behind and having arrived where the infinite drove of bees was, she gathered them all and did something to them I don't know what, one by one.</p>
{R 361} {1527 p. 216}	{R 361} {1527 p. 216}
<p>Vago di lei saper, non che la causa Perchè sì hor questa, ór quella cosa tocchi, Vadole contro, e, poi di farle nausea Temendo, mi ritrago, e basso gli occhi. Ella che accorto m'ebbe fece pausa Con le man giunte al ciel, e li ginocchi Piegati in terra, e tal parole sciolse, Che poi finite a me lieta si volse:</p>	<p>Yearning to know her, not just the reason why she touches now this thing now that, I go up to her, and then fearing that I would make her nauseated, I pull back, and lower my eyes. Having noticed me, she paused with her hands joined toward heaven and her knees bent on the ground, and she unloosed these words and then having finished turned happily to me:</p>

⁵⁴ Note: In the 1527 edition, line 2 looks like *altre* and not *altri*.

⁵⁵ Gloss: Subita rerum creatio. (The creation of things was sudden.)

⁵⁶ Gloss: Nemo quaerat ex quibus ista materiis tam magna tamque mirifica opera Deus fecerit. Omnia enim fecit ex nihilo. Lactan. ("Let no one ask from what materials God made such great and admirable works. For he made all from nothing," Lactantius.*)

NATURA	Natura
<p>Quel inclito Animale d'alto pregio, Ch'ogni altro avanza e tiensil basso e domo, Ecco celeste Padre Santo il nomo, Se da voi porre i nomi ho privilegio;</p> <p>Ma già trovai nel nostro Sortilegio, Che nominar il debba fragil huomo, Per quel sì dolce e pestilente Pomo Cui si nascose il primo sacrilegio.</p> <p>Ben vedo, che per me Natura detta L'eterno oprar, che destemi, si perde, E nasce ognhor, che mi persegua il Tempo.⁵⁷</p> <p>Onde per c'ora sia sempre sul verde Altre staggion veranno assai per Tempo, Che al fine mi trasportan qual saetta.</p>	<p>That illustrious animal of great worth, who surpasses every other holds himself so low and docile, behold celestial Father I name him saint, if from you I have the privilege of giving names;</p> <p>But I already discovered in our Foretelling, that I must name him fragile man, on account of that very sweet and pestilent Apple in which was hidden the first sacrilege.</p> <p>Well do I see that Nature dictates the eternal working for me, that wakes me, loses me and arises repeatedly, so that Time pursues me.*</p> <p>So that it may always stay green now, other seasons will come in due Time that at last will transport me like an arrow.*</p>
{R 362} {1527 p. 217}	{R 362} {1527 p. 217}
DIALOGO, NATURA E TRIPERUNO.	Dialog, Nature and Triperuno
NAT.	Nature
<p>Spirto immortale, a cui sol alza Dio La fronte in cielo e fattene capace, Fa' che a me torni udendo l'esser mio.⁵⁸</p>	<p>Immortal spirit, the only one whose brow God raises to heaven and makes you worthy of it, act so that you come back to me by hearing my essence.*</p>
TRIP.	Triperuno
<p>Io sospirai di troppo esser audace, Volendo e te sapere e l'opre tue, Però mi volsi adrieto per mia pace.</p>	<p>I sighed from being too bold in wishing to know both you and your works, therefore I turned myself back around for my peace [of mind].</p>
NAT.	Nature
<p>Anzi dal Padre destinato fue, Che sol da l'huomo l'esser mio s'intenda Fin a la meta de le fiamme sue;</p>	<p>Rather I was destined by the father, who alone understands my essence up to the limit of his flames;**</p>

⁵⁷ Gloss: Natura hominis corrupta proclivis et mutabilis est. (The corrupt nature of man is changeable and in decline.)

⁵⁸ Gloss: Soli nos ex animantibus astrorum ortus, obitus cursusque cognovimus. Cic. ("We alone of living creatures recognized the birth, itinerary and death of the stars." Cicero, *De natura deorum* 2.153.)

<p>Ma che l'ottavo cerchio non trascenda, Se non quando habbia seco parte in cielo E l'alto pegno, donde 'l tolse, renda.</p> <p>Ch'i' sia la tua Natura non ti celo, Da lui fatta del Mondo servatrice Sempre, se sempre dura l'human velo.</p>	<p>but the eighth circle it does not transcend, except if it may have a part with itself in the sky and the deep pledge, from where it took it, may give back.*</p> <p>That I am your Nature, I do not hide from you, eternally made by him servant of the world, if the human veil endures eternally.</p>
SRIP. [sic]	Triperuno
Dunque sei quella Mastra, quell'Altrice, Quell'honoranda Madre, quella grande Di Dio ministra, e del mio ben radice? ⁵⁹	Therefore, you are that mistress, that nurse, that honorable mother, that great minister of God, and root of my goodness?
{R 363} {1527 p. 218}	{R 363} {1527 p. 218}
<p>Ecco se lunge tua beltà si spande, O causa, se non prima almen seconda, Ecco se chiara sei da tutte bande.</p> <p>Verd'è la Terra, gialla, rossa, e bionda; Che 'l tuo pennello intorno mi la pinse, E mi la rese agli occhi sì gioconda.</p> <p>E 'l Ciel ne lodo, e lui che 'l Mondo avinse Di quel forse non mai solubil groppo, Ne men c'ha l'opra nobile t'accinse.</p>	<p>Behold if your beauty spreads amply, O cause, if not first at least second, behold if you are bright from all sides.</p> <p>Green is the earth, yellow, red and golden; that your paintbrush paints all around for me and renders it so joyful to my eyes.</p> <p>And I praise the sky and he who ensnares the world with that perhaps never dissoluble bond, and encircles you no less than noble works.</p>
NAT.	Nature
<p>Saggio Animal, pur son colei, ch'engroppo Le fila ch'altri là dissopra ordisce: Lieta ne vo, ma non sicura troppo.⁶⁰</p> <p>Anzi 'l vivo pensier, che m'addolcisce Pensando al tuo non pur al mio decoro, Sento che passo passo in me languisce.⁶¹</p> <p>Deh non falir, Alma gentil, Amore, Che ad esser ti degna suo dolce obietto, Dandoli tu, de cui si pasce, il cuore.</p>	<p>Wise creature, I am indeed she who entangles the threads which another there above weaves: I go along happy but not overly secure.</p> <p>On the contrary, the lively thought which appeases me when thinking about your honor, not just mine, I feel that it languishes in me step by step.</p> <p>Oh, don't fail Love, kind soul, you who deign to be its sweet object, giving it your heart which it feeds on.</p>

⁵⁹ Gloss: Natura divina et humana. (Nature divine and human.)

⁶⁰ Gloss: Donec in carne anima est, patitur inquietudines. (Until the spirit is in the body, it suffers disturbances.)

⁶¹ Gloss: Diffidentia. (Diffidence/Lack of faith.)

TRIP.	Triperuno
<p>Il cuor a lui già diedi, e ogni affetto Ho di seguir e non lasciarlo unquanco, Per non privarmi del suo bello aspetto.</p> <p>Non sazio mai, non mai vedrommi stanco Mentre mi volgo a contemplar ogn'hora L'amor per cui di gioia mai non manco.⁶²</p> <p>E pur se dubbia sei, Madre, ne ancora Ben stabile considri esser il chiodo, Battil così, che mai non esca fora.</p>	<p>I already gave my heart to him and I have every intention of following him and never leaving him, so as not to deprive myself of his beautiful countenance.</p> <p>I will never be fully satisfied; I will never consider myself weary while I constantly turn to contemplate love for which I never lack joy.</p> <p>And if you are still doubtful, mother, and do not think that the nail is well fixed yet, hammer it so that it may never come out.</p>
{R 364} {1527 p. 219}	{R 364} {1527 p. 219}
NAT.	Nature
<p>Figliuol, già strinsi a l'altre cose un nodo, Donde sferrarsi quelle non potranno, Se Dio non le ritorna al primo Sodo.</p> <p>A te con li altri, che saputi vanno Diede l'alto Motor un liber giovo, Che, o lor in pregio vegna, o lor in danno.</p> <p>Però mistier non è, ch'io batta 'l chiovo, Altro braccio del mio sovente il preme, Tu stesso il sai che 'l fatto non t'è novo.</p>	<p>Son, I already tied a knot in the other things, from which they will not be able to unshackle themselves, if God does not return them to their first original hardness.</p> <p>To you with the others who go along wise, the lofty motor gave a free yoke, which comes to them either as a reward or as harm.*</p> <p>However it is not necessary that I hit the nail, another arm than mine often presses it, you yourself know this, for the fact is not new to you.</p>

