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THE FOLK-SONGS OF ITALY.

THE FOLK-SONGS OF ITALY.

*SPECIMENS, WITH TRANSLATIONS AND NOTES,
FROM EACH PROVINCE:
AND PREFATORY TREATISE*

BY

MISS R. H. BUSK,

AUTHOR OF "THE FOLKLORE OF ROME," "PATRAÑAS," "SAGAS FROM
THE FAR EAST," ETC.

*THE SPECIMENS OF THE CANZUNI AND CIURI OF SICILY
HAVE BEEN SELECTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK*

BY

DR. GIUSEPPE PITRÈ,

PALERMO.



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Parto di vergine fantasia, e d' intelligenza priva di coltura, i canti che le scuole non degnano d' uno sguardo; ma che le scuole non sanno fare, racchiudono tanto tesoro di affetti, tanto copia di pensieri e d' immagini che a saperli parcamente imitare, ogni studioso, dal men' facile verseggiatore al più ispirato poeta, non ritrarrebbe bellezze inestimabili."—DR. GIUSEPPE PITRE.

"Old customs! How I love the sound!
However simple they may be;
Whate'er with time hath sanction found
Is welcome, and is dear to me,
Pride goes above simplicity.
And spurns them from her haughty mind;
And soon the poet's song will be
The only refuge they can find."

—JOHN CLARE (*Northamptonshire Poet*).

CORRIGENDA.

WHILE passing through the press Dr. Pitrè has pointed out some little inaccuracies into which I have been betrayed with words in dialects that are necessarily unfamiliar, such as putting the *o*, *e*, and *me* of ordinary Italian in place of the dialectic *u*, *i*, and *mia*, occasionally omitting the double consonant, etc., and more particularly the following:—

page 46 and <i>passim</i>	for <i>Vicariola</i>	read <i>Vicariota</i> .
„ 47, line 9 from below,	„ <i>vurrie</i>	„ <i>vurria</i> .
„ 50, „ 13 „	„ <i>chi</i>	„ <i>cui</i> .
„ 51, „ 4 „	„ <i>amuri</i>	„ <i>amari</i> .
„ „ „ 4 from below,	„ <i>vin</i>	„ <i>vui</i> .
„ 53, „ 19 „	„ <i>Pazzi</i>	„ <i>Pazzu</i> .
„ 56, „ 16 „	„ <i>ddu</i>	„ <i>ddu</i> .
„ 59, „ 4 „	„ <i>me</i>	„ <i>mè</i> .
„ „ „ 16 „	„ <i>riccuntarti</i>	„ <i>riccuntari</i> .
„ „ „ 20 „	„ <i>abbanunari</i>	„ <i>abbaununari</i> .
„ 60, „ 7 „	„ <i>chiancia</i> and <i>antru</i>	„ <i>chianciu</i> and <i>antru</i> .
„ „ „ 9 „	„ <i>'Nca</i>	„ <i>'Nta</i> .
„ 66, „ 2 from below,	„ <i>vasuri</i>	„ <i>vasuni</i> .
„ 70, „ 12 „	„ <i>patrinnustru</i>	„ <i>patrinnostru</i> .
„ „ „ 14 „	„ <i>sauriu</i>	„ <i>sacciu</i> .
„ „ „ 7 from below,	„ <i>carnuzzu</i>	„ <i>carnuzza</i> .
„ „ „ 4 „	„ <i>chianciunu & fontani</i>	„ <i>chianciunu</i> and <i>fontana</i> .
„ 72, „ 9 „	„ <i>Partenio</i>	„ <i>Partinico</i> .
„ 74, „ 6 from below,	„ <i>lu unoma</i>	„ <i>lu unomu</i> .

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THE FOLKSONGS OF ITALY.

PREFACE.

FOLKSONGS are the intimate expression of the ideas of the people, the storehouse of all we care most to know about them. Whatever has enough good in it to last, their highest aspirations of every sort, are sure to have been committed by the people—most of all by the Italian people—to their traditional Rimes. To sing is part of their being as it is with the birds; whatever they may be doing, they sing instinctively; at least they used to do so. I leave it to physiologists to guess *why*—the fact is patent to all that the introduction and diffusion of a more artificial spirit is quenching the art and the voice of Italy. Songsters of every degree, from the prima donna to the peasant, are becoming daily more rare. The old folk-rimes, which are nearly always the utterance of pure and holy affection, are now only met in country nooks; the townspeople, if they sing at all, are provided with another class of songs which we should not care to read. “They are too low to look at,” “The modern ones are so bad that they are a positive disgrace to us,” are among the many judgments to the same effect,

confirming my own experience, which I have received from Italians of various classes. At the same time it is fair to add that respectable printers and publishers do their best to send out reprints of some of the old ones, but it is chiefly in the country parts that these find favour. *Some* new ones, too, there are every way meritorious in a high degree, specimens of which will be found in the following pages.

I have often imagined that what we are pleased to call "the inarticulate sounds of the poor dumb animals," and to which we have assigned the whimsical titles of "chirping," "barking," "lowing," "cooing," and the rest, whereby we most of us imply that each creature has but the "one eternal cuckoo cry" of its kind, in reality answers to the "murmur," the "hum," the "hubbub" which is all we discern even of the "*clangor gentium*" itself, when too far removed to discern the individual words.

If an extraneous being, unlearned in our traditional articulation, were to listen to us, he might very well think that we but emitted a "one eternal cuckoo cry" too. So heard, no doubt all the various aggregate sounds of our various kinds of converse could be categorized in something like "caterwauling," "growling," and "croaking." The aggregate sounds arising from a joyous greeting, a clamorous outcry, an angry jangle, are each a concrete thing perfectly well known to us as it is.

In all probability each little feathered songster has his own little way of expressing the blandishments of his little love-suit, and when we hear one of them answering to another through the leaves no doubt there are going on exquisite little interchanges of original poetical imagery, though lost to us.

Fortunately, we *can* recuperate the corresponding utterances of the Italian peasant.

“Io t’ a . . . mo!”

is, after all, the burden of all the heart has to say, and poured out by a rich tenor or soprano (as for instance we hear it at the meeting of Elsa and Lohengrin), what more like the notes of a bird’s song? But with these Italian Folksongs again, the selfsame combinations of syllables (the same eternal cuckoo cry) have served countless generations—some of those in the following pages are *known* to have been in use *unaltered* for six hundred years. And notwithstanding the enormous, incredible number of them, and their wonderful variety, there is a very large proportion the aggregate sounds of which are identical in various parts of the peninsula only appropriated at various points by dialectic variations, but which lead you to think the first specimen you happen to meet is the paradigm from which all the others emanated. The migrations of the people from one district to another in search of work, or when called to expand various local industries, especially the management of various silk producing processes and vine growing, and the habit of making pilgrimages to distant shrines, are of course among the causes of this interchange of songs; but it is quite probable that many have been the spontaneous expressions of the same ideas in the human animal bred in different spots.

When I began collecting “The Folklore of Rome,” twenty years ago, I found myself alone in that field. When I enquired at all the bookshops of Rome for any collection of the sort to guide me, I was everywhere met with a bland bowing out. Folk-stories were looked

upon with contempt, and the asking for them as an insular excentricity. Now (though the Roman field has still, I believe,* been left entirely to me), there have arisen native collectors, who have rummaged, and are still rummaging, with praiseworthy diligence, every corner of every province; but I have not seen one such collection the title page of which bears an earlier date than that of "Folklore of Rome." Of course there existed long before, collections such as the Tales of Boccaccio, Sacchetti, Straparola, Basile, etc., but nothing was further from these writer's minds than treating Folklore as a science.

With the FOLKSONGS it was different. It was only to ask and to have. They were all around one from the beginning. Despite her failure to continue to hold the primacy of music; despite the present abeyance of the Italian Opera—although "the last of the Romans" himself is accused of Wagnerian tendencies—Italy, by the harmony of its language and the beauty of its natural associations, is essentially the land of poetical composition. To write sonnets appropriate to every event of social life is an important item of the educational instincts of every class of the community. I have many a time found a little sonnet put, without pretension, into letters from Italian friends who would never dream of publishing—far and away superior to most of the published poetry in this country. The Italian improvvisatore is a wellknown figure in the former life of Italy; and the simple harmoniousness of the unsophisticated utter-

* The *Novelle Popolari Toscane*, just brought out under the able editing of Dr. G. Pitre, the most devoted and prolific of Folklorists, while surrounding each tale with a parallel from the collections of every part of Italy, each time cites mine, as if the only authority for Roman Folklore; and has just invited me to bring out the remainder that I hold, as a volume of his new series of "Curiosità Popolari Tradizionali."

ances of early rustic unnamed* poets, had attracted collectors for its own sake, long before the independent claims of Folklore as a science had made itself felt. A Venetian patrician made a collection as long ago as the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, which has been many times reprinted; and his polishing up and additions have not been without an influence on their subsequent popular use. Poliziano, il Bronzino, Giambullari Pulci, and others did the same thing in Tuscany, and collections of an earlier date than any of these abound among the MSS. in Italian libraries. I subjoin some specimens that have been lately reprinted from a MS. of the fifteenth century at Treviso, and which, if compared with those in the body of the present work, will be found absolutely similar both in sentiment and in treatment. Many, indeed, in this and other early MSS. have also been found in actual popular use quite recently.

Of late years the collecting of Folksongs has received an immense development. Italy's greatest living historian, Cesare Cantù, called attention to the popular poetry of his country, in his *Storia Universale*, fifty years ago, and abundant collections at various dates ever since that time have been made by Italians, with a poetical interest in the subject, and an affectionate acquaintance with the character of the people, which no foreigner can possibly bring to bear on the subject. Each province of the former Heptarchy has long been thus lovingly brought under treatment, and such labours are every day adding to the store. The Germans have

* The large number, too, of early poets whose names, commemorated in Italy, are almost or altogether unheard of in this country, would surprise most educated English people.

been here as elsewhere, laborious workers, and have published some collections of Italian 'Folksongs, but the impulse given by Cantù was quite independent of that of Herder. Some French Folklorists have also exerted themselves in the same field; but some years ago one of them committed himself to a curious bit of misleading reasoning from an unfounded premiss. "L'Italie n'a point de poésie populaire (!). Elle s'est élevée trop vite à la poésie artistique. Quand une nation commence par avoir un Dante et un Pétrarque, il ne faut pas penser à la voir redescendre à la forme ignorante (?) du chant populaire." *

To reproduce all that has been collected would fill a small library, and besides, presuppose in the reader a laboriously acquired acquaintance with the many dialects still current. Few people in England perhaps, have any idea that there are as many as seven hundred dialects of Italy and the adjacent provinces and islands. †

* *Révue des deux mondes*, t. V., p. 205.

† The student who can boast even an over average acquaintance with the Italian of literature might find it troublesome to appreciate the niceties of these. Take for example a comparatively easy specimen from the North, a quite modern composition by Brofferio.

L' ABOLIZIONE D' CONVENTI.

Brueta nueva *Orate fratres*,
Brueta nueva per da bon
Babylonis empium fratres,
Porto il Diou au procession
I convent, O pover mi!
I convent son abolì.

Povra stola, povra capa,
Povra Rumma, povro Papa,
A la larga da Ratass
Fieul d' Cain, fratel d' Caifass
Totum in circuitu.

Sulle sucche incapucciate
A l' an dait un famous crep;
Sono è vero conservate
Le galine d' San Gusep'.
Conte d' l' agnus, del zalò
Dla crovata a lo su deò.

Ma tout un souma ant la bagna,
Quia faciunt mihi magna.
Povra stola, povra capa,
Povra Rumma, povro Papa,
Dovrà chiusi const Ratass
An' la bronsu d' Satànass
In die judicii."

I have in the course of the last twenty years put together, from a great variety of sources, during various periods of residence in different parts of Italy, and with the kind assistance of many Italian friends, from the memories of their nurseries, from servants, peasants, soldiers and others under them, some hundreds, I might say thousands of these songs; many of which I met again in one or more of the published collections. During that period I have frequently amused myself with trying to make an English equivalent for some of them. Many times I have thought it would be a not ungrateful labour to bring out a selection of them in such a form that the English reader, almost or altogether 'fasting from' (to use an Italianism) all knowledge of the Italian language, might yet be enabled to enjoy their fresh and simple beauties. Other occupations have continually pushed them into the background however; but at the present moment, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Ruskin, and Miss Garnett's volumes of popular rimes, seem to point out that such a volume as I had in contemplation is more than ever called for. * For the purpose I have set before me,

or this one from the South.

Funtaria ri billizzi e ri sbrinnuri.
Cu' tasta di chijs' acqua 'un pati peni
Quannu nascisti tu nasciu lu suli,
Tri stiduzzi spuntaru, e novi sferi;
E ni lu mienzu ha fonti r' amuri.
E l' arcu ri Nuè ca l' ammantesi,
O funtanedda ri rrosi e ri sciuri,
Muoru ru siti, e sugna a li to pieri.

* I published many years ago, in Miss C. M. Yonge's *Monthly Packet*, my first impressions of the subject, in a paper called "The Street Music of Rome," in which I gave the "Songs of the Pifferari" taken down from the lips of a party of them; the long Rime of the "Gipsy and the Madonna," and others; and in "Folklore of Rome" I have pointed out that the Legend of San

as above expressed, it does not seem appropriate to paraphrase these "Folksongs" into the corresponding language of English popular ballads; still less to endeavour to work them up into an unsuitable dress of polished English poetry. With such an exhaustless harvest before me, I set myself to select: (1) Those that are so far free from excessive dialectic influence that they can be made intelligible to any one with the smallest knowledge of Italian, without the annoyance of perpetual references to explain idioms and account for unexpected spelling. (2) Out of these again to choose such as recommend themselves for intrinsic merit of some sort; for their sweet imagery, bold metaphor, their naïveté or other striking quality. And finally (3), out of these to take such as lend themselves easily to a line by line and word by word translation—admitting of being rendered in equivalent expressions of corresponding length, with similar grammatical weaknesses and energetic folk-expressiveness and the same sort of rime or assonance, reproducing in fact not only the words, but the style and manner of the original in all its relations, so as to enable the reader, by aid of a little trouble in comparison, to make out and enjoy for himself the actual Italian folksong; dividing the result thus arrived at so as to present specimens of the local colouring to be met within each different province.

True, I did not find it as easy as I had expected; for first, it required enormous forbearance to keep to the plan I had traced out. Without being an enthusiastic

Giuliano there is taken from one of the rimed *Storie* which gave the name of *Cantastorie* to the men who hawk and used formerly to sing them.

admirer of these Folksongs one would not take the trouble of bringing them out for the purpose of getting others to come and worship them also. But it is the snare of all enthusiasm, to let itself be carried away. It is just like the snare of copying drawings; the tendency is always to enlarge—to exaggerate. The merits of the original of course excite one's fancy; one feels the instincts of a discoverer towards them, which is the next thing to the instincts of their creator. Then, in the anxiety lest they should lose under one's handling, one gets to think one must "poke" these merits at the reader by additional epithets and explanatory words. The result is fatal; we produce a bad poem instead of reproducing a Folksong at all.

There are hundreds of these songs, of course, which it would be impossible to treat in the way I propose; viz. where the corresponding words in the two languages cannot possibly be brought into the same compass. It seems to me these are best left for those who can understand them in the original, and perhaps I may flatter myself that the study of the renderings I have endeavoured to give may assist those who are interested in the subject to make out these others for themselves. Mr. Ruskin considers that his translator has *improved* on the original, but my object was different. I have aimed solely at enabling the reader to make out the beauties of the original. The instances are so numerous where a little patience brings to mind expressions that fit in a marvellous way, that for the present volume there is no need to meddle with those which require forcing. I wish it therefore to be understood that I consider my rendering entirely in the light of a *rimed vocabulary*, not as poetry. On this score I crave indulgence for many

rough lines and forced expressions otherwise inadmissible. I reckon them better than to tamper with the original imagery; e.g. in the fifth Sicilian Love-Song it would have been easy to manufacture a line ending with "Dis" to make a pat rime, instead of using the more literal "dies" which is a weak rime; but to introduce such an allusion would have been to falsify the actual limits of the mythological references—a very important matter. I do not think, however, in any riming licence I have exceeded the originals. Of course it is not in the precise translation they are required; but taking the average, I think the worst of mine, "taken" and "token" is hardly a greater licence than "parma" and "ferma," "male" and "sole," etc., etc., which frequently occur.

The next difficulty which has beset my path is the constant repetition of the word "bello." It is characteristic of the Italian to apply the word *bello* to every imaginable kind of object that he wishes to praise—it is everlastingly in his mouth. There is a countryman whom I can remember about the streets of Rome half my life, "crying," or rather exclaiming, with unsophisticated rapture, "Che belle mela!" in the winter; "Che belle fragole!" in the spring; "Che belle persiche!" in the summer. On one occasion when we had sent a young footman (who came from some other part of Italy) to see Rome, I remember the whole time he was waiting at dinner in the evening, he kept exclaiming to himself, "Quante belle cose!" It turns up every minute too, not only as an adjective, but as an expletive. "She lost her heart at first sight" = "Aveva dato suo cuore a bella prima." "The means are ready to hand" = "Il mezzo è bell' e trovato." "It's a fine thing" = "È una gran' bella cosa." "A fine young fellow" = "Un gran bello giovane."

"He jumped into the water with his clothes on" = "Si gettò nell' acqua bell' e vestito." "She had to do it all over again" = "Bisognava rifarlo di bel' nuovo." "The upshot of what he said was. . . ." = "Disse a bel circa che" "In the height of (the gambling) the police came in" = "Sul bel mezzo si presenta gl' agenti di questura." "Ready-made," as applied to the commonest clothing, is "bello e fatto." And these samples are but a few of the many uses of "bello." This usage of the language embodies itself in the Folk-songs, where not only the sweetheart's (his or her as the case may be) hair, eyes, cheeks, teeth are all thus denoted, but the whole person too; and "bella persona" will be found to have thus become an equivalent for "sweetheart." In Italy one gets so used to hear the word serve so many senses that it acquires a chameleon-nature, and it ceases to strike oneself as tautology. The English idiom is different, and therefore in translating one is often forced into the dilemma of either putting a repetition of the English word, and prosaïcising the character of the original, or *seeming* to alter the original by putting each relative equivalent.* And in most cases the latter is the preferable alternative.

Again, another special difficulty of translation that has hampered me is, that a large, if not the larger, proportion of these Folksongs are the outpouring of female affection. Now the Courts of Love of the Troubadours were probably often licentious, where these peasant amours are pure

* The following instance from a serenade occurs to me as one in which any one with the most moderate acquaintance with Italian will appreciate that the "bel," if represented by "beautiful," would affect the English understanding inappropriately

"Vengo di notte e vengo appassionato,
Vengo nell' ora del tuo bel dormire."

and innocent; but they took up an entirely different line and set a different train of thought for the erotic poetry of educated Europe. The Folksongs are the expression of natural feeling, and therefore do not exclude the spontaneous utterance of sensations which spring eternal in the human breast, but which a more artificial state of society thinks it more proper to conceal. It is "a touch of nature"* which is not without its charm, but the translator, however, is restricted by the deficiency which has thus arisen in the language. We have but pale and scanty words to represent the "mio bello"; "mio bellino"; "bellinello"; "giovinitino" and other rapturous words of tender affection with which the child of nature under Italian skies addresses her swain and praises in detail his personal charms. The few specimens I have given nearly exhaust our feeble repertory of epithets that can be made to serve the purpose. Many naïf and charming songs have to be omitted lest the rendering should make them ridiculous in the sight of the reader educated in a different school.

* A writer in *Notes and Queries* (6, xi. 325) has objected to this use of the phrase because, as he shews, it differs from the sense of the passage from which we are supposed to quote it. But I think there is a word to be said on the other side also. The common consent of a number of people whom its use has gratified, not to speak of its convenience now that it is accepted, are perhaps as good a consecration as if Shakespeare had happened so to use it also. If there is any one who thinks he is using it as Shakespeare used it, it is fair game to point out his error; but leave us the use of it all the same. There are many other misquoted figures of speech in daily use which are no improvement on the original sense, such as "broken reed," and "Job's comforter." People usually use the former as if they were thinking of a cane cracked somewhere about the middle, which would give way if they leant on it; whereas the passage quoted goes on to speak of its running into a man's hand and piercing it, clearly showing that what was spoken of was a reed roughly broken with a jagged end. Similarly a "Job's comforter" is commonly used

It would certainly have been a pity to have felt bound for this reason to omit this most exquisite one of all.

Quanti giovinetelli ci han provato
De famme 'nnamorare e 'n han potuto ;
Tu bellinello, lo primo sei stato
Mai fatto 'nnamorà al primo saluto. *

Others beginning: "Ere I forsake thee, *thou flaxen flower*," and "I know your standing, gentle flower mine," etc., are un-English in their mode of address, but have a characteristic charm when due allowance is made.

It may not be amiss to take the opportunity of remarking, that it must not be supposed that the men and women adhere in singing, rigidly, to the songs supposed to be put in the mouth of those of their own sex. Girls often delight in singing those in which their lover is supposed to speak their praise, and men seem to be frequently given to find amusement in singing those in which the girls are supposed to set them at defiance.

Again, another of my difficulties is the large number of monosyllables in English. Italians make their language even more polysyllabic than it is, by the constant addition of augmentatives, diminutives, and *vesseggiativi*. †

to denote a person who takes a gloomy view of a bad case, instead of, in cant phrase, "looking at the bright side." But Job's comforters were, in fact, the much more provoking class of people who want to be "plus bon que le bon Dieu," and imagine they establish their own respectability by labouring to make out that the misfortunes that befall their friend are "a judgment," or "a chastisement," or somehow or other brought on by his own fault.

* How many lads who long have striven in vain

Love in my heart, with their love to beget!

Beloved (*lit.* "dear beautiful one"), thou my first, my only own,

Awoke my love at our first glance that met.

† Syllables added to convey grace and tenderness, e.g. *giovinettino mio*, eight syllables, has to be rendered by *two* in English; "my lad."

Their lines are thus much more easily cadenced, and are consequently more harmonious than ours can possibly be; the equally frequent elisions, so rare with us, are a further assistance to the same end. The lines end almost invariably with a word of at least two syllables. This alone renders it impossible in most instances to reproduce the metre in a line by line rendering.

I must plead this difficulty in extenuation of having occasionally translated "amore" by "desire," which is not everywhere, perhaps not always where I have used it a perfect equivalent, nor even a *desirable* transformation, but I have been tempted to do so because it supplies a possible translation in a word of two syllables.

The last difficulty to which I will refer is one peculiar to the class of songs called *Stornelli*, and will be better appreciated after a perusal of the description,* of their construction. The arbitrary word at the end of the first line which sets the rime or assonance for the whole, must, of course, be translated literally, though it has generally nothing whatever to do with the sense of the little song; and it is obvious that of the few words used in the second and third lines, the cases are comparatively rare in which the English equivalents will correspond both with the sense and the rime. Here is an instance:—

Fior di lattuca !
Sei tanto bella Iddio ti benedica
Par' che t' abbia dipinto Santo Luca. †

* *Infra*, p. 26.

† Alluding to the tradition that St. Luke was a painter, and supposing that an apostolic painter must have been best able to paint a perfect type of womanhood.

Perhaps one might be allowed to render the last two lines somewhat in this way,—

Thou art so fair, God to thee gracious be *

'T must be St. Luke made thee so fair to see.

but I confess I find myself at fault, for the moment at all events, as to the capacity for putting them into any words which will rime with "lettuce."

Everything loses by translation—"Except a bishop," it has been said, but even a bishop must miss the friendships which gathered round his earlier years, I doubt if there has been one translated bishop who has not sighed in his heart, "If I had only had this sphere when I was younger, more vigorous, more generally attractive, or otherwise more capable of taking advantage of it!"—To no one can it be so patent as to myself, that my translated Folksongs fall far behind the melodious archness of their Italian originals. Accidents of my life, however, have rendered me very familiar with them, and have made me very fond of them—have made me think that there must be others who would derive enjoyment from their rustic measures also, the accidents of whose life has kept them in a groove apart from them. My little ambition has been to cast them into such a form that they may be readily read by those who love Italy, yet have not had the leisure to master the niceties of its language.

Year by year the numbers increase, not only of those who visit Italy, but of those who wander beyond the beaten track of cities, and who extend their time of stay beyond the mere winter. To those who visit the country parts at all, and especially in the warmer season, when the people are in the fields, I believe my little

* Gen. xliii. 29.

book will be a welcome companion, enabling them to understand something of the life of song in which they will find themselves immersed from morning till night, and to get enjoyment out of what, so long as they have no interpretation of it, will probably be to them, as it was to Goethe,* only a succession of irritating screams.

Simple and natural utterances as they are, they will yet,—perhaps I should say, therefore—find them necessarily personally adapted to themselves. Each one, however immersed in the most absorbing pursuits—social, political, scientific, artistic, or even commercial—will find expressed among them sentiments which at some time or other of their lives have been of paramount interest, so that they might have been written down as an intimate portion of their own individual history. And when we consider that these very songs have embodied the love-themes of the most poetical people of Europe for at least six centuries, we cannot help coming to regard them as a wonderful instrument of the solidarity of our kind in varying times and places.

As these poetry-loving peasants work, men and women together in the fields and vineyards, or at charcoal-burning, or the men in gangs at their various phases of husbandry, or the women with their silk-spinning or washing at the river banks, or whatever occasion there may be of joint labour, one of them will start a little song, and another will immediately take up the challenge, a third will follow, and so they will go on and on for hours together. Sometimes two will have a kind of duel, which grows exciting by the time the store of either seems beginning to fail, and the one who knows

* Works, vol. xxiv. p. 306.

the greater number is acknowledged to bear off a real triumph. A great deal of gossip and evil-speaking and quarrelling is kept at bay while their voices are thus occupied, and their minds are probably elevated and improved more than by the smattering of vague, and often useless knowledge, by school-boards. It will be apparent, from a perusal of the specimens which follow, that these songs are full of the purest and most elevated sentiments and of the most tender and poetical appreciation of natural beauty, animate and inanimate. Any pre-eminence in singing of these things is difficult to attain where the custom is common to all, but if attained, it elevates the possessor into something like the position of the bard of old, and he or she is looked up to as king or queen of song. I subjoin at the end of this preface a short notice of a notable example of a possessor of this power, who retained her simple position of cottager to the end. Some however become itinerant singers, who are gladly welcomed in the villages and small towns, where they seem to bring "the smell of the fields" to those whose occupations or infirmities keep them within doors. A characteristic caste of these are the *Cantamaggi*, or *Cantamaggioli*—singers of the praises of May—who fill their repertory with such love-songs as have most to say about the sun and flowers, and not infrequently no love at all, nothing but praise of nature. But their number is not great, and their part is often taken by parties of village lads, who go round to sing at the doors of their respective sweethearts, carrying nose-gays, lemons, etc., tied in the shade of a leafy bough, which they distribute as they go, receiving in return, presents of eggs or other produce, or at the least some refreshing drink. In some places this custom is con-

nected with a collection of alms, to be spent in masses for the souls in purgatory.

I must now say a few words concerning the titles of these Folksongs and their metre.

(1) The largest proportion consist of eight-lined verses of eleven syllables, *i.e.* they are called "endecasillabi," and eleven is their normal number, but in reality they vary from eight to eighteen, and are variously called Strambotti, Rispetti, Dispetti, Siciliani, Ottavi, and by other names. And, (2) three-lined verses, variously called Ritornelli, Stornelli, Fiori, Fioretti, etc.

(1) The word *Strambotto*—in Piedmontese, *Stramoutt*, in Neapolitan, *Strambuotto*—it is thought by some authorities may have come from *motto*; but this is perhaps a far-fetched derivation, though *motto* is technical in Italian for "the words" of a song. Other authorities have derived it with more probability from *strambo* = fantastic or bizarre, for it is essential to the Strambotto, to contain some epigrammatic *concetto* or "conceit," and *concettoso* in ordinary parlance is used for "epigrammatic." Some, again, see a combination of the two derivatives, *strani motti*. I have seen it also spelt *strambocto* in old Neapolitan. Even cultivated poets have not disdained to exercise their muse with the Strambotto. The "Rispetto" is also a verse of eight lines of (normally) eleven syllables, but is technically distinct, though the names, in peasant use, are constantly interchanged. The name Rispetto is derived from the sensation of *respect* or reverence which always accompanies true love, and the essential assertion of this elevating quality is the most beautiful characteristic of the Italian Folksongs.

The Strambotto may have classical allusions and mythological imagery, polished language, metre and rime,

as in the following Anacreontic example from Bernardo Accolti—

Gridava Amore—"io son" stimato, poco
 "Anch' io un tempio fra Mortal' vorrei :"
 Ond' a lui Citerea ; "tuo tempio è in loco
 "Che sforza ad adorarte uomini e dei."
 Allor' lo Dio de l' amoroso foco
 Disse—"Madre, contenta i pensier' miei"
 "Dimmi, qual loco hai per mio tempio tolto"
 Rispose Vener—"Di Giovanna il volto."

But the Rispetto must derive its imagery and its metaphors entirely from homely surroundings; and though it is generally *concettoso*, it must not travel beyond familiar subjects for its allusions. Its language though—with very rare exceptions—perfectly pure and respectful, must be rustic in its choice of words and forms of expression. Its adherence to the rules of metre also is by no means rigid, and its lines will often seem "lame" in reading, but this apparent inequality is set right by the melody. The peasant authors have no idea of saying, much less of writing down, their verses. They create them originally in the form of song, and very few can succeed under the best intentions and most strenuous efforts in repeating them for one to note down. Nor is this a mere foreigner's difficulty; every Italian collector mentions the same. One of the most genial and appreciative tells a story of *overhearing* a lad sing the following as he was trimming a hedge:—

La foresta di frondi s' abbellà
 E lo monte verdeggia, ed il prato.
 Al sorriso di Maggio bramato
 Apre 'l seno odoroso ogn' fior.*

* Translation: The woods with fresh leaves are adorning [themselves], With new verdure, the hills and the meadow; At the smiling of May the Desired, Opens its sweet-scented bosom each flower.

but when he came up with him and asked him to dictate the remainder, he found it impossible—partly from this cause and partly from his bashfulness—to extract it from him. They *must* sing them to ensure obtaining the right words; so much so, that when you find a line with a deficiency of syllables, there is probably a *sostenuto* note in its air, and when the syllables are in excess, there is probably a quick passage, though this is not such a certain indication as the former, as it is common for the air to admit of several syllables being said rapidly to one note. The number of lines—eight—is kept to more strictly, though there are some few *Rispetti* with six, and some few with ten and more lines. But eight is so perfectly accepted as the normal number that “*dar l’ ot-tava*,” is a popular mode of speaking of either inventing or singing them. The plan for their riming is seldom departed from. It is that the first four should rime

I am tempted to place in comparison with this exquisite peasant verse one of the so-called *Maggi* of Giov. Battista Strozzi, whose poems have been pronounced to be “*Il fiore di quanto mai la toscana lingua potè creare di più vago, di più leggiadro, di più melodioso*,” and whose title is, “*l’ Anacreonte del cinquecento*,” and I think it will be allowed to be not at all behindhand in any of these qualities.

Ecco maggio seren ! chi l’ ha vestito
 Di sì bel verde e giallo ?
 Ninfe e pastori al ballo !
 Al ballo, ninfe e dii, per ogni lito.
 Ecco maggio fiorito,
 E satiri e silvani,
 E tu Lice, e tu Clori,
 Grazie, al ballo ! Al ballo, aùre ; al ballo, amori !

Behold tranquil May ! who has adorned her With such beautiful tints of green and gold ? Nymphs and shepherds, come dance ! Come and dance, nymphs and gods on every bank. Behold flowery May, Come satyrs and men of the woods, And you Adelisa and Cloris. Ye graces, come dance ! come dance, cupids ; come dance, breezes.

alternately, and the last four in pairs. *Rime baciato* is the pretty Italian form of expression. These two pairs form a kind of "troll"—*iperbati* they are called in Italian—obtained by recasting in the second the words used in the first pair, so as to obtain a different rime with scarcely altered sense. *

On the whole therefore, though a Rispetto may be, and constantly is, called a Strambotto (in some parts it is the locally prevailing name), there are many Strambotti which could not possibly be called Rispetti.*

In the neighbourhood of Rome, Umbria and the Romagne, the softer speech of the people leads them to prefer the smoother sounds of "that seiren tongue whose sounds are song," and thus they maintain the rythmical harmony with great perfection. Tuscany, too, seems to love a sonorous measure, in spite of her unaccountable indulgence in hideous gutturals. But in other parts a rougher treatment frequently prevails. †

* "Il Rispetto è la vera e principal forma della poesia prettamente popolare d' Italia."—*Dr. Pitri*.

† This following old English verse supplies an admirable specimen of the forcible and moving sympathy which such rough measures are capable of eliciting. They are words written as if spoken from a crucifix.

Thou man unkind, have in thy mind
 My bloody face ;
 My wounds wide, on every side
 For thy trespass.
 Thou sinner hard, turn hitherward ;
 Behold thy Saviour free.
 Unkind thou art, from Me t' depart,
 When Mercy I w'd grant thee.

The excessive and wanting syllables, elisions, and assonances in place of rime we find here are exactly after the manner of the Italian Folksongs. But this one is carved on a beam in a church, and is meant to be *read*, while the Italian metre is made good, as I have said, by the music to which the lines are *always* (in intention) committed.

Nowhere is the metre *always* exact. Extravagant and foolish expressions, and oftentimes a jingle of words without sense, are not unknown; while obsolete words and words unacknowledged by dictionaries, and forms of expression unsanctioned by grammar, are frequent. So frequent are irregularities of metre, indeed, that one devoted student of them says: "Il sistema della metrica popolare ha più eccezioni che regole."

The Rispetti taken as a class have many subdivisions. There are (1) "Dispetti," the utterance of disappointed and outraged or—according as they are viewed—oversensitive feelings; smaller in number, but almost fuller of wit and nobility of sentiment. And there are (2) "Disperati" for the hopeless lover of either sex, containing the choicest expressions of refined and exquisite agony. (3) Letters, full of choice expressions about parting, separation and distance.

As other subdivisions of Rispetti, may be placed: (1) Serenate, or in popular lingo, *Inserenate*, and (2) *Matinate*. (1) The former familiar enough, though it is one of the things "not generally known," that it is a synonym of "Notturmo," a word which has been a great deal played with of late years—*Nocturn*. *Notturmo* is, of course, generically "a Night-song"; but as nights in the South are more often fine than otherwise, "sereno" came to be their habitual metonymy, just as the watchman who used to cry out the hour and the weather together till lately in Madrid, and even yet in remoter Spanish towns, came to be tropically called a "Serenio" even as his ordinary vulgar title.

In the case of the Serenade this imagery was the less forced, that of the many fine nights of Italy it would be just the finest that would be specially chosen for the

"Night-song." I have no doubt this is the real origin of the word, though I know some conceive it to have been made simply out of "Sera." Possibly, like many other words, it has a double derivation.

The actual use of the Serenade still lingers in Rome in spite of all modernizing influences, and I have been told it has grown rarer in other places which have been less interfered with; the services of the so-called *eminenti* in the art, hailing from the classic purlieus of the *Trastevere* and the *Monti*, being still habitually brought into requisition, and the artistic interludes of guitar and mandoline (variously called *passagallo* and *ricordino* in different localities) may still be heard, occasionally, alternating with rapturous apostrophes from rich throats under half-closed "*persiane*" in moonshaded streets, as you come back from the comparatively prosaic parties of modern society, or lie awake with a more than prosaic, hurried-life-brought-on, neuralgia, on—

. . . an Italian night

When the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to you of heaven.

(2) The *Mattinata* is an epithet less familiar in England. It denotes however, as the name plainly implies, a verse which the lover sings under his sweetheart's window, as he rises betimes, full of dreams of her, on his way going forth to his daily labour (which haply takes him far from her) until evening. It has another slightly differing meaning for those whose deficiency of natural endowments force them to have recourse to professional, or at all events borrowed, aid. Some of these more highly gifted performers will be so much in request in the *bella stagione per far l'amore*, that where their various

appointments are far apart—especially if over rugged hill and dale—it becomes by natural selection towards morning, and the night far spent, before their various engagements are complete. Those which fall last have then to be hurried over, for all the mystery which constitutes half their charm would be dispelled if their task were fulfilled under the gaze of prying early risers,—

La vedo, l' alba che vuol' apparire !
 Chiedo licenza. Non debbo più cantare ;
 Chè le finestri si vedono aprire
 E le campane si sentono suonare.
 E si sente suonare in cielo ed in terra,
 Addio ! bel gelsomina, ragazzina bella.
 E si sente suonare in cielo ed in Roma
 Addio ! bel gelsomina, bella persona.

Provence, full of usages common throughout Italy, calls these *Mattinate*, *Albade*, because sung at the *Alba* or break of day.

The *Serenata* and *Mattinata* are of course exclusively men's songs. There are certain *Strambotti* which are considered to be the women's counterpart of them, in which the woman sings, *as if to herself*, when she knows that her sweetheart is within hearing—sometimes expressing herself tenderly and eulogistically, sometimes tartly or reproachfully or provokingly. *All* serenades, too, are not flattering. The offended or rejected swain has been known to sing "*Dispetti*" under the window of his incautious or faithless mistress, which then becomes a *notturmo di sdegno* instead of a *notturmo d' amore*.

Another name which I have enumerated among the titles of the *Strambotto* is "*Siciliani*." This name appears, when used at all, to be confined chiefly to the neighbourhood of Rome, and has, so to speak, a tra-

ditiono-historical origin. Though the invention of the "ottava rima" is by common consent roughly ascribed to Boccaccio, who certainly introduced it to modern use, with the riming-plan that has since prevailed, it seems to have been in use, with various schemes of arranging the rimes, by the *trovatori* of Sicily before, and the invention is carried back to Manfred. I find it quoted from Matteo Spinello, a contemporary chronicler, that king Manfred was wont to go about Barletta at night, with his guitar, singing "*strambotti e canzuni*," having with him "dui musici siciliani ch' erano gran roman-zatori"; and though these are said to have been much rougher than the rimes of a similar class that have been handed down in Central Italy, there are points of great similarity between them. The name *Siciliani* however, when used as I have said, has passed by metonymy to an occasional synonym for strambotto, and does not necessarily denote an essentially Sicilian article now.* There is also popular a love-song of eight short lines, eight syllables being the normal number, but they vary a little in length like the others, but it is peculiar to Friuli and Sardinia and Corsica.

(2) The songs of my second division are chiefly known as *Stornelli*, but also, especially about Rome, as *Ritondelle* and *Ritornelli*, sometimes *Fiori* and *Fioretti*, and by other names also, as we shall see as we go on. The name *Stornello* is, as usual, variously derived. Some take it as merely "short" for *Ritornello*, some derive it from the practice of singing *a storno*, i.e. one field-worker singing them habitually against another, almost, as we should say, antiphonally, or several, one

* I shall have to recur to the subject of this migration later, when speaking of the Venetian songs.

after another in turns. This is also called *a gara* or *gareggiare*, when in doing so they cleverly emulate each other by choosing songs which treat variously of the same theme. In the country between the Perugino and Cortonese district this singing *a gara* is called *far al nastro*.

