

Festino

nella sera del Giovedì grasso avanti Cena

(Pre-prandial entertainment on the eve of Carnival Thursday) by
Adriano Banchieri (1568-1634)

Adriano Banchieri

He was a man of many gifts. He was not only a brilliant organist, dramatist and theorist (who wrote several well-regarded musical treatises), he was also one of the most radical composers of his day. Born in Bologna in 1568 he studied under Gioseffo Guami, one of the leading members of the musical establishment at St Mark's, Venice. When he was 19, Banchieri took the name, Adriano, when he entered the Olivetan monastic order. He was then moved around the various houses of his order, serving as organist at Luca, Siena, Bosco, Imola, Gubbio, Venice, Verona, finally returning, at the age of 41, to the church of S. Michele at Bosco.

After this tour of duty, it was in Bosco that he invited musical and scholarly friends of his to join the *Accademia dei Floridi* which he founded as a lively—and no doubt bibulous!—discussion and performing group. Each member had to assume a pseudonym and, as befitting his own inimitable personality, Banchieri's chose the name, *Il dissonante*. This was in 1615 and the *Accademia* became famous over the coming years, being able to invite eminent musicians and composers to their entertainments, such as Monteverdi and Girolamo Giacobbi, a famous *maestro di cappella* at the important musical centre of S. Petronion in Bologna. Although *Festino* was written and composed in 1608 before the *Accademia dei Floridi* was founded, it was undoubtedly performed there many times, as also when the Academy was renamed as the *Accademia dei Filomusic* in 1622.

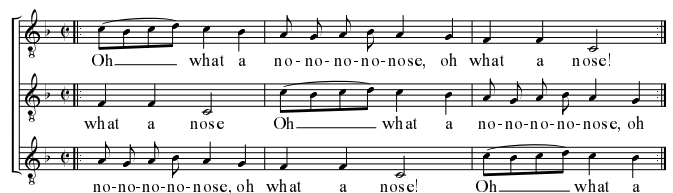
When he was 50, Banchieri was given the honorary title of Abbot within his order and, in 1634, he retired to Bologna. He died in the

Paraphrase of the Prologue given by Banchieri (in the guise of *Modern Pleasure—Diletto Moderno*) to the guests of the Festino

On my way here, I was accosted by an old man with a mouse-eaten beard, wearing a hat suitable for boiling vegetables in and swathed in a schoolmaster's gown with a great bundle of old parchment strapped to his back. He was called *Ancient Rigour (Rigore Antico)*. He said to me: "I must prevent your entertainment, Modern Pleasure, because your new music is breaking all the proper rules of composition."

I replied by saying that I did not want to follow his antiquated rules and that we needed to have fresh ideas these days. I said: "Ninety out of every hundred intelligent people want new fashions—in art, poetry and music. We don't want to go around looking like you or thinking in old-fashioned ways. If I were you, I would sell your old papers to the grocer. They would make excellent pickle for fish."

He was starting to give me some impertinent answers when I interrupted him with a fusillade of black notes to the words: "Oh, what a no-no-no-no-nose!" (At this point in his Prologue, Banchieri actually inserted a little three-part canon on these words—see below.) "Then I ran upstairs and here I am, gentlemen, to give you what I



Oh— what a no-no-no-no-nose, oh what a nose!
what a nose Oh— what a no-no-no-no-nose, oh
no-no-no-no-nose, oh what a nose! Oh— what a

Translations

I. Il diletto moderno per introduzione

Il Moderno Diletto tutti invita a un'opera di gusto e favorita

Chi brama avere spasso e piacere, per un tantino entri al festino.

Giovani amanti tra suoni e canti; innamorate, conessi entrate!

Di bella umori s'udran furori, in buona vena, avanti cena.

Scherzi, ballate con mascherate; trattenimenti, sospiri ardenti;

feste, allegrezze e contentezze s'hanno a sentire. Torniamo a dire:

chi brama avere spasso e piacere per un tantino resti al festino!