⁶² Gloss: Solent non nulli Deum in prosperis diligere, in adversis autem minus amare. Greg. ("No one usually loves God in their prosperity, however they love him less in adversity," St. Gregory, source not found.)*

<p>Ragion, Memoria, e l'ontelletto [sic] insieme Sceser in te da le soperne Idee, C'han di tua libertà le parti estreme.⁶³</p> <p>Se mai verrà che contra 'l ben si cree Pensier in te, non temer, che non senta Le voglie entrate se sian bone o ree.</p> <p>Perchè la Scorta tua sta sempre intenta Del cor al varco e sà chi vùi chi viene, Nè in darti aviso mai fia pegra e lenta.</p>	<p>Reason, memory, and the intellect, together descended into you from the supernal ideas that have the furthest limits of your freedom.</p> <p>If it should ever come to pass that a thought is created in you against the good, do not fear, because one does not sense whether the wishes that have entered are good or evil.</p> <p>Because your guide is always focused on the horn at the pass and knows who comes and goes, and to give you warning, is never lazy or slow.</p>
<p>Però ch'io sol la rabbia in te raffrene. Forse tempo verrà che da me impetri De le stagion di foco e ghiaccio piene.⁶⁴</p> <p>Che quando sia ch' ei d' brumali e tetri Volgerti il chiaro ciel sosopra miri, E' i Monti neve, e i stagni farse vetri:</p> <p>Nostra in balia sarà, che 'l Mondo giri, Lo qual il tempo adorno riconduca, E l'herbe e fior novellamente aspiri.</p> <p>Ma non sia ch'alcun Serpe mai t'induca Del Arbore vietato a còr il frutto, Ch'ancide altrui se il morde, o se 'l manuca.</p>	<p>However since I only hold back the fury in you, perhaps a time will come when you beseech from me some seasons full of fire and ice.</p> <p>For when it may be that you observe the wintery and gloomy days turn the clear sky upside down for you, and the mountains make themselves snow and the ponds ice:</p> <p>It will be in our care, that the world turns, which brings back the decked out season and newly infuses the grasses and flowers.</p> <p>But don't ever let any serpent induce you to gather fruit from the forbidden tree, which slays another if he bites it or if he nibbles it.</p>
<p>{R 365} {1527 p. 220}</p>	<p>{R 365} {1527 p. 220}</p>
<p>TRIP.</p>	<p>Triperuno</p>
<p>Più tosto il Sol fermarsi, e 'l Mar asciutto Forse vedrò, che mai contra la voglia Cosa mi faccia di che move 'l tutto.</p> <p>Ma scoprimi tu già (quando che foglia Mai senza tuo vigor non penda in ramo) Quanto sii vaga e bella sotto spoglia.</p>	<p>Perhaps I will sooner see the sun stop and the sea dry, than do anything against the will of the one who moves the whole.</p> <p>But you, reveal to me already (given that a leaf may never hang on a branch without your vigor) how lovely and beautiful you are under the coverings.</p>

⁶³ Gloss: Mortalibus omnibus conscientia Deus Men. (God is the conscience mind of all mortals.)

⁶⁴ Gloss: Heu quantum misero poenae mens conscia donat. Luc. ("Alas, how much pain his conscious mind gives the miserable [Caesar]," Lucan, *Pharsalia* 7.784).

NAT.	Nature
<p>Qual pianta, qual augel, qual fiera più amo Di te, saggio Animal? Però mie cose Io più mostrarti, che tu veder, bramo.</p> <p>Voi dunque freschi Rivi, piagge erbose, Opachi colli, cavernosi monti, Campi de gigli de ligustri e rose.</p> <p>Voi rilevate Ripe, Laghi e fonti, Riposte Valli, Ruscelletti e Fiumi, Ch’anco miei segni non gli havete conti.</p>	<p>What plant, what bird, what beast do I love more than you, wise creature? In fact, I yearn to show you my things more than you to see them.</p> <p>You therefore, fresh streams, grassy shores, dense hills, cavernous mountains, fields of lilies, privets and roses.</p> <p>You prominent cliffs, lakes and springs, secluded valleys, brooks and rivers, for you still have not counted [all] my signs.*</p>
<p>Anzi del ciel voi fiammeggianti lumi, Quella virtù spandete al huomo nostro, C’homai l’assenni, e del mio ben l’allumi.</p> <p>Nel cui servizio mosse l’esser nostro Un Dio, però ch’ei sol v’intenda lece, Al qual faceste un altro più bel chiostro.</p> <p>Chiostro di tante stelle ornato invece D’un bel trapunto, ove specchi e gioisca Le quattro e sette là, qual l’otto e diece.⁶⁵</p> <p>E quanto su contempla e giù, sortisca In grazia tal, che l’ontelletto [sic] pigli Non men del occhio, e par a lui salisca.</p>	<p>Better still you flaming lights of the sky, spread that virtue to our man, so that it may make him wise now and may illuminate him with my goodness.</p> <p>In whose service a God moved our being, however it is allowed that he alone understand you, to whom you made another more beautiful cloister.</p> <p>A cloister adorned with so many stars instead of one beautiful constellation, where is reflected and rejoices there the four and seven, as the eight and ten.*</p> <p>And however much [one] contemplates up and down, may it result in grace such that the intellect may understand no less than the eye and may ascend equally with it.</p>
{R 366} {1527 p. 221}	{R 366} {1527 p. 221}
<p>Orsi, Tigri, Leon, Lepre, Conigli, Pantere, Volpi, Orche, Ceti, Delfini, Aquile, Strucci, Nottole, Smerigli.</p> <p>Non sia de voi c’humile non s’inchini A l’assennata forma, ovunque scorre Tra voi Platani, Abeti, faggi e Pini.</p>	<p>Bears, tigers, lions, jackdaws, rabbits, panthers, foxes, orcas, whales, dolphins, eagles, ostriches, owls, merlins.</p> <p>Let there be not one of you that does not bow to the wise form, wherever it rushes among you plane trees, firs, beech and pine.</p>

⁶⁵ Gloss: Sunt non nulli ex terra homines, non ut incolae et habitatores, sed quasi spectatores superarum rerum atque coelestium. Cic. (“There are some men from the earth, not as occupants and inhabitants, but almost as spectators of things above and of the heavens,” Cicero, *De natura deorum*, 2.140 [old LVI].) Note: *trapunto* from *trapungere*: to prick with holes, used today for quilting. The specific numbers point to coded language.

<p>Di tutte vostre cause in lui concorre Una dal sommo Artefice criata, Che al huomo suo voi tutti hebbe a comporre.</p> <p>Ma sento già l'error: Ahi, scelerata Soperbia, che pur l'uscio trovi aperto, Ben cara costaratti quell'entrata,</p> <p>Ch'io vengo il premio compensarti al merto.⁶⁶</p>	<p>Of all your causes the one created by the supreme artisan converges in it, that he had to compose all of you for his man.**</p> <p>But I already feel the error: Alas, iniquitous Arrogance, even though you find the doorway open, that entrance will cost you quite dearly, for I come to reconcile the reward to the merit.*</p>
TRIPERUNO. SOLO.	Triperuno alone
<p>Se dir volessi a mille e mille lingue, Se por in carte a mille e mille penne, Col senno ch'ogni groppo ci distingue, Dramma del sommo ben ch'alhor mi venne, Dapoi che l'alta Donna con le pingue Di sdegno guote al ciel spiegò le penne, Direi che tra' mortali l'esser mio Saria non d'huomo anzi terrestre Dio.</p>	<p>If I wished to say with thousands and thousands of tongues, if to place on paper with thousands and thousands of pens, with the wisdom that distinguishes every tangle for us, a drachma of the ultimate good that then came to me, ever since the lofty lady with her cheeks tinged with disdain spread her wings to the sky, I would say that among mortals my being would not be of man but of a terrestrial God.</p>
<p>Già mai si bel secreto fu di lei Né in erbe, fonti, pietre, Stelle occulto, Ch'al subito girar de gli occhi miei Non mi restasse in l'alta mente sculto. So ben che mille Atlanti e Tolomei De l'intelletto, c'hoggi m'è sepulto, Non sen trarrebber una particella, Perché saliscon d'una in altra stella.</p>	<p>Never did she have such a fine secret hidden in grasses, fountains, rocks and stars that with a quick turn of my eyes did not remain sculpted deep in my mind. I know well that a thousand Atlantas's and Ptolemy's of the intellect, which today is buried in me, could not pull from them a single particle, because they rise from one star to another.*</p>
{R 367} {1527 p. 223}	{R 367} {1527 p. 223}
<p>Ma, lasso, il chiaro vetro in ch'io solea Specchiar da fronte i secli, e poi le spalle, Per ch'io 'l trovai si fosco? perché Astrea Più star non volse meco in questa Valle? Perché ridir non so quant'io scorgea Per un angosto ma soave Calle? Lassiamlo dunque; anzi a le core parve Scendiamo, poscia che l'altezza sparve.</p>	<p>But alas, the clear glass in which I used to mirror the centuries from the front and then the back, why do I find it so dark? Why didn't Astrea want to stay with me in this valley? Why don't I know how to relate what I saw in a narrow but pleasing road? Let's leave it, then; instead let's descend to the little things, given that the height disappeared.</p>

⁶⁶ Gloss: Homo cum in honore esset non intellexit. ("Man did not realize that he was in a state of grace," Psalms 48.21.)

