

CANZONETA, VA!

Jongleurs and Troubadours between Italy and Provence in 12th and 13th centuries

MURMUR MORI ENSEMBLE



NOVANTIQUA



English

Ensemble Murmur Mori

Mirko Virginio Volpe
chant, gittern, hurdy-gurdy, frame drum

Silvia Kuro
chant, portative organ, naqqāra, spoons, bells

Alessandra Lazzarini
transverse flutes

Matteo Brusa
citole, riqq, darbouka

The album was recorded live inside Morimondo Abbey on May 2023

Filmed and recorded: Claudio Berta
Film direction, analogic edit: Silvia Kuro
Audio Mix/Master: Matteo Brusa

Photographs: Gloria Mancini gloriamancini.com

English translation: Silvia Kuro, Matteo Brusa

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To watch the album movie: murmurmori.com

1 ~ Toza [03.40]

Instrumental

Music: Mirko Volpe, Silvia Kuro

Mirko Volpe: gittern - Silvia Kuro: portative organ

2 ~ Mamma, lo temp'è venuto [04.37]

Lyrics: Anon., ASB, Memoriale bolognese 47 (Anthonius Guidonis de Argele, year 1282), c.1v

Music: Traditional, Silvia Kuro, Mirko Volpe. Arrangement of emilian traditional "O mamma mia marideme".

Silvia Kuro, Mirko Volpe, Alessandra Lazzarini, Matteo Brusa: chant

3 ~ Aiuta De', vera lus et garçat (Rex glorioso) [06.12]

Lyrics: Anon., Biblioteca Ambrosiana, ms. E 15 sup., c.84, 13th century

Music: Giraut de Borneill (...1138-1215...) - "Reis glorios", BnF, ms. français 22543, fol. 8v, 14th century

Mirko Volpe: chant - Alessandra Lazzarini: flute - Matteo Brusa: citole - Silvia Kuro: water and earthenware (birds chant)

4 ~ Anc al temps d'Artus ni d'ara [04.32]

Lyrics: Aimeric de Peguilhan (...1170-1230...) and Sordel (...1200-1269...)

I-FI, ms. Plut.41.42, fol. 55r, year 1301-1310

Music: Mirko Volpe

Mirko Volpe: hurdy gurdy, chant - Silvia Kuro: spoons - Alessandra Lazzarini, Matteo Brusa: chant

5 ~ Bal [03.20]

Instrumental

Music: Mirko Volpe

Mirko Volpe: gittern - Silvia Kuro: naqqāra - Alessandra Lazzarini: flute

6 ~ La Tramontana [02.14]

Instrumental

Music: Silvia Kuro

Silvia Kuro: portative organ

7 ~ Bella domna tant vos ai pregada [04.00]

Lyrics: Raimbaut de Vaqueiras (...1165-1207...) and the woman (?)

BnF, ms. français 854, fol. 156r, 13th century

Music: Mirko Volpe

Mirko Volpe: chant - Silvia Kuro: chant - Alessandra Lazzarini: flute - Matteo Brusa: triangle

8 ~ Na Guillelma, manz cavaliers arrage [05.00]

Lyrics: Lanfranc Cigala (...-1258...) and Guillelma de Rosers (...1235-1265...)

BnF, ms. français 854, fol. 159v, 13th century

Music: Mirko Volpe

Mirko Volpe: gittern, chant - Silvia Kuro: chant - Alessandra Lazzarini: flute

9 ~ Oltremare [03.18]

Instrumental

Music: Mirko Volpe

Alessandra Lazzarini: flute - Mirko Volpe: framedrum - Matteo Brusa: riqq

10 ~ Gjamai non mi comfortto [05.31]

Lyrics: Rinaldo D'Aquino (...1227-1281...), BAV, Vat. Lat. 3793, fol. 8v, 13th century

Music: Mirko Volpe, Silvia Kuro

Silvia Kuro: chant - Mirko Volpe: gittern - Matteo Brusa: darbouka – Alessandra Lazzarini: flute

11 ~ Enoio [06.32]

Lyrics: Gherardo Patecchio (13th century), Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense

AD.XVI.20, fol. 80v, 15th century

Music: Monge de Montaudon (...1143-1210...) - "Mot menueya so auzes dire"

BnF, ms. français 22543, fol. 40r

Mirko Volpe: voice - Silvia Kuro: bells - Alessandra Lazzarini: flute



Biografia

What would probably shock the troubadours of the 12th century, if they were alive today, would not be to see their lyrics performed, but to witness a performance without Love. This belief generates the original expressiveness that characterizes the concerts of the Murmur Mori ensemble. Trusting only and exclusively in the original sources, Mirko Volpe and Silvia Kuro carry out their research by personally viewing the manuscripts containing the lyrics whose melodies were often entrusted to the oral tradition and, just as often happens with popular music, they have been lost in time.

Inspired by the popular muse and by the realities in which it still survives, the Murmur Mori ensemble investigates the jongleurs poetry working on the reconstruction of the sound of the early Italian vernacular lyrics and of the secular music of the "Middle Ages". The main intent is to rediscover the musicality of vernacular poetry since most of these poems were sung even before being written, as the metric and form suggest, when no one has ever attempted to set them to music again, leaving them confined in literary studies. The result is: "new early music", composed both of the musical forms of the medieval centuries and of folk music approaches. The musical instruments used are reproductions based on representations from the 12th-13th-14th centuries.

In 2022 the French version of the musical program "Poetesses, Poets and Jongleurs of Italy" was presented at the prestigious "Festes Baroques" festival. In the same year "Dançando la fressca Rosa" was published: a mini-album resulting from the research of Mirko and Silvia on the Memoriali Bolognesi of the 13th century, carried out with the Alma Mater Studiorum of Bologna, MemoBo project; in 2022 they release the single "Aiuta De', vera lus et garçat", a musical reconstruction of a troubadour *Alba* translated into a Piedmontese vernacular in the 13th century.

In 2023 they release the album "Canzoneta, va!" concerning the connection between Provençal and Italian poetry in the 12th and 13th centuries, in the same year they were contacted by the Italian Cultural Institute of Bratislava for two concerts included in the cultural events for the "Week of the Italian Language in the World"; in the same year Murmur Mori won the "Italia Medievale" Award, ranking first in the "entertainment" category.