II. Justiniana di vecchietti chiozzotti

Gondolier, so compare, e Pantalon, fanno il belletto del barba Giandon

—Daspuò che semo zonti in stò festin, ballemo, saltemo un balletin!

—Scomenzè, mio compar!

—Me se mola 'l cattar!

—Scomenzè, gondolier:

—Me se slarga 'l braghier!

—Scomenzè, Pantalon!

—El me diol un gallon!

—Moia! moia! moia! moia!

Che scattar, che braghier, che gallon?

Barba Simon e barba Giandon, barba Simon col barba Giandon

I. Modern Pleasure makes his introduction

Modern Pleasure invites everyone to a work designed to please and find favour

To all those who want sport and pleasure for a while come to the entertainment.

Music and songs for young lovers; and let their girlfriends come, too!

You'll hear bawdy jokes from young comedians in full flow before dinner.

Wisecracks, songs and imitations; diversions and yearnings of love;

Jollifications and frolics are to be heard. We say again:

To all those who want sport and pleasure for a while— now for the fun and games!

II. The song of the old men of Chioggia

The Gondolier, his friend and Pantalon present the ballad of greybeard Giandon

—Since we have come to this party let's dance and prance about!

—Commence, my friend!

—My catarrh is troubling me!

—Commence, gondolier!

—My pants are falling down!

—Commence, Pantalon!

—My corn is painful!

—Damn and blast!

What choking, what pants, what corn?

Greybeard Simon and greybeard

III. Mascherata di villanelle

Canta un'ottava rima molto bella, col biobò a la lira una zitella

—*Biobo' bio o Scaccia pensieri*
Bio biri beu ba beu bi bio bi bio biri bio ba beu bi bio!

—*Lira*
Lì liron liron liron lì lì liron lì liron liron liron li!

—*Zitella cantatrice*
Ciascun mi dice che son tanto bella, che sembro la figliuola d'un signore.

—*Refrain*

—*Zitella cantatrice*
Chi mi somiglia a la Diana stella, chi mi somiglia al pargoletto Amore.

—*Refrain*

—*Zitella cantatrice*
Tutto il contando onnor di me favella, chè di bellezza porto in fronte il fiore.

—*Refrain*

—*Zitella cantatrice*
Mi disse ier mattina un giovinetto: perchè non ho tal pulce nel mio letto?

—*Refrain*

IV. Seguita la detta Mascherata

Le villanelle, unite in bel sogetto, esortano Cupido aver nel petto

Chi cerca posseder sommo diletto,

segua Amor giovinetto e servo sia!

Chi di gioir desia,

amar non è dove si trova Amore,

se non è amante il core;

nè prova il mèl,

se non è amante il core!

III. The masquerade of the peasant girls

A verse in classic metre is sung by a young girl, with jew's harp and lyre accompaniment

—*Jew's harp*
Bio biri beu ba beu bi bio bi bio biri bio ba beu bi bio!

—*Lira*
Lì liron liron liron lì lì liron lì liron liron liron li!

—*Maid*
Everybody tells me I'm good looking, like the daughter of a lord.

—*Refrain*

—*Maid*
Some say I'm like the star Diana, and some say I'm like little Cupid.

—*Refrain*

—*Maid*
It's known throughout the country that my face has so much beauty.

—*Refrain*

—*Maid*
A young man said to me yesterday: Why don't I have such a little creature in my bed?

—*Refrain*

IV. The sequel to the masquerade

The girls are all of one mind in this—that you should welcome Cupid into your heart

He who is looking for the greatest pleasure should follow Cupid and serve him well!

Those who want only pleasure must know that Cupid cannot find a place;

If his heart doesn't love then he can't taste the ultimate, if his heart doesn't love.

V. Madrigale a un dolce usignolo

*Cantano al lor partir le villanelle
un madrigal, tutte vezzose e belle*

Dolcissimo usignolo,
tu sovra i verdi rami
tutta la notte la tua amica chiami,
e con soavi accenti
fai dolci i tuoi lamenti.

Io, tra i più folti, orrori di miei
pensier, sospiro la mia Clori,
da cui lungi mi vivo,
d'ogni piacer,
d'ogni dolcezza privo!