<p>Sparve Natura molto neghitosa, Mercé che volse a Dio L'orgoglio equarse. I' mi fermai sott'una macchia ombrosa, Mirando l'Ape, quinci e quindi sparse, A sacco porre una Campagna erbosa Et a vicenda in loco poi ritrarse, Ove locar di cera e mele vidi Per cave Querze i Tetti lor e' nidi.⁶⁷</p>	<p>Nature disappeared much neglected, because she wanted to equal God in pride. I stopped under a shaded thicket, watching the bees, dispersed here and there, lay waste to a grassy field and then mutually retreat to a place, where I saw them establish their dwellings and nests of wax and honey in hollow oaks.</p>
<p>Se fu ne' grandi corpi molto industrie Natura, ove mirabil officina Corcò, quanto più parmi saggia e illustre Fingendo l'Apa in forma si piccina. Né l'Apa sol, ma ciò c'umor palustre Nudrisce, dico, o riscaldata brina, Dove sbucarse veggio Tarli e Culci, Vespe, Cicade, Mosche, Ragni e Pulci.</p>	<p>If Nature has been very industrious in large bodies, where she placed wonderful effort, how much more wise and noble she appears to me by fashioning the bee in such a small shape. And not only the bee, but I mean that which the swampy humor nourishes, or the warmed brine, from which I see emerge moths and gnats, wasps, cicadas, flies, spiders and fleas.</p>
<p>Dimmi tu, senso altier che a tutta puossa Intender cerchi Dio nè mai lo aggiugni, Perché, s'han elli sangue, nervi et ossa Sol per sapere, non te stesso impugni? Perché sottrarsi da qualche percossa Lor presti miro, che Morte no 'i giugni? Segno evidente ch'in tal corpicello Non men la Madre oprò ch'in un Gambello.</p>	<p>Tell me, haughty intellect, you who try to understand God with all your might, but never attain him, why don't you grab them yourself if they have blood, nerves and bones, just so we know?*Why do you aim to withdraw them from some blow so that death doesn't reach them? A clear sign that in such a little body Mother Nature operated no less then in a little limb.</p>
<p>{R 368} {1527 p. 224}</p>	<p>{R 368} {1527 p. 224}</p>
<p>Ch'instrusse mai quella solerte Vespa Svenar il Ragno e trasferirlo al speco, Dove co' piedi e rostro pria l'increspa, E tienlo poi qual uovo in grembo seco, In fin ch'un figlio in quella tana crespa Gli nasca d'ale prive, ingnudo e cieco; Ma di troncate Mosche tanto l' pasce, Ch'egli già Vespa salta for di fasce?</p>	<p>Who could have taught the painstaking Wasp to devein the spider and transfer it to the cave, where with its feet and proboscis first [the wasp] crinkles it and then holds it to itself like an egg in a dry womb, until a child is born to it in that puckered den devoid of wings, naked and blind, but [the wasp] nourishes it so much with truncated flies, that already a wasp, it jumps out of its wrappings.</p>
<p>Qual mastro dito a l'errabondo fuso Volve di quel del Ragno più bel stame? C'hor suso va così veloce, hor giuso Nodando, per far preda, l'alte trame?⁶⁸ Poi, ne la stanza pendula rinchiuso</p>	<p>What masterful finger on the wandering spindle turns a more beautiful stamen than that of the spider, which goes up first, and then down so quickly, knotting the deep web to catch prey? Then, closed up in the pendulous room, it waits in</p>

⁶⁷ Gloss: Si non vis intelligi, neque intelligaris, lector. (If you don't wish to be understanding, reader, don't be understanding.) [Note: *neghitosa*, see R 367, R 375]

⁶⁸ Gloss: Aranea. Spider.

Attende al varco, per scemar la fame Qual Animal vi caschi ne le stuppe, Che con prolisse gambe riviluppe?	ambush, to allay its hunger, as an animal falls there into the tow, which it envelops with extensive legs.
Né la formica men sagace parmi, Ch'ognhor s'affanna per schivar il stento, ⁶⁹ Di quanta forza veggio che co' l'armi E schiene va burlando il gran frumento, (Così nel far theatri grevi marmi Sòlsi condur per gli huomini al cemento) ⁷⁰ Poi l'incaverna e fiedelo col rostro, Che non s'imboschi dentro l'ampio chiostro.	Nor does the ant appear less wise, which labors all the time to avoid hardship. With what strength do I see it go along hauling with its arms and back the grain of wheat (like men do when bringing heavy marbles to the test for making monuments) then it stores it in the cave and pierces it with its proboscis, so that it won't go to seed inside the ample cloister.
Ecco sen passa d'una in altra forma Quel Vermo onde la seta for s'elice. O bell'instinto natural e norma, Che senza le sua fila né Testrice Né aurefice ben soi trapunti forma. ⁷¹ Taccio l'ovra del candido Bombice Che dal svelto per pioggia fior di querza Nasce cangiato in fin la volta terza. ⁷²	Behold -- it passes from one shape to the other, that worm from which the silk emerges. Oh what a good natural instinct and a norm, that without its thread neither the weaver nor the goldsmith form their stitches. I won't speak of the workings of the candid silkworm that from the oak flower detached by rain is born transformed for the third time.
{R 369} {1527 p. 225}	{R 369} {1527 p. 225}
Mille altre spezie de la picciol greggia Pospongo agevolmente hor in disparte. Segue ch'io solamente l'ampia Reggia De l'Ape contemplando chiuda in carte. Che 'l magistrato lor forse pareggia, Se non in tutto, il nostro almen in parte, Si come quelle c'han statuti e legge, Né manca il Duca lor che le corregge. ⁷³	A thousand other species of the tiny flock, I now simply set aside. It follows that meditating [on it] I secure only the ample reign of bees on paper; for perhaps their organization is equal, if not in all, at least in part to ours, given that they have statutes and laws, nor do they lack their duke who corrects them.
Anzi de la più parte da' suffraggi Lo eletto Imperator sostiene la verga; Satelliti, Littori, Servi e Paggi Vannogli sempre appresso ovunque perga. Esso le pene simili a li oltraggi Librando va: però non è chi s'erga Soperbamente contra lui, che amando	Instead, the elected emperor of the majority of the subjects holds up the staff; bodyguards, attendants, servants, pages stay by his side wherever he may move. He goes weighing punishments suited to the crimes: therefore there is no one who rises up arrogantly against him, for a ruler makes himself respected by loving rather than by threatening.

⁶⁹ Gloss: Formica. (Ant.)

⁷⁰ Gloss: Pars grandia trudunt/ obnixae frumenta humeris. Virg. ("A larga part [of the ants] push forward, bearing grain on their backs," Vergil, *Aeneid*, 4.402-7).

⁷¹ Gloss: Ser. (Chinese silkworm.)

⁷² Gloss: Bombix. (Silkworm.)

⁷³ Gloss: Apis. (Bee.)

Temesi un Rege più che minacciando. ⁷⁴	
Non come l'altre l'humido mucrone (Armollo assai sua maiestade) cura. Mentre la plebe strenua compone Senza Vetruvio tanta Architettura, Egli sta sopra e lor case dispone, Servando (ove convien) modo e misura. Non esce mai di Corte se non quando Del popol manda una gran parte in bando.	Unlike the others, he doesn't care about the moist tip -- his majesty arms him sufficiently. While the determined plebes construct so much architecture without Vitruvius, he stays above and disposes of their houses keeping (where fitting) proportion and measure. He does not leave court except when he sends a large part of his people out and about.
E se a tardarla fusse alhor men tosta Qualche harmonia di ferro o d'altro sono, L'impulsa Torma irebbe assai discosta. Così dal Rege suo guidate sono: Però Natura vol che senza sosta Lor di contento arresti qualche tono, E 'nsieme le raguni a nova Tomba, In guisa de' soldati al son di tromba.	And if some harmony of iron or of another sound were less quick to slow it down, the impulsive swarm would go rather far away. Thus they are guided by his rule: however Nature wishes that without pause some harmonious tone stops them, and gathers them together at a new hollow, like soldiers at the sound of a trumpet.
{R 370} {1527 p. 226}	{R 370} {1527 p. 226}
Ma s'io non voglio che 'l mio popol n'esca Di sue contrade per migrar altrove, Un'ala tronco al Capo de la tresca, La qual non senza lui mai fuga move. S'ei langue infermo, dangli bere et esca; Chi'l porta, chi 'l sostien, chi 'n grembo il fove; S'anche smarrito errando, va per caso, Vien conto, qual patron da' Cani, a naso. ⁷⁵	But if I do not want my people to leave their district to migrate elsewhere, I detach a wing from the leader of the uprising, which without him never takes flight. If he languishes, ill, they give him drink and food; someone carries him, someone holds him up, someone coddles him in his lap; and even if he goes wandering around at random, lost, he is found, as a master by his dogs -- by smell.
E se di qua di là trovar nol sanno, Alhora per consiglio si delibera Condurse ad altro Duca, e for sen vanno A la Cittade altrui, ne alcun si vibra De' Cittadini contra e fa lor danno, Anzi nel tetto si compensa e libra Di quanta plebe sia capace; dopo, Nè più nè men li accettan che li è uopo.	And if they can't manage to find him here or there, then they decide by council to bring themselves to another leader, and out they go to another's city, nor does any of the citizens agitate against them or do them harm; instead, they assess and judge how many workers can be held in the dwelling; after that they accept neither more nor less of them than they need.
Tal volta ch'egli morto caschi occorre:	At such times that he happens to drop dead:

