

Histrionia

Ataraxia

[Original version:]Ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi

ridi, ridi, ridi poiche domani piangerai

Oh bel messere vi rimirate invano

nello specchio mentitore delle vanita

il vostro bel viso pallido e diafano

domani, sol domani il vaiolo sfigurato avraRidi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi

ridi, ridi, ridi poiche domani piangerai

Oh dolce madonna, padrona di virtu

da chiunque amata e riverita a volonta

ogni vostro onere ed ogni vostro onore

morendo di parto vi porterete nell'al di laRidi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi

ridi, ridi, ridi poiche domani piangerai

Oh nobil signore dalla viril prestantza

oggi fate il computo delle vostre proprieta

castelli, terre, uomini che oggi possedete

domani a ferro e fuoco il nemico metteraRidi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi

ridi, ridi, ridi poiche domani piangerai

Leggiadra giovinetta affacciata sulla vita

danzate arie amene e ricevete il baciaman

sguardi furtivi ed attesi amori dimenticate

poiche domani in convento vostro padre vi meneraRidi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi

ridi, ridi, ridi poiche domani piangerai

Io che son giullare e nulla possiedo

ne terre, ne virtu, ne bellezza e castita

oggi sono vostro umil servitore

domani servitore di chi vi rovineraRidi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi

io sono il giullar non temo nemico ne maesta

ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi, ridi

io sono il giullar non temo nemico ne maesta[English version:]Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh,

Laugh

Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.

Oh fine Sir who admire yourself in vain

in the lying mirror of vanities

your gentle pale and diaphanous face

tomorrow only tomorrow the smallpox disfigured will have.Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh

Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.

Oh gentle Lady owner of virtue

by anyone loved and revered as much as you please

each onus and honour of yours

dying in childbirth you'll take with you in the next world. Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.
Oh noble Lord with a mainly air
today you're making the counting of your own properties
castles, lands, men that today are yours
tomorrow your enemies will put to fire and sword. Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.
Lovely girl facing life
you dance pleasant airs and receive the hand-kissing
furtive glances and awaited loves forget
'cause tomorrow your father will make you become a nun. Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh 'cause tomorrow you'll cry.
Me who I am jester and nothing I own
neither lands nor virtue or beauty or chastity
today I am your humble servant
tomorrow I'll be servant of whom will ruin you. Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
I am the jester I don't fear neither enemy or majesty,
Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh, Laugh
I am the jester I don't fear neither enemy or majesty.

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