VI. Mascherata d'Amanti

*Entrano sul Festin tutti d'accordo,
con un liuto in tuon dell'arpicordo*

Tronc tronc tronc tronc
di run din din din
Troc troc troc ron tron ton
di ri den den den

VII. Gli Amanti morescano

*Cessano gli stromenti e con
diletto,
morescano lo Spagnoletto.*

Quivi siamo per dar diletto,
morescando lo Spagnoletto.
Tutti giovani innamorati,
sù la gamba, lesti e garbati!
Fatti in su,
fatti in giù;
ben trovati, cu cu ru cù!

Viva Amore con l'arco e strali,
il turcasso la corda e l'ali!
Vival Venere in compagnia,
e chi segue sua monarchia!
Fatti in là,
fatti in qua,
bona sera fa la la la!

VIII. Gli Amanti cantano un madrigale

*Finita la moresca, per riposo,
cantano un madrigale artificioso*

Ardo sì, ma non t'amo,
perfida e dispietata,
indegnamente amata
da sì fedele amante,
che del mio amor ti vante.

Più non sarà che del mio amor ti
vante,
poichè libero ho il core;
e se ardo, di sdegno e non d'amore,

V. Madrigal to a sweet nightingale

*As they leave, the pretty and
charming peasant girls sing a
madrigal*

Sweetest nightingale,
on the green boughs
calling to your mistress all night,
and with gentle trills
make your sweet lament.

In my thoughts I'm pining more,
sighing for my Chloris,
from whom I live so far,
of every pleasure distant, and
every sweetness bereft.

VI. Lovers' masquerade

*They all arrive at the
entertainment with a lute that
sounds like a spinet*

Tronc tronc tronc tronc
di run din din din
Troc troc troc ron tron ton
di ri den den den

VII. The lovers' Morris Dance

*The instruments stop playing and
the lovers dance a Morris
vigorously while, singing the
Spagnoletto.*

We aim to give pleasure,
dancing the Spagnoletto.
All you young lovers,
kick your legs high and gracefully!
Kick upwards,
Kick downwards,
well met, cu cu ru cu!

Long live Cupid with his bow and
arrows, quiver, bowstring and wings!
Long live Venus with him,
and those who defer to them!
There now,
Here now,
Good evening, fa la la la!

VIII. The lovers sing a madrigal

*Resting after the Morris Dance,
they sing a finely wrought
madrigal*

I yearn, yes, but I'm not in love,
false and pitiless girl,
You're unworthy to be loved
by so faithful a lover
since we you boast of my love.

You can't boast of of my love any
longer because my heart is free;
and if I burn, it's for disdain and not
for love,
and if I burn, it's for disdain and not

IX. Gli amanti cantano una canzonetta

*O quanto piague il madrigale in
fine! Cantano alquante note
peregrine.*

—Bella Olimpia. mi parto,
e il core costantissimo ti resta:
a rivederci, vita di mia vita,
troppo mi sa crudel la mia partita!
—Pur ti parti e mi lasci,
ingrato e crudelissimo Bireno;
ed io qui resto in questo lido sola:
chi mi dà aiuto, ohimè, chi mi consola?

X. La zia Bernadina racconta una Novella

*Quivi udrassi contar della gazzuola
una ridicolosa e indubre fola..*

—Non avendo per or trattenimento,
per fare onore a compagnia sì bella,
zia Bernardina, dite una novella.

—Dirolla senza farmi strapregare:
però silenzio e stàtemi ascoltare!

—Sì! Sì! Silenzio!
—Tacetè! Tacetè!
—Olà tacete!

—Dice che fu una volta una fornara
che aveva una gazzuola . . .

—E sì! Seguitate!
—Oh che gusto!

—E sì questa gazzuola
aveva così ben rotto il filello . . .

—Bon!
—Toh!
—E sì?
—Ben!

—Che ragionava come fa un puttello

—E sì?
—E ben?
—Che diceva?
—Che parlava?

—Diceva: brutta porca! brutta putta!
fa la torta, fa la zuppa,
fa la torta, fa la zuppa,
qua qua qua . . .