⁷⁴ Gloss: Qui vult amari, languida regnet [sic] manu. Sen. ("He who wants to be loved, may he rule with a languid hand," Seneca, *Phoenissae* (frag.), 659, with *regnat* instead of *regnet*, where *languida* means means powerless.)

⁷⁵ Gloss: Inexpugnabile munimentum est amor civium: quid pulchrius quam vivere optantibus cunctis. Sen. ("Civic love is an invincible fortress: what could be lovelier than to live by shared choices," Seneca, *De clementia*, 19.6-7.)

<p>Pensi chi ama il suo Rege qual suplitio. Di tutte bande al corpo si concorre, Gittato a terra l'util esercitio; Con lagrime non san elle già sporre Lor gran cordoglio al funeral uffitio; Dirò ben veramente haver udito Strepito d'ale con vocal ruggito.</p>	<p>imagine what anguish for one who loves his rule. They run to his body from all directions, casting to the ground useful endeavors; they don't know how to express their great grief with tears at the official funeral; I will say truly to have heard well a flapping of wings and a vocal roar.</p>
<p>Se d'ordinato e regular costume Giamai l'uso mortal restasse privo, Puoterlo haver da l'Api si presume, Nè l'huomo forse l'haverebbe a schivo; Che, stando elle di notte ne' lor piume Sì il stato per servar sì il rege vivo, La vigil guarda sempre a l'uscio ascolta, Cascando a queste e quelle la sua volta.⁷⁶</p>	<p>If mortal custom should ever remain without ordered and regular routine, one might presume to get it from the bees, and perhaps man would not shun this; that, with them staying under cover at night in order to keep both the state and their leader alive, the vigilant guard always listens at the door, to these and those falling in their turn.</p>
<p>{R 371} {1527 p. 227}</p>	<p>{R 371} {1527 p. 227}</p>
<p>Ma de l'Augel cristato non si presto S'annuntia già spuntarse nova luce, Ecco di tromba un sono manifesto Fa dar per le contrate il pronto Duce. S'ode di par il sono: è il volgo desto, Al solito lavor che si riduce, O lieto ch'in cospetto al Rege primo Va fuori e riede carco sol di timo.</p>	<p>No sooner has the crested bird announced that the new dawn is already breaking, when lo! the alert leader has the manifest sound of a trumpet given throughout the district. The sound is heard at once: the crowd is awake, that goes off to its usual labor, or that happily in the presence of the first ruler, goes out and comes back laden only with thyme.</p>
<p>La verde Giovenezza è che sen fugge A la ricolta in bande assai longinque. Chi qua la rosa, chi là il giglio sugge, Chi assale questo fior e chi 'l relinque. Fassi gran preda, et Hibla si distrugge Co' l'altre terre che vi son propinque, La turba d'ogn' intorno succia e lambe, Nè cessan riportar l'enfiate gambe.⁷⁷</p>	<p>It is the green youth who flee from the harvest to areas quite far off. One here sucks the rose, one there the lily; one assaults this flower and one who relinquishes it. They make quite a haul, and Ibla is destroyed together with the other lands that are near it; the throng on all sides sucks and licks, nor do they cease to bring back swollen legs.</p>
<p>Ma de le più attempate un storno arguto Col suo Signor in Rocca stassi a l'ombra, Cui per ufficio vien locar in tuto La roba che, portata, il tetto ingombra: Depor i fasci a parte dan aiuto Parte, già leve, a la campagna sgombra.</p>	<p>But of the older ones, a witty starling stays in the shade of the stronghold with his lord, whose duty it is to place in safety the stuff that, once carried in, encumbers the dwelling: some of them help place the bundles to one side, some of them already leave relieved for the countryside. A worm so</p>

⁷⁶ Gloss: Nunquam oportet domum esse sine custode. Arist. (It is never right to leave a home without a guardian, Aristotle*)

⁷⁷ Note: Ibla, now Ragusa Ibla, a city in Southern Sicily, was once famous for its bees and flowers.

Tanto al divin servigio, a l'human gusto Di piacer brama un Vermo si robusto. ⁷⁸	robust yearns to please as much the divine service as human enjoyment.
Tal hora un vento subito (quantunque Del tempo sian presaghe) di tranquillo Così molesto vien, che scossa ovunque Si pascon elle in fin l'umil serpillio. Ecco la madre le ha proviste dunque; Che, toltosi ne' piedi alcun lapillo, Van elle poco del gran vento in forza, Librando qual nocchier il volo ad orza.	At times a wind so suddenly (although there are forecasts of the weather) from tranquil becomes so malevolent that it shakes wherever they feed on the humble vine of thyme. Look, the mother has therefore provided them so that, having picked up some grains in their feet they go freeing a few of them to the great wind in effect, as a helmsman sails into the wind.
{R 372} {1527 p. 228}	{R 372} {1527 p. 228}
Et ancho se la notte per la loro Molta ingordigia d'acquistar le assale, Raccolte insieme quasi in concistoro Le gambe al ciel e 'n terra posan l'ale; Che de le stelle il rugiadoso coro Le avinge si che poco il volo vale, Se non s'industrian starsene sopine Tutta la notte ad aspettar il fine. ⁷⁹	And even if at night, for their great greed to acquire assails them, after having gathered their legs together as though in a consistory they place their legs toward the sky and their wings to the ground; that the dewy choir of the steles wraps around them so that flight is worth little, if they don't make an effort to stay supine all night to await the issue.
Taccio le ultrici guerre, ch'a le volte Tra l'un vicino Rege e l'altro fansi. Tu vedi tante squadre intorno accolte, Che poscia a tor la vita irate vansi, E se ritornan parte in fuga volte, Ritrandosi lor Duci fiacchi et ansi, Parte seguendo vittoriosa gode, Nè altro che plausi e voci liete s'ode. ⁸⁰	I will keep silent about the wars of retribution, which at times between one neighboring Leader and another are conducted. You see many squadrons gathered around, that then infuriated go off to take life, and if part of them return after retreating in flight, pulling back their Dukes flaccid and breathless, the victorious group rejoices while pursuing, and one hears only applause and happy voices.
Indi iattura tal (se non dissolve L'agricola prudente lor litigi Co' l'importuno fumo e secco polve) Vi nasce, che la morte ai campi stigi La parte vinta e la vittrice involve. O grandi spesso al stato human prodigi	Next such a waste arises there (if the practical farmer does not dissolve their squabbles with bothersome smoke and dry dust) that death in the Stygian fields includes both the vanquished and victorious sides. Oh time and again great wonders of the human state, that their tails send out deep

⁷⁸ Gloss: *lustus ac honestus labor honoribus, praemiis, splendore decoratur.* Cic. ("Just and honest labor is honored with rewards, prizes and glory," Cicero, *De Oratore*, 1.194.)

⁷⁹ Note: *stelle* seems to be used here as a plant's stele.

⁸⁰ Gloss: *lamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrant, / Tam pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem / Conspexere silente arrectisque auribus adstant.* ("And torches and stones fly, fury furnishes weapons; and if, by chance, they catch sight of a man weighted down by duty and service, they stand silent with ears attentive," Vergil, *Aeneid*, 1.150-2.)