The *plan* of construction of the Stornello is to consist of three lines only, the first, of five syllables, containing the name of a flower which sets the rime; as if, it has been said, the lovelorn swain had wandered through the woods and meadows and chosen its denizens one by one to be the witness of his pain. Sometimes, too, the names of any familiar things—salt, pepper, lemons, and even cigars and other homely objects fill this five-syllabled first line. Then the love-theme is told in two lines of eleven syllables, each agreeing by rime, assonance, or repetition, with the first. The last line is generally a perfect rime; the central line seldom more than an assonance. Most frequently the last two have no connection in sense with the first line, which may be looked upon as a “burden” set at the beginning instead of, as is more familiar to us, at the end of the verse. This Umbrian one is an instance of those the sense of which has no sort of connection with the flower-rime, and is not about love,—

Fior di verbena !
La penitenza a predicalla è buona,
Col vino in testa e la pancia piena ! *

Those from which the love-theme is absent are not common. Here is another, noteworthy, because being

* Flower of verbena ! It is a fine thing to preach up penance, With plenty of wine in one's head and a stomach well filled.

about an unlovely subject, the burden is, appropriately, an unlovely object:—

Fior di rapaccio †
Le donne d' oggiigiorno l' ha' del tristo,
E l' uomo alla fatica ha il sangue guasto. *

A great many *Stornelli* also are formed of three lines of eleven syllables each, without any burden. True, their name is then more properly "*Romanzetti*"; but they are constantly called *Stornelli* all the same.† Nearly all of these are amorous too. Here is an exceptional one written in a moralizing strain.

Chi s' innamora della donna vana
È come chi sementa fra l' arena,
Che tutto l' anno desidera a brama,
E la ricolta sua è gioglio e vena. ‡

It seems to have grown to be a practice, originating probably in places where many peasants met constantly year after year in the same fields and vineyards, to vary their entertainment by singing *Stornelli* (or at least *Fioretti*) alternately with *Rispetti* to give relief to them, supplying the place as it were of an instrumental interlude, when they were called *Rifforiti*. The cleverer singers stringing together analogous songs either made up, or set the fashion of composing, longer *Canzoni*, which though not (as many *Stornelli* were) originally *ballate* (or songs sung while dancing—the earliest form of all, of

* Lit : Flower of a great ugly turnip ! Women nowadays have to bear sadness, and men have their blood wasted with toil. This would be an exact counterpart of "men must toil and women must weep," but I am not altogether clear whether "tristo" is here used for sadness or bad conduct, as it is equally used in both senses.

† And some give the name of *Romanzetti* to *Strambotti*.

‡ He who falls in love with a vain woman, is like one who sows his seed in the sand ; all the year he is hoping and longing, and at last he has only a crop of weeds.

singing ; as sonnets were originally sung while playing an instrument),* are yet just like our so-called ballads ; so a meaning often grows concrete round a word from successive unthinking uses of it, which carries it away from its pure etymological sense at starting. Such Canzoni have themselves become subject to some amount of rule. They are bound to consist of no less than eight or more than fifty-two verses, a wide margin certainly. Their verses ought not to consist of *more* than four lines (there are exceptions), but three is the proper and usual number. The Piëdmontese favourite, "Donna Lombarda," is a sample of many which have only two. Such longer Canzoni are often themselves called "Versi intercalari," from the recurring burden which cuts into the middle of the sense of each verse.† "Quella giovine del salvoûdo," is an instance of a favourite one. There are only two lines and a refrain made into four lines thus. The third line repeats the first ; the fourth is the refrain "Veiva l' amur," and then the fifth repeats the second. A charming instance of such complicated rythmical repetition is "Lo Stornellino," of which I have attempted an English rendering in these pages. The "burden" is also called a *coda*, and in Venice *ripresa*.

By a digression, which will I am sure be welcome, I am tempted here to introduce some lines out of a *Lauda*—the nearest equivalent of which is "hymn"—which has lately been reprinted from a MS. of the sixteenth century in the Public Library of Turin. Though not coming under the head of Popular Folksongs, the quaint use of the word *ballata* makes it appropriate here. I

* *Suonare*.

† As in Calverley's highly amusing burlesque ballad with the refrain, "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese."

leave it for the enjoyment of those who understand the original ; it would be something like a sacrilege to venture to put into vulgar workaday words the expressions, which only the simplest and most poetic piety could justify, but which in the original are full of inimitable grace and fervour.

Jesu nostro amatore
Prendi li nostri cori.

Or audite esta *Ballata*
Che per amore fo trovata,
L' anima sarà impazzata
S' ella non sentè l' amore.

Jesu nostro amatore,
Prendi li nostri cori.

Or auditi (*sic*) esta novella
Che vi dirò di vita eterna,
Una laude tanto bella
Tuta piena de lo amore.

Jesu nostro, etc.

Una rota si fa in cello (cielo)
De tuti i sancti in quello iardino
Unde sta l' amor divino
Che l' infiamma de lo amore.

Jesu nostro, etc.

In quella rota
Ballano i sancti

E li angeli
Tuti quanti.

Jesu nostro, etc.

A quello spozo
Stana davanti,
E tuti danzano
Per so amore.

Jesu nostro, etc.

In quella corte è una allegrezza
De uno amor smezurança,
Tuti uano (vanno) ad una
danza

Per amor del Salvatore.

Jesu nostro, etc.

Sancto Pedro e Sancto
[Paulo]

In quella danza vano a paro,
Zu non si habia veduto mai
In si belli ballatoj.

Jesu nostro, etc.

And so it goes on describing the other saints and their characteristics, deliciously quaint to the end, analogous in idea to the so-called "Dance of Death."

The following is another "Lauda", of the same character, more than a century earlier in date, equally charming in its simple philosophy :—

Questa rota sempre volve
 Sì che alcun non si dispera.
 Ogni giorno vien la sera,
 Così il tempo si risolve.

Talor vedi il mar quieto,
 Poi si turba in un momento ;
 Mentre gira ogni pianeta.
 Non si chiami alcun contento.
 Intervien spesso che un vento
 Secca l'arbor nel fiorire.
 Tutto il fatto è nel finire ;
 Non un fior fa prima vera.
 Ogni giorno vien la sera, etc.

Al principio ch' è contrario
 Miglior fin si de' e sperare.
 Perchè il tempo è tanto vario
 Che mai saldo non può stare.
 Bene e mal non può durare.
 Nessun dunque si commuova
 Che non è già cosa nuova
 Che va il mondo in tal maniera.
 Ogni giorno vien la sera, etc.*

Another variety of canzoni with refrain is called *Zingarische*. These are regular three-line verses of

* Literal translation : This wheel is continually going round, So that no one need despair. Every day the evening comes [at last]. So time passes. One while you see the sea calm, Then in a moment it is perturbed ; While even the planets are continually revolving. No one can call himself contented. It often happens that a certain wind Will dry up a tree just as it is budding. Everything depends on what sort of an end is made. And one flower does not make spring. Every day the evening comes, etc. When things go weary at the outset, It behoves you to hope for a better ending. For the times are so variable That they never can remain firm and unmoved. Neither good nor evil can continue. Let no one therefore be disturbed in mind ; For it is no new thing that the world should go on in this way. Every day the evening comes.

eleven syllables with a short burden to each, like "My Mother," only not necessarily a repetition. There are further "Barzellette," or "Barzellate," the distinctive feature of which is that the whole first verse is repeated at the end of the poem. Also "Frotte," or "Frottole," chiefly consisting of a stringing together of sayings and proverbs distinguished by a kind of weak humour, which has led to the word Frottola being often used at the present day for a farrago of nonsense. Thus Bembo describes it as "una canzon tutta di proverbj senza soggetto proprio altro che questo, dicò l' adunanzu di loro medesimi; raccolta di ogni maniera di motteggio e di sentenza che a guisa di proverbio dire si possa." * And they are also entitled *centoni*, because they contain so many odd sayings (*cento* = a hundred); and *encatenature*, or a stringing together. Nevertheless I have met some very graceful poems bearing this name, and will cite a few verses of one by Anna Capponi di Filicaja, who is said to be one of the "pochi ingegni eletti che in tempo di universale corruzione mantennero viva la sacra fiamma della buona letteratura." †

FROTTOLA.

In questa mia partenza
Viene a pigliar licenza
Questa frottola mia,
Se sa pigliar la via.
Perchè mi trovo vinto
Anzi legato e cinto
Da indissolubil' laccio

* A song all made up of proverbs, without any other subject than such as is created by stringing them together; a collection of every kind of motto and saying which can be brought together in the guise of proverbs.

† One of the few elect intellects which in an epoch of universal corruption kept alive the sacred flame of wholesome literature.

Sallo chi prova amore
 Quanta pen' e dolore
 È, lasciar quel che s' ama.
 S' alcun ha cara dama
 Mettasi ne' piè mia.
 Che cara compagna
 Perdo per molti giorni
 Nè so quando ritorni, etc., etc.*

In Neapolitan there is a dialectic word which has occasioned some controversy of late; viz. *gliuommaro*, and it has been decided to be the same as *frottola*; gomitolo (lit. ball of string or worsted, etc.) is another Neapolitan equivalent.

The further derivations of these various names and of the names of other ramifications, it would take me too far from my present purpose to pursue. I will only speak of two other varieties, the Befanata and the Madrigal, because they have a certain amount of connection with the subject of Popular Songs. The Befanata was a game played (rather among the educated than the people, it is true) in Tuscany on Twelfth Night, but it had its origin in this very popular celebration. Two sets of "lots" were put in two vases, one containing the names of the company present, and the other being supposed to contain an equal number of verses, in which case the fun of the entertainment would consist in the appositeness or the contrary of the verse drawn simultaneously with

* Translation: On occasion of this parting There comes to take leave (for me), This *frottola* mine, If it but finds its way aright. For I myself am overcome; Rather, I should say, tied and bound by a bond I cannot break. He who knows love, knows what sorrow and grief It is to part from those one loves. If any one has a lady dear to him, let him put himself in my feet (=in my shoes). What sweet companionship I am to lose for several days together, Nor ken when I may return.

each name. But instead of this there was nothing written on the verse papers (*blank* verse it may be said), and the "innocent child" who drew them with bared arm passed them on to a skilful *letterato* to read out, who, instead, cleverly improvised a verse chaffing some foible or praising some virtue of the bearer of the name drawn at the same time. Some of these verses have been preserved and handed down, and I subjoin three specimens of them, of which it is easy to guess the appropriateness :—

- 1 Se vagheggiar o far lo innamorato
Pur vuoi, al tutto piglia questo avviso.
Fa che tu porti teco un altro viso
Chè con cotesto tu sei canzonato.
- 2 Taci la gioia di che tu sei pieno.
Felice amante de'e godersi in seno.
Chè dar più ti poteva amica stella
Ch' amar donna cortese, onesta e bella?
- 3 Perch' ogni cosa de'e venir al fine
Piglia quel che hai di bene, e fa pur' core
Ch' a ciascun tocca fra le rose, spine.

This game was also played in convents, and here are two which have served thus :—

- 4 Stai quando è detto vespero e la messa
In coro i paternostri a masticare,
E tutti le faccende lasci fare
Con poca coscienza, alla badessa.
- 5 In chiesa, in coro, e nella sagrestia
Portate il vanto ; ma quando suonate
Le campane, la gente spaventate
Che pare che venga al borgo la marea.

Translation.—1 If you aspire to being in love, or making love,

The Madrigal also has become the property of the cultivated poet, but it has a right to mention here because its name, originally *mandriale*, is derived from a song of that denomination sung by shepherds while taking their flocks (*mandria*, *e*) to pasture, and especially during their long migrations with them from one place of pasture to another. I have selected a madrigal (literary) of the date of 1604, not only as a good typical one, showing the normal metre and riming scheme of its eight lines, but also for its extreme similarity of sentiment with some of the rustic Strambotti.

Io mi parto :—cor mio, fia il mio partire
 Cagion del mio morire !
 E se fra i miei tormenti e le mie pene
 Amor pur' mi mantiene •
 Non m'è cara la vita. Anzi degg'io
 Odiar, più che la morte, il viver mio ;
 Chè stando lungo dal tuo bel viso adorno
 Morrò, vivendo, mille volte al giorno.

A little note of other varieties peculiar to Venice will be found later on.

Take this advice. Manage to put on another face, As with the one you have you will only be laughed at.

2 Take the joy with which you are overflowing a little more quietly. A lover should enjoy his felicity in the secret of his own breast. What more could your friendly star do for you than give you a lady responsive, chaste, and fair to love?

3 As everything grows towards its end, Take the good that is given you and pluck up heart. For every one must expect to find thorns among the roses.

4 You remain after vespers and mass, In choir muttering paternosters, And all the affairs you leave, With little conscience to be attended to by the abbess.

5 In church, in choir, and in the sacristy You contrive to carry off a good report; but when you ring The bells you startle the neighbourhood, As if the high tide was flowing into town.

In the course of my study of this subject, I have been through more than a hundred volumes of Folksong literature in Italian, besides many in English, French, German, and Spanish, so that there would be a good deal more to say in illustration of their history and peculiarities if space permitted ; at the same time I have not thought it worth while to interlard this unpretending and already overcrowded volume with a number of references which would be useless to most readers. I have spared no pains to make every part of it locally correct, but some errors, I doubt not, may be discovered, not only because all things human are said to be liable to them, but also because in my study of the subject I find the most authentic collectors, with every advantage of local linguistic knowledge and a store of general information very superior to mine, convicted by other collectors of slips of various kinds.

I have supplied, at the end of the volume, the notes of the melodies to which some of the songs are sung ; but there is an *entrain* about the way in which the Contadini throw their soul into their songs which can never be conveyed by printed paper.

A SHORT NOTICE OF ONE OF THE LATEST PEASANT POETS.

ONE day last spring, just as I happened to be amusing myself with looking over these translations, I received from an Italian friend, by one of the sympathetic coincidences which one never fails to note, an account of the death, which had happened a short time before, of Beatrice del Pian degli Ontani.

Beatrice, variously called del Pian degli Ontani and di Pian di Novello, is a name that has been dear to every Italian collector of Folksongs for nearly half a century past. There are few of them, even those whose peculiar field of research was in a far-distant locality, who have not gone to visit this actual type of Folksong literature. One of them calls her a "*portente di natura*"; another, "an unfailing *improvvisatrice*"; another, "worthy of the *trecento*." Now such a person, could she have arisen in England, would have been spoilt directly she was discovered.* Newspaper paragraphs would have sent her troops of promiscuous admirers, and a public subscription would have taken her out of her sphere and placed her in one where the certainty of a mediocre amount of pecuniary help would have destroyed all the *imprévu* of existence for her. Lifted out of her natural surroundings, bewildered, and searching vainly after an afflatus to satisfy her patrons which was not her original gift, her muse would have died in her; her diluted efforts would have failed to please any one; and though she might have had the vulgar satisfaction of knowing that bread and cheese would not fail to the end of her days, she would have faded away at last, weary and unvisited, in an obscurity which would have become depressing by comparison with a brief, inappropriate notoriety.

Things go on differently in Italy—at least they used to; now, everything is growing to be alike everywhere. Beatrice del Pian degli Ontani had a name and a fixed position of her own—a name as honoured in her own sphere as the first prince in the land—a position which had its own trials, no doubt, but its own princely independence also. Her trials were on a different* scale,

her independence of a different order from those of her richer neighbours ; but then this very difference marked her, saved her, from many sufferings of theirs which never could fall to her lot. How much of the discontent and unhappiness of our modern life originates in the fallacious and ridiculous pretension of shallow teachers, that the so-called working classes are the hardest worked classes of the community, and that those who have a little more money are better off than those who have less ! Whoever has more money has necessarily more to do with it, more anxieties, more begging letters, more appearance to keep up, more responsibilities of every kind,—*more work*, in fact.

Beatrice del Pian degli Ontani, her neighbours and visitors, were all, fortunately for her, imbued with different views of social science from those of our modern dabblers. The dignity of her position—though a so-called “humble” one—was asserted by treating it as established, far more than it would have been by misplaced condolences on its being different from that of some others, and by pittances of pecuniary help, resulting in giving her an unfortunate distaste for it. Instead of this, men of genius and cultivation came and sat at her feet to learn of her, and went away ennobled by the lofty aspirations of her muse, ennobling her in turn by the sincerity of their sympathy and admiration. But she always remained in the alternating sunshine and snows of her native mountains—always a peasant—honoured and revered in the midst of her poverty :

“ Unplac’d, unpensioned, no man’s heir or slave ; ”

constantly deriving living inspiration from her fresh and beautiful surroundings, reciting day by day to the

end of her life, and handing on from the exhaustless storehouse of her appreciative memory, world-old Folk-songs to the edification and emulation of her neighbours far and near, and constantly adding to the stock from her own fertile imagination to the end. Some of her verses have been pronounced by connoisseurs, of her own nationality, worthy to compare with the best lyric poetry, yet she had no (so-called) education, and could not even read.

I think that a few notes of the career of this, one of the most esteemed authors of these songs, will not be unacceptable to my readers.

Beatrice—her maiden name Bugelli—was born in 1802, at Melo, in one of the highest inhabited houses on the slopes of the Apennines, above that on which Cutigliano, now hackneyed by the tourist, is perched. In her quiet, uneventful girlhood, passed as a shepherdess, she had garnered up all the traditional songs of the neighbourhood, but only to ponder them in her heart, not being noticed for singing them much above other girls. At twenty she was married to Bernardo del Pian degli Ontani, who followed the shepherd's calling also. Probably in her remote locality she had not had the opportunity of a wide choice; the wooing does not seem to have been a romantic one, and it has been recorded by all her countrymen who have gathered the particulars of her life that she never displayed the poetic resources of her mind to her lover. But on the return from church on the wedding day, she commenced to "*dar l'ottava*" by unexpectedly singing one (of which he recognised the originality) to her husband. From this beginning a continuous stream followed. Bernardo was a good, steady, home-loving husband, and she lived with him in his

cottage at Pian degli Ontani, and bore him eight children. Thus their life passed, hardworking yet tranquil, through many years. Then trouble came. Bernardo died in the prime of life. The cottage was washed away by an overflow of the torrent Sestaione. The one which she was able to build in its stead, at the somewhat lower level of Pian di Novello, was one of a very inferior order. But the great blow of her life was the death of her eldest son at the age of twenty-two. She did not possess that beauty of type and complexion which is not infrequently to be found among these children of the mountains, but she had lustrous eyes which spoke the fire of her soul, especially whenever she was measuring her strength in recitation and improvisation with a neighbour or a wandering bard, and in such "duels" she was never known to have been overcome. "Non c'è che Dio che mi potess'vincere," she would say truly, though modestly, enough. So modest was she, indeed, that a volume of songs having been sent her, in which her own contributions held the largest place, she would give it to her visitors to read to her, and exclaim with pleasure when they came to the familiar ones, without ever suspecting that she had herself supplied them. Beatrice was often called to recite at the houses of the cultivated in Florence and other towns where, as it has been prettily said of her, she seemed to bring the perfumed air of the mountains with her. Everywhere she was welcomed and respected, and received on terms which afforded mutual enjoyment. The honoured peasant, honoured by the honoured patrician, not the servile pensioner cringing to the monied patron.

The death of her son was the crowning trial of her life. She was then forty-three, still full of vigour and fire.

Her mode of seeking relief from the paralysis of depression her great grief induced, was characteristic and suggestive. She went wandering among the mountains, and a hospitable welcome, whenever hunger and stress of weather forced her to seek shelter, was sure to be proffered to Beatrice del Pian degli Ontani in her sorrow. They say she walked on and on straight before her, like one dazed. "I have sometimes thought there is no death for me, as I did not die that day," was one of her ways of alluding to her trial. For a time, too, her poetic vein seemed spent. Yet she has lived on for forty years since that, and has been "*a portente di natura*" for all who have visited her in the chastened tranquillity of her declining years, till she passed away but yesterday, amid the affectionate solicitude of her neighbours, her children and children's children.

One who saw her many years after her bereavement has left on record an interesting scene of which he was witness. She had been speaking languidly of her changed spirit and failing powers, and only with great persuasion giving some recitations, when a strolling *suonatore* with a guitar chanced to come by. Then her old power flashed up, and she burst out with the following :—

Vieni meco a cimento, o suonatore !
Vieni, se crede potermi arrivare ;
Alla presenza di tanto signore,
Su, via, ritrovo le forze di cantare.
Io tel dico e te sto mallevadore—
Incontro a mene tu non puoi bastare ;
Sono ignorante io, che non so che dire
Ma il comando suo, voglio ubbidire.

Then the old man rose to the conflict ; and the narrator,

being Beatrice's eulogist, speaks disparagingly of his attempt, but for a peasant *improvvisatore* it is certainly not much behind hers in merit :—

Io competer' non posso a Beatrice
 Chè, del verso non ho più la maniera.
 Sento che a me la musa più non dice
 Perchè son giunto ormai verso la sera—
 Che posso far con diciasette lustri?
 Ho paura che Apollo inver' mi frusti ;
 Quasi della rima mi sento abbandonato
 Son vecchio inerme con poca memoria.

Then Beatrice took it up with a very pretty verse, justified by the remarks of the bystanders, who had given her the palm.

Dunque sopra di voi ho la vittoria !
 Nol dico già per farmi più lodare,
 Che io non uso cantar' a vanagloria
 Ma per amor' di chi viene ascoltare.

In charge of the beautiful ruin of Caerlaveroch, in Dumfries-shire, I found last autumn, in a solitary cottage under its shade, a worthy Scotch counterpart of the cherished Beatrice. A grateful recollection of the hours she made so interesting to me with her admirably recited ballads, with the sight of her Stuart relics and the outpouring of her clannish feelings, worthy of bygone days, obliges me to make this little record of her while she is probably still on the spot and ready to entertain other students of Folklore. At Melrose there is another who has something of the same spirit in her, but crowds have tended to spoil her ; the solitude of Caerlaveroch

has refined the first-named and, so to speak, identified her with her traditions, and I advise all who are interested in such matters to go and hear her inspired ravings about the locality where

“The tow’rs of Caerlaveroch are braving the sky.”

SICILY.

I GIVE the first place to the Folksongs of Sicily for three reasons. 1. Out of gratitude to my indulgent friend Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè, the Sicilian Folklorist, whose kind encouragement in my study of Folklore has fostered my interest in the traditions of Italy during many years past, and now writes me under date of 26th June of this year in regard to my present undertaking: "Mi rallegro del volume di 'Folksongs of Italy' che ella prepara, e ne felicito il mio paese; certamente l'impresa non poteva affidarsi a mani migliori . . ." He goes on to urge that the limited number of specimens from each province to which I had proposed to restrict myself was *ben crudele*, and desires me to bear in mind that in Sicily alone *seven thousand* songs have been collected.

Under his advice, most kindly given when he was himself in some bodily suffering, I considered that it would be better to sacrifice the ornate rendering I had originally thought of, and crowd in a fuller presentment of the stock I had to deal with.

2. My second reason is, that, fortified by his special assistance in this particular department, I feel that what I write concerning it has more authority and importance than any other. Though, in the course of years, besides co-operation in collecting, my investigations have been

aided by much kind direction as to printed sources, at the hands of literary friends attached to the traditional lore of their country, including that of Commendatore Cesare Cantù himself, in no other province but Sicily have I had the advantage of the direct personal co-operation of those who have actually published the results of their researches, except the late Padre Pendola of Siena to a limited extent.

3. Not the least grounded reason is that, as I have already pointed out in the Preface, Sicily is seriously considered to be the source and parent through whom all the poetry, both popular and cultivated, passed into the rest of Italy. This fact is perhaps not absolutely established, and I find in Dr. Pitre's work, though he seems to endorse it, less of argumentation* in its favour than I should have expected. Perhaps he modestly leaves it to others not of the province to prove. But it probably will be established, and in the meantime its claim is sufficiently strong to fix its position at the head of my list.

From a copy (lent me by himself for the purpose) of Dr. Pitre's masterly and now exceedingly rare "Studio Critico sui Canti Popolari Siciliani," I have gathered such few particulars as would be necessary to help the general reader to enjoy them; but I have not attempted anything like a translation, or even an analysis of it, as the smallest that would do it justice would be too elaborate for the space at present at my command.

* One or two circumstances which he mentions incidentally in relation to other matters seem to me to bear on its support, *e.g.*, that while Sicilian songs continually refer to the natural beauties of Tuscany, no Tuscan song celebrates any of the fair "Isola del Sole." Again, songs betraying Sicilian alarm of the incursion of the Turk and Saracen pirates have become incorporated into the Tuscan repertory, *e.g.*, see No. 7, Tuscan Stornelli, *infra*.

It is eminently a work for students of the science of Folklore; and the sections on the *Carcerati*, the *Mafia*, on the spirit of jealousy and revenge, on brigandage, and on the superstitions of the people, are a splendid apology, presenting all that is generous, poetical, and ideal in natural passion, such as could only have been written by a native of the volcanic soil, which, together with its dense woods, and bold, impenetrable rocks and cruel shoals, are credited with influencing its local intensity; as are the unrivalled beauty of the land, sea, and sky, the sunshine reflected in the countenances of its fair daughters, with fostering the equal intensity of its tenderer and more romantic side,—“noble forgiveness, sacred hospitality, blindness to danger, chivalrous sense of honour, and, above all, burning love.” They are chapters which should be studied in their entirety, and which perhaps can only be duly appreciated in the appropriate language of the original.

Canzone is the Sicilian equivalent of *Rispetto*, but in some parts *Strambottu* and *Sturnettu* are also used; the water-side population uses also *barcalora* and *marinara*, according as they may be sung by boatmen or sailors. Other occupations and trades supply other names, as *la furnarisca* when sung by bakers; *la vicariola*, by prisoners; *la compagnola*, by peasants, etc. Weaver women have a local celebrity for rythmical ear, possibly because the cadenced movement of their looms regulates their chant. They consist, as I have already had occasion to observe, of eight lines of eleven syllables; the sense of the lines is complete throughout, the last lines do not repeat themselves as in the so-called *iperbati* of the songs of the continent of Italy. On the other hand, they have a way of bringing in a frequent repeti-

tion of the first word, in the later lines.* Nominally the rimes are alternate, but there are exceptions, and many rime on one vowel throughout.

Ciuri is the equivalent of the *Stornello* (from *ciuri* = flower) and sometimes *muttetto*. The rime-key is not always a flower, and is often set by strange articles; e.g. *Scuma di mare* (sea-foam), *Spiritu d'acquavite*, *ovu di tunnu* (tunny-eggs), leaves of fruit-trees by the name of *pampina*, a word in the rest of Italy usually reserved for vine-leaves. "Flowers" of plants that have no flower are also sometimes invoked, as "*ciuri di radici*" (flower of radish), "*ciuri di jina*" (oats), also "*ciuri d'arena*" (flower of sand).†

Besides these they have *Arii* and *Arietti*, which are little poems of more pretension, consisting of several verses of lines of seven or eight syllables. Also *Diesilli*, melancholy, chanted greetings and benedictions and memories of dear ones in Purgatory. They have also the *Storii*, long narrative and legendary poems, and they sometimes call the sacred ones, *Orazioni*. These (and there are others also, such as the *Jocura* sung at children's games, the *Dubbiu* and the *Nniminu* [riddles]) do not come into the category of songs. The *Ninnananne* and the *Ala-vò*,‡ nursery-songs, should be named, as they are often (as we shall also see at Venice) sung as love-songs.

* E.g., *Sapiri, ben sapiri io vurrie, Com'è cumpostu sapiri lu munnu.* To know, I should like to know well, To know how this world is composed.

† In some instances one might suppose that this word was used to express the "cream" = perfection of the article named ("Fior di bellezza," "Fior di gentiluomo," is a common form of expression), but it is certainly not always so.

‡ I refer the student to Dr. Pitre's work for the Greek origin of this word.

The habit of singing *a gara*, already described in the Preface, prevails to a greater extent and with greater earnestness in Sicily than elsewhere; sometimes in public fairs, rustic gatherings, at vintage and harvest, sometimes merely at the wineshop and cottage doors. This in some places is called *cantari lu Ruggieru*. The accompaniment of their primitive instruments—the *colascione*, *mariola*, also the guitar—is more often considered indispensable than in other parts of Italy. Another characteristic which is more pronounced is the *filallela*, or prolonging with the voice of the vowel-termination of some one word before going on to the next. The rimes are on the average richer or more pat than elsewhere in Italy, fewer repetitions and assonances. Dr. Pirè observes that the Sicilian seems to court difficulties in riming, and to glory in measuring his powers against it. Many times the whole eight lines of a *Canzone* rime to one syllable. Of course, as nearly every word in the language terminates in one or other of five letters, immense facilities, which our language does not possess, are afforded for riming. The difficulties of the dialects and *sotto-dialetti* are very considerable.* I quote the following sentence from Dr. Pirè to give an idea of their varieties. In Palermo *io* stands for “I,”† but it becomes *jo* at Montemaggiore; *iu* at Alimena; *eu* at Borgello; *jeu* at Salaparuta; *j’è* and *j’ia* at Casteltermini, etc.

* A person may know a good deal of Italian, and yet be puzzled to make out the following:—

“Ciuri de musia,
 “O puvireddu comu cci ’ngagghiasti
 Di l’occhi t’ annurvau Santa Lucia!”

† So far agreeing with the *lingua toscana*, though Palermo also has a dialect of its own.

A distinguished fellow-worker of Dr. Pitre in the field of Sicilian Folklore, Professor Salomone-Marino, has pointed out with regard to the Folksongs of the island, that besides being the most voluminous, they are the only ones of all Italy that keep alive *historical traditions and legends*. In those of Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, Venice,* there are many legendary songs, but none embodying historical events. In those of Tuscany, Romagna, Umbria, Piceno, and even Calabria, he found no trace of so much as legendary allusions.† But Sicily has, he observes, thousands such; all the data of its career, the Greek, Saracen, Norman, Suabian, French, Aragonese, Spanish occupations, all are recorded in the songs, so are also the Revolutions of 1820, '48, '60, and even the sanguinary scenes of '66. Leo the Iconoclast, William the Good, and other national celebrities live in them; the Greek muse inspired their rhythmical cadences; the Arab melody lingers in the long melancholy *sostenuto* notes to which they are sung; the "Grand Turk" is ever hovering about in living ideal, now as a centre of fabulous magnificence, now as a bugbear of horror; the barbarous and reckless incursions of Saracen pirates no less than the delusive blandishments of the seiren seem to beset the path of the mariner in dangerous waters; and "*turco!*" is an epithet of contempt‡ and abuse, still.

* The statement is rather sweeping, though true in the main. There are some few traces of what may be reckoned traditional local history in some I have given from Piedmont, and still more from Venice, and one, at least, from Liguria, records a traditional veneration for Columbus.

† This refers, of course, to the *Rispetti* and *Stornelli*; there are many *Storie*—rimed legends—in Central Italy.

‡ An example, *infra*, pp. 70, 71.

Dr. Pitrè, writing later from a longer study and wider collation of these songs, and not in the first flush of surprise at their discovery, though he points out many and many points of contact between Sicilian Folksongs and Sicilian History (he has a whole volume devoted to the traditionary traces left by the "Sicilian Vespers") in the memory of the people, yet descants rather on the strange arbitrariness of the selection of events of which such a record remains, and the scarcely-to-be-discovered *why* of its fitfulness. Another chapter of his Treatise which requires to be read in its entirety. So is the chapter on the illustration of manners and customs which the songs afford.

Of the patriotic songs, none is more vigorous than one of those bearing allusion to the triumphant state of public feeling over the French after the Sicilian Vespers:—

Nun v' azzardati a veniri 'n Sicilia
 Ch' hanno juratu salarvi li coria :
 E sempri ca virriti 'ntra Sicilia
 La Francia sunirà sempre martoria.
 Oggi, a chi dici *chichiri* in Sicilia
 Si cci tagghia lu coddu pri so' gloria.*

Here is one illustrating a bit of local history, that seems to be still a great favourite at the present day.

Casu di Sciacca, spina di 'stu cori
 Di quanta larimi m' ha' fattu jittari !

* Don't venture to come into Sicily, For they have vowed to pickle your skin. And whenever you come into Sicily, The bells shall ring out for the destruction of France. Now o' days, whoever says *chichiri*, in Sicily, His throat shall be cut for his pains.

This is an exact counterpart of the Shibboleth of the Jews, but it seems odd that it should have been considered a mode of distinguishing a Frenchman that he pronounced *s* and *c* like *ch*.

A chi mi giuva 'stu misaru cori
Ch' è nudu e crudu di robba e dinari ?
Biddizza e unistà sunnu palori
Senza lu scrusciu non si fannu amuri ;
Ora nuddu pri mia spasima e mori
La stessa Morti 'un mi voli guardari.

The speaker is a damsel of good family reduced to poverty by a long and famous feud between the families of De Luna and Perollo, which brought desolation on their whole neighbourhood. By the name of "Caso di Sciacca," it is a household word in that neighbourhood still. The cruelties with which Sigismund di Luna signalized the success he ultimately obtained over his rivals were so disgraceful that Charles V. refused pardon, and he threw himself into the Tiber. The noble maiden who is supposed in this song to pour out her lament over the fallen condition of her fortunes, calls this "Caso di Sciacca" the "thorn of her heart." "What tears thou hast caused me to shed!" she exclaims, addressing it. "What is the use of this miserable heart to me, now that it is naked and destitute of possessions and money? Beauty and modesty are mere words, and invite no love when unaccompanied by the jingle of money. No one now, as formerly, declares he is sighing and dying for love of me. Death herself won't take the trouble to look at me."

This one embodies one of the threatening allusions to the Turk, of which I have spoken, though perhaps intended playfully in this instance.

Si non m' amati viu, mi fazzu amari
Ca accussi dici la filosofia,
Pigghiu cunsigghiu di sette magari,
Acqua di tri funtani in Barberia.

E a lu Gran Turcu lu fazzu calari
Cu tutta quanta la so' Scavonia.*

And here is another of a more energetic character :—

All' armi ! all' armi ! la campana sona,
Li Turchi sunnu junti a la marina.
Cu' avi scarpi rutti si li sula,
Ca io mi li sulavi stamattina.†

In another little song, the Sicilian maiden says thus of her captive lover :—

Vurria jittari un lignu 'ntra-lu portu
Fari 'na navi e jiri 'm Barberia,
E mi v' addimu siddu è vivu 'o mortu,
Chiddu chi tantu bene mi vulia.‡

A reverse which befell the Knights of Malta near Stromboli, 15th July, 1561, is thus celebrated :—

Di Marta si parteru sei galeri :
E tutti sci l' onuri di lu mari.
La Capitana avanti e l' autri arreri,
Focu contra lu Turcu vannu a fari.
Lu Gran Mastru nun chianci li galeri
Cà su di lignu e si nni ponnu fari,
Ma chianci li so amati Cavaleri
Li chianci occisi ed annigati a mari.§

* If you don't love me I must make you, For so reason dictates.
I shall take counsel of seven magicians, And the water of three
fountains in Barbary. And the Grand Turk I will make to come
down With all his hordes of Slavonians.

† To arms ! to arms ! the bell is calling, The Turks are in the
harbour. He whose shoes are broken through let him sole them (to
run away), For I soled mine this morning.

‡ Would that I could build a ship and go to Barbary, And go to
see whether he is alive or dead, He who used to love me so well !

§ From Malta there went out six galleys : And every one of the
six was the glory of the sea. The commander's galley ahead and

And thus, the not very important successes of Charles V. over Soliman II., at Tunis, in 1534 :—

Chinu ê lu portu di freschi galeri
 Cantanu la Sicilia cu la Spagna
 Vannu 'n triunfu li nostri banneri
 Cu' chianci, cu' li fuj, e si nn 'appagna
 Un ancilu mannau Diu di li celi;
 Pruteggemi e difenni a le mi Spagna.
 Viva lu 'Mperaturi e li Guirrerì
 Ca livan di li cani la cuccagna.*

The historical traditions in the Sicilian songs, however, are not all warlike. Philosophy has its heroes, too. Cicero, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas, Dr. Pitre tells us, live in them. Here is a scrap about Cicero; I have no room for more.

Scrissi cu la so' pinna Ciceruni :
 . Pazzi chidd' omu chi a li donni cridi ! †

Of all patriotic songs, or at least, of songs expressing love of country, none could reach higher than the following :—

Un jornu lu Diu Patri era cuntenti,
 E passiaa 'n celu cu li Santi,

the others following behind : They went out to fire upon the Turk. The Grand Master does not deplore his galleys, For the galleys again he could build. But he deplores his beloved knights, Deplores them killed and drowned in the sea.

* * The port is filled with new galleys, Sicily and Spain join their voices in songs of triumph ; our flags are borne in triumph. With cries and flight the enemy is affrighted. (I am not sure of the construction of this line.) God has sent an angel from Heaven, saying, "Protect and defend My Spain." Long life to the Emperor and the fighting men Who have delivered us from the boasting of these dogs of Turks.

† Cicero wrote with his pen : Idiot is that man who believes in women !

A lu munnu pinsau fari un prisenti ;
 E di la cruna si scippau un domanti,
 Cci addutan tutti i setti elementi,
 E lu pusäu 'n faccia a lu Livanti ;
 Lu chiamaru Sicilia li genti,
 Ma di l' Eternu Patri è lu domanti. *

The *Vicariole* or *carcerati* (*supra* p. 46 and *infra* pp. 55-61) require a few pages of special notice, as (with the exception of Corsica) I have met nothing like them in any other part of Italy. The daring and disinterestedness of many deeds of blood in the "Island of the Sun" puts the man who suffers for them into a category above that of the mere criminal; in fact, in many cases raises him to that of a hero and a martyr. I have not space to note here all that may be said in mitigation of crimes of brigandage and *vendetta*; but it is obvious that the configuration of the country affords temptations to the one of which we at home have no personal conception, and that the other are inspired by sentiments (however mistaken) of the highest sense of honour and unselfish family affection. It must also be borne in mind that the authors of the songs are men inspired with the same views and traditions as those who fall under cognisance of the law for such misdeeds, possibly themselves the very victims of justice; and so considered, their rough outbursts of agony cannot be read without calling up, in spite of ourselves, an echo of sympathy in our hearts, and, regard-

* One day when God the Father was feeling pleased, And walking in heaven amongst the saints (this quaint idea need not shock us; where does it differ from the expression to which familiarity has reconciled us, of His "walking upon the clouds"? or from Gen. iii. 8), Then He thought He would bestow a fair gift upon the earth, And from His crown He took out a diamond. He dowered it with all the seven elements, And he placed it down over against the rising sun. All nations call it Sicilia, but it is the Eternal Father's own diamond.

less of political economy and social science, bringing to mind all that sacred writers and poets have said in favour of compassion for the prisoner.* Being the utterances of the wildest and most uncultivated portion of the population, I find the translation of these songs more difficult than any others; but I can understand enough of them to appreciate their "exceeding bitter cry." In one, the child of the mountain-side, born to the eagle's freedom, declares that he doesn't mind the stony bed, the hard fare, or even the chain; it is the grinding tyranny of the jailer. Perhaps only those who have been subjected to some form of oppression can do justice to his lament. Another aggravation clamoured against in one or two quite recent ones is that the sentence is imposed by the foreigner, not by a native government. The speaker cares nothing for so-called "united Italy"; he has a fine country of his own, with history and traditions, that he loves. He takes no notice of a "central government" in Rome (or probably it was at Florence at the date of song); what galls him is that his country was conquered by the Piedmontese, and that he is under duress to what he considers another country:—

Carzarateddu sugnu pri 'na donna,
E di Turinu aspettu la cunnanna.*

Another also curses "the new laws from Turin."† But his curses are more terrible for those through whose cause he has lost his liberty, and for the *sbirri*, the minions of the law who keep him bound; and terrible

* Imprisoned I am for a love affair, And the sentence on me comes from Turin.