The Murmur Mori ensemble has never used the aid of electricity or microphones during its shows, a choice that is not only aesthetic but determined by the desire to offer a more authentic listening, since ignoring or modifying the sound of the place would be a failure towards the music that Murmur Mori tries to reconstruct. The music resonates within the historical locations that for centuries have been returning it to our ears enriched with their personality. Furthermore, for this very reason all the audio recordings of the Murmur Mori ensemble were filmed and are available from the website murmurmori.com.



“It was then, in the west when the provençal language flourished, well esteemed and over all the idioms of that area the main in use”

Pietro Bembo “Prose della volgar lingua” (1,8) - year 1525

Provençal was, in the 12th and 13th century, the language of courtly poetry. Its cradle was the Provence region, facing on the north the Druidic islands and nordic countries like Brittany, England, Wales and Scotland, cloaked in the ancient Celtic mists; to the south it touched Spain and Italy. This new and fascinating literary culture captivated the European continent for almost two centuries: poems were imitated in Greece, Hungary and Bohemia; French chivalry fascinated Germany and Scandinavia and, as Carducci wrote, Italy, which was so intimate with southern France, so close to it in relationships, memories, blood ties and language, was completely overrun. Provençal poetry flourished and its lyrical forms blossomed in songs which echoes could be heard in Piedmont and Montferrat, in Lunigiana, in Lombardy and Liguria, in Tuscany and then also in Bologna, Ferrara, Naples, all the way down to Palermo, in the Hohenstaufen empire. Among the greatest Provençal troubadours were those who lived the Italian life, fighting with verses and sword for Italian lords, singing for Italian women. Second to none in poetic and chivalrous feats was Raimbaut de Vaqueiras.

As a lower-class jongleur, he walked all the way from Provence around the year 1180, perhaps attracted by the fame, wealth and opulence of northern Italian courts. Before joining Boniface I, the legendary Marquis of Montferrat with whom he would eventually build a profound relationship of vassalage and friendship, Raimbaut de Vaqueiras associated with the courts of the Malaspina family in the Lunigiana, and probably while in the Tortonese region around 1185 he composed an amusing tenso: *“Bella domna tant vos ai pregada”*, an early and important testimony of Italian vernacular poetry. Inspired by the many jongleurs, men and women, who populated Italian squares, Raimbaut chooses the classic popular form of the exchange of jokes between a pleading man and a woman rejecting, though inserting, with singular inventiveness, the novelty of a Genoese vernacular, rhymed by the woman, in contrast to the Provençal poetic language, which is brought to exasperation by the poet: the comic effect on the audience was ensured! If the Genoese woman of *“Bella domna tant vos ai pregada”* was real or fictional it's nowhere to be found, and many are the possible conjectures: common opinion credits the composition to Raimbaut only, but manuscript “I” of the 13th century attributes it to *“Raimbaut de Vaqueiras e de la domna”* (by Raimbaut de Vaqueiras and the woman). Anyways, Raimbaut has just come to Italy and he's a jongleur wanting to both make people laugh and begin to rise among the ranks of society. The Genoese woman, in response to his sexual innuendo to the provençals' skill in “mounting”, tells him to go to *“ser Opeti”*, or Obizzino Malaspina, who will certainly give him a rouncey, a poor mount that best suits the low social status of Raimbaut since he is a *“jujar”*. Raimbaut doesn't just ask and plead his liege to receive the gift though, as he wants to earn it through his art, a means to shield himself against any accusations of insolence. It must be noted that, while in courts and intellectual circles the language of poetry was Provençal, in the 12th century, behind the walls of the newborn Italian communes a vernacular form of poetry started to appear, which, while still being corrupted in its vocabulary borrowed at times from Provençal and Latin, was the first sprout of what would eventually become the Italian vernacular language. Hidden beneath the immediate comical effect of the *contrasto*, Raimbaut mocks at these new

languages, still poetically rather lean when compared to the refined musicality of the Provençal, the courtly language. So, let's leave Raimbaut de Vaqueiras as he rides towards Montferrat, while we proceed to meet another one of the great Provençal troubadours who had seen Italy in the 12th and 13th century; centuries in which, before the grim face of Simon de Montfort lit by the sorrowful fires of the Albigensian crusade, Occitan Muses took shelter in Italian territory nourishing a school of local troubadours which had begun to develop, and that would only fade away with the arrival of Stil Novo poetry.

Aimeric de Peguilhan lived approximately between 1170 and 1230. He was the son of a cloth merchant, the written sources report that he wasn't good at singing. Still, he frequented the prestigious and jocund courts of Counts Raimondo V and VI of Toulouse, subsequently travelling to Lombardy, likely to escape from persecutions against Cathars and the other many schismatic movements of those years. It was in the courts of the March of Treviso that Aimeric de Peguilhan met Sordel, the most famous of the Italian troubadours. From one of his *vidas* we learn that: "*Lo Sordel si fo de Mantoana... fils d'un paure cavalier*" ("Sordel was from Mantua, the son of a poor knight"). He was born at the end of the 12th century and he learned to compose and sing both

many other poets whose words as was the custom at the time. He Provençal, pursuing the dream of jongleurs-knights of southern completely at it. He associated of northern Italy, Provence and no stranger among inns and *temps d'Artus ni d'ara*", and Aimeric de Peguilhan, occurred in one of such Sordel, taunts him for having head that, he writes, it was since nobody had seen such a strong saved only by his bizarre hairdo.

furious: through his verses he miserly old man, adding that whoever sees him suffers a fate worse than death!

Still, there was no animosity between the two, as in a rant against the horde of novice, inexperienced jongleurs invading northern Italian courts, Aimeric, mentioning Sordel, states he has more talent than the rest of this new generation, and through the years he even began to refer to him with reverence. Sordel was in service to Azzo VII d'Este, then to the San Bonifacio and Da Romano families, noble Veronese families that involved him in the notorious *Ratto* ("abduction") of Cunizza. He travelled to Spain and Portugal. In Provence he became a knight in service of Ramon Berenguer IV, whom he served until 1245 when the count passed away, leaving everything to his daughter Beatrice, bride of Charles I of Anjou, who dragged, perhaps somehow unwillingly, Provençal knights to the lands beyond the sea where the Seventh Crusade (1248/1254), the one of his brother Louis IX of France, was being fought. Being a knight, Sordel should have followed him but, maybe feeling taken away from the jocund leisure of



his own compositions and those of and music he learned by heart, wrote only and solely in the romantic life that poets-France led, and succeeding with the most important courts Spain, but in his youth he was taverns; the *partimen* "Anc al composed around 1220 by him recounts of an event that occasions. Aimeric, older than been hit so hard by a jug on his the times of King Arthur that blow, from which Sordel was The reply of young Sordel is depicts Aimeric as a boastful and