—Ih! ih! ih!
—Oh! Oh! Oh!
—Ah! Ah! Ah!
—Moh chi non rideria?
—E ben?
—E sì?
—Che successe?
—Seguitate!

—Successe che mangiando un dì le
zuppe,
cadde in terra la gabbia e sì si ruppe!

IX. The lovers sing a canzonet

*O how the madrigal pleased—so
they now sing a valedictory piece.*

—Beautiful Olympia, I leave,
but my constant love stays with you:
farewell, life of my life,
the parting is so cruel to me!
—Yet you are going to leave me,
ungrateful, cruel Bireno:
so I have to stay alone on the shore:
who will help me, Alas! who will
console me?

X. Aunt Bernadina tells a tale

*Now we hear about the
magpie—an amusing but serious
tale.*

—We have no entertainment now to
honour such distinguished company so,
aunt Bernardina, tell us a story.

—I'll tell you one straightaway:
be quiet and listen to me!

—Yes! yes! Silence!
—Quiet! Quiet!
—Listen, be quiet!

—They say that a baker-woman once
had a little magpie . . .

—Yes! Go on!
—How delightful!

—And this little magpie could talk so
well . . .

—Good!
—Ah!
—And then?
—Well!

—that he could speak like a little child

—And then?
—Well!
—What did he say?
—What were his words?

—He said: Dirty pig! Dirty pig!
Make the tart, make the soup,
Make the tart, make the soup,
qua qua qua . . .

—Hi! Hi! Hi!
—Ho! Ho! Ho!
—Ha! Ha! Ha!
—Who wouldn't laugh at this?
—Well?
—And then?
—What happened?
—Carry on!

—One day, when the magpie was
eating the soup,
his cage fell to the ground and broke!

—Che fu della gazzuola?

—Uno stronzo vi sia in gola!

—O buono in vero: ve l'ha cuccata!

—Mo stiamo attenti a questa capricciata.

XI. Capricciata a tre voci

*Qui s'ode una spassevoi
barzelletta
di certi cervellini usciti in fretta.*

—Nobil spettatori, udrete or ora quattro belli umori:
un cane un gatto un cucco un chiù, per spasso,
far contrappunto a mente sopra un basso.

XII. Contrappunto bestiale alla mente

Un cane, un cucco, un gatto e un chiù per spasso far contrappunto a mente sopra un basso.

Chiù: —Fa la la la
Cucco: —Fa la la la
Gatto: —Fa la la la
Cane: —Fa la la la

Cucco: —Cucù cucù
Chiù: —Chiù chiù
Gatto: —Miau miau
Cane: —Babau babau
Base: —Nulla fides gobbis;
similiter est zoppis.
Si squerzus bous est,
super annalia scribe.

XIII. Gli cervellini cantano un madrigale

*O che bestial capriccio naturale!
Mò stiamo attenti a un serio madrigale.*

Furon sin qui l'aurate e belle chiome,
duri lacci e catene a questo core,
che sotto bianco velo,
in mille nodi avvolte,
stavano in sè raccolte.
Or son quadrella d'oro,
che in quel grande arco erette,
vengon quasi saette
per saettarmi il core;
contal dolcezza ch'io
godo, nel loro ferir, del languir mio.

XIV. Intermedio di venditori gli fusi

*Al partir delle bestie gionse al pari
un intermedio lesto di fusari.*

—Chi vuol filare?
Belle donne, comprate fusi,
chè le rocche son bon mercato!
—Chi vuol filare, o donne eccovi il fuso
di quenza bianca, d'scero e castagno;

—What happened to the magpie?

—Stuff your question!

—Ha!, Bernadina has fooled you!

—Let's now listen to this caprice.

XI. Caprice for three voices

*Now we hear some amusing banter
from some half-wits who then
depart in haste*

—Noble audience, now you will hear four fine fellows:
a dog, a cat, a cuckoo, and an owl for fun,
make up an amusing counterpoint on a bass.