† Of course the other side of the question has plenty of songs, too; but it is more often "Caribardi" who gets the praise than the Piedmontese.

his threats of future vengeance when he gets his freedom again. This he often trusts to getting by means of some revolution; the brethren of the *mafia* to which he belongs will foster the smallest spark tending that way, and at the first tumult will break through his bolts and bars. Failing this, his one other intense hope is in his mother's prayers—his mother, whether living or dead; in his simple faith her death makes no difference to his expectations from her prayers.

Matri, ca chiap'iria ura pri ura
Tuttu aldu latti chi dástivu a mia.
Vui siti morta 'ntra 'na sepultura.
Mmenzu li guai lassástivu a mia.
Ora 'un mi cci addisiu mancu pr' un' ura.
Ca notti e jornu sempri chiancìria !
La vostr' armuzza pò priari ognura
Ca Gesù Cristo allibbirassi a mia. *

At times his complaint strikes a more plaintive note. Very touching is the lament in this one, that he is out of sound even of clocks and bells :—

1 Sugnu jittatu a la Vicaria nova.
2 Aju li peri 'nta la sepultura.
3 Pi mi nè roggiu, nè campana sona
4 E mancu affaccia lu sulì e la luna.
5 Sugnu 'nfilatu dintra di 'na tana,
6 Cc'è 'na scalidda di centu scaluna
7 Cu' scinni vivi, mortu si nu' accchiana :
8 Vivu mi cci purtastu 'n sepultura. †

* Mother, I mourn here hour by hour; all thy milk which thou gavest to me. You lie dead within a tomb. In the midst of woes it is that you have left me. No rest have I, not even for an hour (I am not sure "addisiu" bears this translation). For night and day I can do nothing but weep. May your dear soul pray for me without ceasing, That Jesus Christ may liberate me.

† 1 I am cast into the new Vicaria (see *infra*, next note) prison.

So also is this one, likening his pains to those of lost souls :—

Dutturi, chi la liggi studiati,
 'Nsignativi lu 'nfernu unni si trova.
 Va jiti all' Arsanali e vi 'nfurmati ;
 Ca vi nni ponnu dari qualchi nova.
 Tuttu lu jornu stannu a lu puntali,
 E 'nta lu mezza lu mastru di scola ;
 Passanu tutti galeri e cursali ;
 Bannera porta la Vicaria nova.*

And even from such dens of misery as this a *ciuri*, or flower-song, arises :—

Ciuri di l' arma mia, su' carzaratu,
 Senza nissuna piatà ed ajutu ; †

2 I stand there as with my feet in the grave. 3 For me nor clock strikes nor bell rings, 4 Nor to me does or sun or moon appear. 5 I am slipped into a den (*insfilare*=to thread a needle, to pass through a narrow place). 6 There is a staircase of a hundred stairs. 7 I was brought down alive, I shall only ascend (out of this place) when I am dead. 8 I have been brought here, living, to burial.

* Doctor, who studieth law, learn something about where inferno is to be found. Go to the Arsenal (another prison) and inform thyself. There they can give thee some news of what it is like. All day long one stands at the *puntali* (Dr. Pitre's note explains this as a form of punishment by which the patient is secured by a chain on his foot to a corner of his cell or to a post), And in the midst of all comes the schoolmaster. All the galleys pass by bearing the banner of the *Vicaria nuova*. (I am not very clear about these three last lines. One can understand the weariness which the lessons of the regulation pedagogue may occasion the wild man of the woods ; the aggravation expressed in the last two has, probably, reference to some local regulation between the two prisons. The old *Vicaria* prison seems to have been a sort of "happy-go-lucky" place, after the manner of prisons of old ; but the new prison, with its enforced cleanliness and dulness, and, above all, its silence and prohibition of the Sicilian passion for singing, if more salubrious, is infinitely more antipathetic.)

† Flower of my soul, I am incarcerated ; Without pity or help, from any.

And this loving stornello:—

Dammi la manu
Io ti lu juru veru,
Quannu nesciu di cca' uni maritamu." *

It is easy to construct a little romance out of these lines. The Don Juan of the people, who has been playing fast and loose with the girl who trusted him, is stung with remorse in his hours of confinement, and swears to give her satisfaction or do anything, if he could be free. And then—who knows! .*

While from the outer world the faithful maiden responds:—

O lia, lia !
L' hannu livatu avanti l' occhi mei,
Lu' spichiteddu di l' armuzza mia. †

Or perhaps she may have her peccadillo, too, and be also in durance, and from her side of the prison may cry out to him—

O fossa, fossa !
Cu lu mi amanti è carzaratu arrassu,
Ed io a la Vicaria mi manciu l' ossa !

And he, in his moment of deepest despair, cries out to her—

Amaru mia !
Cu li me' manu morti mi darria !

a cry which had much more depth of agony in it at the time when it was probably indited than it seems to contain now-a-days when suicide has become so common.

* Give me thy hand ; Verily I swear it ; As soon as ever I get out of here we will be married.

† They tore away to prison before my very eyes My sweetheart, the mirror of my soul !

But, on the whole, the mainstay of the *carcerato's* heart is evidently his mother.

Ciuri di lumia !
Cu' sa chi fa me matri
Cu' sa si pensa a mia ! *

he sings at one time ; and more lengthily at another—

'Mmenzu lu chianu di la Vicaria
Cu li manuzzi mi facia signali ; *
Vitti ca cc' era la matruzza mia,
E l' occhi cci faciantu du' funtani.
Matri, ca sulu vui pinsati a mia,
Sugnu 'mmenzu li mali cristiani ;
Lu malu stari e la maluncunia
Mi levanu la paci e lu campari. †

And again :—

Mammuzza chi vinisti a riccuntarti ?
V' hê riccuntari la gran pena mia ;
Mi tennu 'ncatinatu comu un cani,
Di nesciri di ccà è 'na pazzia.
Lu figghiu nun si divi abbanunari
Bínchi sirratu 'ntra la Vicaria ;
Quannu vennu li festi principali
Mammuzza, arrigurdátivi di mia. ‡

* Flower of — (I have not been able to find the meaning of *lumia*), I wonder what my mother is doing now. Who knows whether she is thinking of me ! *

† In the midst of the flat on which the Vicaria stands, With her dear hands she makes signs to me. I looked, and I saw there was my dear mother, And her eyes were like two fountains. Mother ! who alone hast a thought for me, I am in the midst of bad Christians. I am in the midst of evil and melancholy. They have taken away my peace and my — (I am not sure of the meaning of *campari* in this place, perhaps = *compari*, gossips, friends.)

‡ Dear mother mine ! what is it I have to tell you ? I'm going to tell you my great distress. They keep me chained up here like a dog ; It is maddening not to be able to get out of here (or,

Sometimes, too, the song with which he solaces himself is the assertion that his torment is undeserved :—

Chiancinu l'occhi mei, gran chiantu fannu,
 E finutu pri mia lu beddu münnu,
 All' isula mi stannu carriannu
 Mmenzu lu mari chi nun avi funnu ;
 Eu mi lu chiancia, ed ántu fa lu dannu,
 'Nnuccenti comu Diu sti carni sunnu ;
 'Nca mentri curri stu ventu tirannu,
 Grápiti, mari, e pórtami a lu funnu ! *

To finish off with something a little more gay than these instances of tragic romanticism, here is one of a real malefactor, who was too crafty to fall under such condemnation :—

Navarra fu pigghiatu attortamenti,
 Navarra l'hannu misu a la tortura,
 E p' arrubbari cavaddi e ghimenti. . . .
 — Navarra nu la senti sta canzuna !

Dr. Pitрэ tells that he was at great pains to learn the meaning of this strange song, and found that it related to a crafty scoundrel named Navarra, who, having long succeeded in eluding pursuit, when at last taken was found to have managed so cleverly that his misdeeds could not be proved against him. The judge, thinking to entrap him into a confession by a device, told him that if he would repeat a certain song after him correctly

perhaps, it is madness to attempt to get out of here). You must not abandon your son, Even though he is locked up in the Vicaria. And when the great Feast days come, Dear mother mine, *then* remember me.

* My eyes are weeping, great weeping they make. For me the beautiful world is at an end. To the island (of Favignana Ustica or Pantelleria) I am consigned, In the midst of the ocean which has no bounds. To me the weeping, the fault was the fault of others, For before God this flesh of mine is innocent, etc.

he would send him home free. Navarra was too clever for him, however; he repeated well enough the three first lines, "Navarra was wrongfully arrested and put to torture for having stolen horses and mares;" but there, guessing what was to follow in the fourth line (Dr. Pitre does not tell *what*), he inserted instead, "Navarra doesn't understand this song," and so escaped scot free at last instead of convicting himself according to the snare laid for him.

Another characteristic category for which I know no exactly corresponding counterpart elsewhere, is that of the religious *Canzuni*. I do not here speak of songs embodying legends or even sacred history, nor of hymns; but of actual *Rispetti* to be used like any other *Rispetti* of humbler reach, but containing the expression of ideal views about matters of religion. Some are very singular, as, for instance, the following:—

Io viju lu visibili 'nvisibili,
Guardu lu celu ch' è cosa mirabili.
Viju lu paraddisu 'ncumprinsibili
Unni arriseri Diu ch' è cosa amabili.
Chi putenza chi ha, quantu è tirribili,
Ed io su piccatori è sugnu inabili.
Nun pi chissu 'un faroggiu lu pussibili
D' amari stu mio Diu ch' è cosa amabili.*

Here is another very curious conceit, but full of tender meaning:—

* I have looked (? meditated) on the seen (? and) the unseen world. I have looked up to Heaven which is a thing most admirable. I have looked into Paradise all (? incomprehensible) (? boundless) Where resides God, worthy to be loved. How great is His power, how terrible! And I am but a sinner, impotent. Nevertheless I will not fail to do all that in me lies To love this, my God, who is so worthy to be loved.

Fici un liutu lu Figghiu di Diu
 E cu dudici cordi l' accurdau ;
 Prima, secunda, terza, si rumpiu,
 E lu sagru lintu si scurdau.
 Primu fu Giuda quannu lu tradiu.
 Secundu, Petru quannu lu nigau.
 Terzu fu Masi quannu nun cridiu
 Si non visti cull' occhi e maniäü.*

This next one also is sweetly quaint. The translation gives but a faint reflection of the quaintness of the original :—

Duci Signuri miu, li pedi abbagna
 Jeu v' amu quantu pozzu e quantu tegnu
 Mi chiama tali e tali e jeu mi spagnu
 Aju piccati assai, pi chissu 'un vegnu.
 —“ Figghiu, lu to piccatu jeu ti perdugnu,
 Chisti è l' amuri e l' obblieu chi tegnu ;
 Pigghia stu sangu miu, fattinni un vagru,
 Làvati, e venitinni a lu mè regnu.†

Still more quaint in its pious familiarity is the following :—

* The Son of God made Himself a lute, And He attuned it with twelve strings. The first, the second, the third snapped, And that sacred lute was disattuned. The first was Judas when he betrayed Him. The second was Peter when he denied Him. The third was Thomas when he would not believe, Unless he saw Him and handled Him.

† Sweet Lord of mine, I come Thy feet to lave. I lave thee with all my power, and as much as I know how. [I am puzzled by this “tali,” “e tali.” Literally it is “So-and-So calls me.” Is it a way of avoiding to name the Evil One? The simplicity of these songs generally makes any such artificial expression unlikely. Or it might be “my name is So-and-So,” and I am seized with fear. I have sinned greatly, and for this I come not (to Thee?).] “My son, thy sins I forgive thee. This of the love I bear thee. Take this Blood of Mine and make thyself a bath. Wash thyself in it and come to Me in My kingdom.

Maria, la latra, m' arrubbò lu cori
 C' un pattu ca lu sò m' avia di dari
 'Na vorta appi 'mputiri lu mè cori
 Nè lu sò, nè lu miu mi vosi dari !
 Poi ji nni Gesuzzu senza cori
 Ddà mi misi a chianciri e larimari :
 Gesuzzu, ch' è patruni di li cori,
 Mi detti lu sò cori e jeu campai.*

I have only space for a few specimens of the songs of moralizing tendency. There is a good deal of playful irony in the following :—

Lu studiusu si sfascia lu pettu
 Jittatu sempri supra un tavulinu ;
 S' 'un sona menzannotti 'un vidi lettu
 E si susi cu 'nn ura di mattinu.
 Supra li libra perdi lu 'ntillettu,
 S' affanna pri lu ventu lu mischiu ! †

As also in the following :—

Povera amara ‡ donna cui cci credi ;
 La palora di l' omo 'un sempre dura ;
 Palora d' omu nun cci aviri firi
 Mancu quannu ti giura e ti spirgiura.

* Mary, the rogue, has stolen away my heart Under the compact that she was to give hers to me. But no sooner had she taken mine, Than neither hers nor mine would she give me. Then I went to Jesus without any heart, And there I began to weep and to cry. Jesus, who is Master of all hearts, Gave me His heart and I could live.

The literal representation in pictures of the Biblical saying, "Son, give Me thy heart," no doubt was the origin of this song.

† The studious man wears out his breast, Poring always over a table. Until it strikes midnight he won't go to bed, And he gets up in the earliest hour of the morning. He loses his intellect over his books. Wears himself out for mere wind, the poor wretch !

‡ I find "*amara*" used equally for "bitter," and for the female of sweetheart; either might fit here equally well.

L' omu si pigghia li spassi e piaceri
 E di li danni toi nun ssi ni cura :
 Quannu poi stà menz 'ura e nun ti viri
 Di cui cci veni avanti e si 'nnamura !*

And here is a *Ciuri* out of the same chapter to wind up with :—

Ciuri di varcocu,
 L' amuri s' avvicina a pocu a pocu. †

The love-songs—to the general reader the most interesting class, though to a great extent containing the same beautiful imagery which will be found to have permeated all the *Rispetti* of the Peninsula—have in Sicily a decidedly intenser character; and the great exaggeration of their rapturous hyperbole is a thing which will be smiled at from a distance, or at the best claim interest as a characteristic trait of manners rather than commend itself to the heart of cooler northern readers. An example of such is the following, taken at haphazard among many, simply because least difficult to render :—

Quannu nascisti tu, facciuzza pronti
 Lu suli annavanzari ; n' autri dui tanti.
 Ficiru festa un 'Mperaturi e un Conti
 Un Greca e' un Marchisi di livanti.
 Cu' vivi acqua di ssu chiaru fonti
 S' apri lu celu, e calanu li Santi. ‡

* Poor loving, credulous woman ; The word of man does not last for ever. You should not place faith in the word of man, Not even when he swears and swears again. Man takes his ease and his pleasures, And does not trouble himself about the harm that may come to you. But when he has been half-an-hour without seeing you, *Then* he comes forward and falls in love !

† Flower of apricot (?) Love grows nearer, little by little.

‡ When thou wert born with thy fair countenance ready to please, The sun came forward to greet thee, and two others like him did

On the other hand, the Dispetti are by so much the fiercer and the more stinging, so that we are scarcely surprised when Dr. Pitrè tells of girls who have died of grief or remorse after the night when such songs of reproach have been sung under their windows. The following is chosen, like the last, out of a vast number :—

Quannu nascisti tu ladia bruttazza
Cci fuoru centu negghi e trimulizzi ;
Lu suli s' annigghiau cu' na nigghiazza
E lu risinu cadia stizzi, stizzi.*

And these *Ciuri* :—

Ciuri di jinestra !
Si vôi mârîtu fattelu di pasta
Lu vesti e ti lu metti a la finestra ! †
Maritati ! maritati ! a cu' ha' 'mpegnu
Nemmenu mi nni veni gilusia ! ‡

The great mass of them, however, take a distinguished place, requiring only a little allowance for being pitched to a more energetic key.

the like. An Emperor and a Count made a great festival ; So did a Greek and a Marquis from the Levant. With living waters from this clear source (a literal translation, but the application is wanting) The heavens opened and the saints glided down.

* When thou wert born, ugly, ill-favoured wench ! Around thee came forth a hundred clouds and earthquakes ; The sun was eclipsed behind an enormous big cloud, And the rain pelted down, drop upon drop. (*Risinu* is a word of which I don't know the meaning ; I have guessed " rain " to fill up.)

† Flower of the broom-bough, If you want a husband, make you one of dough, Dress him up and put him in the window for a show.

‡ Get married ! get married to whoso will have you. I'm not even jealous !

The following thirteen *Canzuni* and four *Ciuri*, sent me in MS., with Italian translations and illustrative notes, have all been selected by Dr. Pitre expressly for my little work, with very kind care that they may be really repre-

CANZUNI.

SONNO.

E com' hê fari ca la notti 'un dormu?
Nun sacciu chi rimediu circari;
Pigghiu la paparina pri lu sonnu,
E cerccu si mi pozzu addurmintari.
Mentri chi dormu tu mi veni 'n sonnu;
Tutta scantatu mi fa 'rrisbigghiari.
Mi bastanu li peni di lu jornu;
'Mmenu la notti fammi arripusari!

BELLEZZE DELLA DONNA.

I.

Supra un munti sparman stu bellu ciuri!
Chistu è lu ciuri di la tò billizza;
Risguardu e lu taliu di tutt 'uri,
Risguardu quant' è bella la tò trizza.
Pri pinciti cu' fu ssu gran pitturi?
Chissu ca dipinciu tanta billizza?
Pinciri 'un ti putia nudu pitturi,
Diu sulu ca ti retti ssa grennizza.

2.

Comu 'na rosa dintra lu buttuni
Durmia la bedda e si 'nsunnava a me;
Adaciu, adaciu, cci dugnu un vasuri
Si arrisbigghia apri l'occhi e mi talia

sentative instances (as far as possible in so small a compass) of the people's character and customs, as well as of their songs :—

SONGS.

SLEEP.

And what am I to do then that at night I find no sleeping?

I know not of what remedy to ask it.
Of poppy-juice my slumber I am seeking,
But all in vain it is that I thus task it.
For while I sleep I see thee in my dreaming,
And naught I find when startled from my pillow.
Thou mak'st me suffer 'nough by day, I'm deeming;
At least by night let me forget my sorrow!

FEMININE BEAUTY.

1.

Upon the hillside grew this fairest flower;
This is the floweret of thy beauty, O my love;
I look on it, I gaze on't every hour.
I gaze upon the fairness of thy tresses, O my love.
Who is the painter who to paint thee has the power?
Who knows to paint such fairness of my love?
Unto no earthly painter is given such power;
Painted, canst be alone by God above.

2.

Like rose within the bud enclosed,
My fair one slept and dreamt of me;
Softly I came, and a deep* kiss imposed—
Waking, she rests her opening eyes on me.

* *Un vasuri*=*un baccione*.

Cci sciàura di cannedda lu sciatuni !
 La trizza coddu coddu pinnulia !
 Guardàti si a stu munnu cc' è pirsuni
 Ca ponnu assimigghiari a la me Dia !
 (Dialecto di Acireale.)

3*

Una varcuzza banneri banneri
 Sta Dia d' amuri mi vinni a purtari ;
 Ridianu tutti li cilesti sperì
 Trimavanu li specchi de lu mari.
 Binidittu lu Diu ca ti manteni,
 Ch' accussi bedda ti vosi furmari !
 Spampinanu li ciuri unn' è ca veni
 L' ariu trabbatu lu fai sirinari.
 (Dialecto di Alcaño, Prov. di Trapani.)

AMORE.

I.

'Sennu picciottu, risignolu fui,
 Supra li trezzi toi, bedda, cantai ;
 Nimicu di lu suli ca li fùì,
 Amanti di la luna, e tu lu sai
 Oh quantu fici iu p' amari a vui !
 Cicalleda di notti addivintai !
 'N jornu ha a viniri e 'nsèmmula, nu' dui
 Hâmu a fari lu nidu 'ntra li gai.
 (Dialecto di Montemaggiore, Prov. di Palermo.)

Her breath as cinnamon is odorous ;
 Her hair descends upon her shoulders, free.
 See, in this world is one you'd have proposed
 To liken to this my divinity ?

3.

It was a pleasure-craft with colours flying
 Which brought this love-divinity to me ;
 The heavenly spheres were then with gladness smiling—
 Trembling * with joy the surface of the sea !
 Blessed be God ! for me thy life maintaining,
 For forming thee so beautiful to see.
 Th' flow'rs with pleasure blow while thou'rt passing,
 The troubled air is still at glance from thee !

LOVE.

I.

When young I took the form of Philomel,
 And perched me, fair, to sing upon thy tresses ;
 Shunning the sun,† I fled to shady dell ;
 Courting the moon, thou know'st, who heard'st my
 addresses !
 What did I not to show I loved thee well ?
 A night cicala I became, to offer my caresses.
 The day must come when we'll together dwell,
 Building our nest in cosy hedge recesses.

* " Conobbi il tremolar della marina."—*Dante*.

† I understand from Dr. P. that by the strict meaning of the word-
 ing it would be the tresses of which the lover is made to say he was
 the *nemicu*, but, as he says, it admits of being applied to the sun.
 I have adopted that reading as not only more likely, but as more
 consonant with our English ideas of the nightingale's habits, which
 do not however hold good in Italy.

2.

Si' scocca di 'alofaru avvampanti ;
Si' lu talentu di tutti li genti !
Affacciti e vidrai cu' cc' è ccà avanti ;
La tò billizza fa muriri genti !
T' haju prijatu megghiu di li santi,
Non mi cci hai fattu 'na vota cuntenti.
Si mai ti viju a manu a n' autru,
Iu moru, e non ricivu sacramenti.
(Dialecto di Giarre, Prov. Catania.)

3.

Amuri, amuri, chi m' hai fattu fari !
Li senzii m' hai misu 'n fantasia !
Lu patrinnustru m' ha' fattu scurdari
E la mitali de la 'Vimmaria !
Lu Creddu nun lu sàuriu 'ncuminciari.
Vaju a la missa e mi scordu la via.
Di novu mi voggh' jiri a vattiari
Ca turcu addivintai pri amari a tia.
(Dialecto di Palermo.)

4.

Bedda pri amari a tia vaju cadennu
La testa pri li mura vaju dannu,
Carnuzza supra l' ossa cchiù non tegnu,
Lu sangu di li vini va squagghiannu !
Vaju pri dari un passu, e mi mantegnu,
Chianciunu st' occhi mei, funtani fannu.
Lu tò curuzzu 'n pettu me lu tegnu.
Bedda, s' 'un m' ami tu, moru e m' addannu.
(Dialecto di Palermo.)

2.

Thou art like a posy of glowing carnations ;
In all people who see thee thou raisest desire !
Look out and see who 'tis makes these evocations ;
Thy beauty, with longing, makes men e'en expire !
To thee more than to saints I have offered rogations,
But never at all hast thou answered my fire.
If e'er thou should'st yield to another's fascinations,
I die on the spot, unassoiled, in my ire !

3.

Beloved ! what is 't thou hast done to me ?
Hast rais'd my sense in strangest fantasy.*
My mind to say, " Our Father " is not free,
Nor e'en so much as half a " Hail Mary,"
Not the first opening letter of the Cree'.
To go to Mass, I cannot find the way.
Again I would I might baptized be,
For Turk I have become through loving thee.

4.

My fair, for love of thee I fainting go,
Ready to strike my head against the wall.
The flesh from off my bones is wasted so ;
The blood within my veins is curdled all !
I try to walk, but have not strength to go,
Mine eyes are founts of tears, so fast they fall.
Thy little heart within my breast I hold.
Love, if thou love me not, I die in Satan's thrall !

* Dr. P. explains that this dialectic use of "fantasy" has a highly romantic character, expressing much more than in normal Italian (*intraducibile in italiano*)—a pure and devoted frenzy, delirium of affection.

SDEGNO.

1.

O Diu, figghioli, chi rimediù pigghiu !
 'Na picciuttedda la vurria vasari ;
 E' 'nutili ; la testa mi scavigghiu
 'Na bona forma nun la pozzu asciari !
 Cc' è sò patruzzu 'nsemmula a sò figghiu
 Cu l' armi su', e mi vonnu pustiarì.
 'Nfini di facci e facci cci la pigghiu !
 Armi cu armi, e po' 'cu' cadi, cadi !
 (Dialecto di Partenio, Prov. Palermo.)

[My English version by itself would give very little idea of the power of the original, but by its means some idea of its energy may be grasped. A whole romance is drawn in those eight lines—the stages by which a man who thinks himself unjustly kept apart from his sweetheart

2.

Nun ti pigghiari pena si nun vegnu
 Tantu a lu spissu comu cci vinla ;
 Li toi parenti mi pigghiàru a sdegnu
 E nun vonnu chi parru cchiù cu tia ;
 Di 'mpegnu t' happi e di 'mpegnu ti tegnu
 Di 'mpegnu e 'mpegnu nun ti lassiria.
 S' io vaju 'n paradisu e tu a lu 'nfernù
 Vegnu a lu 'nfernù pri vidiri a tia.
 (Dialecto di Palermo.)

INDIGNATION.

I.

O God ! * And you, friends, tell, which way to turn.

A love I have, yet can't obtain a kiss.
Distraction makes my brain with fire burn ;
No way I find to 'ttain unto my bliss !
Her father and his son a pact have sworn
Arm'd watch to keep—to my increased distress.
Thus, but to bear her off, I nought discern.
Let arms clash arms, and one or other dies !

passes from sorrow to desperation. After long debate there is something magnificent in the sudden outburst in the last two lines. For, it must be remembered, it is his own life that he puts at stake, and that seriously.]

2.

Be not distressed with me, if now I come
Less often than before to visit thee ;
Thy parents' anger keeps me from thy home,
Nor can I more obtain t' have speech of thee.
Engaged we are, since engaged we've once become :
And being engaged I will not let thee free.
If I were sent to heav'n and thou to outer doom,
I'd come below, that I might visit thee !

* This exclamation is probably the outcome of the simple faith of the Sicilians. An immense proportion of their songs either commence with or contain it.

GELOSIA.

(Parla la Donna.)

1.

Amuri, amuri, ch' avisti ! ch' avisti !
 Di ccà passasti e nun mi salutasti
 Cu 'na manu la cruci ti facisti
 Cu l' altra manu l' occhi t' attupasti ;
 Unn' è la rosa ca mi prummitisti ?
 Facci di tradituri, a cui la desti ?
 Ora mi cci haju a mettiri a li visti
 Siddu è megghiu di mia, chidda ch' amasti.
 (Palermo.)

2.

Biddu, mi lu vôi fari un piaciri ?
 Sacciu di certu ca mi lu pôi fari ;
 Non vogghiu ca ccu nuddu sciali e ridi
 E mancu lu to' cori cunfidari.
 Cridimi anima mia, cridimi, cridi !
 Ca su' di focu li lacrimi amari :
 Disidiru la morti ppi muriri
 Pri nun vidirti ccu nuddu parrari.
 (Dialecto di Catania.)

DISPETTO.

(Parla la Donna.)

Figghiuzzu t' haju un odiu murtali,
 Mancu la nnoma nni pozzu sintiri,
 Ti vorria malateddu * a lu spitali
 E tri frevi maligni pozza aviri.

* Dr. P. explains that this diminutive ending to the past participle is only used in cases of intense loving tenderness, or, as in the present instance, tremendous force of exasperation.

JEALOUSY.
(*A Woman's Song.*)

1.

My love, my love, what fancy 's thee o'ertaken?
Thou passest by, nor giv'st one salutation!
One hand, I mark, records the holy token;
The other shields thine eyes as from pollution.
Where is the rose, of love the promised token?
O traitor! t' whom transferredst that donation?
To watch is all that's left to me, forsaken—
And judge if better she who's worked out this cap-
tation.

2.

Belov'd, one little pleasure do to me,
To confer 't, I know, is quite within thy power.
Ope not thy heart, nor laugh with one but me,
Nor other with thy confidence endower.
Life of my soul, O list, O list to me,
For scalding are the tears for thee I shower.
I would that Death would bring my death to me
Rather than see thee in another's bower.

[I know no one word in English for this, it expresses wounded affection and scorn.]

My lad, I hold thee now in hatred mortal;
Thy very name is odious now to me.
Would thou were sick within th' 'nfirm'ry portal,
A suffering from malignant fevers three;

* She supposes him to make the sign of the cross to preserve himself from the temptation of keeping up an intimacy he judges to have become dangerous.

Ti putissi lu medicu urdinari
La mia sputazza pri farti guariri ;
Io starissi vint' anni a nun sputari
Quantu di pena ti fazzu muriri.
(Dialecto di Palermo.)

CIURI.

1.

Ciuri di parma !
Ammatula mi scappi, e non stai ferma.
Siddu nun haju a tià, mi nesci l'arma !

2.

Ciuri di ciuri !
A costu chi mi cassanu lu cori,
Nuddu mi spartirà di lu tò amuri !

3.

Rosu ciurita !
Tannu nun passirò cchiù di sta strata
Quannu la morti mi leva la vita !

4.

Ciuri di risu !
E si 'na vota ssi labbruzza vasu
Io moru e mi nni vaju in paradisu !

Signor Guastalla, in his interesting investigation into the history of the Folksongs of the Modica District of Sicily, calls the Stornelli exclusively *muttetti* (in his part, *sciuri* seems to be the word for "flower"). To the *ninna-nanna* he gives the alternative name of *viersu*, and expresses his opinion that those he has met with are not natives of the island, but received from Tuscany. He speaks also of another little song by the name of *razzi-*

That doctors found but one medicinal,—
 But my saliva, to bring health to thee.
 For twenty years my mouth should give no spittle,
 And thus, in suffering, thou shouldst die—through me !

FLOWER-SONGS.

1.

Flower of palm !
 In vain I fly—in vain I search for calm.
 My life goes from me—left without thee to charm !

2.

Flower flowering !
 E'en while thy sharpest shaft enduring,
 Naught shall thy love from out my heart be snatching !

3.

Blossoming rose !
 My passing steps no more'll haunt thy repose
 When Death my life shall in last sleep compose !

4.

Floweret of rice !
 If I but once may those thy dear lips kiss,
 I then may die and pass to Paradise !

neddu, which by his description seems like the religious
Canzuni (*supra*, p. 61) of Dr. Pitre.

Here is a pretty, simple example :—

Maruzza lavava,
 Giuseppe stinnia,
 Gesù si stricava
 Ca minna vulia.*

* Sweet Mary was washing. Joseph was hanging out the clothes to dry. Jesus was stretching Himself on the ground, For so His mother willed. (A "Holy Family" picture in four lines.)

Here are two Canzuni from Modica :—

1.

O Ddiu !* ca l' arti miu fursi pitturi
'Nu ritrattu ri tia m' avverra a ffari !
Pinciri ti vurria tra milli sciuri
Bàlicu, gersuminu e ccosi rrari.
Si mi mancassi lu rusçu culuri
Ri vina 'nvina mi vurria segnari.
Lu sai quantu si pati ppi 'n amuri !
Quantu stiddi c' è 'n cielu e rfina a mmari.

2.

Ri quantu è dduci ssu nnomu di Nina !
Ca sempri Nina vurissi ciamari !
Di l' acqua ca ti lavi a la matina
Ti preu, Nina mia, nnu la jittari,
O Ddiu ! ca ni faccissi miricina
Si puozzo stu caruzzu arrifriscari ;
Abbampu di la sira a lu matina
E lu ciantu lu fuocu 'un po 'stutari.

* It seems to be characteristic of the songs of Modica that they should always contain this exclamation, generally commencing with it. See *supra*, p. 73, n.

I.

O had I but the painter's art,
I'd like to paint thy face so fair,
A thousand flowers all about—
Wallflower, jasmine, all that's rare !
And if the ruddy tint ran short,
I'd bleed myself the last t' repair.
As many pains for one's sweetheart
As stars on high, sand on the shore !

2.

This name of Nina, O how sweet to me !
And I will ever call thee thus, my Nina !
The water where each morn thou bathest thee,
I pray thee throw it not away, my Nina !
A healing med'cine it would make for me,
To cool this heart that burns for thee, my Nina !
To sprinkle it at morning and at eve,
Its burning fire to restrain, my Nina !

TUSCANY.

I GIVE the second place to the Folksongs of Tuscany (1) because next after the Sicilian is their importance both for volume, purity of style, and influence on the other provinces of Italy; and (2) because it was the study of them which first brought me acquainted with the subject of Italian Folksongs and Italian Folklore at all. I ask excuse for here paying a few lines of tribute to the memory of a cultivated friend, Don Pietro Valery, for first putting me on this track, as well as for assisting me to appreciate the mysteries of Italian art.

Englishmen are apt to write of Italy and Italian art as if it was a discovery of their own; sometimes they even go so far as to hint, "These degenerate Italians know nothing about their own treasures; we must teach them their value."* The "confusion of tongues" in most cases keeps them apart from the elect votary of art, and they fail to realize the fact of his existence. Yet, hid away in unlikely recesses, and unperceived by the travelling public, Italians live and die, who exist for the sake of the *pure cultus* of art, who have grown up in the increasing knowledge of it till its schools are all alive again for them in the full bloom of its glorious growth from the trecento to the cinquecento, till that life has

* I have seen this spirit of misunderstanding reciprocated in the scorn with which an Italian has turned from the ticket in our national collection which puts a Forlivese painter down to "the Umbrian school." It is unfair to generalize from narrow data,

become part of their own life, and enough knowledge of it, both local and critical, has grown in them, and enough power of appreciation and discrimination, to make a dozen of the best of our manual, and article, writers, though too modest ever to publish a line themselves.

Such a one was Don Pietro Valery. The intimate friend and associate of the poetical author of "*Monachismo e Leggende*,"—of Tullio Dandolo, who died on the spot, of over-emotion, the hour that he had accomplished his life's ambition in being the instrument of reinstating Urbino in possession of Raffaello's skull,—he had shared with him years of devotion to the study of Italian painting and Italian poetry; and while diffident to a fault in producing his information, he was generous with his readiness to impart it to me, and in leading me to come and worship them also. The rapturous passion of enjoyment he would derive from the contemplation of some such work as a little frescoed angel of Melozzo da Forlì was a thing which I was hardly capable of understanding at the time,—I am not sure I did not sometimes profanely smile at a fancied exaggeration,—but it has remained in my mind since, as a poem, a revelation, so to speak, an art-education.

Well acquainted with the glories of the greater poets, he was not above condescending to an intense interest in the unsophisticated and untrammelled, bird-like outpourings of the Folk-songsters. Very fond he was of a judgment expressed by an intimate friend of his—one of the first and greatest of collectors of Tuscan folk-rimes—that they were "*spesso una meraviglia per l' armonia imitativo del pensiero, per la disposizione avveduta delle parole, per la eleganza delle frasi; e più per quell' affetto che dal cuore si parte, e spontaneo corre sul*

labbro e come amore spira, l' interna passione va significando."

Of Umbria by birth and early association, and devoted to its art school as to him the most perfect thing of beauty on earth, yet with sincerest absence of prejudice, it was rather to the more perfectly attuned lyre of Tuscan folk-rimes that he directed my study, than to those of Umbria. Their conformity with the prevailing rules of

RISPETTI.

I.

Bianca*come la neve di montagna,
 Bella quanto desidera il mio core ;
 Parla la vostra lingua, e mai s' inganna.
 Quanto son dolci le vostre parole !
 Quanto son dolci, son potenti a forte, (*sic*)
 La vostra crudeltà mi dà la morte :
 Quanto son dolci, son potenti e umile, (*sic*)
 La vostra crudeltà mi fa morire.

2.

È tanto mai possibile che ti lassi,
 Quanto 'n mez' al mar nasca un giardino
 E chè pietre e rubini lo circondassi.
 Ch' un albero arrivasse al ciel' divino ;
 E in cima ci fosse ad un ramo un foglio
 Dove fu scritto 'l bene che ti voglio.
 Poi ch' in cima vi fosse un breve
 Dove fu scritto quanto ti vo bene.

Italian grammar make them every way fitted to lead the way in the research, while the intrinsic beauty of the ideas they embody were on this account more easily arrived at by the beginner.

Out of the hundreds—I might almost say thousands—that possessed his fancy, I have with great regret only had space here to reproduce an infinitesimal proportion.

RISPETTI.

I.

Fair thou art as the mountain snow,
Fair as my deepest heart's desire ;
What thou speakest is very truth, I know.
Thy words with sweetness my heart inspire ;
Thy words are potent and earnest and sweet,
Yet somewhiles they freeze like a winding-sheet.
How dulcet they are ! how earnest and tender !
Yet so cruel somewhiles, they to death me render.

2.

It could nevermore be I should faithless be found
Than a garden should grow in the midst of the sea,
That jewels and rubies should circle it round,
And God's heaven be reach'd by a tall-growing tree,
With a branch at its top whence were flying a sheet
Of paper to publish my love how sweet,
And a branch at its top all bearing a brief
In which should be written my loving belief.

3.

E sete la più bella mentovata
 Più che non è di maggio rosa e fiore,*
 Più che non è d' Orvieto la facciata
 E di Viterbo la fonte, maggiore.
 Di grazia e belta sete tanto piena
 Che porti il vanto del duomo di Siena.
 Di grazia e belta sete piena tanto
 Che del duomo di Siena porti 'l vanto.

4.

E sete la più bella giovinetta,
 Che in cielo o in terra si possa trovare,
 E colorita più che rosa fresca
 E chi vi vede fate innamorare.
 E chi vi vede e non vi dona il core, .
 O non è nato,† o non conosce amore ;
 E chi vi ha visto, e il cor non v' ha donato
 O non conosce amore, o non è nato.

5.

E benedico chi fece lo mondo,
 Lo seppe tanto bene accomodare ;
 Fece lo mar che non aveva fondo,
 Fece la nave per poter passare ;
 Fece la barca, e fece il barcaiuolo
 Fece la donna che consuma l' uomo.

* This pleonasm is not invented for the occasion, it is a common saying.

† Notwithstanding that an Italian commentator takes this to mean, "non è nato *per lui* l' amore," I am inclined to think the hyperbolic reading I have given it is more natural.

3.

Fairest art thou of all known hitherto ;
 Fairer than roses and flowers of May,
 Than the pictured façade of Orvieto,
 Than Viterbo's fountain, far and away.*
 Thou hast so much beauty and grace, ma donna,
 They equal the fame of the dome † of Siena !
 Thou hast so much beauty and grace, my dame,
 They equal the dome of Siena's fame !

4.

And thou art the fairest of maidens fair
 That did ever in earth or in heaven move ;
 Thy colour is more than the rose's fair,
 To see thee but once is to learn to love.
 He who has seen thee without desire
 Is not yet born, or knows not love's fire.
 He who has seen thee and not love sworn,
 He has no heart, or is not yet born.

5.

The Maker of the world I bless,
 Who all disposed so cleverly ;
 Who made the ocean bottomless ;
 Who made the ships to cross to thee ;
 Who made the boats and those who man boats ;
 Who made the maids on whom each man doats.

* Far and away = much more = Maggiore.

† Duomo = big church. Though the cathedral of Siena has a dome, it is not *that* which is here celebrated, but the whole cathedral.

This is a song with necessarily clumsy rimes in translation, but worth reproducing for the sake of the patriotic mention of architectural glories.

6.

O viso bianco quanto la farina,
Chi l' ha composte a voi tante bellezze?
Dove passate voi l' aria s' inchina *
Tutte le stelle vi fanno carezze.
Dove passate voi l' aria si posa,
Voi siete del giardin la vaga rosa ;
Dove passate voi l' aria si ferma,
Voi siete del giardin la vaga stella ;
Dove passate voi l' aria si priva,
Voi siete del giardin la vaga cima.

7.

Eccomi bella che son già venuto,
Chè li sospiri tuoi m' hanno chiamato ;
E tu credevi d' avermi perduto,
Dal ben che ti volevo son tornato.
Quando son morto, mi farai un gran pianto : †
Dirai "è morto chi mi amava tanto !"
Quando son morto, un gran pianto farai,
Padrona del mio cor sempre sarai !

8.