<p>Che de lor code mandon l'alte spine, Cui per grand'ira seguon l'intestine.</p>	<p>stingers, which, due to great fury, are followed by the intestines.</p>
<p>La vile mandra de' pannosi fuchi Trovan sovente starsen al presepe, Ove cosa non è che non manuchi; Ma poi nel faticarse, pegra, tepe. Tu vedi lor scacciati esser da' buchi, E morti far in cerco folta sepe; E il simil fan de l'Apa tarda e pigra, Che uccisa vien s'occulta non sen migra.</p>	<p>The cowardly drove of the spotted drones frequently find themselves staying in the crib where there is nothing that they do not nibble, but then while exhausting themselves, they get lazy, tepid. You see them being chased out of holes, and make a thick hedge of the dead in a circle; and they do the same to a slow and lazy bee, which gets killed if it does not move off hidden.</p>
<p>{R 373} {1527 p. 229}</p>	<p>{R 373} {1527 p. 229}</p>
<p>Tra gli diversi lor nemici e morbi Come Vespe, Crabroni e Rondinelle, Ragni, Lacerte, acqua de stagni torbi, Puzzo de Cancri, Culici, Mustelle, Par che la Rana più le affanni e storbi; Perch'ella contra i brandi lor ha pelle Non men sicura e di maggior fiducia, Del ferro al colpo, d'una fral cannuccia.</p>	<p>Among their diseases and enemies like wasps, hornets and swallows, spiders, lizards, turbid swamp waters, the stench of cankers, gnats, weasels, it seems that frogs trouble them and disturb them most; because to ward off their blades the frog has skin no less safe and more trustworthy than iron against the blow of a frail reed.</p>
<p>Ecco mirabil vermo, che disopre Li altri animali (non pur dico insetti, Ma quanti piuma, squame e lana copre) Esser fatto mirai per santi effetti, Tra' quai conobbi le lodevol opre Di cera, dentro ai cristiani Tetti, Ove non ben di notte Dio si cole, Se mancavi di cere acceso il Sole.*</p>	<p>Behold the amazing worm, that above the other animals (I don't mean only insects, but all those covered by feathers, scales and wool) I admired being made of holy effects, among which I recognized the praiseworthy wax works, inside the Christian dwellings, where at night one does not appreciate God well, if wax [candles] are missing there after the sun is up.*</p>
<p>D'altri animali, dicovi seguendo, Tenni le cause d'infalibil prova; Ma quante rimembrar in me contendo E porle inanzi a voi nulla mi giova. Così volse il mio fallo che, s'io spendo, Per risaper ciò ch'in Natura cova, Il tempo invan, ne pianga giustamente E faccia come quel che tardo pente.</p>	<p>About other animals I will talk to you below, I held reasons of infallible proof; but as many [reasons] I vie with myself to remember and to place before you it does me no good.* My fault wished thus, that, if I spend my time in vain to relearn that which broods in nature, I might rightly regret it and do as one who repents too late.</p>
<p>Di poggio in piano, di Campagna in Selva, Giravami qual spirto che di gioia, Pascendosi là su per l'ampio ciel va, Nè mai cosa v'incontra che lo annoia. Qual Orso, qual Leon, qual altra Belva</p>	<p>From hill to plane, from meadow to forest, I wandered as a spirit who goes up there across the broad skies pasturing on joy, and never meets with anything that bothers it. What bear, what lion, what other beast stayed to come with me (not that they</p>

Restò venirmi (non che desse noia) Scherzar intorno, e dentro le lor sanne Prendermi leggermente ambo le spanne? ⁸¹	bothered me) to play around and to take lightly within their jaws both my hands.
{R 374} {1527 p. 230}	{R 374} {1527 p. 230}
Palpava il dorso al Tigro, come solsi Far d'un Cagnolo o d'altro picciol pollo. Comai le sete a li Apri e mi ravolsi Le Vipere a le braccia, al capo, al collo, Li augelli al pugno e' pesci al lido accolsi N è di mirarli venni unqua satollo. Poscia mi volsi a la man dritta, come Sopra mi disse quel dal dolce nome. ⁸²	I petted the back of a tiger, like one usually does to a puppy or some other little chick. I combed the bristles of wild boars and wrapped vipers around my arms, my head, and my neck, I welcomed the birds into my fist and the fish to the shore, and I never became sated with admiring them. Then I turned toward my right hand, as that one of the sweet name told me to above.
{R 375} {1527 p. 230}	{R 375} {1527 p. 230}
PARADISO TERRESTRE	Terrestrial Paradise
TRIPERUNO	Triperuno
Dopo che sopra e sotto 'l ciel usciro L'opre del summo Artefice si belle, Nè molto spazio andò che l'empio e diro Popol de li Demon fu da le stelle Bandito al centro basso, ove periro Con l'ombre eternamente al ciel rubelle, Su l'huomo Dio fondo stabil disegno, Ch'empir di novo havesse il vodo regno.	After the works of the Supreme Creator came out above and below the sky, there wasn't much time before the impious and dismal population of demons was banished from the stars to the center underneath, where they perished eternally with the shades rebellious to heaven; on man God founded a stable plan, that was to fill anew the emptied reign.*
Nè più son pesci in acque nè più foglie In selve, come in ciel private stanze.* Però Michel, poi c'hebbe l'atre spoglie Di Pluto trionfando su le lanze Sospese ai tetti ove l'honor s'accoglie, Discinto il brando e tolto le Bilanze, Venne qui giù per farvi non più guerra, Ma sol un Paradiso a l'huom in terra.	There are not more fish in the seas nor leaves in the forests, than private rooms in heaven.* Michael however, prevailing over the lances of Pluto, once he had the grisly spoils hung upon the dwellings where honor is welcomed, after having unsheathed his sword and picked up the scales, came down here to make not more war but only a terrestrial paradise for man.

⁸¹ Note: *spanna* is a Lombard word (from German *Spanne*) akin to English *span*, which originally meant the sole of the foot, then the palm of the hand.

⁸² Gloss: Nomen Iesu lucet praedicatum, pascit recogitatum, lenit invocatum, roborat virtutes, vegetat bonos mores, castas fovet affectiones. Ber. ("The name of Jesus enlightens the sermon, nourishes meditation, when called upon soothes, strengthens virtue, grows good habits, fosters chaste affections," St. Bernard, Sermons on the *Song of Songs*, 15.)

<p>Qui, di soperba fatta invidiosa La Greggia de' cornuti Negri, quando Questo antivede, cruda e neghitosa,⁸³ Ripiglia contra noi l'occulto brando, l' dico brando occulto a più dannosa Nostra ruina), e sempre va celando Quinci quel vischio, quindi quella pania, Tanto che la più parte avinge e lania.⁸⁴</p>	<p>Here, the flock of the black-horns, from arrogant having been made envious, when it foresees this, [the flock] cruel and neglected, takes up again the hidden blade, I say "hidden blade" to our more detrimental ruin, and it always goes concealing that glue here, that birdlime there, so that it clasps and lacerates the greater part.</p>
{R 376} {1527 p. 231}	{R 376} {1527 p. 231}
<p>Piantato dunque in terra un Paradiso Da l'angiol fu di Dio detto Fortezza, Luoco non privo mai d'honesto riso, De soni, canti, giochi a gran dolcezza. Quivi trovai pur anco l'aureo viso Di quel Iesù che l'amorosa frezza Nel cor m'immerse prima, e seco poscia Portollo, me lasciando in dolce angoscia.</p>	<p>A paradise on earth having been planted by an angel, it was called by god "Strength"; a place never bereft of honest laughter, of sounds, songs, games and great harmony. Here too I found the golden face of Jesus, the one who first immersed the loving arrow in my heart, and then took it with him leaving me in sweet anguish.</p>
<p>Su ne le più levate cime, donde Phebo riporta il matutino giorno, Un Monte, c'ha inaccessibil sponde E cento millia passi volge intorno, Vidi che al Ciel lunar il capo ascende, E par che tocchi i piedi a Capricorno, Là fui chiamato d'una nebbia scura: Vieni hoggimai, o santa Creatura.</p>	<p>Up in the highest peaks, where Phoebus brings back early day, a mountain, which has inaccessible slopes and circles around a hundred thousand paces, I saw, the top ascend to the lunar sky, and it seems that it touches the feet of Capricorn, there I was called by a dark fog, "Come now, O holy creature."</p>
<p>Suso mi porto, et ecco alte muraglie Vidi luntano con quadrata cinta Serrar de poggi, e campi e di Boscaglie Una Provincia in più parti distinta. Ma quello muro quasi mi abbarbaglia La vista, dal suo lume resospinta, Mercè ch'era cristallo e oro, intorno Di perle e tutte l'altre gemme adorno.</p>	<p>I bring myself upward and behold, I saw at a distance high ramparts with a square band enclose with hills, fields and woods a province distinguished in diverse regions. But that wall almost blinded my sight, pushed back by its light, because it was crystal and gold, adorned all around with pearls and others gems.</p>

⁸³ Gloss: Non enim, invidia parit superbans, sed superbia parit invidiam, quia non invidet nisi amore excellentiae. Aug. ("Envy does not beget pride, but pride begets envy because it envies only the love of excellence," Augustine, *Sermones* 4.354.6 [current version: "Non enim invidia peperit superbiam, sed superbia peperit invidiam. Non enim invidet, nisi amor excellentiae"].) Note: The word *neghitosa*, may recall Petrarch's political canzone "Spirto gentil" in which the poet proposes to grab hold of Italy, and specifically to grab the locks of her head, Rome, "sì che la neghittosa esca del fango" (So that the neglected one emerges from the mud), *Canzoniere*, 53.23, quoted above, R 217; see also R 367.