XII. The animals sing in counterpoint

*A dog, a cuckoo, a cat and an owl
have fun improvising counterpoint
on a mock liturgical cantus firmus
bass.*

Owl: —Fa la la la
Cuckoo: —Fa la la la
Cat: —Fa la la la
Dog: —Fa la la la

Cuckoo: —Cuckoo, cuckoo
Owl: —Toowit, toowoo
Cat: —Miaow miaow
Dog: —Woof woof
Base: —Never trust hunchbacks;
nor those who limp.
If a braggart is good,
record it in the history books.

XIII. The hare-brains sing a madrigal

*Oh, that was a silly animals' song,
let's now hear a serious one.*

Your lovely golden hair was
bound tightly round his heart
and under white cloth
a thousand knots were tied
and ravelled together.
Now they are in a golden frame
fixed in a large arc,
and have become arrows
that pierce my heart;
with such poignancy that I
rejoice in the wound that I suffer.

XIV. Intermezzo by the spindle-sellers

*Now the animals have left here
come the spindle-sellers with a
light-hearted interlude*

—Who wants to spin?
Buy our spindles, lovely ladies
for distaffs are cheap!
—Who wants to spin? Here's a spindle
of white oak, or maple, or chesnut:

—N'avrete quattro al soldo: o grande abuso!

—Donne, comprate fusi,
chè le rocche son bon mercato!

—Belle donne, comprate fusi!

—Fusi sodi, bianchi, nè son storti!

—Sappiate, certo, non si fa guadagno;
girate dritto, acciò vostri consorti
non dichino facciate fusi storti!

XV. Li fusari cantano un madrigale

*Partono li Fusari, e al lor partire,
cantano un madrigal grato a
sentire.*

Felice chi vi mira,
ma più felice è chi per voi sospira.
Felicissimo poi chi, sospirando,
chi, sospirando, fa sospirar voi.
O bene amica amica stella,
chi, per donna sì bella,
può far contento in un l'occhio e l' desio,
e sicuro può dir: quel cor è mio!

XVI. Gioco del Conte

*Propone un bel bisticcio il dolce
umore;
poi lascia star sonando le tre ore.*

—Per seguitar lo spasso in questo loco,
belle signore, su, facciamo un ioco.

—Tutte concordemente unite siamo:

voi principiate e noi vi sequitiamo.

—Su su facciamne un bello,
per chi starà in cervello.

—Che gioco sarà questo?

Spediteci su, presto!

—Quatry versi dirò speditamente:

voi replicate asenza intoppar niente.

—Dite su, che siam leste

per rispondervi, e preste.

—"Sopra il ponte a fronte del fonte
vi stava un conte:
cadde il ponte nel fonte e il conte
si ruppe il fronte".

—Sete troppo vivace!
Più adagio se vi piace,

—"Sopra il ponte a fronte del fonte
vi stava un conte:
cadde il ponte nel fonte e il conte
si ruppe il fronte".

—"Sopra il ponte a fronte del conte
vi stava un ponte . . ."

—Non sete in segno.

ponete un pegno.

—"Sopra il fonte a ponte conte . . ."

—Ponete un pegno.

(Campana) — Don

—E una . . .

(Campana) — Don

—E due . . .

(Campana) — Don

—E tre . . .

—Tre ore sono a fé!

—Four spindles a soldo; a great bargain!

—Ladies, buy our spindles,
for distaffs are cheap!

—Ladies, buy our spindles,

—White spindles, true, not warped!

—We can't make profits at these prices;
turn them around in your fingers, so
your husbands will know you haven't
twisted them!

XV. The spindle-sellers sing a madrigal

*The spindle-seller leave and as they
do so they sing a pleasing song.*

Happy is he who beholds you
but happier is he who yearns for you.
The happiest by far, is, by sighing,
is able to make you sigh!
Oh, friendly star,
which, by means of a lovely lady,
can delight the eyes and wake desire,
so he can say: her heart is mine!

XVI. The Count's game

*A sporting fellow proposes a
tongue-twister word-game but calls
it off when the bell tolls for three
o'clock.*

—To continue the fun, ladies, let's try a
tongue-twister.