Sete più chiara dell' acqua di fonte,
Sete più dolce della malvagia,
Il sole s' alza e vi si specchia in fronte :
Sete più bella di Rachele e di Lia.
Quando vi vide quella stella i fronte,
Voglio più bene a voi, che a mamma mia.

* At Terlan, in Tirol (and I think other places also), there is a folk-tradition attached to a leaning tower, that it had bowed before the purity and beauty of a maiden who passed that way.

† I write this as it was given to me, and I have since often seen it in print in nearly the same form ; but it reads to me as if the second half had not originally belonged to the first ; they seem parts of two songs of differing lines of thought.

6.

Countenance fair as flower of wheat !
Whence did all beauties come to you ?
The very air * bows to your passing feet,
The stars caress you with their glow.
For you to pass by the air stays as it goes,
For you are the garden's fairest rose ;
For you to pass by the air waits from afar,
For you of the flower-beds are the star ;
For you to pass by the air stands still,
For you are the crown of the garden hill.

7.

See me, my fair one, already return'd,
For your sighs from afar have recall'd me ;
You thought I had left you alone unconcerned,
But the love that I bear you impell'd me.
When I'm dead you will lift up your voice and lament,
And cry, " He's no more who to love me was bent !"
When I'm dead you will lift up your voice and complain,
But queen of my heart you will ever remain.

8.

More transparent thou art than the mountain rill,
Than malmsey wine more sweet thou art ;
Thou mirror'st the sun rising o'er the hill ;
Than Rachel and Leah more fair thou art !
When I see that star gazing down on thee,
I forget my mother for love of thee.

* "The zephyr" would have made a better line of poetry, but I have resisted the temptation in order to preserve the simplicity of the original.

9.

Sono stato a Ninferno e sono tornato.
Misericordia ! la gente che c' era !
V' era una stanza tutta illuminata,
E dentro v' era la speranza mia,
Quando mi vedde, gran festa mi fece,
E poi' mi disse : " Dolce anima mia,
" Non t' arricordi del tempo passato ?
" Quando tu mi dicevi, ' Anima mia !'
" Ora, mio caro ben, baciami in bocca,
" Baciami tanto ch' io contenta sia.
" È tanto saporita la tua bocca
" De grazia saporisce anche la mia,—
" Ora, mio caro ben, che m' hai baciato
" Di qui non isperar d' andarne via."

Boccaccio and other early writers use "Ninfrino" for "inferno." This song is one of the few instances of a reminiscence of classical mythology that I remember meeting among Tuscan songs. The whole picture is rather of the ancient "inferno" than the Christian "hell." Some confusion, however, has entered it in the course

10.

Bella, bellina chi vi ha fatto gli occhi ?
Chi ve gli ha fatti tanto innamorati ?
Di sotto terra levereste i morti
Dal letto levereste i ammalati :
Tanto valore e tanta valoranza !
Vostri begli occhi son la mia speranza.

9.

I went down to Ninferno, and here I'm returning.
Lord o' mercy ! to think of the many folk there !
I came to a chamber with many lights burning,
And the hope of my heart was a-lying there !
As soon as she spied me she joyed with great joy ;
And then she said softly : " Dear life of my heart,
" Oh, don't you remember the days long gone by
" When you used to call me, ' Sweet life of my heart !'
" And now with thy mouth's kisses,* kiss me, my love,
" Kiss me so long till my heart is content.
" Perfum'd b'yond compare are thy lips to me ;
" Bestow their perfume on my lips for me.—
" And now my heart's good, thou hast given that kiss
" Hope not any more to escape out of this."

of repetitions : that the kiss should seal the fate of the visitor to the lower regions, and prevent his return as described in the last line, is in accordance with the normal treatment of the legend, and yet the first line says, "e sono tornato."

10.

My fairest fair, who gave those eyes ?
Who filled them with resistless love ?
They might draw the dead through the soil where he lies,
They the dying from off his bed might move,
They have so much power and such bravery ;
Thy beautiful eyes hold all hope for me.

* Canticles v. 15.

II.

Il primo giorno di calen di maggio
 Andai nell' orto per cogliere un fiore
 E vi trovai un uccellin' selvaggio
 Chi discorreva di cose d' amore.
 O uccellin' che vieni di Fiorenza
 Insignami l' amor come comincia—
 L' amor comincia con suoni e canti
 E poi finisce con dolori e pianti.

DISPERATO. •

Ero nel mezzo al mare, chè mi fu detto
 La mia dama s' era maritata.
 Sollevai gl' occhi 'l cielo, e dissi—Christo !
 Non posso sopportare tale ambasciata, *
 Sollevai gli occhi al ciel e dissi—Signore !
 Non posso sopportare tale dolore.

DISPETTO. †

Ti possa intravvenir come a quel cane
 Che andò alla riva di quel dolce fiume ;

* I have seen this printed *imbasciata*=message, which seems weak and flat. I am inclined to think it is *ambascia*=oppressive agony; with the additional syllable to rime with *maritata*.

† I subjoin an example of a *Dispetto* of the literary class of poetry to compare with this and other examples of the Folk class. It is by Ginori, one of the most accomplished lyric poets of the 16th century.

I.
 Non vuoi ch' io t' ami?
 Non t' amerò.
 Poi se mi chiami
 Non t' udirò
 E tu l' ingrata
 La spietata
 Ognor detto sarà
 Guarda che fai !
 * * * *

3.
 Se iu te pietade
 Non troverò
 La tua beltade
 Non seguirò !
 E tu l' altera
 E la severa
 Ognor, etc.
 * * * *

II.

On the first day of the calends of May
 I went in the garden to gather a rose ;
 A song-bird sat there from far away,
 Chattering about all the things of love.
 " O birdie, who com'st from the city of flowers,
 Say, how beginneth this love of ours ? "
 " Love, it beginneth with music and song,
 And endeth in mourning the whole life long."

• DISPERATO.

I was far out at sea when it was said,
 That my own maid had another wed.
 I just raised my eyes to Heaven, and cried,
 " O Christ !"—and I thought then and there to have died.
 I just raised my eyes, and exclaimed, " Lord, hear !
 My God ! this is more than I can bear."

DISPETTO.

What happened to that dog, may haply you befall,
 Who going by the bank of that smooth glassy stream

6.

Ma se il tuo lume
 Dolce vedrò
 Te quasi nume
 Adorerò.
 E tu pietosa
 E l' amorosa
 Ognor, etc.

[You say you don't want me to love you ! Then I'll leave you alone. But mind, if you call me, I shall turn a deaf ear. And to you, the ungracious, the pitiless, It shall henceforth be said, " See what you're doing." 3 If no pity in you I find, your beauty I will no longer run after. And to you the haughty, the severe, It shall henceforth, etc. . . . 6 But if I see your light beaming graciously, Then as a divinity I will worship you. And to you, the gentle, the loving, It shall henceforth, etc.]

In boc' aveva un pezzolin' di pane,
 Allo meriggio gli parevan' due ;
 E lasso quello per aver quest' altro
 Rimane senza l' uno e senza l' altro
 Così forse intraverrà a te
 Rimarrai senza lui e senza me.

RISPETTI.

(*Parla la Donna.*)

1.

Conosco il vostro stato, fior' gentile
 Non è dover' che v' abbassiate tanto
 D' amarmi me * che son povera e vile ;
 Chè voi de' belli ne portate il vanto.
 E voi de' belli il vanto ne portate ;
 Conosco ben che voi mi canzonate.
 Voi mi burlate, e me lo dice ognuno
 Ma siete bello, e perciò vi perdono.

2.

Avanti che ti lascia, fior di lino,
 Tutte le lingue morte parleranno
 E le fontane getteranno vino
 I poggi d' oro si ricopriranno.
 Se si ricopron lasciali coprire
 Per te son nata, per te vo' morire.
 Se si ricopron lasciali coprir forte
 Per te son nata, per te vo la morte.

* This repetition for the sake of emphasis is very common ; it sometimes occurs also through the inveterate habit of putting two words together and treating them as one, till in some cases the sense of the second is altogether lost. Thus I have known country children say " Sissignora Signora," the " Signora " having for so long been made one word with the " Si " that their ear felt the want of another " Signora " for respect.

Was bearing in his mouth his slyly stolen meal,
 Then, in the midday shine, *two* booties there would seem !
 Leaving the one to seize the other's pictured sheen,
 He loses th' new, also the first one e'en.

* The same thing might happen quite likely to you,
 And you'd find yourself left without him and me too.

RISPETTI.

(*For Women.*)

1.

I know your standing, gentle flower mine ;
 It is not meet you should yourself abase,
 E'er to love me who am too poor to shine,—†
 You who are vaunted for you beauteous face.
 You whose fair face is vaunted everywhere,
 I know that you but joke when love to me you swear,
 You only mock me—all have told me this—
 Yet I forgive you, for your winning face.

2.

Ere I forsake thee, thou flaxen flower,
 The tongues of the dead shall speak again,
 The fountains shall throw of wine a shower,
 And the hills shall be covered with gold again.
 If they put on gold, let them gilded be ;
 I was born for thee, and will die for thee.
 Let them be covered deep and high :
 I was born for thee, and for thee will die.

* The change of metre to mark the transition from the narration of the fable to its application.

† The same idea is better expressed in the beautiful song, the authorship of which has lately been discussed in "Notes and Queries," "Douglas, tender and true."

Quanti ce n' è che mi senton cantare
 Diran' " Buon per colei ch' ha il cor contento !"
 S' io canto, canto per non dir del male
 Faccio per iscialar quel che ho drento.
 Faccio per iscialar mi' afflitta doglia
 Sebbene io canto, di piangere ho voglia.
 Faccio per iscialar mi' afflitta pena
 Sebben' io canto, di dolor son piena.*

3.

Quanto sta ben la pietra in quell' anello
 Quanto un par d'occhi in quel pulito viso.
 V' ho assomigliato all' Angiol Gabbriello
 Gli è il più bel santo che sia in paradiso.
 V' ho assomigliato all' Angiolo del cielo,
 E di lasciarvi non è il mio pensiero.
 V' ho assomigliato all' Angiolo beato,
 E di lasciarvi non ho mai pensato.
 V' ho assomigliato all' Angiolo di Dio,
 E di lasciarvi non è il pensier mio.

DISPERATI.

(*Canta la Donna.*)

I.

È ito sotto il sol, s' è fatto notte ;
 Amor, non te ho potuto rivedere
 E m' è venuto il sudor della morte,
 Sento le membra mie 'n terra cadere ;

* This is a very favourite song all over Italy. Here is the Istrian version.

Quanti di quisti mi me sento	E cusset Idefa li puossa gioi-
a cantare.	tare !
Deise ; quilefa canta l' uo el bon	Quando ch' i' canto alura i' me
tempo !	limento.

How many who hear me singing away
Will cry, "Well is't for her whose heart is content !"
If I sing, I sing just that no ill I may say ;
I do't to pour out what within me is pent ;
I do it to pour out my heart's deep sigh.
But e'en while I sing, I had rather cry.
I do it to pour out my heavy care ;
But e'en while I sing, the grief is there.

3.

Well shines in this ring the sparkling jewel,
Well shines in this fair face the lustrous eye,
To me thou art fair as the angel Gabriel,
The fairest of all fair saints in the sky.
For me thou art fair as an angel on high,
And never from thee my thought shall fly.
For me thou art fair as an angel blest,
And ever with thee my thought shall rest.
For me thou art fair as an angel of God,
Never from thee my thoughts shall plod.

DISPERATI.

(*For Women.*)

I.

The sun is gone, the night's returned :
My love, thou hast not been to me.
A death-sweat wraps me all around ;
My strength is gone from out of me.

E m' è venuto il sudor dell' affanno,
E il giorno d' oggi a me m' è parso un anno.
E m' è venuto il sudor del morire,
Il giorno d' oggi non vuol più finire.

2.

Vado di notte come fa la luna
Vado cercando lo mio innamorato ;
Ritrovai la Morte acerba e dura :
Mi disse :—“ Non cercar, l' ho sotterrato !”

DISPETTI.

(*Canta la Donna.*)

1.

Ti credi, bello, 'l mondo sia affinato
Non v' essere altro amante, fuor di te!
E ce n' è uno nel mi vicinato
A sette volte più bello di te.
Durasse tanto la foglia agli ulivi
Per quanto dureranno i dami a me !
Durasse tanto la foglia d' abeto—
Non hai bellezze da correrli dreto !

2.

Chi te lo comandò che tu mi amassi ?
Ero nel mondo, e non ti conoscevo
Tenevo gli occhi miei celati e bassi
E neppur' nella fantasia non ti avevo :
Nè nella fantasia nè nel pensiero.
Bello di tua persona niente spero.
Nè nella fantasia, nè nella mente ;
Di tua persona non ci spero niente

A sweat of anxious fear has come to me ;
To-day's day seems to be a year to me.
A death-sweat wraps me all around ;
To-day's day seems as if it would not end.

2.

I wandered through the night as does the moon—
Wandered, of my heart's beloved in search.
I found but Death, mocking with cruel doom,
“ Seek him no more ; I've laid him 'neath the earth ! ”

DISPETTI.

(Women's Songs.)

1.

Dost think, my fine lad, that the world's at ebb-tide,
And never another swain in it but thou ?
Why, there's one living now close to my home-side,
And he's seven times better looking than thou.
As many as leaves on an olive-tree,
So many are lovers about for me,
As many as leaves on the fir and pine.—
If I run after a face, 'twill be better than thine !

2.

Who was it bid thee hither come to love me ?
I was alive while yet I knew not thee.
I held my eyes down, nor so much as saw thee,
Nor in my fancy even pictured thee,—
Pictured thee nor in fancy nor in thought.
My youth, from such as thee I just hope naught,
Hope naught in fancy, nothing hope in mind ;
In such as thee nothing hope I to find.

3.

Or che m' hai lasso tu, t' ho lasso io :
Per questo non c' è niente da rifare.
E ce n' è tanta dell' acqua nel rio ;
Se tu hai sete, te la può cavare.
E ce n' è tanta dell' acqua piovana
C' è tanti giovanotti senza dama.
E ce n' è tanta dell' acqua per me
C' è tanti giovanetti senza te.

4.

Ti pensi, bello, ch' io per te ne mora ?
Io morirò, ma non di gelosia ;
Chè degli amanti se ne trova e trova
Migliori assai di vostra signoria.
E n' è venuta una barca di fuori
E dentro c' era la speranza mia.

FROM SIENA.

(Serenata.)

E m' era spolto per andar' a letto
Bella, tu me venisti in fantasia,
Presto mi rizzo, mi calzo mi vesto
Piglio mi' ribecchino e vado via
Per tutte strade canto e suono
Fo innamorar' le città * e le abbandono.

* *Citto* and *citta* are much used about Siena for "lad" and "lass." Is this connected with our "chit" ?

STORNELLI.

1.

Avete le bellezze di natura ;
E se la morte non ci dissepara,
Vi voglio amare infin' ch'l mondo dura.

2.

Ragazza sgherra !
Eramo innamorati dalla culla
Ora non siamo più ; trema la terra !

3.

Amore ingrato !
M' hai detto di venir, non sei venuto
Fino alla mezza notte t' ho aspettato !

4.

Fiore di zucca !
Avete nel parlare il miele in bocca
E i vostri sdegni son olio di Lucca !

5.

(*Canta la Donna.*)

Che serve che di quì voi ci passate
Se tanto la ragazza non l' avete ?
Le suole della scarpe consumate !

6.

(*L' uomo risponde.*)

Ci vo' passar' quando mi pare e piace
Le strade non mi sono proibite ;
Il suolo delle scarpe 'n me lo fate.*

* *Suola* and *suolo*, a word of both genders.

STORNELLI.

1.

Fair as nature's self thou art ;
And unless hard Death us part,
I'll love thee while the world shall last.

2.

Maiden nimble !
We've loved each other from the cradle,
Now we've parted ! O' earth, tremble !

3.

Love ingrate !
Thou bid'st me come, I come to the gate ;
Midnight 's struck, in vain I wait !

4.

Blossom of the gourd !
There's honey from thy mouth in every word,
As Lucca oil, e'en thy disdain's regard !

5.

(A Woman's Song.)

Why will you always still pass by this way,
If the girl will not have you and always says nay?
The soles of your shoes you will thus wear away.

6.

(The Man answers.)

I pass because it's my own will and pleasure,
From treading th' roads I am not under censure ;
The soles of my shoes I made to my own measure.*

* *Lit.* "You do not make them for me."

7.

(Canta la Donna.)

Fior' di gran' turco
Se non mi sposi tu, bel mio ragazzo
Vo' i' 'n Turchia, e vo' sposare un turco !

8.

M' affaccio alla finestra, e vedo 'l mare :
Tutte le barche le vedo venire
Quella dell' amor mio non vuol passare !

STRAMBOTTI.

DA SIENA.

V' insegnerannò come fanno le citte
Quando ballan' con un' mal volentieri,
Se ne van' per la sala ritte ritte
Fanno le viste d' aver male ai piedi.
Ma quando ballan' con chi voglion' loro
Non hanno l' ale, ma, metton' il volo.
Ma quando ballan' co' lor' innamorati
Paion tante serpenti avvelenati.
E quando ballan' co' lor favoriti
Allor' dal mal' di piede sono guariti !

DA MONTAMIATO.

Se io te lasso, non l' avere a sdegno
Ti do la fede di ritornare
I' core mio ti lascio in alto pegno
Accio di me non t' abbia a lamentare.

7.

(Women's Songs.)

Flower of Indian wheat ! *

If thou won't have me, my dear reprobate,
To Turkey I'll go 'nd take a Turk for my mate !

8.

I stand at my window and gaze on the sea,
I watch all the fishing boats coming to lee ;
The boat of my sweetheart, it comes not to me !

STRAMBOTTI.

FROM SIENA.

Come, list, and I'll tell how the lasses behave
Such times they must dance with the lads they won't have.
They stalk all the way down the room, stiff, oh stiff !
And as if they had one foot inoperative.
But when they're to dance with those whom they approve,
Though they haven't got wings, they can fly like a dove.
And whenever it is with their lovers they dance,
They're as agile as poisonous snakes, in their prance.
Whenever their favoured ones fall to their lot,
The pain in the foot 's altogether forgot.

FROM MONT' AMIATO.

If now I leave thee, be not thou displeased ;
I give my word to come to thee again ;
I leave my heart—high token I am pledged—
I would do nought of which thou might'st complain.

* A riming license. Of course Indian corn is not wheat. .

Prendi lo core mio e fanne vezzi
Così del tuo farei, quand' io l' avessi.
Prendi il cor mio, fanne corona
Così del tuo farei, bella persona.

STORNELLI.

DALL' LUCCHESE.

(All in present use in this neighbourhood, and selected.)

1.

Quando nascesti tu, 'nacque un bèl fiore ;
La luna si fermò di camminare,
Le stelle si cambiaron di colore.

2.

E quando ci venivo non volevi
Diceva che da babbo ne toccava
Ora non vengo più. Perchè mi chiedi?

3.

Fiorin' di menta
Una volta ci avevo la speranza
Ora non ce l' ho più ci vuol' pazienza !

4.

(Di Donna.)

Quando passi di quì passi cantando
Io poverina sto nel letto e intendo
Volto le spalle a mamma e forte piango.

5.

(Di Donna.)

Fiorin' fiorello
Quando faceva l' amore era tranquillo
La noia cominciò dopo l' anello !

Take this my heart, and for a charm it wear ;
So I with thine, if only mine it were.
Take thou my heart, and for a chaplet use it ;
So I with thine, if only I might choose it.

FROM THE DUCHY OF LUCCA.

from among many collected for me by an Italian friend
in the course of this summer.)

1.

Thy birth, love, was the birth of a fair flower ;
The moon her course arrested at that hour,
The stars were then arrayed in a new colour.

2.

When I was used to come, you would have none of me ;
You'd say it was forbid by Father's hard decree.
Therefore I come no more. Why do you ask for me ?

3.

Floweret of mint !
Time was, a hope I nurtured, at thy hint ;
Patience alone remains. That hope is spent !

4. *

(*Woman's.*)

Your voice is raised in song when you pass near,
While I, poor I, lie prone in bed and hear.
I turn from mother, and pour out many a tear.

5.

(*Woman's.*)

Floweret flowering !
While we kept company, sweet peace was I enjoying ;
Trouble began after the nuptial ring !

LETTERA.

The "letters," of which I have already spoken in the Preface and elsewhere, have always a half-educated character which is not altogether pleasing. I think, therefore, one example may suffice. The one I have

Giunt' a Pistoja, o mi fatal destino !
Tosto diedi principio a sospirare
E nel ripensare a tè, vorto diino
Tante pene non posso sopportare.
Fo partenza di te però mi par' vicino.
Come far questo tempo a passare?
Consolerò questo mio cor affritto
Cor inviatti questo fogghio scritto.

Se i' mare fussi 'nchiostro e i' ciel un fogghio
Ed ugni stella fussi uno scriano
Nun scrieremo i' bene che ti 'ogghio
Se stessiu' sempre colla penna 'n mano !
Far partenzu da te, mi fu cordogghio
Che 'r tu' parla' nun sia fallace e vano
Mi fa stare con pema e con dolore
Ch' a un autro damo t' abbi dato 'r core.

Di tenerezza io languir mi sento
Quando ripenso alla ficura intanto
Ed io a te ci pensi 'gni mumento
Gghi occhi di larimar' mi fanno ir pianto !
Nun poso nè venire, nè mandare
Nun c' è nessun che sappia la via.
Se rondinella potassi 'ventare
Spieghere 'l volo e ti vierre' a troare.

LETTER.

selected is supposed to be addressed to his lover by a Tuscan conscript, on his arrival at his depôt at Pistoja. Though originally used as letters, they yet reckon as songs.

Arrived at Pistoja by my fatal doom,
At once my thoughts returned to sigh for thee,
And thinking on thy divine face's bloom
Gives me a pain of which I would be free.
I go from thee, and yet I still seem near.
How shall I pass this time, away from one so dear?
I'll soothe this poor afflicted heart of mine
By sending thee, my love, this written line.

If seas were ink, and skies all one broad sheet,
A letter-writer every several star,
They could not tell one half my love how great,
Though their pen always in their hand they wear.
I go from thee,—this makes my heart to greet;
For to have speech of thee, vain hope it were;
And so with anxious pain my heart is riven,
Lest to another swain thy heart be given.

I feel myself with tender passion languish,
When I the while thine image 'fore me keep.
The thought of thee I every moment cherish;
Mine eyes over their own long crying, weep!
I cannot come to thee, nor yet may send,
For there is none who knows the way to find.
If I could int' a swallow-bird be turned,
I'd spread my wings and to thee have returned.

FROM THE PISTOJESE.

(Stornelli.)

The first three of these afford a specimen of how the singing *a gara* commences. These, which I give in

1.

Degghi stornelli te ne vo 'nsegnare,
Pigghia 'a panchetta e metteti a siedere
Insino a domattina s' ha a durare.

' 2.

Ed io degghi stornelli ne so sei
Gionottini ne so più di voi
A uno a uno vegghi cantorei.

3.

Ed io degghi stornelli ne so mille
E me gghi ha' nsegn' il fattore di Colle
Quelle che fa le reste alle farfalle.

4.

Fiorin' d' argento !
E la mia mamma mi fece in un campo
E a fammi le bellezze nun fu tempo.

5.

M' affaccio alla finestra e veggo voi
Di subito di voi m' innamorai
Che bella coppiettina saremm' noi !

6.

Sigari 'a mazzo !
Mi chiesi lo mi' cor te lo ditti.
Ora che te l' ho dato, lo strapazzi !

FROM THE COUNTRY ROUND PISTOJA.

Pistojesse dialect and many variants of them, seem to be common in every part of Italy for this purpose.

1.

Of stornelli my knowledge is vast.
Take a bench, please, to sit down and rest.
The telling till morning will last.

2. •

And I of stornelli know six.
I know more than you, my young rustics.
I'll tell one by one, and not mix.

3.

As forme, quite a thousand's my score.
Colle's * steward 'twas, taught me my store.
Ask the butterflies if you want more.†

4.

Floweret of silver !
Mother worked in the fields when I was born to her.
To put the beauty touches she'd no leisure.

5.

I stand at the window, and thee I see.
Directly I find me in love with thee.
What a pretty little couple we shall be !

6.

Cigars‡ in a packet !
You ask'd for my heart, and you had it ;
And having it, now, only rend it.

• This is a farm near Fognano belonging to the Guicciardini.
† I am not sure I have caught the meaning of this line.

7.

Fiorin' di menta !

Giovinottin', nun me lo fa' per onta !

A me, de giovanottin' 'un me ne manca.

8.

Poichè i quadri'—la fiori ce l' ho
Dammi 'l tu 'cor—ti sposerò.

9.

La rosa spampata 'non si rinchiude più !
Un core addolorato non se rallegra più !

10.

Giovine so',
Pensieri n' ho' tre,
Fummare, andar 'a spasso,
Fa' l' amòre con te.

11.

Giovine so',
Pensieri non ho
Val' più mi ricciolino
Che la tu' *rococo* !

12.

Se tu vo' far' l' amore, ci fo
Ma levati il cerchio alla *rococo*.

13.

Se tu vo' fare l' amore con me
La *rococo* nun la devi tiene !

[Very curious, these illusions to the hoops and topknots, adopted probably by some peasant women who had been up to Florence. In the Romagna songs we shall similarly meet an instance of the

7.

Floweret of mint !

Think not, lad, to treat me with contempt.
For my part, of lads about me I've no stint !

8.

The money I've ready ; the flowers, e'en, too.
Give me your heart, and I'll marry you.

9.

A rose once petalled*blows never again
A heart once afflicted joys never again !

10.

Youthful I am,
Of fancies I've three :
To smoke, promenade,
And to make love to thee.

11.

Still youthful I am ;
I make no innuendo ;
My curly head 's better
Than your *rococo* !

12.

If you'll make love with me, I'll respond to your passion
But first take off those hoops of the *rococo* fashion.

13.

If your wish is that I should keep comp'ny with you,
Leave off doing your hair up *à la rococo*.

unsophisticated peasant lads scorning the fashions of the capital.
It is a pity the old costumes are not similarly safeguarded now-a-days.]

LO STORNELLINO.

(Un Contrasto.)

O marfattore !
O quanto mal facesti !
i' avevo uno storno
a me me lo prendesti.—

E se i' te l' ho torto
i' so ch' i' ho fatto male ;
ma i' tu stornellino
i' te lo vo pagare.

Per i' pagamento
i' ti vò' dar' un piano
che pe' tre vorte l' anno
c' ci sega i' grano.

Per i' pagamento
i' piano nun voggh' io ;
e te rechiello pure
lo stornellino mio.

O marfattore !
quanto mal facesti !
i' avevo uno storno
a me me lo togghiesti.

* A distinguished writer on Italian dialect considers that this song refers either to a stornello (song) that the girl's father makes her confess to him that her lover has given her, or else that she speaks of a "flea-bitten" horse, which is one meaning of the word *stornello*. I only put myself in opposition to him with the greatest diffidence, but I cannot feel any doubt that the interpretation I have adopted is the right one. In the first verse she calls it a *storno* (= a red-legged partridge) a word never applied to a horse, whereas *stornello* equally designates a starling. *Stornello* is also applied to one

THE STARLING.

(A Lover's Quarrel.)

O thou sad wrong-doer !
O what evil hast thou rendered !
I had a birdie for my pet ;
Thou hast him from me sundered !

In that I took him from thee,
'Twas wrong I won't say nay ;
Also for that pet birdie
I'll surely thee repay.

And for to make that payment,
I'll give thee such a plain,*
That in the course of every year
Thrice thou may'st cut the grain.

Now for the promised payment,
No plain of thine for me ;
But I require thee to bring
My birdie back to me.

O thou sad wrong-doer !
O what evil hast thou rendered !
I had a birdie for my pet ;
Thou hast him from me sundered.

* *Piano*, primarily a plain, is specially used for the little bits of flat on a steep hill-side of which the thrifty mountaineers take such advantage. We have seen it in use in Preface, p. 37, etc.

kind of schedule for the lottery, and no loss would be resented more keenly ; but even this does not fit the whole song so well as a bird.

Per i' pagamento
i' ti vo' dar' un poggio
che pe' tre vòrte a l' anno
e' ci si sega l' orzo.

Per i' pagamento
i' poggio nun voggh' io ;
e te rechiello pure
lo stornellino mio.

O marfattore, etc.

Per i' pagamento
ti vo' dar' un palazzo ;
le pietre tutte d' oro,
e le mura di sasso.

Per i' pagamento
i palazzo nun voggh' io ;
e ti rechiello pure
lo stornellino mio.

O marfattore, etc.

Per i' pagamento
ti vo dar' un cavallo ;
la brigghia tutta d' oro,
la sella di cristallo.

Per i pagamento
i' cavallo nun voggh' io ;
e ti rechiello pure
lo stornellino mio.

O marfattore, etc.

Then for to make that payment,
I'll give thee such a hill,
That three full times in every year
For barley thou may'st till.

Now for that promised payment,
No hill of thine for me ;
But I require thee to bring
My birdie back to me.

O thou sad wrong-doer!

Then for to make that payment,
A palace I'll bestow ;
The stones shall all be golden,
The walls of rock I trow.

Now for that promised payment
No palace offer me ;
But I require thee to bring
My birdie back to me.

O thou sad wrong-doer !

Then for to make that payment,
I'll bring thee a fine stallion ;
The bridle shall be golden,
Of crystal bright the pillion.

Now for that promised payment,
No stallion offer me ;
But I require thee to bring
My birdie back to me.

O thou sad wrong-doer !

Per i' pagamento
ti vo' dar' na fanciulla
che 'ghi ène bianca e rosa
e non è bon' a nulla.

Per i pagamento
la fanciulla la voggh' io ;
e te rechiello pure
lò stornellino mio.

O marfattore, etc.

Then for that promised payment,
An infant * I will bring,
All over pretty pink and white,
No good for anything.

Now for that promised payment,
That infant give to me ;
Still I require thee to bring
My birdie back to me.
O thou sad wrong-doer !

* The meaning of this is rather obscure, unless the child is meant as a *gage d'amour*. Her acceptance of it, and the sly demand for the restitution of her pet all the same, makes up a very pretty conceit.

VENICE

claims of me the next place, because in collecting its songs I had some help from another valued Italian friend, the distinguished Roman orientalist and *poliglota*, Monsignor Francesco Nardi. Though perhaps a little superciliously in old-fashioned style himself preferring the lyric utterances of educated poets (the "Kleine Gedichte" of Schiller were special favourites of his), he did not deny the importance of the Folksongs, and, in conformity with the generous use to which he was ever ready to put his vast stores of varied information and valuable library, gave me many items of assistance with those of the Veneto, his own *patria*.

While many of the *Canti* that are found in Venice, or have been collected there, are simply variants of such as are current almost everywhere in Italy, there are some which are locally peculiar; for instance, there is (1) the *Vilota*, which is entirely Venetian. It denotes both a little song setting the air for a dance, and the dance which it measures. In their Campi and Campielli* the people were wont to gather, and even still do so on *festas* in the remoter *Capielli*, and dance *Vilote* while the older women sang them; the dancers sometimes subscribing a few pence to pay those who sing and the hire of a

* Venetians call a piazza *campo* because it was originally, really a bit of greensward left unpaved, and the smaller ones (*Piazzette*) they call *Campielli*.

tambourine. The *Vilota* generally consists of four lines, the first and third agreeing by rime or assonance ; the second rarely rimes ; the fourth is a repetition of the first. Sometimes it is continued into six lines by re-casting the words already used, no fresh idea being introduced ; if it has eight lines (and this happens but rarely) it does not become an *Ottava*, but it is called *double*, so essential is the four-line form (*quartina* = quatrain) to the *Vilota*.

Interspersed with the *Vilota* they often introduce an "intermezzo" to still lighter and quicker music which is called a *Nèò*, one of the most frequent forms being "Enota, Enota, Enio," which some have thought to have been introduced by Greek sailors, thus :

E - n - o - ta	E - n - o - ta	E - nio
Al vée ô ráv,	al vée ô ráv	η νύς
Ecco viene o amico,	ecco viene o amico	la sposa

But others think it to have been merely an invitation from the singers to the dancers to change their measure "E nota, e nota, e nio," to take note of the time and dance in a circle as birds do when about to build their nests (*nido* = *ni'o*).

The following traditional origin is also given for the *ni'o* chorus. There was once a humpbacked old woman surnamed *La zota* = the figure of fun, so ugly and moustached that she only barely escaped being hunted down as a witch. Nevertheless, some one determined to marry her in spite of her being so ill-favoured and unpopular. The vulgar, after their manner, determined to make the wedding an occasion for *baccano* (uproar). The strange couple, to avoid the *baccano*, arranged to have

* i.e. The title and the dance are locally peculiar, but imported canti are found adapted even to the *Vilota*.

their wedding celebrated in the most private manner on the Lido island. But among the people a secret is seldom kept; the roughs of the adjoining quarter got wind of the plan, and the wedding party had hardly returned from the church to a wineshop garden, where they meant to enjoy themselves unobserved, than they saw boatloads of persecutors swarming in upon them like Bishop Hatto's rats. They seem to have been of a pacific turn; for turning a *buon' viso* on their *malfortuna*, according to the Italian proverb, they ordered the inn-keeper to invite the intruders to the wedding feast, and to supply all who arrived with whatever they asked for.

This conciliatory conduct had the desired effect. Never had such an entertainment before been known, and so greatly did the malcontents enjoy the unexpected free commons, that it was unanimously decided to celebrate the memorable occasion by returning every Monday of September (the feast had taken place on the first Monday of September) in every future year to spend a joyful festa in drinking, singing, and dancing—a custom which has not altogether died out. Venetians were wont to commemorate every event by song; Goldoni said of them, "Cantano nelle piazze, cantano nelle strade, cantano sopra i canali; cantano i mercatanti spacciando le loro mercanzie; cantano gli operai abbandonando il lavoro; canta il gondoliere aspettando il padrone. Il carattere nella nazione e l'allegria e quello del Veneziano è la lepidezza." * Hence a special Vilota was of course

* They sing everywhere, in the streets, the piazzas, the canals; the pedlar sings as he spreads out his wares to view; the workmen sing as they break off work; the gondolier sings as he stands expecting a fare. The character of the whole nation is gladness, but the special characteristic of the Venetian is humour.

made to celebrate the marriage of the Zota, and here it is :—

Zaneta cara, vestite da festa
 Che vogio che in fragia andemo a Li'o.
 Pontiti negro e galaneto in testa
 Che vogio che disemo—"e nota, e ni'o" ;
 E che rebata el cimbanò, "ni'o e nota"
 "De Luni a Li'o s' ha maridao la zota"
 "E ni'o, e ni'o, e nota
 De Luni a Li'o s' ha maridà la zota
 E ni'o, e nota, e nio, e nòta, e ni'o.
 S' ha maridà la zota luni a Li'o." *

I fancy there is little doubt, however, that the laborious investigation of popular customs will find that both the custom and the chorus existed long before the marriage I have described; and that though *zota* was found to rime conveniently with *nota*, it did not give it its first occasion.

Though the *Vilota* is properly a dancing song, it is also used for serenades.

All the *Vilote* are not so joyous; from the Castello and Canaregio quarters arose melancholy ones about the dangers of the sea.

2. The Venetians have another dance-song called *Furlana*, which is danced to a quicker step than the *Vilote* and by women alone.

3. They call some of their songs *Nane*. In other parts of Italy, *ninne* = *nanne* denotes a lullaby, and some

* Dear Jinny, put on your holiday clothes, For I want to join the joyous band to the Lido. Put on your black, trimmed head-dress, For I want to go and sing "e nota, e nido." And to have the cymbal clanging with "nido e nota." For on a Monday at Lido was married the *zota*. (The lines of the chorus which follow, are, it will be seen, merely a re-casting of these.)

of the Venetian *Nane* are baby-songs, but some also which come under this title are ordinary love-songs.

To return to the imported songs. As I have already said in the Preface, it appears to be generally agreed among the Italian and German searchers after the Folk-songs of Italy that most that is purely Italian in them started from Sicily. The statement does not satisfy me, but I do not know enough about the subject to controvert it, and I repeat what I find to be the result of the investigation of the better informed. The influence of the troubadour songs of Provence is scarcely felt beyond the region of Piedmont in the songs of *the people*, and there only in scant measure.

Seven thousand popular songs have been collected by Dr. Pitre and others in Sicily, and among these are found in immense proportion the original form of those which have become current throughout the Peninsula. Tuscany received them with open arms, and polished and adorned them, and then poured them into Venice—for example, by the hands of the silkweavers of Lucca, who migrated thither (1310-40), and other similar means.

It would be beyond both my scope and my powers to attempt to trace the extent and the limits of this transfusion; but the following examples, which have been lately reprinted from the Trevisan MS. already alluded to (of the 15th cent.), if compared with those given in the text of this work, as current in other parts of Italy, and allowance made for a small amount of polishing by the collector, distinctly bear out what is advanced.

I. BALLATA.

Doi ochi ladri me consuma el core	} <i>Ripresa.</i>
Sì dolcemente fai vista d' amore	
Tu volci l' ogi prestì cu vageça	

Vixiosamente fuzi chi t' amira
 E prestamente mostri toa beleza
 L' anima dal core fora mi tiri.
 Guardando ati l' anima sospira
 Tanto sei liçadra che mi fori el core.
 Doi ochi ladri me consuma el core
 Sì dolcemente fai vista d' amore.

Je su vageta per darte dolore ;
 E non pensar che sia per to diletto.
 E spessa volte guardo li amadori
 Cu un desdegno per farje dispetto.
 Se la possanza seguise a l' afeto
 Vendeta ne faria del traditor !
 Doi ochi ladri, etc.

O despietata i ver de mi se' tanto
 Orgoglioso, fera cu desdegno !
 L' anima mia si consuma in piantò
 Poi che per la toa man morir convegno
 De pensa in prima, dona, se io su degno
 E poi mi alcidi s' el te ven dal core.
 Doi ochi ladri, etc.*

* Translation.

Thy two roguish eyes consume my heart, So sweet and soft are thy glances of love. Thou dartest thine eyes quickly with languishing power. Artfully flitting away from him who admires thee, Quickly thou returnest again to dazzle him with thy beauty. The life out of my heart thou hast drawn. Gazing up to thee my soul passes away sighing. The sight of thy beauty pierces my heart. Thy two roguish eyes, etc.

The second verse is the maiden's answer, and she seems to have a truly Venetian tragic spirit. "I am lovely only to make thee suffer. Do not fancy that it is to give thee pleasure. Often when I cast on you glances of love It is only just out of bravado. At the same time I would (if I had the power as strongly as the intention) Take summary vengeance on a lover who betrayed me. Two roguish eyes, etc.

Then the enamoured swain answers submissively : O pitiless one, true thou art to me. So haughty, so cruel, so disdainful. My soul pours itself out in tears. And even to die by thy dear hand I consent. Consider first, O maiden, whether I am worthy of thee, And then kill me if you find it in your heart. Two roguish eyes, etc. '

2. BALLATA.

El to bel viso dolze anima mia me fa languir d' amore }
 Sì che non so che pase al me cor sia per te, lezadro fiore. } *Ripresa.*

Più volte t' ho veduta star liçadra e bella
 Eser da me venuta con sì dolze favella
 Che mi credea coger la ramela de quel fruto amoroso
 Che sta piantato nel bosco zoioso che sta apreso del core,
 El to bel viso, etc.

Se alcuna volta bramo de i fior che stan de intorno
 E tu me volte il fianco nascóndi me el viso adorno
 Quando me crede aver più dolze el zorno quello m' è tuto fele
 Chè tu mi sei sì aspera e crudele che perdo ogni vigore.
 El to bel viso, etc.