⁸⁴ Gloss: Multi sunt vocati, pauci vero electi. ("Many are called but few are chosen," Matthew 14.22).

Hor su per quel parete schietto e fino Vidi c'havean Michel, e Raphaele Non l'Urbinate, dico, o 'l Fierentino, C'hor lascian dopo sè gran loda in tele, Depinto per mio specchio il fier destino Di Lucibello, a sè stesso crudele, Che bello troppo a sè medemo, d'alto Prese co' gli altri un smisurato salto.	Now up there on the fine smooth wall, I saw that Michael and Raphael (I don't mean the Urbinite or the Florentine who now leave behind them great praise in paintings) had depicted for my mirror the arrogant destiny of Lucifer for my viewing, cruel to himself, who too beautiful to his own self, from on high took a boundless leap with the others.
{R 377} {1527 p. 232}	{R 376} {1527 p. 232}
LA PORTA.	The Portal
Huomo, che vedi a quanto honor ti degna L'altissimo Fattore, Hor entra ad obbedirlo, acciò che 'l cuore Da te già in grazia ti 'l mantegna. ⁸⁵ Ma ne la gioia tua, c'havrai si lieta, Fa' che l'affreni accortamente, cui Non repugnando proverai col male Quant'era il ben anzi che l'un di dui Pomi gustassi. Che se Dio ti 'l vieta, Toccar non dèi, per non venir mortale. Dal Serpe il piede e dal legno fatale Se non vieti la mano, Ecco d'un legno more il ceppo humano, E un legno per sua Croce Dio non sdegna. ⁸⁶	Man, so that you see to how much honor the supreme Creator deems you, now enter to obey him, so that he may maintain your heart already in grace by your [merits].* But in your joy, which you will have so blissful, make sure to rein it in carefully, which by not countermanding you will experience with pain how much good there was before you tasted one of the two fruits. Because if God forbids it of you, you must not touch it, in order not to become mortal. If you do not ban your foot from the serpent and your hand from the fatal rod, then the human stock dies from a rod, and God does not d disdain a rod for his cross.
TRIPERUNO.	Triperuno
Queste parole trapuntate in oro Sopra la porta, in un bel smalto lessi; Ma i freggi, e gli archi, e ornamenti loro Sono di fine gemme carichi e spessi. Entrovi lieto per si bel tesoro, E in cerchio con le mani esser rannessi, D'Angioli pargoletti e nudi un stolo Vidi scherzando volteggiarsi a volo.	I read these words studded in gold above the door, in a beautiful enamel; but the friezes, the vaults and their ornaments are densely laden with fine gems. I enter there happy for such beautiful treasure, and reconnected in a circle with their hands I saw a horde of angels naked and small joking and spinning in flight.
E su per Merli e for de gli balconi, Quei di Diamante e questi di Christallo Mill'altri con diversi canti e suoni	Up on the parapets/merlons and outside on the balconies, the first of diamonds, the second of crystal, a thousand others with various songs and

⁸⁵ Gloss: Natura divina et humana. (Nature divine and human.) Repetition of above, R 362.

⁸⁶ Gloss: Ut qui in ligno vincebat, in ligno quoque vinceretur. (So that he who overcame by the wood/ tree, he likewise will be overcome by the wood. Ordinary of the Mass: Exaltation of the Holy Cross.)

<p>Muoveno d'altri tanti un lieto ballo: Arpe, Lautti, Citere, Lironi, Senza mai farvi punto d'intervallo, Addolciscan le orecchie d'uditori Al nome, c'hanno impresso dentro i cuori.</p>	<p>tunes moved with as many others in a joyous dance: harps, lutes, zithers, lyres, without ever taking an interval point, sweeten the ears of the listeners to the name that they have impressed inside their hearts.</p>
<p>{R 378} {1527 p. 233}</p>	<p>{R 378} {1527 p. 233}</p>
<p>Al dolce nome sovra ogni altro grato, Nome amoroso, nome aureo e suave, Nome del mio lesù forte sacrato Nome di grazie ponderoso e grave. Non è macchia si lorda di peccato, Che 'l dolce nome di lesù non lave, Nome che chi noma in spirto, sente Mordersi 'l cuore d'un pietoso dente.</p>	<p>To the sweet name pleasing above all others, loving name, gentle golden name, powerfully sacred name of my Jesus, weighty and grave name of grace. There is no thicket so filthy with sin that the sweet name of Jesus does not wash, name that he who names in spirit, feels his heart bite itself with a merciful tooth.</p>
<p>Quivi se non in danze e giochi starsi, Danze pudiche, giochi allegri, onesti, Chi su le penne, chi su lievi passi Que' leggiadretti Spirti modesti Scorron il bel Giardino, hor alti hor bassi, Quelli de' boschi per le cime, questi Per le fiorite piaggie, e verdi prati Succinti, o in bianche stole, o nudi alati.</p>	<p>Here to stay only in dances and games, chaste dances, frank, light-hearted games, some on feathers, some on light steps, those light modest spirits rush through the beautiful garden, now high, now low, those along the peaks of the woods, these along the flowered knolls, and the green meadows, cinched either in white stoles, or naked and winged.</p>
<p>Altri con reti d'oro i pesci snelli Tranno di questo Rio, di quello fonte; Altri tendon guazzarsi ne' Ruscelli Chi piè, chi man, chi l'ale, chi la fronte. Altri celan archetti ai vaghi Augelli, Per macchie e ripe, o sotto, o sopra un monte, Altri scaccian de' boschi e folti vepri Dame, Conigli, Cervi, Capre, e Lepri.⁸⁷</p>	<p>Others with golden nets pull in the slender fish of this stream, of that fountain; others stretch to splash in the brooks, one a foot, one a hand, one a wing, one a face. Others hide their traps for the charming birds, through thickets and river banks, below or above a mountain, others chase from the woods and thick barbs -- does, rabbits, stags, goats, hares.</p>
<p>Vidine molti ancora, con bei freni Di seta e oro, stringer Lioncorni, Chi li rallenta il morso chi 'l sostiene Con lievi sbalzi e volgimenti adorni. Franguelli, Piche, Merli, e Philomene, Con Papagalli, Rondinelle, e Storni, Volan di ramo in ramo a schiera a schiera, Cantando la sua eterna Primavera.</p>	<p>I saw even many more, with beautiful reins of silk and gold, holding unicorns, some loosen the bit, some maintain it with light jerks and graceful circular movements. Finches, magpies, merles, and Philomene, with Parrots, Swallows and Starlings fly from branch to branch, flock after flock, singing its/their eternal Spring.</p>

⁸⁷ Note: *dame* for *damma*, cf. *daina*, doe, deer.

{R 379} {1527 p. 234}	{R 379} {1527 p. 234}
Eterna Primavera qui verdeggia, Che 'n le catene il Tempo giace altrove, Aprile quivi e Marzo signoreggia, Nè mai da l'ombre zefiro si move, Per cui soavemente sempre ondeggia L'altezza de Colline e Poggi, dove Pini, Cipressi, Querze, Faggi, Abeti, Addombrano vallette e campi lieti.	Eternal spring turns green here, because Time lies elsewhere in chains: April and March hold sway here, nor does Zephyr ever move from the shadows, so that the tops of the hills and knolls, where pine trees, cypresses, oaks, beeches and firs shade little valleys and blissful fields.
Quivi honoratamente fui raccolto Da duo barbati e candidi Vecchioni, L'uno fu Enocco, e l'altro che, distolto Di terra ascese in ciel fra spirti boni, Quando Eliseo videlo nel molto Foco volar a l'alte regioni; ⁸⁸ Questi con lieto volto m'abbracciaro, Mostrando il mio advenir quant'hebbè caro.	Here I was welcomed by two white-haired bearded old men, one was Enoch, and the other, who, having been taken from earth, ascended into heaven among the good spirits, when Heliseus saw him fly off to other regions amid flames; with glad faces these two embraced me, showing me how much they valued my arrival.
Vado fra loro poscia, lento, lento, Favoleggiando verso il gran Palaccio Ecco quegli Angioletti, a trenta, a cento Lascian, chi l'Arpa, chi 'l danzar, chi 'l laccio, E vengono assalirmi in un momento, Con un soave intrico e dolce impaccio, Perchè mi cercan gli homeri, la testa, Di sua leggera salma e fanno festa.	Next I go among them very slowly towards the great palace, speaking together, behold those little angels, thirty of them, a hundred, leave off some from the harp, some from dancing, some from the snare, and they come to assail me all at once, with a gentle embrace and a sweet encumbrance, because they circle my shoulders, my head with their light bodies and they make merry.*
Entrano ne l'adorna e ampia stanza, Non men di quelle del Signor mio bella, Bella e gioiosa for d'humano usanza, Qual hoggi a Marmirol si rinovella, e qual li ombrosi campi sovravanza In Piettoli sul chiaro Mintio, e quella Ch'entro l'antiqua terra di Gonzaga Mostrarsi al Viatore tanto vaga. ⁸⁹	They enter the ornate and ample hall, no less beautiful than those of my lord, beautiful and joyful beyond human custom, such as today one is renovating in Marmirolo, and such as that which extends over the shady fields in Pietole on the clear Mincio, and that which within the antique land of Gonzaga delights in showing itself to the traveler.
{R 380} {1527 p. 236}	{R 380} {1527 p. 236}