Provence, he wrote the poem "*Lai al comte mon segnor voill pregar*", in which he informs his liege that he fears the sea beyond measure and he would only find great suffering and death in this journey. He then suggests him to take along the troubadour Bertrand d'Almanon instead and closes stating that he wants to reach eternal life as late as possible, so he is not going to embark, ever. A few years before Sordel's refusal, in Frederick II of Hohenstaufen's cosmopolitan kingdom, a woman lamented the departure of a crusader: her lover had in fact "taken the cross" and would soon be departing with the Emperor. The ships at anchor in the port of Brindisi were not enough to carry the enormous contingent of soldiers and pilgrims who came from all over Europe down to Apulia. An epidemic broke out because of heat and overcrowding, but the Pope wasn't easing his protests, so Frederick, while being ill, departed, coming back after only forty-eight hours at sea, because of the illness. Pope Gregory IX didn't care the slightest about the epidemic though, so he excommunicated him on October 10th 1227. The Emperor felt the blow, but sultan Al-Kamil, a friend of his, had personally invited him to meet in Syria and figure out an agreement. Frederick, regardless of being excommunicated and under the incredulous eyes of the Pope, who declared him to be the "Antichrist", on June 28th 1228 embarked on the ships gathered near the Island of Sant'Andrea, in Apulia, departing for beyond the sea and beginning the sixth crusade, also known as "the crusade of the excommunicated". These are the ships mentioned in the composition "*Gjamai non mi conforto*", and on these same ships did probably set sail the lover of our "widow", who asked Rinaldo D'Aquino, one of the greatest poets of the fundamental Sicilian School which flourished at the court of Frederick II, to write verses that could reach for his lover beyond the sea, who was taking part to an endeavour which would eventually become one of the greatest diplomatic operations in history between Christians and Muslims. In "*Gjamai non mi conforto*" the protagonist speaks to the poet naming him "*Dolcetto*": the name may be a nickname or an endearing diminutive form of Rinaldo; namely, Rinalduccetto. But what's the link between this composition and France? Unlike the courts of Northern Italy, in the southern ones the Norman influence was felt, and it brought to Sicily the *chanson de geste* of the *trouvères*, poets of northern France, who sang the Carolingian and Arthurian cycles extremely appreciated both by the people and in courtly circles. When Provençal troubadour poetry arrived in the courts of Southern Italy, at the time of Frederick II, there was already a solid tradition of the Matter of France and that of Britain, which, despite mixing with Provençal influences, remained the basic and primitive nucleus for the compositions of the Sicilian School. Tristan and Iseult, characters from the Arthurian cycle, are often present in the verses of the Sicilian poets and the people of Sicily, like the Bretons, awaited the awakening of Arthur, who was however asleep for them on Etna. Furthermore, the themes of the ill-married, the abandoned woman, the contrast or the wait for the lover are a classic both in the French poetry of the *trouvères* and in that of the Sicilian poets: the famous poem "*Tapina jnme camava uno sparvero*" as well as "*Gjamai non mi conforto*" fall squarely into these categories. While the sorrowful lady laments his faraway lover, we'll search for "*La Tramontana*", the cold north wind blowing from the heart of the Alps, the "wind beyond the mountains" that in medieval centuries was used to calculate the courses towards Genoa, where we meet Lanfranc Cigala; knight of the Genoese Republic, jurist and famous troubadour. He had heard a *razo* which recounted of a knight who, in order to get to his lady, doesn't stop to aid fellow knights needing help, and another one who chooses to aid them, even if it means being late for the love encounter. From this tale Lanfranc Cigala begins a partimen with Dame Guillelma de Rosers, a Provençal trobairitz referred to as "*la flor*"



de cortezia” by an anonymous poet lamenting her stay in Genoa. Lanfranc Cigala was one among many notaries-poets who, in 12th and 13th century Italy, took delight in composing poetic verses in between a notary act and the next one. To the same league belongs Gherardo Patecchio from Cremona. He’s cited by Salimbene of Parma, who seemingly had met him in person and held him in such high esteem that he mentioned him several times in his *Cronica*, in which also a fragment of a poem, unfortunately lost, written by Patecchio to the marquis of Montferrat and his court can be found. His *“canzoneta”* draws inspiration from Provençal *enuegs*, a poetic style in which laments and bores are listed. Patecchio, though, doesn’t write in Provençal, as he was among the first to try dignifying his own vernacular as a language for poetry. The *enueg* holds great historical significance in addition to artistic value, because through poetry it sheds light on uses and customs from the daily life of the past. The charm and musicality of Provençal language hadn’t ceased to captivate, so that, between the 12th and 13th century, Uc Faidit, on commission by Frederick II’s court, drew up the *“Donatz Proensals”*, a treatise of provençal grammar for writing poetry in Provençal. Provençal poetry never caught deeply among the lower social classes; the popular muse

generated very few Italian troubadours, likely not because of the foreign language, but because of the topics and themes of Provençal poetry, extremely linked to the feudal environment. Like the hazelnut tree and the honeysuckle, these two realities were tightly intertwined and could not have survived without each other. Unlike Southern Italy, where the *chanson de geste* of the *trouvères* was well rooted both in courtly and popular milieus, in Northern Italy this had a wide diffusion only among the people and with great literary effort the *jongleurs* combined the French novels to the Italian language, generating the language that we define as Franco-Venetian. Nothing like this for Provençal poems, enjoyed and appreciated without adaptation only by the courtly society within the courts, their natural environment. While Francis of Assisi, holding a piece of wood to simulate the gestures of *vielle* players, sung French songs in the Duchy of Spoleto, great writers like Rustichello da Pisa wrote in French the Arthurian sagas; and in an Italian-flavoured French were the first epic songs and religious poems sung in the March of Treviso and Verona; in Modena in the 12th century a bas-relief on the *“Porta della Pescheria”* of the Cathedral depicted scenes from the Arthurian cycle and, not far away, in the squares of Bologna one could hear songs and *contrasti* of popular extraction, similarly imbued with French matter. *“Mamma lo temp’è venuto”*, a *contrasto* between a mother and her daughter found in the *Memoriali Bolognesi*, is a ballata in which a daughter argues with her mother, who is preventing her from getting married because of her young age. The daughter, though is more sure of her love than *“Rolando, né ’l cavalier sens paura, né lo bon duso Morando”* were of their sword: the first one is Roland of the *chanson de geste* of Roncesvalles; the second one is an Arthurian knight found in the French romance *“Palamedes”* but also present in the Italian *Novellino (Novella LXIII)*, while Morando was Charlemagne’s tutor. Troubadours and *trobairitz* who lived in Italy brought with them ideals, poetry, fascinations and melodies which became standards and models. Often these compositions became the source for local adaptations, as it was the case with *“Aiuta De’, vera lus et garçat”*, an *Alba* translated by an anonymous author before 1240 in a Piedmontese