A mi non val cantare, nè far suave vose,
 A mi non val pregare, nè far le braze croze.
 Che tu mi se' sì aspera e feroce e non sai cortesia
 Chè non penso solo tuta vita d' eser tu servidore.
 El to bel viso, etc.

Io non vojo più cantare ; sono questa parola
 A me conven zurare se mai te trovo sola,
 De far te entrare en de la scola de le done amorose,
 Che non sanar le piazze penose che sono fat d' amore.
 El to bel viso, etc.*

* Translation.

Thy fair face, sweet life, makes me languish with love, so that nothing is there in my heart but is full of thee, gentle flower. Oft have I seen thee stand so gentle and fair, Or coming to meet me with such sweet speech, That I thought I was about to cull a branch of that fruit of love Which is planted in the jocund grove that surrounds the heart. Thy fair face, etc.

But what while I would snatch the flowers that grow around thee, Then thou turnest from me and hidest thy fair comely face. When I think to have the sweetest day then all becomes gall. For thou art so distant and cruel that I lose all energy. Thy fair face, etc.

I sing, and it serves me not, nor to make sweet music avails me. I pray to thee, and it serves me not, nor to seek to twine my arms around thee. For thou art so fierce and distant, as if thou knew no

3. BALLATA.

Traditor, ladro, zamai nol credea } *Ripresa.*
 Che mi innamorasi e poi andasi via. }

Tu me deseve, o falso traditore,
 Che era luce e spiro del to amore
 Che tu mi portavi serata nel core
 Più che altra donna che al mondo sia.

Traditor, ladro, etc.

Tu vagezavi li miei occhi belli
 Li celi ad arco li labri vermeli.
 Traditor, ladro, non te piàceno più !
 Lasali stare, che vendeta ne sia.

Traditor, ladro, etc.

Non t' arecordo del dolze diletto
 Che aviste meco in nel bianco leto
 Basando li labri, strenzandomi al peto !
 Or è passato non sai che cosa sia.

Traditor, ladro, etc.

Non t' arecorda del dolze desio
 Che avisti meco ! Che morta fose io !
 De, tol el core e rendimi el mio
 Non me far star in tanta zilosia.

Traditor, ladro, etc.

Chè ! Non parli, ladro ! Che stai così muto.
 Che non te avesse zamai cognesato !
 Al alto Dio così fose piazuto,
 Traditor, ladro, della persona mia !

Traditor, ladro, etc.

Quale è quella dona che non ce sia colta
 Se a le parole de l' omo ascolta

kindness. Although that the thought of my life is but to be thy slave. Thy fair face, etc.

I'll sing no more. I but sound forth this word. But it behoves me to swear that if ever I meet thee alone I will make thee enter the school of loving women. For the painful wounds that are made by love are not otherwise healed. Thy fair face, etc.

Vo' me tu male se fu finzula stulta
 A consentire a quel che me disevi.
 Traditor, ladro, etc.

Translation.

O traitor, robber, I never could believe
 That you could so have loved me and then could so deceive.

You used to tell me, O untrue traitor,
 I was the anchor, the lodestar, of your being.
 That in your heart's recesses you kept me more watch'd o'er
 Than other maiden, since the world's beginning.
 O traitor, robber, etc.

You went in raptures o'er my dark eyes' gleaming,
 My lips of coral, and my eyebrows high arching.
 O traitor, robber ! hast in them no more pleasure ?
 E'en so then ; and vengeance, shall come in equal measure.
 O traitor, robber, etc.

I did not love thee because thou gav'st me money,
 A purse of satin, housings for a tourney ;—
 It was of thy sighing that I took compassion,
 Thy sighing feign'd, feign'd in such perfect fashion.
 O traitor, robber, etc.

Hast thou no mem'ry, for the joy delightful
 We had together, in my bed white and brightsome ?
 My lips sweetly kissing as to your breast you press'd me—
 And this has passed away—as if you'd ne'er address'd me !
 O traitor, robber, etc.

Hast thou no mem'ry of all the lover's sighing
 Which for me you offered ! Would dead I were lying !
 Come, take thy heart away, and give me back my own one ;
 But leave, O leave me not, a hopeless and forlorn one.
 O traitor, robber, etc.

Speak to me, traitor !—stand not so cold and speechless !
 Would we'd ne'er joy'd with those days of pleasure matchless :
 Since thou art mindless, would God on high had will'd so,
 O traitor, robber, of all I had to give so !
 O traitor, robber, etc.

Where is the woman would not have been enchanted
 By listing to man's pleading, when such a man descanted?
 And canst thou now reproach me if I, a foolish maiden,
 Consented to thy wishes, when all so ably bidden? *
 O traitor, robber, etc.

STRAMBOTTI.

I. DISPETTO.

Ricordati ch' el ven la vechieza,
 Che tu perdi la zoventura,
 Chi non prendi del ben si fa mateza
 Fin che l' à † tempo e fin che l' à ventura.
 Ricordati che ogni toa beleza
 Se n' andarà con fa la neve e la calura,
 Posa non trovarai amor nè gracia
 Nè homo che a guardarti non se faccia. ‡

* The transition from "you" to "thou," though it does not happen to occur in the original of this ballad, is not uncommon in similar songs, and must be my excuse.

† It is not uncommon still in *Alta Italia* to write *ò, ài, à*, etc., instead of *ho, hai, ha*.

‡ Remember that old age is coming on, That you will lose your youth. Not to enjoy oneself is foolishness, As long as one is of the age for it and as long as one has luck. Remember that all your beauty Will go away like the snow and the heat. After that you will find neither love nor favour Nor man to come forward who will look at you.

There are numerous variants of this in the poetry of every province. Was it one of them suggested to Heine these analogous lines?

Es liegt der heisse Sommer
 Auf deinen Wänglein;
 Es liegt der Winter, der kalte
 In deinem Herzchen klein.

The young warm summer glow
 Lies fresh upon thy cheek;
 And yet thy little heart
 Wafts wintry answers, bleak.

Das wird sich bei dir ändern,
 Du Vielgeliebte mein!
 Der Winter wird auf den Wangen,
 Der Sommer im Herzen sein.

But wait a little while,
 Thou dearly loved one mine!
 Winter shall mark thy cheek;
 In thy heart yet, summer shine;

2. DISPETTO.

Sia biasimata la crudele usanza
 Che ano le done contro de soi amanti,
 Che stare li fano in longa speranza
 E zorni e mesi cu sospiri e pianti;
 Perdere il tenpo, sta l' omo in balanza
 Senza aver fruto de i soi afani tanti;
 E pensan per tardar ch' el sia lo mejore
 Quando deveria tosto dar el fiore.*

1. RISPETTO.

Se a te ben voio e che t' amo de bon core
 Non è rason ch' io debia penare.
 Cosa non è che più mai me conforte
 Come vederti e odirti parlare.
 Però non voio de me amara sorte
 Chè sola sei che me poi confortare.
 Mostrame speso el to lizadro viso
 Con batitore che m' à sì conquiso.†

2. RISPETTO.

Vivi zoiosa—e state innamorata
 Del fino amore e dal perfeto core!
 Da tuta gente ne sarai amata
 Senpre tenuta de le done el fiore.

* Be blamed the cruel custom Which women have towards
 their lovers, That they make them wait in long hoping, Days and
 months in sighs and complaints. Losing his time, the man seems
 on the scale of a balance, With no fruit for all his long desiring.
 They think that to keep him waiting is the best way. When they
 ought rather to bestow the flower of their love at once.

† If I have loved thee and given thee my heart. It is not a
 reason that I should be kept pining. There is nothing else in the
 world that can console me, more, But to see thee and hear thee
 speak. I will have no more of my bitter lot, For it is thou alone
 canst comfort me. Show me often thy enchanting face. My heart
 beats for thee, thou hast so enthralled me.

In another version this becomes a *Dispetto* by the winding-up,
 containing a threat to turn to another flame.

Chè de beleza senpre to sei apresiada
 De cortesia e de carcaduno honore.
 Dona lizadra e de vertu felice
 Degna d' eser al mondo imperatrice.*

DISPERATO.

Piu leto amato de sto mondo fui
 Ora me vezo el più desconsolato
 E questo si è sol per lo mal der d' altrui
 Che mal azu chi me n' à incolpato.
 Che ancor credo di veder colui
 Stentar al mondo per questo pecato.
 E ancora credo de veder* vendeta
 De quela fulsa lengua maladeta.

Translation.

The gladdest of earth's lovers was I once,
 But now the most distressful feel to be,
 And this alone through vice of others' tongues,
 Through false malicious charges laid on me.
 Th' inventor of this cruellest pretence
 From this world wanting, for his sin, I look to see—
 I retribution look to see o'ertake
 The perjured tongue that could such mischief make.

Gossiping mischief is a frequent ground of complaint in popular songs.

The two following Dispetti are taken from some that have been reprinted from an earlier MS. than the last

I.

La femina si è falsa per natura
 La occide l' omo e poi si lo risana
 E quand è con lui la ge zura
 De non li far alchuno fallimento

* Live in gladness—and be thou loved. With the flower of love and by a perfect heart All people shall love thee. And always shalt thou be held the flower of women. For thy beauty shall be ever extolled and thy kindness and every quality. Fair woman, happy in thy virtue, worthy to be empress of the world. .

E quando l'è partito la speranza
 E com un altro la si do buo tempo
 Ch' i zura e chi speranza sacramento
 Al altro mondo porta già tormento.*

2.

Hai fato fama volerti far monacha
 A la vita beata di francesco ;
 Brusata ti possa esser la tua tonicha
 O concreto de lo basilisco.
 Da che nacesti semp fusti heronica
 Priego te intocchi come uciel a visco
 Dame ad interfider grilli p, cicogne
 Le tue parole tute son mensogne.†

Stornelli have been similarly naturalized into the Veneto, and have in numerous instances been clothed with local colouring, and the habit grew for gondoliers to *stornellare* one against the other, just like the husbandmen in other districts. Nevertheless, they retain also the trace of their foreign origin, and it is said that the women have never taken to them ; say they are insipid when the men sing them, and never sing them themselves. * Their dialectic word is *stornei*. Some other peculiarities of Venetian parlance may be observed in the songs here quoted, as, for instance, the absence of

* Woman is false by nature. She kills man and makes him alive again. So long as she is with him she swears to him Never to fail him in any way. And when he is gone she forgets her oath. And takes her pleasure with another. But whoso swears and then forswears their sacrament, In the other world will bear penalty in torment.

This is perhaps an early form of "La donna è mobile," which, if I mistake not, was a popular song transplanted into Rigoletto.

† You have given out that you were going to be a nun In the blessed life of St. Frances [s rule]. But your nun's habit may be burned Or reckoned as of the same nature as the Basilisc's skin. Ever since thou wert born thou hast been a deceiver, Drawing one to you as a bird is caught by bird-lime, Passing off grasshoppers for storks. Thy words are deceit, every one.

double letters so dear to other Italians—Venetians never double any consonant but *s* and *z*. In common with other North Italians, though less frequently, they put *u* for *o*, as *stulta* for *stolta*; and many words will be observed to be quite different in form, as *finzula* for *fanciulia*. But as I am writing a song-book and not an etymological treatise, I content myself with simply noting these things without going into derivations. And to facilitate the reading of those songs by those who only know the lingua Toscana, I further note that *ch* followed by a vowel is pronounced as in English, so that to take the word *chiave*, for instance—a key—which in other parts of Italy is pronounced hard, making the designation of the article similar in sound in the two languages, the Venetians say it soft as we say *chipe*. They use a cedilla for a *c*, which has to be soft before *a*, *o*, and *u*, which does not occur anywhere else in Italy. All Italians are fond of elisions and contractions, but the Venetians indulge the fondness in double measure, as *so* for *suo*; *co'* for *con* and also for *come*; *voì* for *voglio*, etc.

NANA.

Fa nana, fantolin de la Madona
 Fa nana anema mia, he mi te vardo.
 Fa nana pignoleto de to nona
 E de to nono bel pometo sguardo.
 Del to caro papà speranza bona
 Mio gensamin, e zegio, gagiardo
 Fa nana coresin fra nu vegundo
 Per esser de San Marco un zorno scudo.

* This is an instance of a *Ninne-nanne*, which is really a child's song. The allusions are all so locally characteristic that it is vain to attempt a riming version of it. I will first give a literal translation and then explain the allusions. Lullaby child of the Madonna.

Here are two others which do *not* seem to be baby-

I.

Sia maledeto chi à mazza 'l meo can
Ch 'el gera la più cara bestiolina
El me portava el concolo * del pan.
Sia maledeto chi à mazza 'l mio can !

2.

Vorave che piovesse macaroni
E che la terra-fasse formagiada
I remi di galla fuss' i pironi.†—
Che gusto ! de magnar 'sti macaroni !

CANZONETTI.

I.

In Piazza di San Marco sul liston
M' ò insonià tre bellezze di donzelon ‡

Lullaby my little soul, I am here to watch over thee. Lullaby pine-cone of thy grandmother. And of thy grandfather fair ruddy apple. Best hope of thy dear father. My jessmin, my beautiful lily ! Lullaby dear little heart now, so that in the time to come you may be a buckler of St. Mark's.

Fantolin = dear little one ; a favourite term of endearment.

Pignoleto. All over Italy the almonds of the pine-cone are the children's delight ; the huge fruit is cheap enough. Placed before the fire, or in the sun, it is a pleasure to see them burst and pour out their treasure. The song implies that the grandmother is sure to bring one when she comes to see the child, and the mother calls the child by the name of the thing it loves.

Pomelo sguardo ; *sguardo* is dialectic for "ruddy." It will be observed in this beautiful lullaby each epithet is appropriate to its special use. The local patriotism breaks forth at the end, and we see the sentiments of which the people's character was formed.

* The long shelf or plank or "peel" on which bread is carried to the oven. No doubt he was a clever dog to be trusted with this.

† Dialectic for *forks*.

‡ The word *donzelon* expresses a marriageable girl of the upper class.

songs.

I.

Be hang'd the churl my little dog who killed !
The dearest little beast you ever saw !
My tray of loaves he bore, and never spilled—
Be hang'd the churl my little dog who killed !

2.

Would that macaroni 'd rain down from the skies,
And that the earth itself were covered o'er with cheese !
Our oars we'd use for forks for such supplies.
How jolly ! Macaroni raining from the skies !

CANZONETS.

I.

In Piazza of St. Mark's I laid me down,
And I dreamt of three fair ladies of renown.

* This is not the place to discuss the fallacies of newspaper correspondents about alleged cruelty in Italy. But I call attention to this simple expression of tender affection for animals which I have found very common in Italy. No people are more given to make tender companions of the four-footed companions of their toil. There are several honest-hearted men suffering in penal servitude now for drawing the knife in defending their dogs from the horrors of the municipal dog-cart.

Ma dopo, nel campiel' * de S. Tomà
In somiando una puta, m' ò svegià.

[The intention of this seems to be to express homely affection. He only dreamt of the fine ladies, but the

2.

Io son in mezzo al mar ; sento el sonelò
Che chiama a messa el popole a la Crose
E mi insonio sul ranchio el mi putelò
Chi sarà un zorno Ballotin del Doze.

This is one of the most charming of Folksongs. Away from home, waking or sleeping, the Venetian sailor is always thinking of his home. Far out at sea, he fancies he hears the bells of St. Cross, his parish church, calling the good folk at home to prayer. At night his dreams are all of his family—his highest aspiration is that his little son will be selected to be *Ballotino* to the Doge. Who knows now what "*Ballotino* to the Doge," means?

3.

Dal ponte de la Pagia, anema mià,
Mi vardo spesso al ponte de i Sospiri ;
Perchè vivo in perpetua carestia,
E amor mi fa provar tuti i deliri ;
Cussi fra la 'morosa e la miseria
Mi son sempre a dezun, son sempre in feria .

[This allusion to the Bridge of Sighs is of course playful. Various reasons are assigned for the name of Ponte della Paglia. One is, that straw was littered there for

* *Campiel* as above, p. 118 n.

But soon after, in St. Thomas' little field,
My girl appeared and quickly caused my sleep to yield.

idea of his own love woke him to embrace her.]

2.

I am on the high sea, but I hear the bell boom
A-calling to mass all the folk of St. Cross.
I dream on my plank that my boy in his bloom
Will one day become "Ballotin'" to the Doge.

—so true is it as the Northamptonshire poet said—"the poet's song" is fast becoming "the only refuge" for "old customs." The *Ballotino* was a little boy deputed to take the golden balls out of the Cappelli (urns) at the election of the Doge; an office ardently sought after, as the child who filled it had claim to a number of prerogatives throughout his life.

3.

From the bridge called the Paglia, my soul's joy,
I oft betake me to the Bridge of Sighs;
For with perpetual dearth you make me toy,
While love exciteth me in maniac-wise—
What with my mistress hard, and my love-misery,
• I always fasting am—no festal day know I!

the horses of those who rode to the Council. Though there are hardly any horses now in Venice, there were plenty in the 14th century, and the bridges were built

flat for the convenience of those who trotted over them—before the streets were paved, of course there was no difficulty in riding through them. There was a fig-tree in Piazza S. Salvator, where it is also said that the horses of those who rode to the Council were tied, as trotting

4

(*Canta la Donna.*)

A piè del ponte de le Marevegie
Sconde el mio ben 'd' ogni bellezza i vanti,
La soa più bona xe de le famegie
So pare e so fradei xe regatanti.

[A touching legend is told to account for the name of this bridge. Its "Marvels" were these: A young waterman, whose great ambition was to be one of the *regatanti*, was in the habit of frequenting a family in this neighbourhood where were six handsome daughters and one ugly one. He flirted with all the six and enjoyed himself, yet it happened that exactly since he knew them he began to get weak and pale, and some one told him that he must be under some spell in that house. It seemed like it; and who could be the witch unless it was the ugly sister. As the evil went on, he grew more excited against her, and at last determined to kill her. On a Holy Thursday, when her father and sisters were visiting the Easter sepulchres, he went to carry out his design. While he was waiting on the bridge trying to screw his courage to the sticking point, he suddenly observed a

5.

Gier sera andando da la mia morosa,
A San Stin ò trovaò quel del Capoto;

through the crowd in Via della Merceria was so dangerous that it had to be forbidden. The bell which rang for the Council came on this very account to be called *la trottera*.]

4.

(A Woman's Song.)

Around the bridge that's called the Marvellie
Is known the fame of my heart's joy's good looks ;
Most worthy he of all his family,
And their fame no second in the Regattas brooks.

group of six bright stars over her house, and one pale one ; and while he looked, the bright ones waxed pale and dim, and the pale one shone out like the sun. He saw also through her window that she was kneeling sobbing at the foot of a crucifix. "A witch would not kneel to a crucifix," he reasoned. Softened by this consideration, he went in to see her, and then learnt that she had been praying that he might be made well and that she might have his malady. Touched at this confession, he asked her why she avoided him if she loved him. She said it was because he came for her sisters and not for her. Of course it ended in their marrying, his becoming healthy and attaining success as a Regattante. The name of the bridge, and the song commemorate these wonders.]

5.

Last evening, when I went to see my sweetheart,
Near to St. Ste'en's, I found him of the Capoto ;

Che su la spala, co la man calosa
E più pesante che no ga un galioto
M' à sbatuo a forte, e in ose rantegosa
Ma' à domandà se gera Nicoloto
E che ora gera ; e mi, pien' di riguardi
So scampa via disendoghe : xe tardi.

[This song records the traditions of a superstitious terror occasioned for a period in Venice by a knife-grinder, who presumed on his immense stature by going about after dark, clapping his hand on the shoulder of any belated passenger, and asking in a feigned voice what o'clock it was, and whether he belonged to the

6.

Te vogio tanto ben' anema mia,
Che in mezzo al mar te chiamo a tute l' ore ;
E il vento che mi spenze in Barbaria
De ti, Marina, mai no mi discore.
Vogio che el zorno che nu se sposemo
La mia casa in bacan vaga per aria
E per far veder che anca nuattri semo
Zente de condizion, benchè ordinaria,
Soni e bali mi vogio che gutremo
E squassi son per dir, anca *momaria*
Cassì quei che tien conto de le date
Memoria lasserà de Toni e di Cate.

[This song refers to the Venetian love of great display at weddings, about which much has been written by Morelli, Galliccioli, and others. Among other marriage usages were theatrical representations called *momaria*,

His horny hand 'n my shoulder made my feet start,
 It felt t' weigh heavier than a galioto.
 He banged it hard, and in a voice alarming
 Asked if I to the Nicoloti was belonging,
 And what the hour. I in respectful fashion
 Replied, "'Tis late," and fled, to 'scape his passion.

Nicolotta or the Castellana faction. He wore a huge broad-brimmed hat, half covering his face, and was designated as "the man of the Capoto." He contrived to terrify the people so that he occasioned such a panic every one was afraid to stir out after dark. Finally the Government put a stop to his pranks by imprisoning him.]

6.

So great the love I bear thee, soul of mine,
 That e'en on the high seas I call thee every hour.
 The wind that wafts afar my brigantine
 Nothing abates, Marina, my love's vigour.
 The day we're married this is what I would—
 The house turn'd inside out with our loud making merry,
 And to let all men see, e'en folk of our world
 Some consideration merit, although but ordinary.—
 Music and dance, that we should taste, I would,
 And almost I had said, I'd have *momary*.
 Thus those who keep the record of such dates
 Might long recall this feast of Tony's and of Kate's.

probably from Momus as some think, though Morelli and Galliccioli give more complicated derivations. Tony and Kate (Anthony and Catherine) are typical popular names.]

7.

Ghi xe in Piazza a San Marco tre standardi
Che segnan, anema mia, tre gran vittorie;
E in tel mio cuor ghe xe impiantai tre dardi
Anema mia, che segna' le to glorie.

[These three standards testified to the rights of Venice

8.

Beta 'ssassina, traditora Beta
Vogio ziogarte un di alla zechineta—
E se te perdo vogio consegnarte
E se te venzo vogio via butarte.

[Cards, dice, and all games of chance were strictly forbidden. Chess was the only game allowed. When the three granite columns were brought from Constantinople, two of which still adorn the Piazzetta of St. Mark's, one of them fell into the sea and could not be recovered, and the two others lay on the shore neglected, as no one knew how to set them up. This was accomplished at last by Niccolò Barattiero; and the Senate having incautiously given him the right to name his own reward,

9.

(*Fior' di Rosetin'*.)

Pute care pute bele
No stè a far più mai amor
Che 'ste cagne de 'ste mare
No se move a compassion.

7.

In Piazza of S. Mark's three standards rise,
Which mark, dear life, three mighty victories ;
And in my heart three darts I recognise,
Which mark, dear life, to me thy fair glories.

over Venice, Cyprus, and Candia.]

8.

Betty, who 'ast stabbed my heart, most trait'rous Betty !
Some day I'll play thee at the zecchinetty ;
And if I lose, *that* stake I'll gladly pay ; *
And if I win, I'll throw thee right away.

he demanded permission for the people to play the prohibited games in the space between the two columns. Some time after, Doge Grieli, with Venetian astuteness, as he would not break faith by retracting the concession, ordered the spot to be made the place of execution. This had the desired effect ; the spot becoming infamous, the people ceased to play. It has been thought that *barattiere*, as a card term, was derived from the hero of this story.]

9.

Maidens tender, maidens pretty,
Ne'er list to love's prayer again ;
For the dogs of our water
Have no care for maidens' shame.

* The Italian expression is still more pointed ; it is literally, "I will consign you" [to another man]. Disdain and indignation could say no more.

La mia madre mi vol dare
Per marito un servitor,
Ma mi xa nol voggio amare
Perchè amo mio primo amor.

Stamattina so levada
Prim' assai che leva 'l sol,
Me so tràta a la finestra
E go visto lo mio amor.

L' Altro dì so quasi morta,
No l' ò visto in tuto 'l dì,
La mia mama à fato scorta ;
Sul più bel la m' à tradì.

La mia mama sempre chiama,
"Rosetina vien de quà
"Che no voggio che ti staga
"Sul balcon che l' è passà."

Mama mia lassa che l' ama
Che l' è sta' mio primo amor ;
E se no volà che l' ama,
Morirò del gran dolor.

Mama mia serè 'sta porta
Che no vegna più nissnu,
Farò finta d' asser morta
Farò pianger *qualchedun*.

Vôi far far una ghirlanda,
Tuta rosa damaschin,
Voggio metterla da banda
Fin che morta sarò mi.

Vôi far far 'na cassa fonda,
Che gle stemo diento in tre.

My mother has a man selected
On whom as wife she would bestow me ;
But my heart is unaffected,—
T' my first love alone I vow me.

In the morn'g I rose full early,
Long before the sun appeared,
My first love, whom I love so dearly,
I watched as he our lattice neared.

The other day—it nearly killed me—
That whole day through I ne'er beheld him ;
My mother staid so close, and nilled me
To see him ; while th' other, she upheld him.

My mother 's to me always crying :
“ Rosetina, come this way.
“ I will not have you for him spying,
“ Nor on the balcony stay ! ”

Mother ! forbid me not to love him—
Him I have giv'n my first love-vow !
And if you will not let me love him,
I shall die of too great sorrow.

Mother mine, make fast the entrance,
And that no one enter, heed ;
I of death will take the semblance,
Some one then will mourn me dead.

I will make them make a garland
All of roses damascene ;
And I'll keep it ready to hand,
'Gainst I leave this earthly scene.

I'll have a box made deep and wide,
Such as will hold us all the three ;

Lo mio padre, la mia madre,
Lo mio amor in braccio a me.

Poi a piedi de sta cassa,
Nu ghe piantarem un fior ;
E la sera 'l piantaremo, *
La matina sarà fior.

Tuti quei che passeranno,
I dirà—"de che 'sto fior?"
—"El xe 'l fior de Rosetina
"Che xe morta per amor!"

[These songs, which have long been preserved by tradition, are apt, when they are long, to get here and there inconsequent and confused. Memory, fails and an unintelligent improvisation supplies the wanting lines badly. The first verse of this song seems to me to have been

VILOTE.

I.

L' amor me fa redur a un passo tale
Che co so a messa no so dove sia ;
No so s' el prete leza sul messale
Nè manco no so dire un Avemaria.
E se la digo poco la mi vale
Dal ben che mi ti voggio anema mia !
Te tegno tanto en la mia mente scritta
Amo più ti che la mia propria vita.

2.

L' aqua che ti te lave il peto e 'l viso
Te prego, bela, via no la butare

That's my father and my mother,
And my lover in the arms of me.

And wheresoe'er this box is laid,
Beside it we will plant a flower ;
We'll plant it at the fall of night,
And 'twill bloom in dawning hour.

And all will stop who pass thereby,
And ask how 'twas that flower arose ;
—" 'Tis the flower of Rosetina—
Rosetin' who died for love !"

made up in this way. The song itself turns up in many places. Its chief beauty lies in the perfect love which is expressed where Rosetina speaks of herself and her lover (verse 9) in the simplest way, as absolutely one.]

I.

Love makes my thoughts ever with your thoughts unit-
ing,
Till when I'm at mass I don't know where I'm staying.
I don't know if it's mass the priest's reciting,
Nor can I e'en a simple "Hail Mary !" be saying ;
Or should I say it, it will profit nothing,
For my thoughts are away with thee ever toying.
My*sweet one, all over my whole mind thou'rt writter.
I would for thee my own life might be smitten.

2.

The water that laved that face and breast of thine,
I pray thee, fair, to throw it not away ;

La sarà bona a intemperar lo vino
Quando saremo a tolu per disnare.

[This exaggerated outcome of adoration of the sex, which has been anecdoted as the highest reach of the gallantry of an amorous prince, had been forestalled for

3.

Le pute veneziane xe un tesoro
Che no se acquista cussi facilmente,
Perchè le xe onorate come l' oro
E chi le vol fa zoso no fa 'guente.
Roma vanta per gloria unu Lucrezia
Chi vol prove d' onor vegna a Venezia.

4.

Bela te vôi depenzer s' un nu quadro
E de la Sensa vôi metterte fora.
Tuti dira' " Mo' che bela Signora !"
Che de la Sensa i la vol meter fora.

[There was an ancient fair on the Ascension (now, I believe, suppressed), at which pictures and furniture of artistic design were exhibited. Canova himself did not

5.

(*Canta la Donna.*)

Me voggio maridar—so' maridada
Credeva de star ben'—so' 'sassonada *
Credeva che l' amor fosse un zoghetto
Ma invece l' è un tormento maledeto.
Credeva che l' amor fosse un zogar
Ma invece l' è un tormento da crepar.

* = Assassinata.

It would be sweet to mingle with my wine
When we at dinner sit on holiday.

centuries by the Venetian gondoliers ! I find the idea also in a Tuscan Rispetto ; and among Sicilian, *supra*, p. 79.]

3.

The girls of Venice are each one a treasure,
And are not to be won so easily ;
Their honour you with purest gold may measure ;
Deceivers ply their suit quite uselessly.
Rome vaunts the glory 'f holding *one* Lucretia.
Who seeks fair honour, come he to Venetia !

4.

My fair, I'll have you painted in a picture,
Which at the Sensa I'll expose to view.
All will exclaim, " O what a pretty lady ! "
For in the Sensa I'll hang it out to view.

disdain to take part in it. We have a picture of the scene, No. 937, in the National Gallery, where by a clerical error it is called *Maundy Thursday*.]

5.

(A Woman's Song.)

I wanted to marry, and now I am married ;
• I thought to be happy, and find myself harried.
I'd made me a picture of love as a plaything,
And I only find in it tormenting and plaguing !
I fancied, with love, that all life would be playing,
And instead I find only a torment that's slaying !

6.

Mi gèra in orto che colgea fenochi
 Alzo la testa e vedo do bei ochi ;
 Da tanto che 'sti ochi mi lusevan'
 De note che gera, zuno mi poneva.

7.

So stato a Roma, e so stato in bataglia
 So stato nei confini de Barberia
 Non ò trovato spada che mi taglia
 Come i toi bei ochi, anima mia.

8.

(*Canta la Donna.*)

Cossa m' importa a mi se no so' bela,
 Chè 'l 'moroso mio ghe fa' l pitore
 Lu me depenzerà come una stela
 Cossa m' importa a mi se no so' bela.

9.

Roma xe grande, Venezia bela,
 Roma xe santa, xe Venezia bona ;
 Ma Roma no xe stada sempre quela,
 Xi ben Venezia sempre equal matrona.
 Ga Roma, fabricò Romolo e Remo ;
 Venezia, amor, vegnudo a vela e remo.

STORNEI.

1.

S' e 'l Papa mi donasse Roma
 E ch' el disesse " Cedi, Marina'
 Me ghe diria nò, grazie, Sacra Corona.

[There are both Tuscan and French variants of this.

6.

I was down in the garden a-gathering fennel ;
 I look'd up and saw two dark eyes, bright to a marvel.
 As long as those bright eyes upon me were beaming,
 Tho' dark night it was, to me day it was seeming.

7.

To Rome I have been ; and in battles I've fought,
 And was once within confines of Barbary brought.
 But nowhere found a sword that could pierce me so keen
 As thy bright eyes, my fair, with their beautiful sheen.

8.

(A Woman's Song.)

What matter to me if I'm not the fairest !
 A painter of portraits is my lover dearest.
 He'll paint me as fair as if of stars the brightest.
 What matter to me if I'm not the fairest ?

9.

If Rome is glorious, Venice is fair ;
 If Rome is holy, Venice is good ;
 But Rome has not always held so high a sphere,
 Whereas Venice has aye had the same matronhood.
 Rome, it was built up by Rom'lus and Remus ;
 Venice sprang from a boat that was freighted by Venus.

1.

Were the Pope all Rome to give
 As the price of Mary Ann,
 I'd say, "No thank you," while I live.
 "Sacra Corona," an Italian form of "Your Majesty."]

2.

- 1 E lo Gran Turco m' a mandà chiamare
 Acìò che te abandona, anema mia.
 No te abandonaria Nina, mia cara,
 S' el me donasse tuta la Turchia.
- 2 Se 'i mi donasse Francia co Parigi,
 El nobil castel de Mont' Albano,
 La rica chiesa de Santo Luigi,
 E tuto l' oro de lo Veneziano.
- 3 Se 'i mi donasse una barcheta e un toro ;
 Pelo per pelo, una pezza de pano ;
 E che ni dasse mille scudi d' oro,
 La Zeca, l'Arsenale, e lo Bucintoro.

[This is a variant entirely transformed from the real Stornello, drawn out in length. Though the objects which this lover despises, as compared with his mistress, are piled up without connexion or climax, they are all objects locally, specially prized. The Arsenal, *e.g.*, was the glory of every Venetian heart ; to be an *arsenalotto* the ambition of all whose profession was the water. They had the privilege of carrying the Doge in the so-called *Pozetto*, when, on his accession, he made the circuit of

3.

Fiore di menta !
Quando sarà quella giornata Santa,
Che il prete ci dirà, "se' contenta."

4.

Fra Maggio e Giugno noi ci sposteremo,
Della roba non ce ne avemo,
Ma siamo giovinotti, noi faremo.

2.

- 1 Do you know, the Grand Signor has sent me a summons
That I should forsake you, dear life of my soul.
I would not forsake you, my Nina, my dear one,
Not if he would give me his empire whole !
- 2 No, not if he gave me all France and all Paris,
With the notable castle of Monte Albano ;
And also the sumptuous church of St. Louis,
And with that all the gold that there is in Venetia.
- 3 Not if he gave me a barque and a bull,
And hair by hair a whole piece of cloth ;
Not if he gave me a thousand gold scudi,
The Zecca, the Arsenal, and the Bucentaur.

Piazza S. Marco. They alone rowed the Bucentaur, etc.
There was a tradition that the Arsenale was fed by a
source of water so pure that it was impossible to poison
it !]

[These objects are strung together more for the chance
rime than for any connexion of ideas. In translating, the
exact words, though they have not rimed, have happened
to make just the sort of assonance which is common to
the songs—bu' with scu', and clo' with Bucentau'.]

3.

Flower of mint !

- When shall that sacred day be attain'd
• When the priest shall say, " Be thou content " ? .

4.

We will marry in June, if not in May.

• True, of goods we have no great array ;

But we're young, and soon we'll make our way. •

[A few of the above may suffice because not indi-

NII.

I.

Fame la nota e ni 'o,
Da Malamoca a Li 'o,
E da Li'o alla Certosa,
Quela che bala e la mia 'morosa.

2.

E fame lo ni 'o ancora,
Anema mia vuole che mora ;
Che mora in t' una galia
Vusta che mora anema mia ?

3.

E fa me la lilolela,
Co 'sto piè no toco tera,
Co quel altro lo tocarò,
Baso le bele le brute no.

[I give this as an instance of some that are mere jingles

FURLANE.

Many of these are entirely occupied with vaunting the

I.

Le pute di Sant' Alvisè,
Xe bele per quel ch' i dise,
Xe bele per quel che vedo,
Ma xe le più bele in Canerezio.

genous ; I place next the local equivalent.]

1.

Give me the note and the *nio*,
All from Malamocca to Lido ;
From Lido to Certosa again,
'Tis my girl who is dancing amain.

2. .

Come give me the *nio* once more,
Would you have me to die, my heart's store ?
To die as I am in my boat,
My soul, for my death is 't you vote ?

3.

And give me the li lo le la,
With this foot I just touch the ea',*
With this other I just the earth touch,
Kiss the pretty girls, the others not much.

to make a merry dance tune.]

beauties and merits of the girls in each parish, thus :—

1.

The girls of St. Alvise are fair,
For so it seems from all I hear ;
It seems so too from what I see,
But fairer those of Canaregie.

* For "earth," see note to Storneo 2.

Here is one of another type:—

2.

Toni belo, anema mia,
No te tor melanconia ;
No le lor passion al core,
Che xe vegnuo to care amore.

But they are all rather trivial.

NOTTURNI D' AMORE.

1.

Fazzo una serenata a la mia Nina
Vegno con soni e canti a ritrovarla
Per darti maggior gusto e più alegrìa
Acio a mie non abì a discordarti.
La viene' a la finestra e po' la dise
"Caro mio ben' me convien partire,"
La viene a la finestra e po' la scampa
Cussi fa 'l pisce quanno l' è ne l' acqua.

2.

Dormi pur', bela, dormi pur' sicura ;
Chè i' m' à fato guardian de to porta,
Chè i' m' à fato guardian de le tu mura.
Dormi pur', bela, dormi pur' sicura.

MATTINATA.

O cara bela, sei tu vegliata,
Alza la bionda* testa dal dormire
Levite suso chè 'l tu amante passa,
Butime un baso e poi torna a dormire.

* *Biondo* is technical for golden hair, and is not very often used for anything else—"il biondo Tevere" is said for "the yellow Tiber," etc.

2.

My dear life, my handsome Tony,
Don't give way to melancholy ;
Nor let your heart give way to grief,
Your dear love comes to give relief.

SERENADES.

1.

I come to serenade my Nina,
With music and with song I come to find her ;
Pleasure and joyous notes I come to bring her,
Which may e'en serve of me to remind her.
Just t' th' window she comes, and then she's saying,
" Dear lover mine, I must not here be staying."
She to the window comes, and then she disappears
Just like the fish when he the surface nears.

2.

Sleep on, my fair, sleep on in all security,
For I have made myself the keeper of thy door,
For I have made myself the keeper of thy walls.
Sleep on, my fair, sleep on in all security.

Beloved, fair, art thou just now awake ?
• Raise thy fair head awhile from thy repose,
Rise for thy passing lover's sake ;
Cast me a kiss, then turn to thy repose.

ISTRIA.

THESE are a few specimens from the promontory of Istria ; it will be seen that they partake much of the Vene-

I.

Se ti savessi quante volte i' deigo
La tu buchita la vuoio basare
La xi pioûn dulça quanto lo zibeibo
Quando xi el tenpo de lo vendemare.
La xi pioûn dulça quanto la pipona
Quando xi el tenpo che l' oûva ven bona.

2.

Boûtete fora pirsigheîn d' amure
Ti son la manduleîna insucherada
Ti son la manduleîna del mio core,
Boûtete fora pirsigheîn d' amure.

[Very pretty imagery in both these, derived from the rich fruitage of Italy. The names are local, no doubt, and I have not been long enough in the neighbourhood to become familiar with them. "Zibebo" probably denotes grapes left to get luscious on the stem; as though in Rome these are called "uva passa," "Zibibo" there stands for Levantine rasins. "Pipona" is one of the

3.

Sia benedito chi uo fato el cantare
Per el canta' s' ingenera l' amure !

tian character, and have yet some peculiarities of their own.

I. •

If thou but knewest how often I say,
O could I but kiss that dear little mouth,
Thy mouth sweeter than raisins 'neath warmest ray,
When the vintage is ripest with sun from the south.
Far sweeter thy mouth than sweet fruit of the vine,
At the time of the ripening the rich muscadine.

2.

Come out from thy chamber, fair peachfruit of love,
My own "maddalena," so sugared and sweet.
My own "maddalena," sweet peach of my heart,
Come out from thy chamber, fair peachfruit of love.

innumerable names for grape varieties; I have translated it by "muscadine" for the sake of the rime. "Pirsigheim" is sub-dialectic for "piersega," dialectic for "persica" = peach. "Maddalena" is the name of the best of the many varieties of peach that are grown in Italy—the favourite one in England.]

3.

•Thrice blessed he who invented song,
For song it engenders the pleasures of love

Sia benedito chi uo fato il balare
Ghe se tuca le mani a chi si voli !

SERENATE.

I.