—We agree:
you start and we'll follow.

—Here's a good one, let's see who can
do it.

—What game is this?

Hurry, tell us quickly!

—I'll say four verses quickly:

you repeat them without a stumble.

—Say them then, we're ready to repeat
them quickly.

—"On the pontoon by the fountain
stood a count:
the pontoon fell into the fountain and
the count broke his brow".

—You're going too fast!
Say it slower, please!

—"On the pontoon by the fountain
stood a count:
the pontoon fell into the fountain and
the count broke his brow".

—"On the pontoon on the count's
brow stood a pontoon . . ."

—You're wrong.

you must pay a forfeit.

—"On the fountain pontoon count . . ."

—Give me a forfeit.

(Bell) — Dong

—That's one o'clock . . .

(Bell) — Dong

—That's two o'clock . . .

(Bell) — Dong

—That's three o'clock . . .

—It's struck three!

XVII. Gli Festinanti

*Con voce assai brillante ed asinina
si sente una bell'aria alla norcina.*

o o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!
Non comprando qui più mascherate,
sarà ben fatto ritirarsi a cena.
O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!
Sendo tre già certo sonate,
però accostiamci tutti in buona vena.
O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!
Laviamoci le man, chè l'insalate
già son condite e di vivande piena.
O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!
Ecco la mensa; noi, per un tantino,
cantiamo: viva viva il bel festino!
O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!

XVIII. Vinata di brindesi e ragioni

Canto, Falsetto, Alto, Tenor e Basso, col cantinier bevendo, hanno un bel spasso.

—Brindesi:
al Basso, Canto ed Alto, col Falsetto.
—Che vino è questo, messer Covello?
—Questo da noi vien detto vin
chiarello.
—Chiarello, buon chiarello,
io to chiarisco mò: faccio ragione.
(Quivi egli [il Canto] beve, nè canta
più fino all'applauso.)
—Bon prò! bon prò! bon prò!

—Brindesi:
al Basso, col Falsetto, ed il Contralto.
—Che vino è questo, o cantiniero?
—Questo da noi vien detto vin
versiero.
—Versiero, buon versiero,
io to riservo mò: faccio ragione.
(Quivi egli [il Falsetto] beve, nè
canta più fino all'applauso.)
—Bon prò! bon prò! bon prò!

—Brindesi:
al Basso, col Contralto, belli umori.
—Che vino è questo, bon compagnone?
—Questo da noi vien detto vin
trincone.
—Trincone, buon trincone,
ecco, ti trinco mò: faccio ragione.
(Quivi il Contralto beve, nè

XVII. The revellers

With a sharp brilliance of tone—like the braying of a donkey—we are treated to a lovely song in the style of a butcher

O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!
Since we have no more masquerades,
let us go in to dinner.
O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!
Since it has now struck three o'clock,
let's go there heartily.
O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!
Let's wash our hands: the salads are
already made and there's plenty more.
O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!
Here's the table; let us sing: "Long live,
long live great feasting!"
O o o
to no no no!
O o o
to no no no!

XVIII. The wine drinking, toasts and deep thoughts

In a wine-tasting session, the Cantus, Falsetto, Alto, Tenor and Bass drink with the cellarer and have fun.
—A toast:
to the Bass, Cantus, Alto and Falsetto.
—What wine is this Master Cellarer?
—This is a wine from round here that
we call *claret*.
—Claret, wonderful claret,
I drink it down: I'm thinking hard.
(He [the Cantus] drinks and does not
sing until after the applause.)
—Your good health! Your good health!

—A toast:
to the Bass, Falsetto and Contralto.
—What wine is this Master Cellarer?
—This is a wine from round here that
we call *versiero*.
—Versiero, wonderful versiero,
I'll sort it out: I'm thinking hard.
(He [the Falsetto] drinks and does
not sing until after the applause.)
—Your good health! Your good health!

—A toast:
to Bass and Contralto, merry friends.
—What wine is this my friend?
—This is a drink that we call *toasting wine*.
—Toasting wine, good toasting wine,
I drink a toast: I'm thinking hard.
(She [the Contralto] drinks and does
not sing until after the applause.)