vernacular from the provençal song “*Reis Glorios*” by Giraut de Borneill; it is a notable testimony of the composition’s popularity in northern Italy. From his *vida* we learn that Giraut de Borneill “was a man of lower class but he had literary skills and intelligence. He was the best of all troubadours before and after him, being thus called the master of the troubadours”. The *vida* continues “...and his way of life was such that during all winter he was at school to learn letters, while during all summer he travelled among the courts with minstrels, who sang his songs”. The *Alba* is a poetic genre existing centuries before of the times of Giraut de Borneill and has specific traits: two lovers, after a night of love, are tormented by the arrival of dawn, a moment in which they will have to separate if they do not want to be discovered from the “*gilos*”, the lady's husband. Often in these poems the verses were sung by a fourth figure called the “sentry”, who could be male or female and had the task of supervising the two lovers to quickly wake them up in case of problems or at sunrise. It must be remembered that in the past marriages did not take place for love and, according to Courtly love's law, it was normal for a woman to have, in addition to her husband, a lover chosen out of true and sincere love.

In conclusion, France and Provence greatly influenced early Italian poetry: at first through the Arthurian and Carolingian sagas at first which had great success among the people of Northern and Southern Italy, including also the southern courtly environments, while Provençal lyric remained linked to the feudal environment of Northern Italian courts and to the Emperor Frederick II. Lives in the 12th and 13th century were intense and romantic, sometimes meager, but rich in passion, joy, pain, mysteries and adventures. The minds of that times driven by youth’s curiosity posed questions to the world and the universe they felt they belonged to; not as masters, but rather as part of a tapestry, a creation of which they recognized the greatness with humility. Bernard of Clairvaux wrote in a letter (n.106): “you will find more lessons in the woods than in books. Trees and stones will teach you what you cannot learn from masters”. The link with Nature hadn’t been irremediably broken yet, and ideas were blooming like the decorations which embellished the keystones of churches and abbeys. Morimondo abbey shares its history with that of Provençal poetry in northern Italy. This incredible monastic complex was founded in 1134 by a group of Cistercian monks from France, precisely from the abbey of Morimond, which name, derived from late Latin “*mori mundo*”, literally means “to die to the world”. A triumphant example of Cistercian architecture, the abbey still towers over a beautiful piece of Lombard countryside, nowadays a sadly rare occurrence, standing in perfect harmony with the surrounding landscape, which isn’t tainted by its presence at all. Cistercian architecture is the link between Romanesque and Gothic styles: these architectural schools were the background scenery to troubadour poetry and, just like in poetic verses, Nature enriches their details through floral decorations which are sculpted, painted or engraved. Passion, fantasy, doubt, curiosity and enthusiasm were some of the main sentiments through which people faced life in “medieval centuries”. The Middle Ages are too often unjustly condemned in the weary and apathetic eyes of our society, which, old and disenchanting, deceives itself in believing that nothing can be taught to it and that there's nothing more to be learned. When looking at its youth, sometimes with envy and scorn, sometimes with longing, comprehends that such savage and juvenile lightheartedness will never occur again.

• Introduction to listening •

The aesthetic choices occurred when recording of "*Canzoneta, va!*" come from the desire of making the place resound. In the past, music could not exist if there wasn't someone playing it in vicinity: ignoring the acoustic of the location would be a lack of respect for the music we are trying to reconstruct. The recording sessions of "*Canzoneta, va!*" were filmed and are available on our website murmurmori.com.

"*Aiuta De*" matches the Italian lyrics (ms. E 15 sup.) with the music noted for the provençal original by Giraut de Borneill. We found it to be the most logical pairing, as they are an almost literal translation of the original. Unfortunately the last stanza of the Italian version is unintelligible, thus words give way to the ethereal song of a morning bird. Gherardo Patecchio's poem "*Enoio*"'s text was inspired, in a non-servile way, by "*Mot menueya so auzes dire*", by the extravagant Monk of Montaudon. In the chansonnier R (fr.22543, chansonnier la vallière), which contains the Monk's composition complete with melody, the copyist wrote "*el so de la Rassa*" (c. 40r), referring to "*Rassa tan creis*", which is the notorious *sirventes* by Bertran de Born - complete with music too - that, according to Ezio Levi, inspired the *Enueg* genre as later developed and defined by the benedictine Monge de Montaudon. It doesn't seem too far-fetched to assume this poetic style would always be built around the same melody, with some degree of variation. In fact, it is common practice in traditional popular music from the past to present day: an example would be the typically recognizable sound of tarantellas, all differing in lyrics, but sharing the same musical modes. It felt natural then to apply the melody of "*Rassa tan creis*" and of "*Mot menueya so auzes dire*" to Patecchio's "*Enoio*", of which the only early source for the lyrics dates from the 15th century, three centuries later than the original, copied by the Milanese scribe Bartolomeo Sacchella. In his transcription Sacchella, inserted among the verses several annotations added by a preceding scribe, thus damaging the meter and rhymes, making musical performance extremely difficult to render. Since this is the earliest transcription available, though, we chose it over modern revisions, which, while likely being closer in spirit to Patecchio's original, are conjectural at best.

"*Toza*" and "*Bal*" are Provençal words, meaning respectively "girl" and "dance": like many other words, they can still be found nowadays, unchanged in form and meaning, in the vocabulary of many northern Italian dialects. "*Oltremare*" ("overseas") is the term that in the Middle Ages was used to indicate all the lands of the crusader states. "*La Tramontana*" is mentioned in Sordel's poem "*Aitant ses plus viu hom quan viu jauzens*" to describe the virtues of his woman, so many that she is a guide to other women like the north wind guides the ship at sea. The woman to whom Sordel dedicates the poem is probably Guida di Rodez, therefore it is full of wordplays on the theme of "guiding". Freely inspired by the popular Emilian *contrasto* song "*O mamma mia marideme*" is the reconstructed melody for the lyric "*Mamma lo temp'è venuto*" from the Memoriali Bolognesi which has come down to us without music. Not only the geographical area unites these two songs, but also the themes and the poetic genre of the *contrasto* between a mother and her daughter. It therefore seemed to us the best choice to restore the music to the 13th century ballata. Finally there is the selection of the sources from which the lyrics performed were taken: the choice was to use only the manuscripts that we have viewed and transcribed without any variation.