Questa e la scorna nuote, anema mia,
Vengo cun soni e canti a ritruvarte
Per daghe majo goûsto e alegreia
Ciu che da meġ nu iebia a descurdarte !

2.

Dormi, dormi ben mio,
Dormi col tû' ripogio
Quando verra lo spogio
Nun dormirai cusseġ.

Gin ! gin !

Son la con la mia cetera,
Spando la voce in canto
Fame la nane ; e 'l canto
Cara, te cantarò.

Gin ! gin !

[This song, with its eight-line measure, has probably

Thrice blessed he who invented dance,
For in dancing you press hands of those whom you love !

SERENADES.

1.

Dark night has come down on us, dear heart of mine;
I come to rejoice thee with music and song ;
I come to give joy to thee, dear heart of mine,
That you mayn't with forgetfulness do me a wrong !

2.

Sleep, my heart's good, sleep on !
Sleep and take thy repose.
For when shall come the spouse,
Thou shalt not sleep as now?
Thrum ! thrum !

I am here with my guitar,
Spreading my voice I sing,
Hushaby ! while I sing ;
Darling, I'll sing for thee.
Thrum ! thrum !

been imported from Friuli.]

PIEDMONT

My limits do not allow me to enter into the special characteristics of the Folksongs of the other provinces as I have tried to do with the Sicilian, Tuscan, and Venetian. With regard to those of Piedmont, I will remark in brief that I have met among them almost alone, any remnants of ballads which recall something of the troubadour romances, such as the song of Jean Renaud, the Lavandaja and the Donna Lombarda, etc. Among songs lingering in present or recent use, I find it said that there is an occasional tendency, which is not met elsewhere, to speak of the soldier's career as not undesirable, but I do not remember ever to have seen any of this nature. *Stramoutt* is the local name for the Strambotto

I.

Piedmontese counterpart of "The Song of Jean

- 1 Cosa vol dir ? la mia mamma
Che le cioche n' an sono tant' ?
—S' a sono, lassaje sonè
L' a fan festa al fiöl de re.
- 2 Cosa vol dir ? la mia mamma
Che i mesdabosc tamborno tant' ?
—S' a tamborno, lassajé trombornè
A fau la cüna al fiöl del rè.

AND LOMBARDY.

or Rispetto, and its form is cast in four-line verses—*la quartina*, the fourth line being often but a repetition of one of the others, as we have already seen at Venice. Friuli, which also adopts almost exclusively the *quartina*, is singular, of all Italy, in its preference for lines of eight syllables in place of eleven.

The “Donna Lombarda,” one of the most celebrated of the Piedmontese songs, is the story of a wife who up to a certain point refuses many inducements to betray her husband. In most versions her fidelity gives way at last ; she consents to assist in poisoning him or otherwise putting him out of the way, and generally, by a fatality or through his astuteness, falls a victim to her own scheme.

1.

Renaud.”

- 1 What does it mean? Pray tell, mother dear,
The tolling of bells so much that I hear.
—If they do ring, then let them be ringing ;
• They ring for the feast of the son of the king.
- 2 What does it mean? Pray tell, mother dear,
The carpenters hamm’ring and hamm’ring I hear.
—If they do hammer, so let them be hamm’ring ;
A cradle they make for the son of the king.

- 3 Cosa vol dir ? la mia mamma
Che le criade n' an piro tant' ?
—S' a 'pioro, lassaje piorè
I' mantij pi' bei l' an' lasso scappè.
- * 4 Cosa vol dir ? la mia mamma
La levìa frisca sol a nost banc ?
—Nora * mia n' an poss na pi neghè
C' a j' è mort signor to re.

[Many versions of this have been printed ; in the longer ones it is made more apparent that the speaker is the wife of the "king's son," who by one of those divagations so common in traditional lore—arising in part from the fact of their being ideal rather than historic compositions, and in part from the faulty medium of their transmission—is in the last verse called "the lord *thy* king." It is

2.

LA LAVANDAJA.

- 1 Sotto al pont' alla Rella
Gh' è una lavandera.
La lavandera se tra a l' onda
E il Cavalier s' affonda.
- 2 La lavander' si tra in l' acqua
E il cavalier l' abbrazza
El va a ca' tuto moja
E a la sua mama crida.
- 3 Mama mia mitim' a lett'
E mia cayal in stala

* Daughter-in-law.

- 3 What does it mean ? Pray tell, mother dear,
That the maids are lamenting so much, as I hear.
—If they do cry, then let them be crying ;
They've let the best cloths escape in the washing.
- 4 What does it mean ? Dear mother, my own,
The earth has been turn'd up and freshly laid down.
—No more will I seek to deny it, my daughter ;
The king, your beloved, was killed in the slaughter.

also in these apparent that he was gone to the war. Only one of the Piedmontese versions that I have seen has the beautiful ending (common to many of "Jean Renaud") expressing the wife's grief, desire to be buried with him, etc. ; of course the mother-in-law's long hesitation to tell the fact is laid by implication on her conjugal affection.]

2

THE WASHERWOMAN.

- 1 Under Rella's bridge high arching,
Once there was a maid a-washing ;
The maid withdrew beneath the wave,
The cavalier no one could save.
- 2 The washing-maid is 'neath the water,
The knight to kiss her passes under.
The knight going home all dripping wet,
To his mother cries as soon as met :
- 3 O mother come, put me to bed,
And my mare into her stall.

Mama mia, fem la suppa
 E a mia caval la bieda
 Mi, mi supliran' in l' arca
 E al mia caval sot terra.

[This song is an extraordinary mixture of sublime symbolism and everyday usages,—the Seiren passes into the washerwoman, Undine into the laundress. Observe, the knight is already drowned, before he reappears at home.

3.

LA FUGA.

Fjöl dël re l' on va a la cassa,
 A la cassa dël lijon ;
 S' é scontrá 'nt üna bargera
 A l' ombrëta d' ün bisson.

Cosa fej, bela bargera,
 A l' ombrëta del bisson ?
 —Mi mn' anroc la mia rochèta
 An guarnand i me moton.

Voi ma füsse pi grandota,
 Vë mnirejva via con mi ;
 —L' é cuand ben che sea piciota,
 Tan l' amor la * saj servi.

A l' ha piá përsue man branche,
 An gropëta al l' ha tiré ;
 A l' ha mna-la fina an Fransa,
 Sensu maj pi dîsmonté.

* "Amor" is feminine in Piedmont.

My mother, bring my soup to me,
And bring oats for my mare ;
Me they shall bury in the vault,
And my mare 'neath the earth.

The repeated injunction in the last verse about the mare, is another instance of Italian fondness for animals.]

3

THE RAPE.

The son of the king went forth to hunting,
The hunting of the lion ;
He met a shepherdess on the mountain
In a hedge-shade halcyon.

What do you here, fair shepherd maid ?
All in the shade halcyon.
—I charge my distaff, an 't you please,
My lambs guard from the lion.

If you were not so small a maid,
I'd bear you off with me.
—Although I'm but so small a maid,
Love's not unknown to me.

He caught her by her small white hands,
And took her up in pillion ;
He carried her right off to France,
Without delay or station.

Cuand la bela é stajtu an Fransa,
 S' è butá-se a tan pioré ;
 —Cosa j' eve voj, la bela,
 Che no fej che tan pioré ?

* * * * *

[There are various endings to this song. In some, to the question why she cries, she answers it is because she has left some object behind her—in some versions it is one trifle, in some another—for which she begs the prince to take her back. Ultimately she appears to resign herself to pass the night where she is, but when she undresses she borrows his sword to cut a lace, and when she has it she kills herself with it. In one she tells him plainly she is crying for her lover, “who is handsomer by the light of the moon than he by the light of the sun,” upon which the prince in jealousy cuts off her head. There is

4.

- 1 Pilligrin che ven da Rumma,
 Prighereise an po pir mi ;
 Prighereise an po cul santu,
 Ch' u mi manda in bel marl.
- 2 Ch' u mel manda riech e bellu,
 Riech e bellu come sun mi ;
 Ch' u mel mandu de quindes ani,
 Che quatorzi ai ho za me.
- 3 Ch' u mel manda fin d' esta seira,
 Che duman non lo vôi pì ;
 Ch' u mi prunta ina bel taura,
 Cui dir rost e capan rostl.

And when she found herself so far,
 She cried so very much.
 —Now tell me what it is, my star,
 At which you cry so much?

* * * * *

also one version in which she feigns death for three days
 and then returns home happily,—

“La fa trèi dì la morta,
 E la salva l' onor !”

It is thought to belong to the 13th century, without
 change of form, and is still current. It has been sought
 to make out that this song, in its many various forms,
 embodies the resistance of the peasant women to the
 “droit du seigneur,” but the connexion with that par-
 ticular form of wooing is not apparent.]

4.

- 1 Pilgrim now returned from Rome,
 Say a little prayer for me ;
 A little praying to your dear saint,
 That he may send a good hubby.
- 2 Send me one that's rich and handsome,
 Rich and handsome like to me ;
 One that reckons fifteen summers,
 For they count fourteen to me.
- 3 Send him to me this same evening,
 For to-morrow I won't have him ;
 Make me ready too a table,
 Roasted meat and roasted capon.

- 4 Ch' u mi prunta d' in bel lettu,
 Cun i lenzoi suttil di lin ;
 Ch' u mi prunta una bela cuerta, •
 E titta faja a campanin.
- 5 E girandosi e rivoltandosi,
 Campanin e faran din-din ;
 Titt ru gente chi passran-nhu
 Diran : cs' ile ista matin ?
- 6 I diran chi sun, li frati,
 Ch' i sun-nhu ir matutin ;
 La vurrei cambièe, pirulin !
 La vûrrei cambièe, pirulin ! *

[It seems to me very common for these longer songs to get weak and disconnected towards the end, doubtless

5.

[A very favourite Piedmontese song is "Povera Lina." There are several of the name, both old and new, but space forbids me to do more than mention it. Here is the burden of one late version of it :—

STRAMBOTTI.

I.

Vedu la mia signura a la finestra
 L' ha in bicchier' an man che si le beve

* *Pirulin* is a made-up word, equivalent to whirly-whirly, and has doubtless been suggested by the mention of the bells, "*girandosi e rivoltandosi*." A similar form of word occurs in the burden of a song constantly sung in the streets of Naples at the present day, "Firuliruli, firulirulela."

- 4 And then that he'll a bed prepare,
With nice sheets of linen soft ;
And a coverlet prepare, ,
And tell the bells to ring aloft.
- 5 And swinging here and swinging there,
The bells shall make a great ding ding ;
And all the people passing by
Shall say, " This morn what's happening ? "
- 6 And they'll be told it's for the friars,
Ringing in to say matin ;
But I hope that will be changed, Pirulin,
But I hope that will be changed, Pirulin.

through the difficulty of remembering so much at a stretch, so that the later verses may have had to pass through several transformations.]

Dicin ch' e morta perchi sul verone,
Si addormentò cantando un canzone ;
Io dico ch' è morta innamorata,
Povera Lina ! al' cor piagata. *]

STRAMBOTTI.

I.

My lady love is standing at her window,
In her hand she holds a glass an she would drink.

* They say that she died because she fell asleep on the balcony (in the night air) singing a song. But I say she died of hopeless love. Povera Lina ! wounded through the heart.

Vedu il bicchieru, nun vedu la faccia ;
Beive signura, che ben pru vi fasse !
Vedu il bicchieru nun vedu il bel visu
Vedu quella finestra che mi adoro
Drenta u j' è dipintu il paradiso
Speranzu d' este cuor venite foru.

2.

Mi vadu in lettu e non possu durmire
E li lensoi mi disu ; cosa t' hai ?
Risponde la cuverta de lu lettu
Spusa 'na dona bela e 't durmirai.

3.

(*Di Donna.*)

E lo mioj padre mi vol far citare
Che vol saver cun chi fassu l' amure !
E ancora mi lo vojo addimandare
E vôi saver quant 'ena u j' è ant ir mare
E quante bische u j' è ant in car di fieno
E quante stelle u j' è nel ciel sereno
E quante miglia i fan ra lin-nha e u sure
Poi, vi dirò con chi fass all' amure.

4.

Chi vol savei chi fa fiurir le rose ?
L' è la rusa che ven a la mattina.
Chi vol savei chi fa anmatti' sto cuore ?
Sun le belete de ssa Mirgaritina !

5.

I pensi che t' ama pir li toi richesse !
Anche s' t' aveise 'na muntagna d' oro
Mi t' amo sulu pir li tu' belesse
Chè l' hai dui occ che mi rallegri il core.

The glass I *can* see, the face I know not how.
 Drink, lady fair, and may it do thee good.
 I see the glass, I can't see her fair face,
 I see the window of her whom I adore.
 Within I picture to myself a Paradise.
 Hope of this loving heart, come forth ! come forth !

2.

I get no sleep as in my bed I lie,
 Till the sheets ask me, " what can be the matter ? "
 The coverlet affords a ready reply,
 " 'Spouse a fair maid and you will soon sleep better."

3.

(*Woman's.*)

I'm call'd by my father, who bids me declare
 To him plainly, with whom I keep company ;
 But on my part, I ask him the first to declare
 How much water there is in the waves of the sea,
 To count all the halms in a bottle of hay,
 To count all the stars a fair night can display,
 To count all the miles from the moon to the sun ;
 His answer I'll tell, when all this he has done.

4.

Would you know what it is that makes roses to blow ?
 'Tis the dew that comes softly at breaking of dawn.
 Would you know who it is makes this heart madly groan ?
 Why, what but the beauty of Margaret, my own !

5.

You think 'tis because you are rich that I love you ;
 But were you possessed of a mountain of gold,
 'Twould be only because you are fair that I love you,
 And for eyes that rejoice me with pleasure untold.

6.

O bela filia du li setti amanti,
Amarne in e non amarne tanti,
Amarne in e non amarne dui,
Amarne mi che sun vostr' amuri !

7.

Fjulin-nha de le gambe bianche,
Le tue gambe me fan gilusia !
E ra gunella che ti porti sutta
R' è ra ruvinha di la vita mia !

8.

O quante stëile seignurina mia !
Vardë 'n pó culla che vi pias' pü tantu ;
Dim' ün pó culla, ch' i vosi ch' a 'v pija
E staccherò la stëila col min piantu.

9.

Chi vol veder li fiur di le belesse ?
Vaga a ra seira an piassa a passeggiari ;
Vegra ra nubiltà senza richesse !
Chi vol veder li fiur di le belesse ?

10.

O bela fija sei poi bela bianca
Le rose e li garoffe non vi manca,
Vi manca solamente d' una cosa,
Vi manca l' aneliu da farvi sposa.

11.

(Di Donna.)

Ecco viene il mio amor, quant' è mai bello !
La so presenza mi pare un castello,
E mi pare un castel colla so' torre
Guarda ! l' è là che viene lo mio' amore !

6.

O maiden fair, who hast of lovers seven,
Thy love to one and not to more be given,
Thy love to one and not to two be given,
Thy love to me, my heart its rightful haven.

7.

Girl of my heart, with the legs so fair !
Those fair legs of thine are my heart's despair !
And the skirts that conceal those legs so fair—
Those envious skirts are my life's despair !

8.

How many stars, my mistress, look !
Consider which you like the most ;
Say which of all you'd have me pluck ;
My tears shall loose it from its post.

9.

Who is there would see of all beauty the flower ?
Let him come in th' Piazza for an evening stroll ;
I'll show him nobility there above all dower !
Who is there would see of all beauty the flower ?

10.

Fairest girl with a skin so fair,
'Tis not in tint of carnation rare,
Nor in tints of the rose that you wanting are ;
What's wanted 's the ring to make us pair.

11.

(*Woman's.*)

Here comes my love ! How good he is to see !
Like a strong fortress seems his form to me !
To me he's like a fortress with its tower,
See ! hither comes the loved one of my bower !

12.

(Di Donna.)

Quando jeru jantain-nha
 Di strambott mi na seiva ina tin-nha ;
 Adess che sun maridaja
 Ra tin-nha di strambott r' è anversaja !

13.

(Di Donna.)

O mama mia nun mi dati al vecchiu
 Chè barbagrisa nun lo vôi a lettu !
 Pitost' cul giuvinin senza camisu,
 Che cul vegiassu, cum re barba grisa !

14.

Fieri apti l' ortu ca basavu ir gattu
 L' urturanin-nha mi stava a videri :
 " Cosa ti fai ?—ti suije mezu mattu
 " Basame mi, e lassa star' lu gattu !"

15.

DISPETTO.

(Canta la Donna.)

Ti ti cardivi di femi murire
 Quando t' hai diccia " fa li fatti toi."
 Jera maravia, ti m' hai fa' uarire
 Tanta aleghessa ti m' hai da' nel core.

* Compare a little American song of yesterday,—

* * * * *
 " A beauteous maiden came gliding in,
 Stately, and tall, and slim ;
 She seated herself by that ugly pug
 In the selfsame chair with him.

And as wildly he waggled, slavered and fawned, c
 And she held him in loving hug,

12.

(Woman's.)

When I was a maiden, free and blithesome,
 Of Strambotti I knew a bushel.
 Married now, no more so blithesome,
 This bushel's o'erturned and spilt away.

13.

(Woman's.)

O mother minè ! don't give me to that old man,
 Because a greybeard from my bed I ban ;
 Rather a young swain with no shirt t' his back
 Than with a greybeard, mother dear, alack !

14.

I stood in the garden a-kissing the cat,
 The gard'ner's sweet daughter was watching o' me ;
 " Now, what's that you're after, one'd think you half mad
 " Just set down that cat and be kissing o' me ! " *

15.

(A Woman's Dispetto.)

You flattered yourself you had given my death-wound
 When you told me to go my own business to mind.
 I was dying before, but you've quite made my breath
 sound,
 So much joy in the freedom you've given, I find !

•
 " Over her shoulder he grinned at me,
 Did that odious English pug.

* * * * *
 And she kissed—yes, kissed !—the smoky phiz
 Of that odious English pug."

•
 So history repeats itself.

FRIULI.

ENCLOSED in its mountain fastnesses, is a compact little province of half a million souls, fondly called in local parlance "Piccola Patria." It has, not only a very distinct and difficult dialect, but this dialect has at least

Soi coscrit di liste quarte
Il numer un al mi è tocchiât,
Nonostant, bambine chiare
Nó ti doi la libertat.

* * *

O parti' parti' io devi,
O parti' parti' io scuën.
Per parti' io pensi nuje
Pur che tu mi velio ben.

Ben', cumo io part voi vie,
Cun t 'un cur pien di dolor,
Io ti prei ninine* chiare
Raccomandimi al Signor.

O ce biellis vestis blanchis,
Ch 'l fas fa l' imperador,
Io meschin 'o scuën portalis
O ce pene, o ce dolor !

* *Ninine* seems to be used here, not as *versaggiative* of Nina, but of *nina*, probably dialectic for girl, like *niña* in Spanish.

ten sub-dialects. It calls its songs *Vilotte*, and they are nearly all in four-line verses of only seven or eight syllables,—alternate rimes. Of the metre I have already spoken *supra* pp. 25, 161, etc..

I.

Conscript of the fourth description,
The number one has fall'n to me.
All the same, my own dear maiden,
I give thee not thy liberty.

* * * *

To go, to go away I have ;
To go, to go away I must.
But e'en this going it were nothing,
If I have thy loving trust.

My love, as I must go away
With a heart oppress'd and sad,
Ninine, darling, this I pray,
Think of me in thy pray'rs to God.

This uniform so white and fine,*
The Emperor had made for me.
I, poor lad, have got to wear it ;
O the pain, the grief to me !

* Alluding to the Austrian uniform, which is white, and its fine appearance used as a make-weight with the unhappy conscript.

E ches pivis, e ches trombis,
E chel son lis mes chiampanis,

* * * *

In quel ore che io mur.

Mi dises un de profundis
Quanche sentires a dî,
Che saræ sul chiamp de uerre
Tra lis armis a muri'.

* * * *

Io ti prei ucell' dell ajar
Pette un svol sun chell balcon,
Fas un chiant a che ninine,
Che no mueri de passion.

* * * *

Curisin tornaimi a scrivi*
Che de vo' io soi bramos;
Se soi muart, io torni a vivi
Par senti' la uestre vos.

2.

Terazine è rizzottine
Morettine di color
Voli neri, treccie dolce
Fatte a pueste per l' amor.

* This request to write must not be supposed to imply an advanced education; the letter-writer was always handy in every small town, and often composed letters in verse. Sometimes he had rimed letters ready for various occasions. Many of these have been collected. I give a specimen of one at p. 106. There are many also unnaturally florid and full of forced mythological allusions.

O these bugles ! O these trumpets !
They will my companions be

* * * *

At the day when I shall die.

Say for me a De profundis,
When thou hearest of that day ;
'Twill be on the field of battle,
Mid cruel weapons made to slay.

* * * *

I pray thee, birdie of the air
To her balcony take a gire ; *
Sing a little to my Nina,
That she mayn't perish with desire.

* * * *

Don't fail, dear heart, to write to me,
For my heart is full of thee.
E'en if dead, I'd come to life,
Just to hear the voice of thee.

2.

My Teresina's curly headed,
Cheeks painted by the sun's own fire,
Eyes dark glancing, tresses flowing,
Made on purpose for desire.

* I ask excuse for an obsolete word, but *gira* and *girare* are in one's mouth every moment of the day in speaking Italian, and so it seems to fit here.

3.

Hai bussat* la me morosa
Je l' ai dit a Sior plevan ;
Al mi ha dat de penitenza,
Ché la bussi anchie doman'.

4.

Maruttini impromettinsi
Che nissun lu savarà.
Tu ses bielle, to ses ciare,
Io ti vuci par simpri amâ.

5.

Jeri lat insin' a Udin'
Par rimettimi soldat,
M' impensai de me' morose
E indaur io soi tornat.

6.

Une pizzule furmie
Non à paure d' un leon,
Nanchie vo' bambine chiare
No mi fais sudizion !

[Observe the delicacy of feeling in which this rebuff is conveyed. Something on the sweetheart's part has rendered it necessary to give her a lesson, but in doing so

7.

La rosada della sere
Bagne 'l flor del sentiment.
La rosada del' mattine
Bagne 'l flor del pentiment.

* It is curious to find in the "dialect" of this remote district the Italian *bacio*, meeting our own word for kiss in its popular form.

3.

I have just my sweetheart kissed,
And to the priest the same confessed.
To show my penitential sorrow,
He bid me kiss her again to-morrow.

4.

Maruttina, we have promised
What no one but we need know.
Thou art so fair, thou art so dear,
I will love thee always, so.

5.

I thought I'd like to be a soldier,
So went up to Udine.*
Then bethought me of my sweetheart,
So came back—time thrown away.

6.

A little tiny creeping ant
Of lions has no fear, you see ;
And just so, my cherished maiden,
You do not come it over me !

the singer, not to give unnecessary offence, humiliates himself before her by the comparison he institutes.]

7.

The dew that in the evening falleth
Flowers with passion rife it sprinkles ;
The dew that in the morning falleth
With their tears of penance mingles.

* The capital of Friuli ; a three-syllable word with accent on the first.

8.

(Canta la Donna.)

Il mio zovin mi ha lassade
Anchie io l' hai lassat lui.
Se lui an chiatte di plui biellis
Anchie io di miei di lui !

9.

(Canta' la Donna.)

Se la to' vite foss' 'ne rose
Che ogn' ann vess * di flori
Tu porresis divertiti
A mudatint une in di.

10.

(Canta la Donna.)

Duttis biellis, duttis buenis
Fin che sin di marida' ;
Doi, tre dis dopo sposadis.
Nanchie buinis di brusa'.

* We have here apparently a word of neighbouring German introduced ; *vess* must be a form of *wechseln* ; there is nothing like it in ordinary Italian.

8.

! (A Woman's Song.)

My young man has gone and left me,
But then I too have left him.
If he's seeking prettier lasses,
I've found better lads than him.

9.

(A Woman's Song.)

If thy life were ordered like that of the rose-tree,
Which every year gets new bloom on each spray,
Then it were easy for thee to divert thee
By a change to a new sweetheart every day.

10.

(A Woman's Song.)

All are good and all are handsome
Till such time they married are ;
Two or three days after marriage
They're not good, e'en for the fire !

SARDINIA.

As other considerations have been paramount over geographical arrangement thus far, I will skip from Friuli to

I.

(*Serenata.*)

Suspende, bella, suspende
Su sonnu pro un' istante
Beni,* e consola s' amante
Ch' est pro te agonizende.

[Observe the *respect* which causes this intermixture,

2.

Leggi in chiltu pabbilu
Lu chi no possau in altru modu ditti,
Ma poi torramilu.
O tènìlu pal pudè intrattinitti,
Ma tenìlu sicretu
Chi sulament' a te eddu è direttu.

3.

Un giuramentu fesi
Di no cujubammi pìu ;
Ma, allora no pinsesi
Ch' in lu mundu v' eri tu !

* B, here for V.

Sardinia and Corsica, because of the similarity of their metre.

I.

(*Serenade.*)

Suspend, my fair, suspend, suspend
Thy sleep just for a moment ;
Look out thy lover to console,
Who waits for thee in torment.

as if unconsciously, of the use of the third person.]

4.

(Dialect Italianized.)

Primavere ogn' an fedel
(Par' sistema de nature)
Torne a far la so figure
Torne zovin come prim.
Ma la nuesta zovinture
(Cussi pur' no fossie vere !)
In l' un lamp' arrive a sere
Nè si virdile a torna'.

5.

O chel' stella tramontana
Se savessie favella'
Un salut' al miu amante
Par chel' stel' vorrei manda'.

4.

Spring-time faithful every year
(Nature's rule for all time past)
Returns and shows its verdant face,
Fresh and young as was the last.
But the youth of all of us
(Would indeed it were not true !)
In one flash attains its evening,
And no more returns to view.

5.

That star that shines up in the north,
If it our speech could understand,
" Good morning " to my loving youth
By its means I'd daily send.

CORSICA.

THE songs of Corsica have a very distinct character. The great majority of them treat of the life of the *bandito*, its hardships and dangers; a romantic theme, but one that will not, perhaps, awaken much sympathy in this country. The *bandito* of Corsica, however, is not a vulgar bandit who robs the traveller for gain. He is mostly a noble-hearted fellow, who, misguided by local traditions of right and wrong, has taken the law into his hand in upholding some ideal of justice and right; nevertheless social order requires that he shall be *bandito* = put out of the pale of civil rights, and henceforth he must be either a prisoner or an outlaw. A *taglia* is set on his head; and though numbers of his countrymen would starve rather than betray him for the sake of the blood-money, there may always be a Judas lurking somewhere,

I.

1. Via ! Lasciatelomi vede
In che modo ello si sta.
Oh Santo ! lo mi fratello
T' hanno voluto tumba'.
2. Aval l' hanno tombato ;
Oh Santo ! lo mi fratello !

or the myrmidons of the law themselves may spy him out unassisted. These songs are mostly long, and dwell unpleasantly on the injustice of the law ; often indulging in imprecations on it as well as on personal enemies. The adventures of the hunted man, his privations and misery, form, too, a distressing theme ; even those which more agreeably dwell on his courage and other virtues have the fault of exaggeration.

The eight-syllable line prevails here as in Sardinia.

Here is a touching and earnest song by the sister of the victim of a local feud. Probably if we had the utterance of the sister of the man by whose hand he died, and who became *bandito* in consequence, it would be found equally touching.

I.

1. Stand back ! 'Tis I, would know his state !
O let me to him hie—
 - O Santo * mine ! Brother my own !
And have they made thee die !
2. Ah freshly have they killed him,
O Santo mine ! Brother my own !
 -

* The brother's Christian name.

Perchè ero lo mio falco
 Della casu lo puntello
 Come faraggio a campa'
 O sorella senza ello.

2.

In this next, a brother deplores his dead brother :—

Oh fratello lu tù sangue
 Lu si succhia lu terrenu ;
 Ah chi lu pudesse coglie'
 E poi tenellosi in senu !
 Spargiarlo per le montagne
 Per farne toscu e vèlenu.

3.

A mother is the speaker in the next :—

- 1 Lu mio campione,
 Lu mio core sinceru,
 Figlioli care
 Pianghitelu daveru.
- 2 Oh Pasqua, core de mene,
 Chici non t' aghiu piantu assai
 Ti ne vai tantu luntanu
 Ch' 'un ti videraghia mai.

4.

(Canzone d' un càrcerato.)

- 1 E quelli crudi gendarmi
 Mi aveano raccomandato
 Tenetelo ben sicuro
 Perchè è 'n'unico scelerato :

My falcon guard, he'd made him
The mainstay of our common home.
What life is she henceforth to lead,
The sister left alone !

2.

O Brother ! Thy dear blood
Has soaked the soil to crimson !
O could I but have caught its flood,
And kept it in my bosom,
Spread it upon the hills I would
To turn to poison and venom !

3.

1 He's gone, my champion !
He of the honest heart,
The son so dear to me,
Hot tears to my eyes start.

2 O Pasqua, my heart's own
Ne'er enough can I mourn ;
Thou'rt gone so far away
Whence none e'er more return.

4.

(*A Prisoner's Song.*)

1 Those truculent gendarmes,
They ordered, to my face,
To keep me strictly guarded
As basest of the base :

2 In Purgatorio
 Oscuro e rinserrato,
 Oggi mi trovo
 A morte condannato.

5.

Finally here is one Love-Song :—

Gioja, tu m' ha riduttu a singhiu tali
Voiu a la messà e nun so duvi sia ;
Nun ascoltu parodia* di u missali
E nun soiu più dir' " Ave Maria."
Quann e la dicu, nudra nun mi vale,
Parchi ho sempre in ti la fantasia,
E parchi e' soiu troppu riali,
In onghi locu simpri ti burria.†

* = Parola, a word.

† *b* for *v*.

2 And in a Purgatory,
Noisome, dark and strait,
'Tis, that I now find me
—Only my death to 'wait !

5.

For translation, refer to Sicilian variant, p. 71, and
Venetian variant, p. 145.

LIGURIA.

THE Ligurian songs take in part the form of the Tuscan, and in part that of the Northern Provinces. Some are regular eight-lined *Rispetti* and some are of four lines with alternate rimes. These are the most popular and are locally called *nenie*. While preparing these sheets for the press, a friend sends me a cutting from the *Cittadino* of Genoa of one day in August of this year, containing an interesting account of the part taken by the

1.

Varreiva pië muje, ura mi pentu
Che bella cosa l' è pentarcisi avanti,
L' è meju stare ün giuvinin contentu
Che prende muje e aver pensieri tanti.

2.

De sinquesentu che se ne marida
Nu ghe n' è una ch' abbia 'l cuor cuntentu.
A chi, l' ha vegin', a chi, l' ha zugadore,
A chi, l' ha zuvenottu e pien' d' amure.

3.

Chi vuol esser amatu delle donne
Porti 'na grossa bursa di denari
E vada ben vestitu e ben calsatu
Che delle donne ne sarà amatu.

4.

Sun statt' a Rumma, e col Papa j' ho parlato
 I^l dicc' se a fee l' amur, se l' è peccatu.
 M' ha dice ch' u n' è peccatu, e così sia
 Basta fe l' amur cu' 'na bella fi 'a.

5.

(Canta la Donna.)

Amure, amure vegni tutt'er sèire
 Chè li to passi ti saran' pagati;
 Nun ti darò ne oru ne argentu,
 Ti darò la mia vita in pagamentu;
 Non ti darò nè oru nè metallu,
 Ti darò la mia vita per tutt l' annu.

6.

(Canta la Donna.)

Seiben che cantu,* e ridu e fazzu festa
 Fizzu l' allegra, vivu cun dolore,
 Fazzu della fantin-ha tantu mestu
 Quand' a n' ha persu lu so' primu amure.
 Quand' a n' ha persu 'r primu e lu secundu
 L' ha persu tutt er ben ch'r eiva al mundu.

6.

(Canta la Donna.)

Sebben che canto, ho lo mio cor che piange,
 Vogliono dar moglie allo mi' amante!

* * * * *

[Imperfect]

* Comp. p. 94, "Quanto ce n' è."

4.

I've been out to Rome, and the Pope I have seen ;
I asked 'was 't a forbidden thing to make love ;
And he told me 'twas never a sin, and Amen,
I'd need but to have a fair lass for my love.*

4.

(*Woman's.*)

My love, my love, come to me every eve,
And every step thou tak'st I'll freely pay ;
'Tis not that thou shalt silver or gold receive,
My life it is that I will spend in pay ;
It is not golden coin that I'll expend,
But my whole life from year's end to year's end.

5.

(*Woman's.*)

Although I may laugh, and may sing and seem bright,
I may seem to be gay—in my heart it is night,
I am that maiden o'erburdened with grief
Who's lost her first love. For such no relief.
She who's lost both the first and the second, I trow
Has lost all the good this world has to bestow.

6.

(*Woman's.*)

Although I may sing, my heart's nigh to break ;
Another maid's mate of my love they would make.

* * * * *

This is one of a type that turns up in every part of Italy.

STORNELLI.

1.

E cantu de stornelli ne so tanti
Ne so da carica' quattro vascelli
Chi mi vo provoca' 'si fass' avanti.*

2.

Girai le quattro parti dello mondo
E di marina qualche po' m' intendo
Io sfido tutti fuori di Colombo.

The following have all been written down for me in the neighbourhood of Viareggio, by an Italian friend, in

1.

E lo mi 'damo m' ha mandato a dire
Che mi proveda ; chè mi vol lasciare.
Questi son colpi da fammi morire.

2.

Mi affaccio alla finestra e vedo nero—
E vedo mio amor fuma' il sigaro
Al povero mio cor mi da il veleno.

3.

Giovinottino che di qui passate,
Colla scusa del libro che leggete,
Intanto un occhiatina a me mi date.

[The mention in these two of the cigar and the book indicate that new Stornelli are being made on the old

* This will be seen to be the counterpart of the *Stornelli* at p. 108-9, varied by the introduction of the mention of ships, suggested by the coasting locality.

STORNELLI.

1.

Of singing Stornelli I know a good store,
Enough to freight four mighty vessels and more,
Let who thinks to defeat me but come to the fore.

2.

Into all the four parts of the earth I have been,
And some little I know about matters marine ;
But Columbus, there's no one can beat me I ween.

the course of this month of August. The last one he calls Ritornello, as to him, quite distinct from the Stornello.

1.

My sweetheart has sent me a message to say,
I'm to look for another ; he's going his way.
'Tis a blow that is likely my heart's life to slay !

2.

I look out of window and all's dark to me—
My love has his cigar, and looks not up to me ;
The thought is just a poisoned shaft to me !

3.

Young friend with a book who passest this way,
That your reading's pretence I've seen you betray,
Your eyes looked up to me, whatsoe'er you may say.

type. This last one is a complete counterpart of a very favourite old one, often printed, which I find among some that another Italian friend, an officer, put down for me, as continually in the mouth of his soldiers at the present day.

Giovinottin' che passi per la via
Non ti pensi ch' io canto per te,
Canto per un amante mio ch' è andato via
Ch' è le mille volte più bello di te.

4.

E lo mi' damo si chiama Giovanni,
Se gli è nato per me, Dio lo conservi,
Diversamente ch' il lupo se lo mangi !

RITORNELLO

Siete bellina, tutti lo sanno !
Eppure per quest' anno,
Marito non c' è.
E quest' altr' anno all' istessa stagione
Ricanteremo l' istessa canzone—
Marito non c' è.

My fine young fellow a' passing this way,
Don't flatter yourself I am singing for you.
I sing for a sweetheart who's gone on his way.
To one a thousand times better looking than you.]

4.

John is the name that is borne by my lover ;
If created for me, God with long life him dower,
But if otherwise, let the wolf him devour !

RITORNELLO

That thou art pretty, from all men we hear ;
And yet for this year,
There's no husband for thee !
And ev'ry next year as it comes to its end
This very same refrain our voices will send :
There's no husband for thee !

THE VICENTINO.

THOUGH not very far from the confines of Venice, the songs of Vicenza seem to have one or two distinguishing traits; as far as I know them they have a tone of humour, or at all events of light-hearted playfulness, above those of any other place; this develops itself not only in the ideas they contain but in the metre, the riming plan being altogether excentric, as if the lines had been "run off" just as they entered the head of the author without subjection to shackle of rule. The four-lined *Vilote* rime in pairs instead of alternately as more usual in Venice. The eight- and ten-line songs rime anyhow; the only one prevailing rule I can find is that the first two lines have no rime at all, but even this is not universal. In the example I have placed first, the 1st and 3rd lines rime; the

Quando giocava soto ai to balconi
Mi l' aria de la note no' temeva ;
Mi no temeva nè vento nè toni
Quando giocava soto ai to' balconi.
Mi la tempesta, me pareva pignoli ; *
E i lampi mi parean' versi d' amore.

* Under such pleasant occupation as serenading his mistress, the roar of the tempest was only like the noise of falling pine-cones.

4th is a repetition, the 5th an assonance with these, the 2nd and 6th have no rime. In the second, the four first lines have no rime ; true the 1st, 3rd, and 4th all terminate in *a*, but this is all there is towards even an assonance ; the 2nd, anyhow, has *none*. In the third, the 1st, 3rd, and 4th again find an assonance in the final letter only ; the 2nd, 5th, and 6th rime together. In the fourth the first two lines have no rime, the last six rime in pairs. The fifth rimes in pairs throughout. The sixth I imagine to be merely a fragment of a long *Intercalare*, possibly of two, mixed together by deficient memory. The one having originally had "Canta pur' rossignol," etc., and the other, "L' omo ch' è innamorà, etc.," for its burden.

I.

When playing under thy balcony,
I never found the night-air chilly ;
Nor wind nor tempest minatory,
When playing under thy balcony ;
The thunder a mere falling cone, I
Deemed, the lightning but glad lines of love.

2.

In mezzo al mar ghe canta la sirena
 Che la fa indormenzure i barcaroli
 La fa voltar le barche soto l' aqua
 Quando la canta come innamorata.
 La fa voltar le barche soto e sora
 Quando la canta ben, la traditora !

3.

Se mi savessi che l' Amor' nascesse,
 In mezzo un campo lo semenaria ;
 E lo semenaria tanta de core
 Che in poco tempo lu faria le fiore.†
 E lo semenaria tanto de voglia,
 Che in pòco tempo lu faria la fogia.

4.

Vegnendo de la fiera de Lonigo
 Trovo la bela che lavava i pani,
 Me faço avanti per adarghe un baso,
 La me da un pugno, e la me rompe 'l naso,
 Mi vado a casa toto insanguinato.
 La dise la padrona : ch' etu fato ?
 —Xe sta la mussatela che m' atrato
 Non voria che la fosse una busia ;
 Un baso a la morosa è scapà via.

* *Tora* in place of *trice* is said to be a local peculiarity in the parlance of Vicenza for the feminine termination of such words as "traditor," etc.

† *Fiore* generally masculine in Italian is (especially in poetry) occasionally feminine, in harmony with the gender other languages have perhaps more appropriately given it.

2.

In the midst of the ocean the Seiren is warbling,
Lulling the mar'ner to treach'rous repose ;
She turns over his boat and drags him headlong
While she captivates him with her amorous song ;
His boat she turns over—the keel all above,
While she, trait'ress, is singing her sweet song of love.

3. .

If I but knew that Love could be grown
In the midst of a field I would certainly sow it ;
This sowing I'd manage with such hearty vigour,
That in no time at all it should come into flower !
I would certainly sow it with so much good will,
That in no time at all a bower 'twould fill.

4.

Returning from the Fair-day at Lonigo,*
I find my girl a washing of her clothes ;
I venture near—a kiss I would impose,
She turns and gives a drubbing, like to break my nose.
I take me home full quickly, the blood upon my face ;
The landlady enquires what left that bloody trace ;
I tell her 'twas the donkey who kicked me in his pace.
I cannot say I would the story were a lie, †
A kiss upon my sweetheart, and then away I fly.

