

## **Ataraxia "Histrionia"**

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[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 avra

Ridi, 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 la

Ridi, 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 mettera

Ridi, 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 menera

Ridi, 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 rovinera

Ridi, 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 '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 '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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