Mamma, lo temp'è venuto

Mamma, lo temp'è venuto / ch'eo me voria maritare / d'un fante che m'è sì plazuto / nol te podria contare.

Tanto me plaze'l so fatto, li soi portament'ei scemblanti che, ben te lo dico entrasatto, sempre 'l voria aver davanti; e 'l drudo meo ad onne pacto del meo amor vòì' che se vanti. Matre, lo cor te se sclanti s'tu me lo vòì contrariare.

Mamma...

Eo te 'l contrario en presente, figliola mia maledetta, de prender marito en presenti troppo me par ch'aibi fretta.

Amico non hai né parente che 'l voglia, tant'èi picoletta. Tanto me par' garzonetta, non èi da cotai fatti fare.

Mamma...

Matre de flevel natura te ven che me vai sconfortando, de quello ch'eo sun plu segura non fo per arme Rolando, né 'l cavalier

sens paura né lo bon duxo Morando. Matre, 'l to dir sia en bando, ch'eo pur me vòì' maritare.

Mamma...

Figlia, lo cor te traporta. né la persona non hai, tosto podriss'esser morta, s'usassi con om ben lo sai. Or, figlia, per Deo, sii

acorta né no te gl'ametter zamai, ch'a la ventura che sai morte 'n pudrisse portare.

Mamma...

Matre, tant'ho'l cor azunto, la voglia amorosa e conquista, ch'aver voria lo meo drudo vixin plu che non è la camixa. Cun lui me staria tutta nuda, né mai non voria far devisa, eo l'abrazaria en tal guisa, che 'l cor me faria allegrare.

Mother, the time has come / when I'd like to be married / to a boy who's so pleasing to me / that I couldn't describe it to you.

His manner pleases me so much, his bearing and his appearance that, I tell you, in a word, I'd always want to have him before me. And I want my lover to boast of my love on any terms. Mother, may your heart burst if you want to forbid me this.

Mother...

I forbid you most urgently, my accursed daughter, to take a husband so precipitately, it seems to me you're in too much haste. You have no friend nor relative who would wish it – you're so young. You seem to me such a little girl, you're not ready to do such things.

Mother...

Mother, it's because of your weak nature that you go making me uneasy, about him of whom I'm surer than Roland was of his sword, or the Knight without Fear or the good Duke Morando. Away with your words, mother, for I still want to marry.

Mother...

Daughter, your heart is carrying you away, and you're not grown up yet. It might be instant death, if you have dealings with a man, you know well. Now, daughter, in God's name, be wise, and don't ever give yourself to him, for in that event, as you know, you could meet your death.

Mother...

Mother, my heart's so captured, my love-longing has so overpowered me, that I'd want to have my lover closer to me than my shirt, I'd be with him completely naked, and I'd never want to separate from him, I'd embrace him so it would delight my heart.

Aiuta De', vera lus et garçat

Aiuta De', vera lus et garçat, rex glorioso, signior, set a vu' platz, ch'a mon compago sê la fedel aiuta. E' nun lu vite, po' la note fox veiota.

Bè compagno, po' me parti de vo', e' nun dormì, ma stete en çenoion et prega De', lu fi' santa Maria, che me rendese ma leà compagia.

Bè compagnon, dormi vox o veia? Nun dormì tantu, ché lu çorno est aproçato: in l'oriento la stela n'è paruta chi adux lu çorno, ch'e' l'a' ben cognovuta.

Bè compagno, in çantare vox apelo: sursé vos, ch'e' ò cantare i oxele chi van criiando lo çorno per la bosçaça; ston en pagora nun l'om çiloso v'asaia.

Bè compagno, fa' vox a fenestrel et regardé ver lo seren de celo: Pori savere s'e' sun fêle compagno; set si nun fa', vostre serà lon damaio.

Anc al temps d'Artus ni d'ara

Aimeric de Peguilhan:

Anc al temps dartus ni dara
no crei qe nuls homs vis
tan bel colp cum en las crins pris
sordel dun engrestara
et sel colp non di fo de mort
sel qel pezenet nac tort
mas el al cor tan umil e tan franc
qel prend en patz toz colps pois noi e sanc

Sordel:

Anc persona tan avara
no crei qe nuls homs vis
cum al veil arloc meschins
naimeric ab trista cara
sel qel ve a pez de mort
e se tot a son cors tort
e magre sec e vel e cloc e ranc
mil aitan dis qel no fes anc

God help, true and shining light, Glorious King, Lord, if it please you, be of faithful help to my companion. for I have not seen him, since it was night.

Dear companion, since I parted from you I have not slept, instead I was on my knees and I have prayed God, son of Saint Mary, to let you come back to me my loyal friend.

Dear companion, are you asleep or awake? Sleep no more, for the daylight is coming: in the east the star that brings the dawn has appeared, I have recognized it.

Dear companion, in song I call you, wake up, for I hear the song of the birds seeking daylight in the woods, and I fear that the jealous husband will catch you.

Dear companion, go to the window and look at the clear sky: you will know I am a faithful companion; if you do not you will have damage.

Anc al temps d'Artus ni d'ara

Aimeric de Peguilhan:

In Arthur's time or in this age, I do not believe that a man ever saw such a fair stroke as Sordel took on his head from a jug. If the blow was not mortal, that was the fault of the man who combed/dandified him. But he has a heart so humble and so noble that he takes the blows calmly when there is no blood.

Sordel:

Nobody has ever seen such a stingy person as that mean old beggar, the sad- faced Aimeric: seeing him is worse than death. Even though he has a crooked body, scrawny, puny, old, limping and wobbly, he boasts a thousand times of what he has never done.

Bella domna tant vos ai pregada

Raimbaut de Vaqueiras:

Bella domna tant vos ai pregada,
Sius platz quamar me voillatz,
Queu sui vostr' endomenjatz;
Quar es proç et enseingnada
E totz boç pretz autrejatz;
Per quem plai vostr' amistatz;
Quar eç en totz faitz cortesa,
S'eç moç corç en voç fermatz
Plus qen nuilla Genoesa;
Per quer merceç si m'amatz;
E pois serai meillz pagatz
Que s'era milz ciutatz,
Ab l'aver ques ajostatz,
Dels Genoes.