* A village two or three miles from Vicenza, still celebrated for its horse-fair about Lady-day.

† I have translated this exactly as it stands, but I think there is one negative too many. The last line is of course a mere burden for the sake of a rhyme.

5.

(Canta la Donna.)

A stare a le alte vedo quanto posso,
 E vedo mio ben che cura un fosso;
 El cura un fosso e 'l taglia una nogara
 Per farmi un telarin, che son' tessara.
 Mi son' tessara, che tesso la tela
 E trà lu' e mi trarem' la navesela,*
 E trà mi e lu' la navesela a tremo
 S'l filo se convien', la tela femo.

6.

La prima matina go bio† de Magio
 Canta pur' rossignol su la remela,
 Canta pur' rossignol, fa' te sentire,
 L'omo ch' è inamora' sta per morire;
 Canta pur' rossignol, canta pur' forte,
 L'omo ch' è inamora' sta mal de morte.
 L'omo ch' è inamora' tre cose vole,
 Dinari, cortesia, bone parole;
 L'omo ch' è inamora' tre cose cerca,
 Dinari, cortesia e 'na dona scielta.

VILOTE.

I.

Quando sarà qual dì, cara colona ‡
 Che a to mama ghe dirò "Madona"?

* Navesela, a name suggested to the seaside population for the shuttle, by its being somewhat of a boat-shape, ordinarily called *spuola* or *spola*.

† I do not know the meaning of this word.

‡ *Colono* being an everyday word for a peasant, I should myself have thought that this was the feminine form of it, but I have adopted the gloss of a local commentator, in the translation.

5.

(A Woman's Song.)

Standing on a height, I see whate'er I may,
I see my love at work, digging a hole away,
A hole he's a digging and a felling a nut tree
To make me a new loom, for a weaver-girl I be.
A weaver-girl I be, who works at weaving linen ;
The shuttle betwixt him and me we'll soon be a flingin'.
Between my love and me the shuttle we'll soon fling,
If the thread's but good, good linen we'll soon bring.

6.

On the first morning* of opening May
Sing, little nightingale, sing on thy branch ;
Sing, little nightingale, out thy voice send,
The man who's in love is like one near his end ;
Sing, little nightingale, pour thy voice high,
The man who's in love is like one near to die.
To the man who's in love three things must belong,
That's money, soft manners, a fair-spoken tongue ;
The man who's in love three things must collect
That's money, soft manners, a woman elect.

I.

Dear column of my heart, when shall we see the day
When to thy mother I may "Madona" say?

* Gounod has immortalized the song which says :

"Nightingale, nightingale, why is thy voice
Ne'er in the sunshine heard to rejoice."

and I believe in England, the idea is that the nightingale sings chiefly in the evening. In Italy he not only sings all day, but, as I know to my cost, he is particularly vociferous in the very early morning.

A lo to padre ghe dirò Messiere,
E a ti Catina te dirò mugiere ?

2

(Canta la Donna.)

Son sta' a la fiera per comprarmi un cesto,
Go visto i bei oceti de Francesco ;
E quei bei oci m' à tolto la mente
Sogu vegnu' a casa e no m' ò comprà gnente !

And when thy father I may call my sire,
And thee, Katina, the wife of my desire ?

2.

(A Woman's Song.)

I went to the market
To buy me a basket ;
The bright eyes of Francisco so filled up my mind,
That when I came home I've bought nothing, I find !

LE ROMAGNE

THE people of the Romagne and the Marche are noted for their gentleness. Their language approaches to the soft parlance of Rome, and with Rome, through the fact of their having so long been under its rule, they had a good deal of friendly connection. They did not call each other "forestieri," as the people of all the other provinces did. Nevertheless, they have many local peculiarities of expression, though most of them have been corrected in the following specimens. These variations differ as you pass even from one little district to another; as the Ravennate, the Riminese, the Pesarese, etc.; the talk of Recanati is by some said to be the purest, and in their pronunciation their general freedom

I.

(Canta la Donna.)

La prima volta che passavi l' acqua *
Trovava una chiesola mezza fatta,†
Derento c'era un prete confessore
Che confessava le donne d' amore.
Io li dicevi—Padre mio devoto,
So' tanto 'nnamorata, che 'n trovo loco.
E lui mi disse, "Fija disgraziata
Lassa l' amore chè sarai dannata"—

* Alluding to whatever river bounded her native town.

† Apparently *mezza fatta* is only there for its assonance, it seems to have no importance.

E MARCHE.

from aspirates puts them in some respect even above the 'Tuscans. "*Sonetti*" is the general name for Rispetti, Strambotti, and Dispetti; and "*Fiori*" and "*Ritornelli*" for Stornelli. They consist chiefly of love songs; there are few Dispetti, and hardly any on any other subject. A great many connect their love theme with parting because it is in the customs of the people to go to different parts at certain seasons for work. Some allude to the journey to Rome, which for many is a pilgrimage, for many the usual search of the provincial for the fabled capital paved with gold, but to all, Rome was a delight and a crowning glory. For the most part they are singularly soft and tender.

I.

(*A Woman's Song.*)

The first time travelling I the water crossed,
A little but half finished church I passed;
A priest there was who sat confessing there
And loving maids I saw to him repair.
Then I to him—"O ghostly Father mine,
With tender love in my heart's core I pine."
And he to me—"Sad child, dost know the cost?
Give up this love, or else your soul is lost."

E poi me disse, "Va in nome di Dio,
Va e fa l' amore che la faccio anch' io."
E poi mi disse; "Va in nome de' Santi
Va e fa l' amore, che lo fa tutti quanti."

[This curious song occurs in various forms in the folklore of every province. Sometimes it is the Pope who is

2.

Amame, bella, in questa settimana,
Poichè in quest' altra me convie' partire,
La strada che me tocca è la romana,
Pregame Iddio che la possa seguire.
Pregame Iddio e dimme lo rosario,
Ch' io te lo diro a S. Pietro romano;
Pregame Iddio e dimme la corona,
Ch' io te lo dico a San Pietro de Roma.

[I have often been reminded of this song, when I have seen a handsome peasant youth saying his rosary very

3.

Oggi ho provato a scrivere 'l tuo nome
Non ho potuto, dolce anima mia!
La penna s' è rimpita di dolore,
La calamaro de malinconia.
La penna s' è rimpita di tormenti,
La calamaro di lagrime e pianti.

4.

Mo' ch' è arrivata l' ora di partire,
Pija sto core mio, fanne du' parte
Una ne pija io, per non morire
L'altra la dono a voi ... la maggior parte.

And then he said again, "Go, and the Lord be with you,
Go, joy in love ; the like myself I do."

And then he said again, "Go, and the saints be with you,
Go, joy in love ; for the like all folks do."

made to give this dubious advice. *Supra* p. 197.]

2.

Love me, beloved, and that this whole week through,
For in the next to come I needs must go away ;
The road to Rome is that I must pursue,
Pray God for me that I may travel safe.
Offer for me the rosary at home
As I do for thee under St. Peter's dome.
Pray God for me ; for me your chaplet say,
As I for you each day in Rome I stay.

earnestly before some favourite altar in St. Peter's.]

3.

To-day I thought I'd try to write thy name,
Dear soul of mine, I failed to do it, wholly !
The pen so full of sympathetic grief became,
The inkhorn was so full of melancholy.
The pen was full of torments and of fears,
The inkhorn of lamenting and of tears.

4.

Now that the hour to say " Good-bye " has come,
Take thou this heart of mine and make it twain.
The smaller half to me—enough to live,
The rest—the larger part—to thee I give !

5.

L' angeli l' hanno fatte le canzone ;
 Quanno se canta se pensa sol' a l' amore.
 L' angeli l' hanno fatto lo cantare
 Quanno se canta, non se pensa male.

6.

(*Conta la Donna.*)

La notte de Pesquella * o Befania
 Vuolsi veder' si quel bello m' amava ;
 Buttai sul foco una brancia d' ulla,
 Tutta verso di me s' arrivultava !

7.

(*Canta la Donna.*)

Marinarello me volesse bene
 La sua barchetta io la vorria 'ndorare ;
 Je la vorria 'ndorare drento e fora.
 Marinarell' della barchetta dora !
 Je la vorria 'ndora' de fora e drenta.
 Marinarell' della barchetta penta !

8.

E lo mio amore è 'ndato a Roma a meta' ;
 Me l' ha mannato a di' che se fa frate ;
 Monica io me farò, e me vederete
 Nello convento delle sventurate.

* Christmas and Easter, Epiphany and Pentecost, all fall under the title of Pasqua in Rome. Christmas is Pasqua di Natale ; Pentecost is Pasqua rosa, the tongues of fire of the Descent of the Holy Ghost giving it its tint. The Dome used to be celebrated in the Pantheon by showering down petals from the "eye" of the Dome, and to the present day the tabernacle is adorned with rose-petals on Whitsunday. Epiphany is Pasquella—"little Pasqua."

5.

It must be the angels invented the songs,
While one pleasantly sings, for one's lover one longs !
'Tis the angels themselves who have taught us to sing,
While one pleasantly sings, one can think no wrong thing.

6.

(A Woman's Song.)

On the Eve of Epiphany, or "Befany," *
I wanted to see if my lover loved me.
I set a branch of olive a-burning away,
And see ! it all curl'd up and turned towards me.†

7.

(A Woman's Song.)

Dear Marinarello, if he but loved me more,
Then I'd go to his boat and I'd gild it all o'er,
I'd gild it within and I'd gild it without.
Marinarell' of the fair gilded boat !
Within I would gild it, without I would gild it.
Marinarell' of the boat that is painted !

8.

And my love is gone to Rome for mowing,
He sends to say that to be a friar he's going.
Soon in like manner me a nun you'll see—
The convent of the unlucky ones for me.

* The double form of the name arises from the Epiphany having become personified for children as a toy-bringing old woman called la Befana.

† In allusion to a folk-divination, that if a maiden puts a branch of olive in the fire on Epiphany-eve, it will curl up and crackle if her lover cares for her, if otherwise, it will remain straight and still till consumed.

9.

(Canta la Donna.)

A Roma s' è fatto 'l camposanto
C' è sotterrato lo ragazzo mio !
'Gni volta che ci passo ci fo un pianto,
M' arricordo del ben che mi volia,
M' arricordo del ben e dell' amore,
Sempre piagno per te, raggio de sole !

10.

(Dispetto da Donna.)

Ho amato tanto tempo un giovinetto
Con l' intenzione di volello sposare ;
Ho conosciuto ch' era un po furbetto,
Subitamente l' ho lassato andare.
Dopo tre mesi mi mannò un biglietto
Si la pace con lui volessi fare.
In mezzo al petto mio c' è un cancellato
— Chi è sortito non ce può più entrare.
Ce sai sortito felice e contento
'Desso che ce vuoi entra', 'n te vie' più a tempo.
Ce sai sortito felice e contento
'Desso che ce vuoi entra—c' è 'n altro amante.

RITORNELLI.

1.

La strada de Roma è fatta a barchetta
Nè larga nè stretta, che bella cammina !

9.

(A Woman's Song.)

In Rome they've made them a churchyard field
And in it they've laid that true love mine !
Each time I go by it, to tears I yield,
I think how he loved me, that true love mine !
I think how he loved me—Ah, lackaday !
I weep ever for thee, my own sun's bright ray.

10.

(A Woman's Song of Dispetto.)

I loved a youth for a long time together
Intending one day man and wife to be,
But when I learnt him changeful as the weather
At once I turned away and set him free.
After three months he sends to me a letter
And asks me once again with him t' agree.
But midway in my heart I've fixed a barrier,
And he who is shut out has no more the entrée.
You took your congée and went out contented,
And now returning may no more be attempted.
You took your congée and went out content,
And now my heart has got another client.

11.

How fine the road that leads to Rome,
So smooth a boat might sail along !

2.

Quanno ch' io partii dal mio paese
Povera bella mia, come rimase !
Come l' aratro in mezzo alla maggese !

3.

DISPETTO.

Io me ne vojo già de là da Roma.
De la da Roma troverò chi m' ama ;
Voi, carnella, restàrete sola !

4.

(Canta la Donna.)

Io me ne vojo già a Roma per sempre,
Là vojo rinnova' 'no nuovo amante,
Quello de prima non ne femo niente.

5.

(Canta la Donna.)

Che bell' arietta * che ve' là da Trunte,
Ce sta l' amore mie che mi la manda.

* Remark the graceful form given to this word, as well as the tenderness of the idea the song expresses.

2.

When I'd to leave our village on the morrow
My fair one stood aghast in her deep sorrow
Like ploughshare fix'd in an unfinished furrow.

3.

I go away to th' other side of Rome,
I'll find a truer love than you at home,
Then you, my dear, will find you're left alone.

4.

(A Woman's Song.)

I shall go off to Rome ; for always, I'll go,
I'll find me a new love without more ado,
For what I care, the first, to the wall he may go !

5.

(A Woman's Song.)

How sweet the air from Tronto* blows to me
'Tis sent from there by my own love for me !

* Tronto is on the border between the Pontifical States and Naples, not far from Ascoli.

PICENO.

As the Folksongs roll down the strip of territory between the Apennines and the Adriatic, the form of the Piedmontese *Quatrain* and the Venetian *Vilota* linger, mingling with the Tuscan *Rispetto* and *Stornello*. The

I.

Quando leva lo sole la mattina
Non leya se da vïo 'n prende licenza ;
Quando è levato tutto il dì cammina
E se ne va colla sua diligenza,—
E va monte per monte,* e poi si china
E fa alle tue bellezze reverenza.

2.

(*Canta la Donna.*)

Quanti giovinetelli ci han provato
De fammi 'nnamorare e 'n han potuto ;
Tu, bellinello, lo primo sei stato
M' hai fatto 'nnamora' al primo saluto !

3.

L'altra notte sognai che t'eri morta
Gran pianto che vi feci, anima mia

* A local image evidently suggested to the rustic mind by the daily course of the sun displayed to him along the particular range of mountains that "bind his sight" and "his fancy."

one I have placed fourth below, is met in varying forms in nearly every province, and has been made into a poem by Poliziano.

I.

When the sun's wanting to begin his day
To thee he comes licence and leave to ask.
When he is ris'n he rolls on all the day
Nor ever slackens in that daily task.
He rolls from peak to peak and then bows low,
To thy perfections doing homage so.

2.

(A Woman's Song.)

How many lads, who have striven in vain
Love in my heart, with their love to bëget !
Beloved, my first, my heart's only own,
Awokedst my love at our first glance that met !
•

3.

The other night I dreamt thou wert no more,
How great, my soul, my life, was then my grief ;

Te venne a compagna' fino alla fossa
Niuno consolare me potia.

4.

Bella lo sole ti farà citare
Dice gli avete tolto lo splendore,
Anche la luna ce vuo' ragionare
Glie avete tolto due stelle d'amore.

5.

Avete le bellezze sopraffine—
L'acqua che corre, la fate fermare ;
E l' uomo morte il fate rinvenire,
E quello vivo però, lo fate penare !

DISPETTI.

1.

Sei tanto bella e non te giova niente ;
Che disprezzata se' da mille amanti.
La rosa col odorar' tanta gente
Perde l'odore e si seccan le brance.

2.

O bella che ti pettini la treccia
Ancor non hai ammanita la legaccia.
Ma quanto durerà la tua bellezza ?
Quanto una veste nuova che poi si straccia !

STORNELLO.

Mamma, se non mi date Maria Rosa,
Piglio la strada della Santa Casa,
Mi fa romito e abbandono ogni cosa.

I bore thy relics company, all weeping sore,
Nor was there any could confer relief !

4.

The sun will cite you, my fair maid,
For having ravished half his splendours !
The moon as well, complaint has laid,
For stealing two of her attendant stars !

5.

Of every beauty, fair, thou hast the flower,
• The stream arrests its course to gaze on thee,
The dead are called back by thy beauty's power
While he who lives—thou mak'st him pine for thee !

I.

You're so fair, and yet naught by your beauty you gain,
For by thousand of lovers you've made yourself
scouted !
The rose that is sniffed at and sniffed at again,
Its branches are withered, its perfume is flouted !

2.

O fair, who mak'st such flaunt of thy bright tresses,
As yet thou'st not attained law's bond to 've worn !
How long, I pray, thy beauty will it bless us ?
As long as a new gown, which soon is torn !

STORNELLO.

Mother, if Mary Rose I may not take,
• I 'll to Loret' as pilgrim me betake,
And every earthly thing I there forsake.

UMBRIA.

[HERE is one of the few with a trace of history in it, but does it date from the time of Charles of Anjou, or

I.

Lasciate di cantar, che ecco i Francesi !—
E' quando ascanterem pe' 'sti paesi ?
Ascanterem se loro se ne vanno
Che fin ch'è ce son lor' s' avr' del piagne'.
E canteremo allor :—" Viva Maria ! "
La razza dei ladroni è gita via.
E canteremo allor—" Viva Gesù ! "
La razza dei ladroni non c' è più !

2.

(Canta la Donna.)

Te voglio bene perche se' di Perugia
Che più del foro quì l' amore abrugia.
So stata a Roma e non ho tanto amato
Perchè, carino mio, 'n te ci ho trovato,
So stata a Roma e non ho amato tanto
Perchè, carino mio, non m' eri accanto.

3.

(Canta la Donna.)

M' è stato detto che voli partire—
Specchio degli occhi miei do' vuoi andare ?

Napoleon ? to me it seems recent.]

1.

Stop singing, boys, here are the French at hand !—
When may we sing our songs round here again ?
We'll sing them when they go back t' their own land,
We need our voice, to wail, while they remain.
When they are gone we'll " Viva Maria !" shout,
The race of robbers is at last gone out.
When they are gone we'll " Viva Gesù !" cry ;
The race of robbers is no longer nigh.

2.

I love you well, since in Perugia born,
For more than elsewhere, love there doth burn.
To Rome I've been, but loved but little there,
For none I found who could with thee compare.
To Rome I've been, but love there have not tried,
Because, belov'd, thou wert not at my side.

3.

Belov'd, they tell me thou away wilt go.—
Mine eyes' bright mirror, where is it thou goest ?

E se tu parti, mandemelo a dire ;
Di lacrime ti voglio accompagnare.
Di lacrime ti bagnerò la via
Ricordati da me, speranza mia !
Di lacrimi ti bagnero lo loco
Ricordati di me, pensaci un poco.

4.

Giovinettina dalla bianca mano
Non bazzica' col nobile e il barone—
Son gente che si guarda da lontano
Come l' orso che balla e fa il buffone.
E se fan' carezze, non fidatte,
Cavera' l' ugne che ha sotto le patte.
Cavera' l' ugne e per tuo malanno
Non resterà che la vergogna e il danno.

5.

E alla Rosalba han' dato l' acquetta
E si disfà' siccome fior' per gelo.
E nel vide' morir la su' diletta
Bestemmia il suo Cecchino i santi e 'l cielo.
Poro Cecchino ! l' amava cotanto
E gli occhi omai gli resteren' pel pianto,
Poro Cecchino ! la volea fa' sposa
E fra poco sarà dai vermi rosa.
Poro Cecchino la tua donna è lesta
E il via di Borgia ci ha fatto la festa.

[This was one worth preserving for the sake of the curious traditional allusion in it. A great deal has been written about the mysterious poison called *acquetta di*

And if thou goest, send to let me know.
My tears shall go with thee where'er thou goest.
My tears shall lay the dust upon thy way.
Keep me^b within thy thoughts, my hope's sole ray !
My tears shall lave the place where thou shalt stay,
Bear me in mind, beloved, think of me by the way !

4.

Maiden young, with the hands so fair,
Don't with the baron and noble repair ;—
Such folk should only be looked at in distance
Like the bear with his tricks and attempt to dance.
If they would caress thee 'tis of no good cause,
The talons are there beneath their paws.
The talons they'll draw, and for thy ill fame—
To thee will remain but disgrace and shame.

5.

To little Rosalba a draught has been given.
And she's fading away like a flower in frost ;
And seeing her dying, with heart well nigh riven
Cecchino's blaspheming the saints and the Highest.
Poor lad, Cecchino ! he loved her so much,
And he's like t' lose his eyesight with crying such !
Poor lad, Cecchino ! he'd have had her to wife,
And erewhile within her the worms will be rife !
Poor lad, Cecchino, it's all up with thy fair,
And the wine of the Borgia has wrought this despair !

Perugia, also acqua Tofanica, which was supposed to kill its victim by slow degrees without being itself traceable.]

6.

Son stato nella citta, ne ho visto tante .
E brune e bionde, occhi turchine e negre ;—
Portavano il tuppette e 'l guardiufante
E avean la coda come cinciallegre—
Come pavoni colla coda stesa
Facean' mostra di se lungo la chiesa.
Ma se tu c' eri lì fra tante belle
Facevi come il sole all' altre stelle
Ma se tu c' eri là Ninetta bruna
Tu eri 'l sole e io era la luna.
La luna che intorno a suo bel sole
Gira la notte e il dì senza parole.
La luna s'accontenta nel viaggio
Se può rubare al suo bel sole un raggio
E m' accontento anch' io lungo la via
D' un occhiatina di Ninetta mia.

STORNELLI.

1.

Fiorin' d' amore !
Chè non andate in cielo ad abitare !
Che state in terra e fa pena 'sta core.

2.

Fior di ginestra !
Tutta s' infiora la campagna nostra
Quando s'affaccia Nina alla finestra.

6.

I've been up to town and I've seen, of girls, troops,
The dark and the fair ; the blue eyes and black,
Their hair tied in topknots, their skirts all in hoops
Like tomtits' best feathers spread out at the back
Attracting attention all the way up the church,
Like tail-spreading peacock displayed on a perch.
—But if thou had'st been there amid all this display
Thou had'st shone, as o'er stars the surpassing sun's ray.
Ah, nutbrown Ninetta, if thou hadst been there
Thou had'st stood for the sun's, and I for the moon's
sphere.

The moon who without any word of repining
Day and night round her bright sun is evermore winding.
The moon who attends her bright sun on his way
So she can but obtain from him one brilliant ray.
And I too am content to attend my Ninetta
If but one bright eyeglance to cast on me I get her.

1.

Flowret of love !

'Twere well thou went to live in Heaven above
Who, living here, but mak'st this heart to grieve.

2.

Flowret of broom !

The whole of our meadows are covered with bloom
When my little Ninetta looks out from her room.

5.

Fior di corallo !

L' ho visto, su in Perugia, il Santo Anello.[†]

Ve ce vorrei sposa', poi fare un ballo.

4.

M' è stato regalato un bel coltello

Da cima ha un cuore e da piedi un corallo †

E me l' ha regalato Antoninello.

O bella, che ti piacciono i canti

T'affaccia alla finestra che li senti

Ma non son' cant†, i miei, son lamenti.

6.

La vedovella nella vedovanza ‡

Piange lo morto e nello vivo pensa

In altro giovinetto ha la speranza. §

7.

Se me volete be' perchè 'n parlate

A mama e babbo ? perchè nol dicete ?

E me menate in chiesa e mi sposate ? ||

A thick ring of white onyx is preserved in the treasury of the Cathedral of Perugia, under the name of the *Santo Anello*, as the Virgin Mary's wedding ring; it is regarded with greatest veneration, and in the course of ages has been the subject of curious contests to obtain possession of it.

† *Corallo*—a coral horn worn as a charm against spells.

‡ The only allusion to widows I have met with.

§ This is in other words the English riddle, "How long does a widower mourn for his wife? He mourns for a second."

|| Exactly the counterpart of the American joke, "If you love me, say so, but don't keep pinching my foot."

3.

Flower of Coral!

At Perugia I've seen Holy Mary's ring nuptial.
I would marry you there, and then have a ball.

4.

A fine handsome knife † has been given to me,
A head to surmount it, a charm at the end,
He who gave it to me was my dear little Tony.

5.

If songs delight thee, O my fair,
Come to thy window and draw near,
My love-complaints for songs, thou'lt hear.

6.

The widow in her widowhood
Bewails the dead, but thinks on living manhood,
Another youth to marry her she would.

7.

If really you love me, why cannot you speak?
Of father and mother my hand you might seek,
And lead me to church at the end of a week.

* Ball is a fair literal translation of "ballo," though by common usage in England we confine the word chiefly to the dances of the upper classes.

† In Umbria, contrary to the prevailing superstition that a present of a cutting instrument "cuts love," it is the custom to make an engagement token of a knife; a heart, sometimes a head transfixed by an arrow, generally forms part of its rough ornamentation.

8.

Fiore di rosa !

O Dio che bel visin', che bella treccia

O Dio che bella fronte spaziosa !

Che belli cigli con sotto du' soli

Tu, bellina, d' amore porti l' ali

E sopra tutte per bellezza voli

Tu, bellina, d' amor porti la fede

Faresti innamorar' chi non te vede.*

* Instances of such prolonged Stornelli are not uncommon among the Umbrian ones.

8.

Flower of the Rose !

What beautiful tresses, and what a fair face !
What a fine open forehead and delicate nose,
What beautiful brows which two suns overarch,
Thou bearest the wings of love's bright hierarch,
And thy beauties o'er others' fly high out of reach.
The token of love 's impressed on thee so well,
That without even seeing thee all own the spell.

ROME AND ITS

By accident not having at hand, at the time of preparing these sheets for the press, the greater part of the songs I had collected from Rome and its neighbourhood,

1.

Ho girato tutta la Toscana
Napoli la bella ed anche Lombardia ;
Ma non mai ho trovato una simile dama
Somigliante alla ragazza mia.

2.

Sta notte mi sognava con dolcezza
Che io stava a baciare la mia ragazza
Mattina maladetta che m' hai desto.*

3.

Non serve che di qui tu ci passeggi;
Tanto della mi' roba nun m' assaggi
La chiave der mio cor nun la maneggi.

4.

Mi voglio andar far frate alla Scala †
E confessore della mia bella. ‡
E non la voglio assolver se non mi ama.

* Only two of the lines rime.

† The very popular Carmelite Church in Trastevere.

‡ "Bella" of course here stands for "my fair;" but it seemed allowable to translate it by the name of Bella.

NEIGHBOURHOOD.

I am forced to apologize for this section of the work being very weak. The "Ritornello" is the song that seems to have been most in vogue.

1.

I've wandered out to Tuscany,
To Naples fair, and Lombardy,
But met not one so fair to see
As my own maid appears to me.

Last night I dreamt a pleasant dream,
I thought I lay within my fair's embrace,
I curs'd the morn which woke from that solace.*

3.

It's useless you wander so oft round this part,
And are coming so often my matters athwart,
You've not mastered the trick of the key of my heart !

4.

I'll go and be a Friar at la Scala,
And make myself confessor to my Bella,
Nor till she 'grees t' love me 'll I absolve her. †

* "It told 'twas sunset, and he curs'd that sun."—*Byron*.

† Of course it is the impossibility of the situation that makes the hyperbolic charm of this little song.

5.

Fior' delle more !

Avete rubato le perle al mare,
Agl' alberi li frutti ; a me' 'sto core !

6.

Ci vogliamo ben', ci sposeremo
E della roba no ce ne curemo
Siamo giovinetti, ci la faremo.

7.

O Roma, O Roma, le belle romane !
Son' le più belle le Trasteverine
Ma le rubacuori son' le Montigiane.*

8.

E di saluti ve ne mando tanti
Per quanto foglie movean' li venti,
Per quanto in Paradiso sono di santi.

9.

Caro mio amore !

La gente mi dicon' tanto male ;
Agl' occhi miei mi parete un sole.

10.

Li vigneroi sono proprio cari
Come le radichette legheno i cori
Sonano la pffiffera come pffifferari.

* The Trastevere and the Monti districts are the most thickly peopled by the poorer classes of Rome ; the " Monti " comprises the crowded hilly streets lying between S. Maria Maggiore, and Via Alessandrina. I lived for a considerable time in a Palazzo in Via Alessandrina, and used to hear a great deal of popular music and singing pass under the windows. [This song is very arch in assigning the special characteristics of the rival nests of popular beauties.]

5.

Flow'r of the mulberry !
See, thou hast stolen the pearls from the sea,
The fruit from the tree and this heart from me !

6.

Loving each other well, we'll marry !
For household stuff we will not tarry,
We're young, and through the world we'll carry !

7.

O Rome ! The girls of Rome, how fair they are !
Fairest of all are they of Trastevèr' ;
Of Monti, they for hearts best lay a snare !

8.

Of good wishes I send you as many,
As of leaves that are moved when it's windy,
As in heaven make up the saints' company.†

9.

Dear love of mine !
Ill tongues 'd make me from thee disincline ;
For me, still, ever as the sun, dost shine !

10.

Vine-dressers are a darling set,
Binding hearts as tightly as a root-packet,‡
As well as pfifferari they play the flageolet.

* This is one of the songs which has a counterpart in every province.

† Justified by actual use in the Te Deum.

‡ *Radiche* in Rome commonly means radishes, here is used for bundles of old vine roots tied up for burning, which being particularly crooked require to be very firmly bound.

11.

Sansone che morì fra le colonne,
La forza sua era tanto grande,
Epperò fu tradito dalle donne.

12.

De saluti te ne mando mille
Per quanti pesci ha er mar' e cielo stelle,
Per quanti mercatine vendono spille.

13.

Fior de pepe !
E quando alla chiesa camminate
Co' sti begli occhi i lumi accendete !

SERENATE.

1.

Ve do la buona notte se la volete
Se nò, la butto per le cantonate
Doman' mattina la raccoglierete.

2.

Bella uditimi !
E se v' ho guasto il sonno, perdonatemi
E dopo perdonato, soccoretemi !

11.

Samson, who 'twixt the pillars low was laid,
And was of such surpassing strength, 'tis said,
Was yet to foes by woman's arts betray'd.

12.

I send you as many good wishes,
As of stars in the sky, in the sea there are fishes,
Or as the mercer to sell pins accomplishes.

13.

Flower of pepper !
Whenever my fair one to church will betake her,
With the gleam of her bright eyes she kindles each
taper !

SERENADES.

1.

I bring you my "good-night" an you will have it,
If not, behind the corner down I fling it,
P'rhaps in the morn you'll come and gather it,

2.

Fair one, but list to me !
If I have hindered thy slumber, forgive me,
And after forgiving, then fair one, indulge me !

* In England too we have traditions and songs about bright eyes lighting candles.

SOUTHERN ITALY.

The dialects of Southern Italy are so difficult and perhaps I may say, so uncouth,* to the unpractised ear, that (except in regard to Sicily, where Dr. Pitrè's valuable assistance gave every page thence obtained an importance above any other in my book) I have reserved a very small portion of space for its songs by comparison with what I have allotted to the productions of regions where the speech is less unfamiliar. But it must not be imagined that there is any lack of the raw material. On the contrary, it is exceedingly abundant as well as distinguished by special and interesting characteristics. The lines and verses are generally of the same length as the Sicilian, and they seem to aim at alternate rimes, but in the aggregate are much more irregular; e.g. in one specimen below, the verse is made up of 9 instead of 8 lines, and rimes 1st, 5th and 7th; 2nd, 4th, 6th, 9th, while the 3rd and 8th are left unrimed.

NEAPOLITAN.

I.

A lu scur' vajj circann'
La bella mia addò è

* Even its own people speak of the "ingrata intonazione," and the "aspirazioni," of those dialects, as undesirable and inelegant.

I give two versions of the same song in Neapolitan and Abruzzi parlance by way of specimens of these numerous and puzzling dialects; they afford an interesting opportunity of comparison:—

NEAPOLITAN.

Quest' è lu luogh' dell amor' ;
 C' è nat' l' erb' di la contentezz' ;
 • Dentr' ci stann' diu bell fijuol' ;
 Fann' tremar la terra di li
 bellezz' !
 Jun si chiam' " La stelluccia d'
 or,"
 L' atr " La funtanell' de le
 bellezz',"
 Se i' n' avess' jun' di ssi diu
 Ni mmurarebb', ma di con-
 tentezz' !

ABRUZZI.

Quest' é lu lóche de l' amóre ;
 C' é nnáte l' érbe de la cun-
 dendézze
 Déndre ce stánne du' bbélle
 fijóle ;
 Fánne tremá' la terre de le
 bbellezzé !
 Une se chiáme " La stelluccia d'
 ore,"
 L' àtre " La fundanèlle de le
 bbellézze,"
 Se jji n' avasse und de 'sse du' ;
 Ne mmurarrèbbe, ma' de cun-
 dendézze ! *

I.

In favouring dusk I wandering go,
 My fair, where shall I find her ?

* Here is a spot sacred to love. Here is born the plant of satisfaction. Within it live two fair maidens Who make the earth tremble at the sight of their beauty. One is called "The fair golden star," The other, "The fountain of all beauty," If I had but one of these two for my own I should die—but die of satisfaction.

I have a Tuscan song to the same purport; and a woman's counterpart,—

• Sono innamorata di due giovinetti,
 Uno de' due, non so quale, lasciare, etc.

Mo' m' annascunn' po' fann' dispera'
 I mor', I mor' pe' tè,
 Ripos' cchiù ne' ho !

2.

Giuda, se pati tie nell' aspru' 'nfiernu
 Nellu' nfiernu d' amore i' sto penandu !
 Tie vasasti Gesù celeste eternu
 'Na fimmina vosai io e mmo me dannu !
 Tie pe' 'un vasu stai ner foco eternu
 Po' nu vasu is pure sto penandu ;
 Facimu trudenui cangiu' de 'nfiernu
 Ca lu 'nfiernu d' amore è cchiù tirannu.

[I should be sorry if the insertion of this song led to a mistaken accusation of "irreverence" in the Neapolitan composer. Rightly considered it is on the contrary characteristic of intense veneration. It is "the familiarity of the household." Of course it is in the appreciation of the immeasurable distance between "the torments"

3.

So statu a 'nfiernu e so' tornatu
 Mmisericor' cche jinti cche cc' era !
 E cc' era Lucibello * 'nncatenatu,
 Quannu mme vidi gran festa ffacceca.
 Oh Lucibello non tie 'rraneggrisi
 So' vinutu e mme ne vo' jiri.

4.

DISPETTO.

Occhi di basilisco fulminanti,
 Serpe che hai veleno in ogni dente,

* Neapolitan form of "Lucifer."

Now, she attracts,—now, makes me wild ;
 I die, I die for her,
 Repose no more have I !

2.

Judas, if thou'rt consigned to nether hell,
 A hell by love's assigned to me as well.
 Thou kissedst Jesus, the Divine, eternal—
 I kissed a woman 'nd suffer pain infernal.
 Thou for a kiss art cast in fire eternal,
 *I for a kiss am kept in pains infernal.
 Traitor !—a change of torments let us make withal ;
 Torment of love is e'en the more tyrannical !

that consists the whole of the beautiful irony of the juxtaposition ; a juxtaposition justified by splendid hyperbole. It is exactly because it is characteristic of the paramount faith of the Neapolitan peasant, that it demands a place in this little collection, which aims primarily at being representative.]

3.

I've been down to Ninferno and see me returning ;
 Mercy me, what a crowd of our people I found !
 There was old Lucibello in manacles burning,
 Who, when he espied me, went shouting quite loud.
 " Old Lucibello, don't bellow so loud !
 I've not come to stay, but to take a look round." *

4.

Thine are the basilisc's dazzling e'en !
 In very truth hast the serpent's venom.

* Comp. *supra*, Tuscan songs, p. 88-9.

Sirena che mi alletti coi tuoi canti,
 Coccodrillo che ammazzi e poi ti penti
 Petto d' acciaio e core di diamante
 Che ti nutrisci solo co' miei lamenti.
 Come soffrire puoi tanti miei pianti?
 Forsi sei nata sorda che non senti!

4.

(*Parla la Donna.*)

Lo 'nnamorato mmio sse chiamma Peppo^c
 Lo capo giocatore de le carte
 Ss' ha jocato 'sto core a zicchinetto
 Dice ca mo' lo venme, e mo' lo parte.
 Che n' agg io a fare lo core de carte
 Voglio ló core che tinite 'mpietto.

5.

(*Parla la Donna.*)

Tengo 'na mamma e 'n altra ne vorria,
 Co' una mamma io no' 'nce pozzo stare;
 Vorria a mamma 'i muno bello mmio,
 Co' essa mmi vurria confessare
 Poi le vorria dicere:—"Mamma mmia
 Lu figlio tuo non mme lo vuole dare?"
 Essa sse vota e dice:—"Figlia mmia
 Chisse su' cose de lu cielo vene
 Se 'ncielo è destinato nu' po' mancare."

[The following was given me as Neapolitan; but Dr. Pitrè tells me that it is an erroneous attribution, and that it does not belong to the category of folk-songs, but

Seiren, enticing with flatt'ring song;
Kill'st like a crocodile, and then repentest.
Breast of steel and heart of adamant,
Feeding thee wholly on my lament !
How can'st thou suffer my constant tears ?
Art thou born deaf, and hast no ears ?

4.

(A Woman's Song.)

That lover of mine by name is called Peppo,
The best player at cards all around this way :
He's been playing on hearts at *zechinetta*
He says now they turn up, now they're sorted away.
What matters the heart in the card-pack to me ?
The heart in his bosom's the heart for me !

5.

(A Woman's Song.)

I have one mother, still I want another.
This one first mother for me does not suffice.
I want to have my sweetheart's for the second
Then I'd confess what hid in my heart lies.
Then I would go to her and say, " My Mother,
Give me thy son, the sweetheart of my choice."
And she would turn and say (that loving mother)
" These matters settled all in Heaven are,
If Heaven wills it so, it will suffice."

to that of folk-poetry. I insert it therefore simply on its own merits, which are not small. Every province has a variant of it, but not one equal to it for fun and sparkle.]

Domenica o mia Rosa !
 Io ti trovai vezzosa.
 Lunedì ti spiegai mia fiamma ascosa,
 Martedì fingesti esser ritrosa,
 Mercoledì sembrasti men dubbiosa,
 Giovedì al par di me foste amorosa,
 Venerdì—o me beato—t' ebbe a sposa—
 Sabbato, . . . mi paresti tutt' altra cosa !

FROM POMIGLIANO DELL' ARCO.

[This pretty little song is so characteristic of the poetic love which the natural beauties of their country have inspired in many rustic Italians, that it well deserves a place. Pomigliano dell' Arco, near Nola, within ten miles of Naples, is so called either from a

Non mme piace l' aria del' Acerra
 E manco l' aria de le masserie *
 A mme mme piace Pomigliano bello
 Addò so' natò e llà voglio morire.

ABRUZZI.

I.

Donna che stai 'nffacciata a la fenescia
 Famme 'na 'razia e nu' te 'nd e trasire—
 Miname 'nu capiddhu de toa trezza
 Calalu abascio, ca 'ogghiu salire
 Ca 'rriatu, ci saraggiu a la fenescia
 Mme stringu a lu tou petto e mme 'nde murire !

* This must mean that he does not care even for what might be considered the purer air of the circumjacent farms ; he prefers that of the town, even if polluted, because his native place.

On Sunday, O my Rosalie,*
I found you very fair to see.
Monday, I spoke my hidden plea,
Tuesday, you pretended shy to be,—
Wednesday, you seemed a mite more free,
Thursday, as much in love as me. †
Friday, we married—happy we.
Saturday, . . . quite another view I see !

picture, reckoned miraculous, of Our Lady seated in a rainbow, or from an arch of a ruined aqueduct with a sacred representation painted on it, known as the *arco pinto*, just as in the Baths of Caracalla, Rome.] |

The air of Acerra has no charms for me,
Nor e'en that of the country lying round.
No place like fair Pomigian' for me,
There was I born, there may my death be found !