⁸⁸ Gloss: Enoch. Helias. Eliseus. (Enoch. Elijah. Eliseus/Heliseus/Elisha.)

⁸⁹ Gloss: Marmirolo. Piettoli. Gonzaga. Marmirolo was an area a few kilometers NW of Mantua where the Gonzagas held land. Piettoli is the small town SE of Mantua said to be Vergil's hometown. The Gonzaga family ruled Mantua for centuries (from 1328 to 1707); Folengo was on friendly terms with Federico Gonzaga, to whom (according to extant letters) we owe the copy of the *Baldus* used to produce the 1521 edition and to whom the *Orlandino* (1525) was dedicated.

<p>Trovamo un spacio quadro d'una liscia Piazza de marmi lustri e altre pietre, Ove nel mezzo la fatale Biscia, Come sotto acqua fanno le Lampetre, Sdrucchiola quinci e quindi, ma non fiscia, Che 'l capo ha di Dongiella, e par ch'impetre, Col vago suo semblante, che chi passa Subitamente al suo voler s'abbassa.</p>	<p>We find a square area of a smooth piazza of lustrous marbles and other stones, where in the middle the fatal Serpent slithers here and there as the lampreys do under water, but it doesn't hiss, because it has the head of a maiden and it seems to petrify with its charming features, so that who passes by instantly submits to its will.</p>
<p>S'abbassi tostamente a la sua voglia, Di por le man a quel vietato ramo, E dispicarne il frutto, onde la doglia Succede poscia al nostro interno Adamo, Lo qual non mai si vede senza spoglia, Se non dapoi che l'esca di quel amo L'attosca sì, che morto ne rimane, Fin che 'l rilevi poi lo empireo pane;</p>	<p>One submits hastily to its will, to put his hands on that prohibited branch, and snap off the fruit, from which pain then ensues to our internal Adam, which one never sees without spoils/a body if not after the bait of that hook makes it so toxic that death results from it, until it is relieved later by empyrean bread;</p>
<p>Quel pane dolce bianco e immortale Che pasce in ciel l'angelica famiglia. Non è morbo, nè peste sì mortale, Che questo pan salubre a chi se 'l piglia, Con salda fede, no 'l risani, quale Fu de' Leprosi già la meraviglia. Ma guardesi chiunque indegnamente A un sì soperbo cibo admove il dente.</p>	<p>that sweet immortal white bread that nourishes the angelic family in heaven; there is no disease or plague so mortal, that this salubrious bread does not heal the person who takes it with faith, this was earlier the marvel of lepers. But whoever sets his tooth unworthily to such a superb food – beware.</p>
<p>Soperbo cibo, che d'umiltade Profondissima sorse in mia salute; Soperbo cibo, ove l'alta bontade Cercò d'erger e' morti la virtute, Soperbo cibo, il qual con veritade Convien che 'n corpo e sangue si trasmute, In corpo e sangue del humano Dio, Che disse: Hor manncate il corpo mio.</p>	<p>Superb food, which rose so very high from humility for my wellbeing; superb food, where the lofty goodness looked for the force to raise the dead, superb food, which with truth it is fitting that it transform itself into body and blood, into the body and blood of the human God, who said, "Now nibble my body."</p>
<p>{R 381} {1527 p. 237}</p>	<p>{R 381} {1527 p. 237}</p>
<p>Ma come egli togliesse il grave assonto In sè d'ogni mia colpa su la Croce, Havrovi a dir col tempo s'io m'affronto A un stil più grave, e non più che veloce, Che, se d'altri concetti al giogo monto Col senso, non sussegue poi la voce Se non debil inferma, come chiaro Si vede ch'io non so, ma tardo imparo.</p>	<p>But as he took upon himself on the cross the grave burden of every fault of mine, I will have to tell you if over time I realize a style more sober, and not more than hasty, that, if I ascend to the ridge/yoke of other concepts with my mind, the voice does not then follow except sick and weak, as one can clearly see that I don't know, but I learn late.</p>

Vedrò, se 'l debil filo non si taglia, Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita, Quel raggio, ch'ora il senso m'abbarbaglia Con vista più vivace e più spedita. De' bianchi e negri spirti la scrimaglia Ben tengo de le Muse al monte ordita, ma c'habbia se non tutto almen in parte Di Lodovico attendo il stile, e l'arte. ⁹⁰	I will see that ray, which now dazzles my senses, with a sight more lively and swift, if the weak thread does not get cut in the middle of the pathway of our life. I hold firm the defense of the white and black spirits devised on the mountain of the Muses, but I expect that it have if not all at least in part the style and the art of Lodovico.
Non più Merlino, Fulica e Limerno oltra sarovvi, ma sol Triperuno. Tratto son hoggi mai di quel inferno Ove chi faccia ben non vi è sol uno, Per te lesù, per te vedo e discerno Esser del cibo tuo sempre degiuno, Et ingannato al fine si ritrova Chi lascia la via vecchia per la nova. ⁹¹	No longer will I be Merlin, Fulica and Limerno, but only Triperuno. I have been taken today from that hell where there is not even one who may do well. For you, Jesus, for you, I see and am aware of being famished all the time for your food. And he who leaves the old way for the new finds himself tricked in the end.
FINISCE LO CHAOS DEL TRIPERUNO.	The <i>Chaos of Triperuno</i> Ends
{p. 238} {R 384}	{p. 238} {R 384}
De aurea Urna qua includitur Eucharistia	On a golden Urn in which the Eucharist is contained.
Urnula quam gemmis auroque nitere videmus Quaeritur angusto quid ferat illa sinu. Haud ea pestifero Pandorae infecta veterno Intulit omnivagas orbe adaperta febres. At pretium, quo non aliud pretiosius, ipsa haec Quod rerum amplexus non capit, urna capit.	A small urn which we see glisten/struggle with precious gems and gold, is asked what it carries in its narrow hollow. By no means infected with the pestilential listlessness of Pandora does it inflict wide spread fevers across the land once it is opened. But a prize, more precious than any other, [Pandora's box] does not hold as far as its embrace of things, the urn holds.
MIRA DUORUM AMICITIA. ⁹²	Remarkable Friendship of Two [Men]
Fortius an posset domus Ardua calce tener! Roboraque an piceum firMa ratis oblita gluteN, Arctius, amborum ut videO, se vestra catheniS Nectere amicitiae tum Rarae pectora? et altO	Could not a house be held up strongly by limestone, and a strong and firm raft of spruce, neglected, [be held] more closely with glue, when I see both your breasts connected by bonds of rare friendship? and

⁹⁰ Note: *scrimaglia* a variant of *schermaglia* (duel, also figuratively), from *schermire* to protect, Germanic root, akin to screen; *ordire* in Latin means to begin, in Italian to weave, but also used as to hatch a plot – Lodovico Ariosto, invoked here, used it in this sense, notably in *OF* 1.51, 25.50 and elsewhere.

⁹¹ Gloss: Non est qui faciat bonum, non est usque ad unum. David. ("There is no one who does good, there is not even one," Psalms, 13.)

⁹² ACROSTICS: FRANCISCORUM AMOR ET FIDES INSOLUBILES. (Love and faith everlasting of the Franciscos.)