Domna:

Jujar, voi no se' corteso
Que me chaidejai de cho,
Que niente non farò,
Ance fosse voi apeso,
Vostr' amia non serò,
Certo, ja ve scanarò,
Provensal mal agurado,
Tal enoi vo dirò,
Sozo moso.
Escavaldo,
Ni ja voi non amarò,
Que chu bello marì ò,
Que voi no se' ben lo so,
Andai via, faren tempo meillurado.

Raimbaut de Vaqueiras:

Domna genta et essernida,
Gaia e proç e conoissenz,
Vaillam vostre chausimenz,
Quar jois e jovenz voç guida,
Cortesia e pretz e senz
E totz boç enseingnamenz;
Per qeu sui fidelç amaire,
Seneç tot retenemenz,

Raimbaut:

Beautiful woman, I've begged so long that you should love me, if you want, since I'm your slave, your serving-man, for you are noble and well-bred, and you provide all noble goods — therefore I crave your amity. You are, in all things, courteous. My heart is far more fixed on you than any other Genoese woman, wherefore I cry you mercy, may you love me and then I shall be better pleased than if the city keys were mine with all the wealth that the Genovese have.

Woman:

Jongleur, you are insolent. How dare you talk to me like that! I won't do a thing with you, even if you'd be hanged. I won't be your lover. Surely I would fight you instead. Inauspicious provençal, I'm going to tell you how you annoy me: dirty, idiot, bald. I won't ever love you! 'Cause I have a more pleasant husband than you and I know you're no good! Off you go, you're wasting my time!

Raimbaut:

Woman, discreet and noble, light of heart, upstanding, wise, instruct me, lady, in your ways, for you are led by youth and joy, and courtesy, esteem, good sense, and every worthy excellence. Because I am a loyal lover and I could hold nothing back from you, sincere, humble, merciful, so ardently I'm torn apart by love for you, which is my delight; therefore you'll be merciful if you love me and let me be your lover.

Francç, humilç e merciare:
Tant fort me destreing em venz
Vostramorç, que m'es plasenz;
Per que sera chausimenz,
Sieu sui vostre benvolenz
E vostr' amicç.

Domna:

Jujar, voi se mellai mato,
Que cotal rason tegnei
Mal vignai e mal andei
Non aven sen per un gato;
Per que trop me descasei,
Que mala cosa parei
Nono farai tal cosa,
Si sia fillo de rei
Credi voi que sia mousa
Mia fé, non averei
Si per m'amor ve cevei,
Ogano morrei de frei
Troposson de mala lei
Li provensal.

Raimbaut de Vaqueiras:

Domna, nom siatz tant fera
Que noç cove ni s'eschai
Anz taing ben, si a voç plai,
Que de mo sen voç enquera,
E queuç am ab bon cor verai,
E voç quem gitetz d'esmai;
Qeu voç sui hom e servire,
Quar vei e conosc, e sai,
Quant vostra beutat remire,
Fresca cum rosa en mai,
Quel mont pluç bella non sai;
Per qieus am et amarai,
E, si bona fes mi trai,
Serai peccatz.

Woman:

Jongleur, you act mad by telling me your reasons, leave as you came! You must be dumber than a cat, you're so unpleasant, you're annoying me too much! I wouldn't do such thing even if you were the son of a King. Do you think I'm a fool like you? By my faith, you'll never take me! If you want my love to heat you up, know you're freezing to death soon, the provençals are too unfaithful and of bad ways!

Raimbaut:

Woman, don't be so fierce, it isn't right, it's no use doing so. Instead you should, if you please, accept that with all my heart I court you and that I love you with a loyal heart begging you to end my suffering, since I'm your serving-man, your slave, for I do see, and feel, and know when you, my lady, shine as bright and timeless as the rose in May, the world could hold no greater gift. Therefore I love, will always love, and if I loved you in bad faith, it would be sin.

Domna:

Jujar, to proensalesco,
seu ja gauza de mi,
Non preso un genoì;
No t'entent pluç d'un Toesco
O Sardo o Barbari,
Ni non ò cura de ti
Voit' a cavillar co mego
Si lo sa lo meu mari,
Mal plait avrai con segi
Bel meser, verre' ve di:
No volo questo lati;
Fradello, zo voi afi;
Proenzal, va, mal vestì,
Largai me star.

Raimbaut de Vaqueiras:

Domna, en estraing cosire
M'avetz meç et en esmai;
Maç enquerauç prejarai
Que voillatz queu voç essai
Si com Provenzalç o fai,
Quant eç pojatz.

Domna:

Jujar no serò con tego,
Poiç aissi te cal de mi
Meill varà, per sant Marti,
S'andai a ser Opeti,
Que dar va forç un roncìn,
Car si jujar.

Woman:

Jongleur, all your Provençalish by my hopes of happiness, it isn't worth a single cent! You might as well be talking German, Sardinian, or Barbarian that I wouldn't care about you. Are you harassing me or not? If my husband finds you out, you'll have to answer to him, see! You fop, it's true what I'm telling you— I don't like your Latin lingo, I assure you, fellow. Badly dressed Provençal, go away and let me be!

Raimbaut:

Woman, in such estrangement you have placed me, such dismay! Still, I'll beg for one thing more: that, if you please, I might display how well a Provençal performs "in the saddle".

Woman:

Jongleur, I won't be with you, since this is what you think of me! By Saint Martin, you should go to Sir Opeti, who will know, maybe, to mount you on a rouncey since you're a jongleur.

Na Guillelma, manz cavaliers arrage

Lafranc:

Na Guillelma, manz cavaliers arrage,
annanz de nuoitz, per mal temps que fazia
si plaignian d'alberc en lor langage.
Auziron dui bar que per drudaria
se-n anarain vers lurs donnas non len.
L'uns se-n tornet per servir cella gen,
l'autres anet vers sa domna corren.
Cals d'aquels dos fos mielz so quel taingnia?

Guillelma:

Amic Lafrancs, mielz complit son viatge,
al meu semblan, cel que tenc vaç s'amia;
e l'autres fes ben, mas son fin corratge
non pot saber tan ben sidonz a tria
con cel que vi devam sos oillz prezen,
c'atendut l'ac sos cavaliers conven
e val trop mais qui so que dis atan,
que qui en als son corrage cambia.

Lafranc:

Domna, sius platz, tot can fes d'agrage
lo cavalliers, que per sa gaillardia
gardels l'autres de mort e de damnatge,
li moc d'amors, que ges de cortezia
non ha nuls homs si d'amor nol deisen;
per que sidonz deu grazir per un cen,
Car desliuret, per s'amor, de turmen
manz cavaliers, que si vist en l'avia.