—Brindesi:
al Basso galamtuom e buon compagno.
—Che vino è questo, messer cotale?
—Questo da noi vien detto vin *codriale*.
—O dolce codriale,
entrami in corpo mò,
—Brindesi!
Brindesi a tutta la compagnia!
(Quivi egli [il Basso] beve mentre
pausa.
Applauso).
—Che ne dite di questo vino?
—E' buono a fé,
è buono a fé, cantiniero,
Gran mercè, cantiniero, gran mercè,
è buono a fé! è buono a fé!
E' buono a fé!

XIX. Sproposito di Goffi (però di gusto)

O che pazzi babbioni, o che cervelli! Che ora è questa, vender solfanelli?

—Strazz! strazz!
—Strazz e zavatt!
—*Solfanei*
—*Donn' solfanei!*
Donn' solfanei!
—*Solfanei! solfanei! solfanei, donn'!*
—Nu fem baratt
in le zavatt,
in vidri rott,
in fond' de bott,
cevoll' e ai,
pan e formai!
E chi voless comprar con i quatrì,
ghe ne darem tri mazz per un sesì!
—Nu fem baratt
in le zavatt,
in vidri rott,
in fond' de bott,
cevoll' e ai,
pan e formai!
E chi voless comprar con i quatrì,
ghe ne darem tri mazz per un sesì!
—Strazz! strazz!
—Strazz e zavatt!
—*Solfanei*
—*Donn' solfanei!*
Donn' solfanei!
—*Solfanei! solfanei! solfanei, donn'!*

XX. Il Diletto moderno licenza, et di novo invita

Il Diletto moderno in bono vena Promette spasso m' s' foga, e ad un prò cena

Chi brama avere
novo piacere,
di nuova invito
al fior gradito!
Giovani amanti
lesti e galanti;
innamorate,
con lor tornate!
Vi parlo toscò:
a cena nosco
non v'invitiamo,
chè troppi siamo.

*S' foga ardori,
constil novello,
gustoso e bello.*

In tanto andate;
felice siate!
Voglio finire
tornado a dire:

chi brama avere
novo piacer,
di nuovo invito
al fior gradito!

—A toast:
to gentleman Bass and good friends.
—What wine is this, Master Thingy?
—This is what we call *codriale*.
—O sweet codriale,
come to me now,
—Toasts!
Toasts to the whole company!
(Here the Bass drinks during a pause.
Applauso).
—What do you think of this wine?
—In truth, it's excellent,
It's excellent, cellarer.
Thanks to you, cellarer, thanks!
In truth, it's excellent!
In truth, it's excellent!

XIX. Fooling about (but great fun!)

O what brainless buffoons: What a time to sell matches?

—Old clothes! Old clothes!
—Old clothes and shoes!
—*Matches!*
—*Matches, ladies!*
Matches, ladies!
—*Matches, Matches, Matches, ladies!*
—We change
old shoes,
broken glass,
dregs from the barrel,
for onions and garlic,
bread and cheese!
And if anyone wants to pay money,
we sell them for three for a cent!
—We change
old shoes,
broken glass,
dregs from the barrel,
for onions and garlic,
bread and cheese!
And if anyone wants to pay money,
we sell them for three for a cent!
—Old clothes! Old clothes!
—Old clothes and shoes!
—*Matches!*
—*Matches, ladies!*
Matches, ladies!
—*Matches, Matches, Matches, ladies!*

XX. Modern Pleasure says Goodbye but invites again

A cheerful Modern Pleasure promises more fun during and after dinner

Whoever wants
new pleasures
I invite you again
to our great party!
Young lovers,
lively and graceful,
And, lovely girls,
come, join them!
Sadly, we can't
invite you to eat,
because we are
already too manv.

*You'll hear singers
in passionate song,
in the modern style,
pleasing and fine.*

For now, though,
go and be happy!
But I want to end
by saying again:

Whoever wants
new pleasures,
I invite you again
to this pleasant party!