<p>Colle fidem vestram stabile Errexisset tribunale? Instat enim quercum dum Taurus vellere cornu, Saxaque spumosis in fluctibus ardua dum sub Cautibus unda quatit, magis ima e sede moveri Omnia tunc possent, quam Divum haec unio, qua nihil Rectius humanis viget, Et ferit aethera laude, Umbraque post cineres constat per secula grandis.</p>	<p>your faith raising a stable tribunal on a high hill? For while Taurus threatens to uproot an oak with his horn, and a wave shakes the hard rocks in the frothy surges under the cliffs, all things could then be moved more easily from the deepest seat, than this pearl of God, by which nothing thrives better in humans, and it strikes the heavens with praise and after great ashes, remains a shade through the ages.</p>
<p>DE GEORGIO ANSELMO.⁹³</p>	<p>Of Giorgio Anselmo</p>
<p>Grandi vectus equo ruit Ecce Georgius, hasta Errecta in colubrile thum, cui guttur et inguen Ora perabrumpit tum in dignos virginis artus Regalis bibitura: quod et tibi nomen honosque Gloriaque obtingit, iaculis cum Phoebe nigrum fel Ingentes per agros furis in pythona vomente M vatem ergo ad tantum facit unum id nomen, ut actus Sit pro eodem Phoebus versus, tituloque Georgius</p>	<p>Behold: here rushes George, borne upon a great horse, his spear raised against a snake at that moment, when he smashes its throat and groin while its mouth is about to consume the worthy limbs of a royal virgin; wherefore also to you fell reputation, honor and glory, Phoebus, when with your bolts (you did the same to) the python, madly vomiting black venom among the vast fields; therefore that one name makes so great a poet that by this same act Phoebus may be in the verse, Giorgio in the title.*</p>
<p>TUMULUS M. C. C.⁹⁴</p>	<p>Tumulus M.C.C.</p>
<p>Felicem ingenio, lingua, patria, patre, Marcus Immatura secat mors ecce, tuumque sub arca Lumen obiisse gemis stirps, O Cornelia, nec cur Ingratae possis te Romae credere posthac Videris ipse quidem dum grato ad maxima vultus Sceptra galeratus volat, itur ... S</p>	<p>Behold, untimely death lays low Marcus, fortunate in his intelligence, his language, his fatherland, and his father; and you mourn, Cornelia, that your glory, your offspring has gone off beneath a bier, and you cannot believe hereafter in ungrateful Rome, while you see that papal hat indeed with a grateful face flies off near the greatest scepters, it is advanced...</p>
<p>{R 385} {1527 p. 239}</p>	<p>{R 385} {1527 p. 239}</p>
<p>A l'integerrimo Signor Alberto da Carpo.</p>	<p>To the most honorable Signor Alberto da Carpo</p>
<p>Signore mio, l'altissima cui fama Sin oltra 'l ciel ottavo s'alza e gira, Amor mi sprona e la Ragion mi tira Dir quanto in terra ognun v'honora e ama;</p>	<p>My Lord, whose lofty fame rises up and circles even beyond the eighth heaven, love spurs me and reason pulls me to say how much everyone on earth honors and loves you.</p>

⁹³ ACROSTICS: GEORGIUS ET DELIUS ANSELMUS (Giorgio and Delio Anselmo.) [Note: *thum* for *tum*?]

⁹⁴ ACROSTICS: FILIUS GEORGI MARCUS. (Marcus son of George.)

<p>E mentre son per addempir mia brama, Giungendo rime al son di bassa lira, Mi resto e dico, ai mente mia delira, Che gir ti credi ove desio ti chiama.</p> <p>Chi salirà tant'alto? nè la lingua Di Tullio, e di Vergilio l'aurea tromba Potria montar di sua vertude al giogo,</p> <p>E pur, come che 'l stile mio soccomba A quell'altezza tanta, non si estingua Di lui cantar un desioso fuoco.</p>	<p>And while I am ready to fulfill my desire, joining rhymes to the sound of a bass lyre, I stop and I say, "Oh, my mind, you are delirious if you think to go where desire calls you.</p> <p>Who will ascend so high? neither the tongue of Cicero nor the golden trumpet of Vergil could mount to the range of your virtue.</p> <p>And even though my style succumbs at such a height, an excited fire to sing of him is not extinguished.</p>
{R 386} {1527 p. 240}	{R 386} {1527 p. 240}
Ad un altro Alberto da Carpo di tal nome indegno.	To another Alberto da Carpo, unworthy of such a name
LIMERNO.	Limerno
Caro Germano, potriati facilmente pervegnire a le orecchie, che favoleggiando noi Fulica e Triperuno insieme et io con loro de la miracolosa dottrina de uno Asino, mi occorre adducerti in testimonio o sia esempio di coloro, li quali non sapendo parlare, si intromettono temerariamente fra gli saputi e savii huomini a ragionare de li altrui fatti e costumi, volendosi elli, con il biasmar altri, mostrarsi di qualche honore e reputatione degni.	Dear Brother, it could easily reach your ears, that while we were discussing together -- Fulica, Triperuno, and I with them -- the miraculous teaching of an ass, it was necessary for me to bring you in as a witness of an example of those who, not knowing how to talk, thrust themselves boldly among the learned and wise men to discuss the deeds and customs of others, wishing, by reproaching others, to show themselves worthy of some honor and reputation.
E perché tu da me ti chiamerai forse oltraggiato essere e vituperato, ti rispondo nanti tratto, che con l'altre tue bone conditioni matto ancora ti mostrerai, quando in te non voglia patire, quello che in altro giamai non cessi adoperare, io dico ne l'altrui fama e honore.	And because you will perhaps call yourself affronted and vituperated by me, I will answer you right away, that together with your other good traits, you will show yourself to be crazy as well, when you do not choose to suffer in yourself, that which in another you never cease to make use of, I mean in another's fame and glory.
Dimmi, huomo dapocaggine, che tu ti sei, con che ragione, con che giustitia, con qual charitade tu con quell'altro, che fiorentino si fa, Sebastiano puzzabocca, e con altri toi simili furfanti, a li quali ben sta quella sententia del mio barbato Girolamo, Possident opes sub paupere Christo, quas sub locuplete Diabolo non habuerint, per qual (dico)	Tell me, worthless man that you are, with what reason, with what justice, with what charitable love, you with that other who claims to be Florentine, Sebastian Stinkmouth, and with the other scoundrels of your kind, for whom the pronouncement of my bearded Jerome is fitting, "they possess riches under a poor Christ that they

necessaria cagione non mai vi straccate di cercare far danno ne la fama et honore del giovene innocente Triperuno? ⁹⁵	would not have under a rich Devil” – for what necessary cause, I ask, do you never tire of trying to bring harm to the fame and glory of the young innocent Triperuno?
In che cosa egli vi offende, Diavoli che voi siete?	In what does he offend you, devils that you are?
Ah, maledetta rabbia di questa Invidia, come se indraca più, come se invipera nel sangue innocente, perché sa, perché vede lui haver posseduto di Libertade lo paradiso terrestre, de lo Evangelio la luce anti smarita, d’un Orso mansuetissimo la grazia, Roditi dunque da te istessa, o conscientia diabolica, la quale per tua soperbia, lo perduto seggio a l’huomo esser donato vedi.*	Oh, cursed raving of this envy, as though it “in-dragons” more, “in-vipers” in his innocent blood, because it knows, it sees that he freely possessed terrestrial paradise, the previously lost light of the gospel, the favor of a most gentle Orso/Orsino; So, gnaw away at yourself, O diabolical conscience, which for your arrogance, you see the lost throne bestowed on man.*
{R 387} {1527 p. 241}	{R 387} {1527 p. 241}
Lasciatelo stare in vostra malora, arrabbiati cani, che egli non pur non vi offende, ma, si sdegna pensar così bassamente de voi malvagi e invidiosi spiriti, non tutti dico, non tutti appello, anzi lodo e reverisco li huomini quantunque rari conscientienti.	Let him be in your misfortune, rabid dogs, because not only does he not offend you, but he disdains thinking so basely of you, wicked and envious spirits, not everyone, I mean, I don’t call out to everyone, on the contrary I praise and revere those men, however rare, who are conscientious.
Ma, tu, Alberto, al quale un tal nome di quello non pur accostumato e saputo Signore, ma profondissimo Philosopho così conviene, come ad uno Asino la sella d’un bel Destriero, per mio consiglio studiati avanti di meglio raffrenar la lingua, che non facevi lo tuo Cavallo Grosso, al tempo de le barde, essendo soldato vecchio; che nol facendo, mostrerotti una penna di Ocha più eloquente essere, che la lingua d’uno Baboino.	But you, Alberto, to whom a name like that of not only a mannerly and learned lord, but a most profound philosopher is as fitting as the saddle of a handsome steed is on an ass; take my advice: make an effort ahead of time to better rein in your tongue, than you didn’t do your big horse, at the time of the jousts [bard for horse armor], being an old soldier; if you don’t do that, I will show you a goose feather to be more eloquent than the tongue of a baboon.
Guardati.	Watch yourself.

⁹⁵ Note: Quotation is from St. Jerome, Letter 60, *Hieronimus ad Eustochium*.