Guillelma:

Lafrancs, jomais non rasones musatge
tan gran con fes aquel que tenc savia;
que, sapiatz ben, mout i fes gran outratge
pos bels servirs tan de cor li movia,
Car non servi sidonz premeiramen.
Et agran grat de leis e iauzimen,
pois, per s'amor, pogra servir soven
emanz bos luocs, que faillir no-i podia.

Lanfranc:

Dame Guillelma, several knights travelling by dark,
despondent, in the worst weather, wished aloud in their own
tongue for a place to stay; these were overheard by two
lovers on their way to see their ladies in the neighborhood;
one of them turned back to help the gentlemen, the other
one ran straight on to his lady: which of them did as he
should?

Guillelma:

Friend Lanfrancs, as I see it he did best who continued
toward his lady; the other one did well too, but his lady was
unable to know his feelings like the woman who instead
saw her man present before her eyes, because she kept
waiting for her knight to arrive and the man faithful to his
word is more valuable than the one whose heart constantly
changes.

Lanfranc:

Excuse me, lady, but it was love that moved the knight who
by his courage saved the rest from death and harm –
there's no such thing as chivalry that doesn't spring from
love; because a man has nothing but what comes to him
from love, his lady ought to thank him hundredfold since it
was for the love of her that he saved the knights, as if she
were there to see his deeds.

Guillelma:

Lanfrancs, you've never tried to justify such absurd
behavior as this man's, for you know well he acted very
badly; if he was so moved, as you say, by his heart, why
didn't he first serve his lady? Both she and they'd have
thanked him equally, and there's no lack of opportunity to
serve, in places where there's much less risk.

Lafranc:

Domna, perdon vos quier s'ieu dic follatge,
Cuei mais vei so que tot o mescrezia:
que non vos plai cautre pelegrinatge
fassan li drutz, mas vos tota via;
perque cavals, c'om voill que b'ort gen
dev'om menar ab mesurap a sen;
e car lur drutz cochatz tan malamen
lur faill poders, don vos sobra feunia.

Guillelma:

Ancar vos dic que son malvatz usatge
degra laisser on aquel mezeis dia
li cavalier, pos domna d'aut paratge
bella e pros dec aver en baillia.
Qen so alberc servion largamen,
ja el no-i fos mas chanson rason pren,
car sap que ja tan de requezemen
Cal majors os poders li failliria.

Lafranc:

Domna, poder ai eu et ardimen
non contra vos, que vences en jazen,
per queu fui fols car ab vos pris conten,
mas vencutz voill que m'aiatz con que sia.

Guillelma:

Lafranc, aitan vos autrei eus consen
que tan mi sent de cor e d'ardimen
c'ab aital geing con domna si defen
mi defendrai ai plus ardit quei sia.

Lanfranc:

Forgive me, lady, for speaking foolishly. Now I see that my suspicions all along were true, that you can't be content unless all lovers' pilgrimages lead to you; but if you want to teach a horse to joust, you have to guide it with intelligence and care, and since you urge them on so hard, the lovers lose their strength, and you end up enraged.

Guillelma:

I'll tel you once again, that those are bad manners to change and he should have done it that very day, if he's a knight having from a lady noble, beautiful and valiant, favour and allegiance. Besides, in his own house they would have served an ample meal for his guests, even if he wasn't there; each one has its own reason though, one could think that he isn't strong enough to face a real emergency without being powerless.

Lanfranc:

Woman, I have strength and courage, but not against you, that I could easily defeat in my sleep. I was very foolish when I undertook to dispute with you, but I want you to conquer me in the end, in whatever way you like.

Guillelma:

Lafranc, I tell you and assure you that I feel such courage and daring that with that subtlety with which a woman knows how to defend herself, I would defend myself against the most daring man of all.

Gjamai non mi comfortto

Gjamai nonmi comfortto. Nemivoglio ralegrare. Lenavi sono giute alportto evolgliono colare. Vassene lapiu giente. Jntera doltramare. Edio oimelassadolenta. Como degio fare.

Vassene jnaltra contrata. Enolo mi manda adire. Edio rimangno jnganata. Tanti sono li sospire. Chemifanno grande guerra lanotte coladia. Nencielo nedinterra. Nonmipare chio sia.

Santus santus deo. Chenelavergine venisti tusalva eguarda lamor meo. Poi che dame lo dipartisti Oitalta potestade. Temuta edotata. Il dolze mia more tisia racomandata.

La crocie salva la giente. Emefacie disviare. La crocie mi fa dolente eno mivale dio pregare. Oime crocie pellegrina. Perchemai cosi distrutta. Oime lassa tapina. Chiaro enciendo tuta.

Loinperadore compacie. Tuttol mondo mantene edame guera facie. Chema tolta lamia spene. Oitalta potestate. Temuta edottata. Lomio dolze amore. Visia racomandata.

Quando lacrocie pilgliao. Ciertto nolo mi penssai. Quelli che tanto mamao. Edillui tanto amai. Chinefui batuta. Emessa jnpresgionia. Edincielata tenuta. Per lavita mia.

Lenavi sone alecolle. Jmbonora possanandare. Elo mio amore conelle. Elagiente che va andare. Padre criatore. Asanto portto leconducie. Chevano aservidore de lassanta crocie.

Pero tipriego dolcietto. Chessai lapenamia. Cheme ne facie unsonetto. Emandilo jn Soria? Chio nomposso abentare. Notte nedia. Jntera doltremare. Ista lavita mia.

I can't take comfort, nor I don't want to feel happiness, the ships now gathered into port will hoist their sails again. Most of the people go to lands overseas and I, alas, so deeply versed in woe, how will I do?

They are going to other countries yet he didn't tell me a word, so I remain cheated, too many are my sighs moving war against me night and day, nor to heaven nor to earth I feel that I belong. ù

Sanctus, sanctus Deus whom came here in the Virgin, protect and guard my love since you made him depart from me. O high and mighty potentate, whom all revere and fear, I entrust you the sweet love of mine.

The cross saves the people, and it's misleading me. The cross is making me feel sorrowful, and it's not worth for me to pray God. Alas, O pilgrim cross why did you devastate me? Alas, I'm miserable I'm burning with passion, completely in flames.

The Emperor with peace reigns and the whole world sustains, but against me moves war since he took away my hope. O high and mighty potentate, whom all revere and fear, the sweet love of mine may be entrusted to you.

When he took up the cross I wouldn't ever think, he, who really loved me and I loved for real, that I would be hit and thrown into prison, and hold in a cell for the rest of my days.

The ships are ready to depart, may they have a safe journey, and my beloved with them, together with all the people that must go. Father, Creator is leading them to a holy port because they are sailing to serve the holy cross.

However, Dolcietto (the poet), please since you know my pain can you do a sonnet of it and send it to the Syrian land? Because I can't find rest nor night nor day, in overseas lands, my life lies there.

Enoio

Noioso sun et canto di noio, che mi fa la ria gente noiosa. lo vedo lu homo qme le pui noioso, tanto elege vita piu grecosa.

In vestire in parlare de rigolio et in far ogni cousa disdignosa. Si me noia non so che mi facia chio non trovo compagno che mi piazza tanta noia me distrinzi et abbraza, o che mi sia inoia me minaza.

Ben mi noya et sta contra cuore cativo huom esser potate di terra, rico bogiadro chie traditore, pover soperbo chi vuol guerra. Ciaschun huom chie rio pagatore, sescalco chi dentro dal disco mi serra. Molto mi noia fuor di mensura huomo vechio prestare ad usura, longo arengare via di cultura notte et giorno mi sta in ranchura.

Si me noia prete chi sagenzia, vilano che sia posto ad cavalo. Ciascun huom chi non me tien credenza, huom geloso andir ad balo. Pur mi noia druda chi non ha senza, et intrar di testa quandio falo. Gadale, chie ben maritata; carne grassa et freda piperata. Rico joculatore, et huom chi vada ad consiglio senza invitata.

Grande noia mi fa pigro schudero, damico oldir mala novela. Fel signore et monaco baratiero. Sozo huom et rio haver moglier bella et chi in done mi togliil Cavaliero, et lusberga che sadopla in sela. Putana chi se fa priegare, minuti passi per andare presto. Lassar il puncto per temperare, cavaliero chi per done vole bagordare.

Si me noia dona chi retegna peior Drudo chal marito sia. Vil huom divisare insigna, monaca chi mantegna drudaria. Cativo huom chi done druda mantegna. Contra dona parlar vilania. Bel mangiare quandio non ho talento et quando druda mingenia ad compimento. Dona chi per gioia quere argento, aspettar in porto per gran vento.

I am annoyed, and I sing of the annoyance that evil and importunate people give me. I see that the coarser a man is, he chooses to behave superbly, in dressing and speaking proudly, and in acting in everything with haughtiness. It annoys me even, and I don't know how to do it, not finding a mate I like; so much annoyance surrounds and envelops me; wherever I am, annoyance threatens me.

I get annoyed and it breaks my heart if a bad man is podestà (chief magistrate) of a land; a rich liar who is a traitor and a poor proud man who wants war; anyone who is a bad payer, and servant who presses my chair against the dining table. An old man who lends for usury annoys me extraordinarily; a long speech; crossing the cultivated fields: it angers me day and night.

Besides, I get annoyed by a priest who tarts himself up; and a farmer riding a horse; anyone who doesn't trust me; a jealous man who goes to the ball; and also a girl who doesn't agree annoys me; and the arrival of a witness if I do something wrong; and a prostitute who is well married; Fat meat that's cold and peppery; a rich jester and a man who goes to a council uninvited.

A lazy squire annoys me very much; hearing bad news about a friend; a felon lord and a crook monk; an ugly and wicked man who has a beautiful wife; the one who takes my knight with a pawn (in the game of chess); and the hauberk used on the saddle; a whore who wants to be begged; taking short steps to walk faster; losing the tempo to tune (the instrument); the knights who joust for the women.

Besides, a woman who has a worse lover than her husband annoys me; and an ordinary man who displays his own coat of arms; a nun who has love affairs; a wicked man who maintains mistresses, saying hurtful things to a woman; delicious food when I don't feel like it; when a woman cheats on me completely; a woman who wants money for pleasure and joy; to wait at the port due to strong wind. Above all annoys me to walk in clogs on dry soil; a coward

Anoiami anhuor sopra totto andar in zochule per lo tutto. Huom ville chi vol esser meschiero, et quel chi consumel suo in recondute. Pessci macri et vechio putanero, huom chi per mal fare e ben astrutto. Calcie che soperchiano il braghero. Mulo che trotta, destriero chi non saglia, fel schudero et huom chi troppo mancha. Stratta rupta et rasatore chi non taglia.

La maggiore noia che mi dimena e luhora che mi mancha la moneta. Et quando altrui vedo sempre cader in pena el suo puncto quando vien in paro. Et a lontano albergo andare ad cena, bel huom chie scarso et avaro. Candela che non luce chiara, perdere buon vino per ria carara; anchuo falchionero per vento ucelare. Arrogante hoste et sozza tabernara.

Inoiar mi fa et dami gran pensanza huom che sa dire dil niente, ratione chio facia chi me avanza, in car consiglio poner multa gente. Huom ladro chi non perde baldanza, giovine chi per accuruciar madenta. Pur di noia e fatta questa cantione, matto e quello chi se calza sperone per andar discalzo nel talone.

Canzoneta vatin senza noia ad ugo di perso, chie di buona voglia, digli sinoia glie rimansa la ricoglia qual ne sa piu che non e herba nen foglia. Non mi piace fante in cui egli falenza nen prodomo che per fraude saconza.

man who wants to be quarrelsome, and who consumes his own money in feasts (or in secret without sharing with others), lean fish and an old man who goes with prostitutes; one who is well instructed into hurting the others, socks over pants, a mule who trots, a steed who doesn't jump, a felon squire and a man who always makes mistakes, a broken path and razor that doesn't cut.

The worst annoyance that afflicts me is when I am short of money; and when I see someone who despairs, a score (on the dice) when is equal to that of the opponent; and going for dinner at a distant hotel; a handsome man who is mean and miserly; and a candle that does not light well; losing a good wine because of a bad cask transported on a cart; and also a falconer hunting when it's windy; an arrogant innkeeper and the hostess of a tavern who's filthy.

I am bored and annoyed by a man who talks about nothing; and the solicitations I make to one of my creditors; make many people aware of something secret; the thief who does not lose his bravado; a young man who provokes me to torment me. This song is made of really annoying things... Crazy is the one who wears spurs going barefoot.

Song, go and reach without inconvenience Ugo di Perso, who is well disposed: if there is something unpleasant left to say, he can collect it, because he knows more (than what is needed to distinguish the difference) of grass and leaf. I don't like a boy who deceives, nor a brave man that arranges ways to cheat.





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