I.

Maid, who standest to look down from thy window,
Do me a favour that I may rise up to thee—
Throw me down one hair of thy long tresses,
Lower it down, for I would come up to thee.
When I have drawn me by it up to thy window,
But let me press thee to my breast—then I will die !

* Sta. Rosalia is the favourite Neapolitan saint. "Rosa" is only the short for it.

† "Regardless of grammar," but not inappropriately so.

[This curious and somewhat uncomfortable image is nevertheless a favourite one in popular romance, for this

2.

Bellezza de lu cjiele so' le stelle
Bellezza de le donne so' le capelle.

3.

L' uocchie de mi amore son fatt 'a schiupette
E mm' à ferite lu cor' a pprima botte.

4.

Mo' te le sjiende le camban' a mmuorte !—
Duman', Amore mi', ji me ne parte.
E sse la stelle* se 'scure de notte
Piangem', Amore mi', ca ji so' mmorte.
E sse la stelle se 'scure de ggiorne
Allegr', Amore mi', ca ji aretorne.

5.

Tenete l' uocchie de miricula nere ;
Che ffa la vostra matre che n'n de' marite ?
La vostra matre n'n de' marit' apposte
Pe' ne' lleva' ssu fior, a la fenestre.

6.

Lu prim' amore è ccome 'nna tende
Dove s' appose nen ze stegne maje.
È lu second' amor' è ccome 'nna vreane
Nghe 'na sciaquata d' acque se ne vaje.

* This is the particular star chosen for the token between the parting lovers. *Stelle* is not here plural. This idea also frequently occurs in the songs of other provinces.

song turns up in various provinces. It may be traced to the popular mythology. *]

2.

The stars are the adornment of the sky,
And woman's hair is her adornment high.

3.

The eyes of my love are made like to a firelock,
They wounded me sore at the very first shock.

4.

Presaging bells are ringing for the dead !
To-morrow, O my love, I must away ;
And if our star o'erdarkened is at night,
Mourn me then, Love, for then I shall be dead.
And if our star o'erdarkened is by day,
Rejoice, love, token 'tis that I retrace my way.

5.

Your eyes are marvellously black and bright !—
How is it that your mother does not wed you ?—
She will not wed you, not to lose her light—
Not to remove the flower that decks her window !

6.

First love is like strong cloth to hold the grain,
When once 'tis stretched nothing can move 't away.
All later love is like a halm of chaff,
A shower of rain washes it all away.

* e.g. see *Filagranata* in "Folklore of Rome," 1-15 ; and is to be explained thereby. It would occupy too much space to pursue it here.

CALABRIAN.

The dialectic words in these two songs had been

I.

Bella ti puoi chiamare, e bella sei
'Na bella come te non viddi mai
D' allor che te guardarono gl' occhi miei
Non ho più pace ; non riposo mai !
Da te s' innamoran' popolo e dei
Di sì bel' occhi e della grazia che hai.

2.

Dimme, che manca a te, vaga donzella
Che la stessa beltà, tu vinci ancora ?
Lo splendor d' occhi tuoi vince ogni stella,
Il bianco petto tuo vince l' aurora.
Il tuo volto, il tuo riso, e la favella
E quanto è in te, tutto innamora.
Un' sol' cos' ti manca—la più bella
Porger' l' amore a chi fedel' t' adora !

Italianized away, before they were given to me.

I.

Fair thou may'st boast to be, for fair thou art,
A maiden fair as thou, I've never seen ;
Since first my eyes displayed thee to my heart,
No peace and no repose more mine have been.
Thou winnest love of men, and love divine,
By thy bright eyes' pure sheen, and by that grace of thine.

2.

Say, what is wanting to thee, fairest maid !
From beauty's self thou bear'st away the palm :
The stars are vanquished by thy bright œillade,
Aurora, by thy bosom's pearly charm.
Thy face, thy laugh, whate'er thy lips have said,
Thy very air, makes all slaves of thy realm.
Yet one thing lacks—the best—(let me persuade)
To give thy heart where love is true and warm.

MODERN.

To throw into relief the beauty of the older Folksongs, I ought to give specimens of some of the worst of the new ones, but I do not care to disfigure either my pages or the subject with them. It is enough to record the general testimony of Italians, both private friends (of both the humblest and of higher grades) and public writers, that in the towns they are very generally deplorable and disgraceful. "I could not possibly send them to you," writes one of the former. "I have listened to the Florentine workmen going out to their work in the early morning, and what they sang was too foul, too abominable to repeat," prints one of the latter. It is also fair in this relation to allow that some of the old ones are a little free, too; some turn to scorn with more than filial familiarity the vices they suspect in their ecclesiastical superiors, etc.; and some might, I suppose, be called "obscene" and "ribald," but the *proportion* of such is quite insignificant. Nor is this, I think, to be put to the account of the collectors in their love of Folksongs putting aside anything that discredits or deforms them, as they not only *have* printed some few that are objectionable, but all, with *but one* exception, draw attention to their infrequency; and, as far as any such have come under my observation, it is always the inconsistency or alleged turpitude of the ministers of religion that is held up to ridicule, never the dictates of religion or morality.

On the other hand, I think a few of the better class of songs that have found their origin in a later time may be not unwelcome, both because some of them are pretty in themselves, and also because the ear least practised in Italian can detect that, while they run more smoothly and flowingly in their wording, they have none of the singular fire and originality of the earlier ones in their sentiment. Another marked difference will be found in comparing what I may for want of a better word be allowed to call the "padding" of each. The most highly favoured poet must fail in

always being able to make his sentiment exactly fill up his measure ; the older songsters made out theirs by a vigorous repetition of a pair of lines which they had first taken care was sufficiently good to bear repetition, further saving them from palling by the so-called *iperbati*—the recasting them into a varied form, with often a surprise hidden in the sly introduction of a slightly differing idea on the repetition. The modern song-writer fills up *his* with wordiness, far-fetched reinforcements of expression which but weaken the imagery. It is just the difference between the antiphonally repeated suffrages of the early Litanies, and the wearying involutions of phraseology of the extempore Hyde Park prayermonger.

I take as my first example two verses from a Genoese broadsheet, probably originally written about the middle of the last century, a popular skit on the bad morals of the upper classes in Zena,* as displayed in the *cicisbeo*-system. (The dialect had been Italianized away before it was given to me.)

1.

Quante donne che ho visto
Correre al Giubileo
Raccomandarsi a Cristo
Ma al fianco il Cicisbeo.

How many women have I see'
A running to the Jubilee ;
Praying loud to Christ who died,
But with a *cicisbeo* at their side !

Ma mi dite, è questo pregare ?
È questo divozione ?
Io lo lascio giudicare
Da ogn' uomo di ragione !

Now, tell me please, is this to
pray ?
Can this be called devotion ?
I leave it to be judged by a'
And ev'ry man who boasts of
reason !

This other is ascribed to the early part of the present century. It is an imaginary dialogue between two lap-dogs.

*First—**First—*

Che l'avenne? Perchè piangi? What has happened? Why art crying?

*Second—**Second—*

Perchè piango ! Oimè Dorili ! You ask, Dorili, why I'm crying—
Stavo in seno a mia padrona I was in my mistress' lap,

* Locally dialectic for Genoa.

Quando c' arriva *non so chi*.
 Questo la mano le' imprigiona
 E v' imprime bacj e bacj.
 Chi potea quest' atti audacj
 In silenzio sopportar' ?
 Ben me pareva di abbaiar'.
 Oimè non mai l'averse fatto !
 Le ossa mie ad un tratto
 Furono scosse e malmenate
 Di percosse ripetute.
 Però ier' l' altro che mordai
 Il marito, lei mi dette
 Quattro dolci ciambelle.

When there came *I don't know who*,
 Was pleas'd his hand on hers to clap,
 And kiss'd and kiss'd it quite too too.
 Who could lie in silence, marking
 Such audacious act as this !
 T'me, it seem'd a case for barking—
 But—I clearly judg'd amiss !
 My bones at once were nearly broken
 By repeated blows and kicks,
 Yet she's ne'er in anger spoken
 When her husband I have bit.
Lit. : she gave me four sweet cakes.

First—

Passi i giorni fra le gonne
 E non conosce quelle donne !
 Can' ch' aspiri alle dolcezze
 Ed ai bocconi più squisiti
 Al amante fa carezze
 E morde solo i mariti !

First—

Your daily seat's a lady's gown,
 And can it be t'you still unknown,
 A dog who loves a life of quiet,
 And to regale on dainty diet,
 Must upon the lover fawn,
 The husband only, bite and scorn !

[Perhaps this should be placed in the category of folk-poetry rather than folk-song.]

2.

Still more modern examples abound. As I have begun with Genoa, I will continue with Piedmont. Except Naples, there is no province whose modern popular songs are more abundant. So much in vogue are they that some of them, such as the "Musica proibita," "Dammi un riccio de' tuoi capelli," etc., have reached and are almost vulgarized even in England ; it is decidedly, I think, the lively striking melodies that please, however, rather than the words in the case of these songs. A Turinese friend of mine, Contessina San Martino Valperga, used to delight me greatly, years ago, by singing them to me on moonlight nights as we paced the romantic cloisters of the Certosa di Pesio. But now that she has kindly sent me a selection of the best of them, with modern pianoforte accompaniment, they seem stripped of more than half their power to charm. "Dammi qual fior," which was particularly captivating there, is a very poor

little thing here. A great deal of pathos there is, however, in "Tu non sai qual cosa è l'amore, Eppur' a me mi costa assai"; and in "Io ho una sorella, che si chiama la bella Rachele"; and much humour in "Ho deciso prender moglie," and in "Padre santo, ai vostri piedi."

I will give one average specimen in proof of what I have said about them. Like most of them, it is an *intercalare* or *ritondella*, a four-lined song with a burden.

Con qual cor Rosina qui ti	Io passa da Pavia
lascio,	Per veder il bel Ticino,
Con qual cor, con qual cor,	Là si beve del buon vino
Con qual cor Rosina qui ti lascio,	A buon prezzo e più sincer'.
Ma non piangere per me.	Con qual cor, etc.

Io parto du Milano,	A Voghera per tre giorni
E men vado alla Riviera,	Io mi fermo con piacer',
Perchè là si sta più sano	E la vita vo godere
E si vive con piacere.	Con il vino Lomellin'.
Con qual cor, etc.	Con qual cor, etc.

E poi parto per Tortona,
Vo' trovar la mia Emilia ;
Ne beberemo una bottiglia
Di Piemonte genjin'.
Con qual cor, etc.

Though the theme of the song is the poet's legitimate source of afflatus, "women and wine," it will be seen that the conception is trivial. The singer is supposed to be one of those thousands of peasants and workmen who every year spend the dull season of the fertile Lombard plains in earning means along the busy and crowded scenes of the Riviera winter-season. Before he goes away, he makes his adieu to some object of his affections : but clearly it is not the one ideal lifelong affection of the old songs. It is a vagrant kind of love ; its language does not imply, as theirs does, "My whole life is given to thee, keep thine for me." Its burden is only "True, I leave thee with a full heart, but no matter, don't weep for me," implying "by the time I come back it won't signify whether we care for each other or not." Throughout the whole, every line is selfish : "I go, because the places I am going to are brighter and

jollier"; true, he has imagination enough to appreciate beautiful country and soul-stirring wine. The Ticino, Voghera, Tortona, the Emilia—whatever lovely country he may pass through,² delights his naturally poetic nature, and its genuine wines will stir his blood with a thrill of pleasure; but there is no mention of anything but his own personal gratification, and he is not above considering the cheapness (*buon prezzo*) as a thing to be sung of: not a word of desiring that the maiden he is addressing might share his enjoyment with him, or that her absence should mar his gratification. "Con qual cor," etc., = "True, I leave thee with a full heart, but I stifle my remorse by singing 'non piangere per me'; I know you *will* cry for me, but I don't mean to trouble myself with thinking about that."

More natural and fuller of genuine affection is the maiden's song of "Tich e tich e toc," which may be considered the woman's counterpart of the last.

Tich e tich e toc che bel
moretto,¹

Tich e tich e toc, quanto mi
piace,²

No no no no no, non è capace
Di tradir questo mio cuor.³

Tich e tich e toc mio bel
moretto,

Tich e tich e toc quanto sei caro,⁴

Ti sovien del giorno amaro

Che da me t' allontano.⁵

Tich e tich e toc mio bel
moretto,

Tich e tich e toc, ascolta bene,
Cesseranno le mie pene

Quando al sen' te stringerò.⁶

Tich e tich e toc mio bel
moretto,

Tich e tich e toc ti amo assai,

Ah! non mi lasciar giammai

Che per sempre io t' amerò.⁷

3.

Many of the modern folksongs of Naples are already hackneyed in England. These too depend more on their melody than their words. *Funiculi-Funiculà* is a curious and not unsuccessful instance of building a lovesong on a prosaic modern invention; but

¹ Moretto = dark young man. ² How dear he is. ³ He is not capable of betraying this heart of mine. ⁴ How dear thou art.

⁵ Remember the bitter day when you had to go away from me.

⁶ Lay it well to heart, my grief will only cease when I embrace thee once more. ⁷ I love thee immeasurably; never, never forsake me, for always will endure my love for thee.

naturally a railway up the slopes of a romantic volcano, commanding the fairy-like vision in which the ordinary traveller "vede Francia, Proceca, la Spagna" * is more suggestive than the dinginess of the Metropolitan tunnels, and effortlessly inspires the galant songster to declare that amid all this beauty of land- and sea-scape he sees only his sweetheart,—“E io veco a te,” and there is something really ideally poetic in his description of the entrancing, inebriating effect which the rapid winding up the giddy height through the exhilarating air has on his brain.

Se n' è sagliuta, oje nè, se n' è sagliuta,
 La capa già
 È ghiuta, po' è tornato, e po' è venuta
 Sta sempre ccà !
 La capa vota vota attuorno attuorno
 Attuorno a te. .
 Sto core canta sempe no taluorno:
 Sposammo, oje nè !
 Jammo ncoppa, jammo jà . . .
 Funicull funiculà. .

Another quite modern Neapolitan Folksong has got something of the ring of the old poetry about it.

Donna amata	O diletta
La serenata	Vieni, t' affretta
Aggradisci a colui che l' ha data;	A sentermi cantar' ques' arietta
Por te, o cara,	Tu sei bella
La mia chitarra	Sembri una stella
Manda i dolci concetti all ar'a.	Deh ! rispondi a chi t' appella.
La canzon firilirulela	La canzon, etc.
Questo suon', firilirulela	In assenza
Dice già firilerulela	Di' mia presenza
Che son quà firulerulela	Desti provi di santa pazienza.
Il tuo amato sposo è qua !	O colomba
	S' io fosse tromba
	Le tue lodi farei rimbombare.
	La canzon, etc. †

* Comp. "I see Jerusalem and Madagascar
 And North and South Amerikee-e-e."

† Beloved fair—Accept the serenade of him who comes to offer

About Rome, as I have already said in the Preface, it is that the Serenade is chiefly alive, though it has a powerful foe in the "red tapism" of the police, who come in large measure from the North. The strangely discordant yells and shouts, the so-called *schiamazzare*, in which inebriety manifests itself among Romans, and makes night hideous, they very properly have orders to silence (to the small extent within their power); but the want of discrimination, and the blundering, characteristic of this class of functionaries, has a tendency to discourage the harmless and romantic exercise of the amorous nocturn. The Southern mind is fertile in subterfuges. The few who cling to the old practice, to save betraying their intention, if they should be met by the "sbirri," carrying guitars and mandolines (too often now the accordion is the substitute, and I must own that they make pleasant melody out of an accordion, accompanied by a guitar), have invented the art of imitating with the lips the twang of the stringed instrument, creating an improvised accompaniment. This, from inquiries that have been made for me, appears to be unknown out of Rome.

A version of the song well known in London by Tosti's melody, "Vorei morir' nella stagion dell' anno," was, a few weeks ago only, gathered from the lips of one of the young men who, in Rome (while pursuing common handicraft by day), still keep up the career of a professional serenader by night. He seemed to know nothing of Tosti, and did not allow that he knew of its being printed. In one or two expressions it was better turned than in the published version, but towards the end he seemed to have lost the thread of it, and to be satisfied with a make-up which is hardly sense. I met another version of two stanzas of it on a broadsheet, mixed up with other stanzas, and called "Il primo amore." But whether Tosti got it from the people, or the people got it from Tosti, I have not the means to decide. In its published form it is of undoubted literary handling.

The same above-named serenader had a large repertory of

it. For thee, O beloved, my guitar sends sweet accents through the air. O beloved, come, make haste to hear me sing this little air. Thou art fair, thou seemest a star—Oh respond to him who calls on thee. All the time of my absence thou hast given token of sacred patience. O my dove. Were I a trumpet I would sound thy praises all abroad.

Stornelli, but many of them characteristic of modern heartless, fickleness and selfishness. Here is a cynical specimen.

1

Mentre ch' amavo a te, n' amavo cento;
E tu per me ti distruggerva in pianto,
Ed io ti tenevo per mio passatempo ! *

2

This other is more in accordance with the older style of sentiment.

Quando dormivi tu, vegliavo io;
E tutte le tue camere girai
Il primo giorno d' amore fu quel ch' io ti vidi †

3

This one is nearly as bad as No. 1, but it seems to have been a case of diamond cut diamond.

Avevo una tortorella e l' allevai
In mezzo alle altre tortore la mettei, ‡
Aveva le ali lunghe e non gliele taglai
Credendo che no' volasse—ma volò poi §

Another song from the same source was one of the many which it has been sought to adapt to political uses. In his rendering it had certainly got somewhat confused; but it is clear that the political purport had been lost upon him, and that he had regarded it simply with the eye of the minstrel. I give it in his own words.

He. O dolce primavera pien' di olezzo e amor,
Che fai tu giardiniera, che fai fra tanti fior ?

* While I was loving thee I loved a hundred others.—You were consuming yourself in tears for me And I was only amusing myself with you.

† While thou slept I watched And wandered round all thy chambers, The first day of love was the day that I first saw thee.

‡ These are two bits of Roman license with grammar; of course they should strictly, as a Tuscan friend points out, be *vidi* or *viddi* and *mis*.

§ I had a turtle dove that I was nurturing. I put it with the other turtle doves. It had long wings, but I did not cut them, thinking it would not leave me. Nevertheless it did take to flight.

She. Colgo le rose amabili dei più soavi odori ;
Verranno a luce un dì i nostri primi amori !
Colgo le rose affabili e i lunghi gelsomini,
Nei olenti miei giardini io vi tengo al cor.

He. Mira i bei colori dell' Itala bandiera—
Che promettesti a me o cara giardiniera ?*

Of course if they can be got to accept them, nothing stirs the hearts of the people more than making them sing verses about the political situation of the hour. There have been and are quantities of such songs. Many years ago there was a very popular one to a grand and stirring march tune, of which the refrain was a declaration of devotion to the

"Sacro vessillo
Che il Viorio di Cristo inalzò."

And when the Piedmontese army first took possession of Rome, a grand patriotic song was written by the Contessa Gnoli-Guallandi,† in which the Romans refused to be consoled for the loss of their independence by the bribe of its being made capital of the peninsula. "To us who have so long belonged to the Queen and Metropolis of the world," it said, in sublime indignation,—

"D' Italia, a noi, la signoria non basta."

But only songs of the opposite tendency are put forward now, and

*1. O soft spring full of perfumes and of love, What doest thou fair gardener-maid amid so many flowers. 2. I gather the roses worthy of love, in their sweetest odours, Our mutual first love shall one day blossom in the light of day. I gather the gentle roses and the jessamine with its long tender branches, In my perfumed gardens I hold you in my embrace. 3. See the fine colours of the Italian flag—What did you promise to me, dear gardener maid.

The last verse seems to me to be tacked on to the rest and to be quite out of keeping with it. But I find that it has been sought to make it a political song, called "The gardener-maid of Trent," a very long effusion in which the singer is made to desire that the colour of the rose, the lily, and the laurel—red, white and green—the revolutionary colours, should wave over the Trentino in place of the Austrian.

† A notice of her death was sent me on the very day in October, 1886, on which I was correcting this proof !

neither of these would be to be found. In the same way when the unpopular law of conscription, was first promulgated, one heard nothing about the streets but a plaintive ditty in which the conscript bewailed his hard fate.

Piangerà la mia ragazza !
Povera pazza ! povere pazza !
Siamo di leva
Dobbiamo marciar'.

Now they are induced to sing to a much prettier and livelier air—
No. 12 *infra*.

"Se non partisse anch' io
Sarebbe una viltà."

But want of space forbids my enlarging further on this head.

4.

Tuscany, and dear, beautiful Florence, concerning which I have been forced in fairness to quote so bad a character in regard to its modern songs, has also produced many unobjectionable ones and many which are exceedingly harmonious and pretty in their flow of language ; but the best seem to me weakened by wordiness, and wanting in the terse nervous eloquence of the earlier Folk-Rispetti. In these days of cheap printing and half educated editing, the literary songs and the folksongs have got much mixed up ; and while some advantage and some disadvantage have hence resulted to each, it is found to be difficult, even by native students, to point out exactly their respective bounds. Many popular songs have, I fancy, also been recast into literary rendering, to incorporate into operas, whence they have received a new starting-point of popularness. "La donna è mobile," may serve for one instance, though probably itself of no remote date. Other songs have attained a wildfire kind of spread by reason of the intense sweetness and catchiness of the melody to which they have been set. The "Stella Confidente," "Non mi amava," "Ritorna ! che t' amo, mio primo sospiro," and many others for instance, have charmed thousands in the drawing-rooms of London, as well as in the waysides and back slums of Italy ; but these qualities in music generally end by palling, and the most beautiful of such airs necessarily die, or fall into abeyance after a short lively "run."

Even where they seem most to have been left in the hands of the people, the tendency to wordiness in modernizing spoil them. The following instance of an old and new version placed side by side, of a song which has not passed through any educated handling, is a fair sample :—

Io venne alla vita per povera fine
e cingermi intesi d' un serto di spine ;
velaronsi gli astri, si spense la luce
e fu come un giorno di nebbio e di gel.
Soltanto della stella del fato mio atroce
Un funebre raggio discese dal ciel !

*Poi crebbe gli amici più fidi e costanti
li vidi festosi, scherzarmi davanti
ma poi che disparve dal labbro un sorriso
un funebre raggio discese dal ciel !
Soltanto la stella, etc.

La donna che un giorno giurava d'amarmi,
ridotto mendico, ricusa guardarmi ;
mi ride, m' insulta, mi nega un saluto,
non pensa che un giorno dei baci mi diè.
Da tutti sfuggito, da tutt' abborito
io nacque piangendo, piangendo morrò ! *

* I came into life but for a mean purpose, and I find myself bound round with a crown of thorns. The stars veiled themselves and the light is put out, and it was like a day of fog and frost. Only the star of my ill fate sent down a funereal ray. Then there grew round me more faithful and constant friends, whom I saw joyous and festive around me, but when the smile disappeared from my lips a funereal ray descended from heaven. (The involved language of the modern style is almost more difficult to reduce to sense than the dialect of the old, but this last line is clearly substituted for a better fitting one forgotten.) The woman who at one time swore to love me, now that I am reduced to a beggar, refuses to look at me. She scorns and insults and refuses to salute me. Mindless of the days when

O sorti svinturata ! O mia sfortuna !
Sfortunato su' jo tra tanti peni ;
L' amicu e lu parenti mi sbanduna, *
Mancu la stissa terra mi tratteni,
La notti ora pri mia non nesci luna
Mancu affaccianu stiddi sereni ;
L'ummira stessa di la mia pirsuna
Canusciu chi cu mia stintata veni. *

kisses she gave. Shunned I am, and hated by all. I was born to tears, and in tears my life passes to its end.

The whole six verses are not worth the *conzettoso* hyperbole of the one line, "The very shadow my person throws is a stinted one." Wonderful force too there seems to me to be in the lament in the third line over "my friend" rather than "friends."

* O most sad fate ! O my ill luck ! Distressful am I amid so many griefs. Even my friend, and my relations have forsaken me. The very earth hardly has a place for me. By night the moon comes not out for me, Nor does one serene star look out from the sky. Even the shadow that my person throws is a stinted one ! •

Here is next a "Romanza," of apparently literary origin, which has had some popularity, but it will be seen to be a *rechauffé* of a Rispetto, of which there are variants in this volume from Sicily, Venice and Corsica, and of which I give first another variant from Siena:—

Citto mio, come ho da fare	My pretty boy, one word from
Per poter salvare l' anima mia ?	thee,
Vado in chiesa e non vi posso	How can I save my soul? Please
stare	tell.
Nemmeno posso dire l' Ave Maria.	I go to church, and but thee
Vado in chiesa e nullo posso dire	see ;
Ch' ho sempre tuo nome da	Not one Hail Mary can I tell.
pensare.	I go to church—can't say a
(My contributor had forgotten the	prayer,
two last lines re-casting these.)	Thy dear name only 's ever
	there.
	I go to church—can't say a
	thing,
	Thy name alone t' my lips I
	bring.

Amore, amor, perchè me fai patire,
perchè tanto m' hai preso a tormentare ?
io vado a letto e non posso dormire
tutta la notte io veglio a sospirare,
vado alla Messa e no la so sentire,
e non udo nè il prete, nè l'altare

O se lo vedo, del divin manto
m' apparisce coperto un altro santo

Un altro santo che mi par sì bello
ch' io mi metto in ginocchio e adoro quello

E l' adoro con l' anima e col core
come adorerei nostro Signore.

Nor has the addition of words, nor the weak coquetting with profanity, at all added to its force. The following has, I think, an analogous origin:—

La morte, mio tesoro,
Pena non è per me ;

Sol mi s' afflige il core
 D' esser lontan da te.
 Lieto saprei morire
 S' io fosse certo almen
 Che l' ultimo sospir
 Volasse a te mio ben !

This is a graceful little "romanza," which also seems modelled on the *Rispetti* without perhaps actually borrowing from them.

Quando sarò morta piangerai
 e sempre avrai sul labbro il nome mio.
 Ma chi è morto però non torna mai
 ed è invano pregare i Santi e Iddio ;
 potrai soltanto coltivare un fiore
 sopra quello reciso dall'amore.

Crescerà rigoglioso al cimitero ;
 vedrai quel fior che inaffierai col pianto,
 sarà bello gentile, e pur sereno
 triste emblema di me che t'amai tanto ;
 sarà bello e gentile e tutto amore
 perchè sarà piantato nel mio core.

But there is an awkwardness in the self praise of the last verse which the rustic poet would with greater delicacy have avoided.

This next is tolerable for its mixture of playfulness and sorrow, but I think altogether modern, and unrenderable into English :—

Lucevan gli occhi suoi come due stelle
 due baffettini ha, che parean seta ;
 m' invidiavan' tutte le belle
 che lo sapean' mia fiamma segreta.

* Thou wilt weep for me when I am dead, and my name will then be ever on thy lips. But the departed never come back, and in vain you may supplicate Christ and the Saints for that. All there will be for you to do is to plant a flower upon that other one which will have been cut off by love. Thou wilt see flourish luxuriantly in the churchyard that flower which thou wilt water with thy tears. It will be fair and graceful, sad emblem of her who loved thee so well. It will be fair and graceful, all made of love, for it will grow out of my heart.

Or si burlan' di me, perchè son sola
 e il sogno delle mie notti s' invola. . . .
 Chi mi rende i suoi baci, o reo destino
 chi mi rende i baci del mio gattino ?

This next Romanza, also of modern style and origin, is quite worthy to take permanent place on a level with the Folksongs of old :—

Io non amai finor, perchè un sorriso
 non vidi mai che m' inebriasse il core,
 non vidi un guardo ancor di paradiso
 come mel pinse in sogno, amore.*

I wind up this portion of my collection with a beautiful modern song written in emulation of the traditional Popular Rimes, by one

Addio, Livorno ! Addio paterne mura ;
 Forse mai più non vi potrò vedere !
 I miei parenti sono in sepoltura
 E lo mio damo e sotto alle bandiere.
 Io voglio seguitarlo alla ventura
 Un' arma in mano anch' io lo so tenere ;
 La palla che sia per l'amor mio,
 Senza ch' ei sappia, la piglierà io.—
 Si chinerà sul suo compagno morto
 E per pietà vorrà vederlo in volto.
 Vorrà vedermi e mi conoscerà
 Povero damo mio, *quanto* piangerà !

* Hitherto I have never loved, for never yet a smile have I seen which could fill my heart with unutterable joy, nor yet have I seen a look of paradise, such as love painted to me in dreams to expect.

It embodies an expression of true poetic feeling in terse, tender, and original language. Nevertheless, there is another verse to it, too weak and wordy to quote.

Ma se l' incontro, quel celeste viso
—e Dio sa se lo cerco a tutte l' ore—
non voglio dirgli; "io t' amo," ma, "t' ho amato
"fin da quando mio core fu creato." *

now passed away, the delight of whose life was their collection, and who had imbibed from them an Aspiration which makes it a great success.

Goodbye Livorno! Shelt'ring walls, goodbye!
May be it is not mine to see you more.
My parents dear within the churchyard lie,
And called to arms the one whom I adore.
My Love's war-chance to follow, let me hie,
I too, an arm can wield, the foe before,
The ball that's sped my own true love to slay
Unknown to him with mine own heart I'll stay.
When he bends o'er his arms'-companion dead
To see the face of him, for him has bled,
Then *me* he'll see, and know why I am there—
Poor lover mine! How fierce then his despair!

* "But if I ever meet that celestial face (and God knows I am, on the look out for it every hour), I will not say "I love thee," but "I have loved thee ever since my heart was born into the world."

LIST OF AUTHORS REFERRED TO. PAGE 36.

* * I have tried to make the List of Authors studied as complete as possible, but some may have involuntarily escaped me. Nor is it possible, in a study running over so many years, to distinguish in every instance which of the songs may have been taken from one or other of the excellent collections whose authors are named in it. Some that I have myself gathered by word of mouth I have afterwards found in published collections, and among those that have been given me by friends some may have been taken from books, and not personally garnered. Some few I have purposely picked out. But in all instances I hope my specimens will lead readers to search the exhaustless store of the native collectors for their further delectation. This is more especially the case with some from Friuli, Istria, the Abruzzi, and most particularly in the instance of Count Nigra's Songs of Piedmont, and the Trevisan MS. quoted pp. 123 ff. The thanks of all Folklorists are due to the writer, Vittorio Cian, for unearthing this remarkable MS. The Ballata, "Traditor Ladro!" seems to me a most extraordinary example of tender and energetic poetry. It reads like the very own cry of the heartbroken maiden, passionate in love, passionate in agony, by turns—rather than a poem written to represent the same—certainly four, and we know not how many more, centuries ago. It has as perfectly the ring of breathing, palpitating human nature as a wail poured into our own ears to-day.

As my MS. was in the publisher's hands some time before my friend Contessa Martenengo's valuable volume of "Essays" or Mr. Crane's remarkable compendium of "Folktales" were published, I had no opportunity of referring to them in the body of the work.

Agostini.
Alverà.
Amalfi.
Arboit.

Barelli.
Bartoli.
Basetti.
Belli.

Bellucci.
Blessig.
Bernoni.
Bolza.

Boullier.	Giannini.	Quadri.
Brofferio.	Giuliani.	Rajora.
Buffi.	Gori.	Ritson.
Burckhardt.	Gortani.	Rocco.
Cantù.	Griou.	Rosa.
Carducci.	Guadagnoli.	Rubieri.
Carrer.	Guastella.	Rumohr.
Casetti.	Halliwell-Phillipps.	Salomone-Marino.
Castagna.	Herder.	Saratini.
Cian.	Ive.	Scherillo.
Cipolla.	Kopisch.	Schuchardt.
Comparetti.	Leopardi (P. F.)	Sebastiano.
Cosybeare.	Marcoaldi.	Selvatico.
Crescimbeni.	Ménage.	Spano.
Dalmedico.	Müller.	Strozzi.
D'Ancona.	Neri.	Taine.
Dandolo.	Nerucci.	Tommaseo.
De Gubernatis.	Nigra (Conte Cost°).	Tigri.
De Martino.	Nino.	Trocchi.
De Nino.	Pasqualigo.	Uzielli.
Fabrizius.	Pellegrini.	Viale.
Ferraro.	Pitrè.	Vigo.
Finamore.	Placucci.	Visconti (P.).
Foscarini.	Politi.	Wolf.
Garlato.	Pompili.	Xerri.
Gianandrea.	Pullè.	Zanazzo.

And Taine, *con Gallica leggerezza*, wrote (in *Revue des cours littéraires*, Paris, 1865, No. 26, p. 427) "on ne savait pas encore manier le langage;" and he was treating of the *fifteenth* century!

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

1. p. 7. The date of "Monthly Packet" containing my first contribution to Folksong literature, is Christmas, 1868.

2. p. 5 *note*. What does the world in general, for instance, know of Casella, who yet was so sweet a songster that Dante supposes himself so charmed by him that he complacently delays his ascent to the regions of bliss to listen to him.

3. p. 6, l. 6. It is satisfactory to find our own Ritson a little better informed, though writing nearly a century earlier, "The Italians," he says, "have still a few *ballatelle* of Dante's age."

4. p. 17. "A great deal of gossip, etc." Song No 5, pp. 214-15, gracefully embodies this suggestion, which had occurred to myself from observation.

5. p. 25. *eminenti* and *eminente*, now used chiefly in the feminine only, and corrupted into *minente*, is used to denote those women of the Monti and Trastevere districts who still wear any items of the local costume.

6. pp. 54 and 118. The *Times* of 10th February, 1886, contained a contribution signed H. Butcher, of some Folksongs sung at the present day in Kerry, very much like some Corsican and Sicilian songs. One of them celebrates the men who killed Curtin, Lord Kenmare's agent, as heroes and martyrs; calls one of them "a dashing young blade," and dwells pathetically on the mother of "Thady Sullivan" shot in the fray, as "Lamenting the loss of her darling," and denounces the gun that

"Murdered the poor widow's darling."

7. p. 85 and *passim*. There seems something trivial in beginning a verse with "*E*" = "*and*," but a song-writer no less

considerable than Heine frequently adopts the form, so it may be excused in the peasant.

8. p. 86, l. 15. It is this *Rispetto* which I conceive to have afforded the idea of the *Romanza*, p. 275.

9. p. 86-7, l. 15. This is the line I suppose to have suggested the modern drawing-room song, *sup.* p. 265 :—

“Quando son’ morto piangerai.”

10. p. 89, last lines. Comp.—

“ . . . those eyes though dim
Held all of light that beamed on earth for him.”—BYRON.

11. • pp. 90-3; 86-7; 238-9. This introduction of Fable, and of O. Test. characters in Folksongs, is rare.

12. p. 95, l. 11. The expression

“Come Gabriello, che disse Ave,”

used by Ariosto in the course of his splendid description of Hypocrisy, has passed into an accepted phrase when speaking of beautiful youth, in current literature.

13. p. 100, *Stornello* 2; and p. 241. The idea of the earth *trembling* presents itself more readily to the southern than the northern mind.

14. p. 150-1. “Monte Albano”; the Duke of Modena had a villa at Monte Albano, a mineral watering-place between Padua and Montebello.

15. p. 216, song No. 9. Compare Lord Houghton’s verse—

“It is not for what he would be to me now,
If he still were here, that I mourn him so;
It is for the thought of a broken vow,
And for what he was to me long ago.”

No. 1.

DISPETTO TOSCANO.

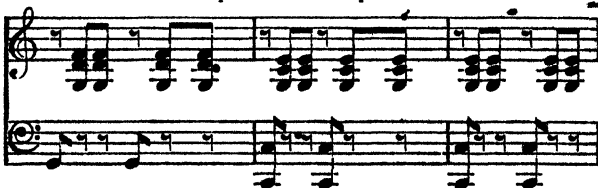
Allegro.



Gio-va-not-tin, che pas - si per la vi - a, Non ti fer-



mar ch'io non can-to per te. Can-to pel a-mor mio ch'è anda - to



vi - a, Pel a-mor mio ch'è più bel - lin' di te!



STORNELLO TOSCANO.

No. 2.

Moderato.



STORNELLO ROMAGNOLO.

No. 3.

Allegro.



Sei tan - to bel - la e non ti possa a ve - re
Ti voglio di - pin - ger' sul - - le bian che ve - le

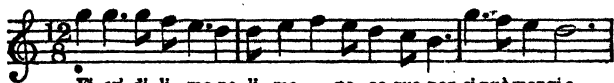


L'Ar te del ma - ri - nar mi met-to a fa - - re.
In al to ma - re ti vo - glio por ta re!



• STORNELLO MARCHEGGIANO.

No. 4.



Fi, or' di li - mo - ne, li mo - ne, ac - qua non si può man - gi a -
Don - na cru - de - le don - na cru - de - le e sen - za com - passio -



No. 5.

From a collection of "Villanesche alla Napolitana," printed in Venice, 1558.

TENORE.

E quan-do ha fat', E quan-do ha fatto l'o - vo

la ma-ti - na La mia gal - li - na, E ques-to

ver-so fa. E quando ha fat - to l'o - vo la mat - ti -

na la mia gal - li - na, E ques to ver - so fa.

Cot cot cot cot cot co - da, cot cot cot cot cot

co-da, cot co-da, cot co-da, E ques - to ver - so

lo fa chiù pres - to, che tor - men - to gli da,

cot cot cot cot cot co - da, cot co - da, cot co -'

da, cot cot cot cot cot co-da, cot co-da, fa
la gal-li-na, Quan-do ch'ha fat', quando ch'ha
fat-to, l'o-vo la mat-ti-na, Quan-do ch'ha
fat', quan-do ch'ha fat-to, l'o-vo la matti-na.

No. 6.

TENORE.

O be-ne mi-o fa, fann' uno fa-ve-re, U
ben' be-ne mi-o fa, fann' un-o fa-vo-re,
Che ques-ta se-ra ti pos-sa par-la-re.
Ti pos-sa par-la-re. E s'al-cu-no ti ci
tro-va. E tu gri-da, E tu gri-da, "Chi vend'
o-va! chi vend' o-va, chi vend' o-va!" E s'al-
cu-no ti ci tro-va, E tu gri-da, E tu



No. 7.

Paduan Villote from a collection of the year 1564.

TENORE.

Tan - to sai fa - re, tan - to sai fa - re,
con l'in-na - mo - ra - ti, Tan - to sai fa - re,
tan - to sai fa - re, con l'in - na - mo - ra - ti.
Che van dis - per - si per quest' oc - chi tu - oi,
Ben lo ve - de - te, ben lo ve - de - te voi,
vi - so mio bel - lo, che con quegli' oc - chi dai
trop - po mar - tel - lo. Ben lo ve - de - te,
ben lo ve - de - te voi, vi - so mio bel - lo,
Che con quegli' oc - chi dai trop - po mar - tello.

No. 8.

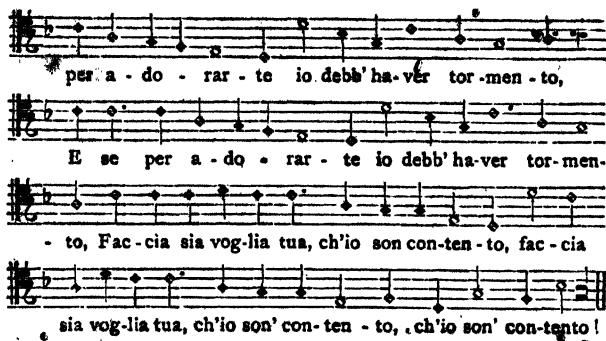
TENORE.

Co - me t'hag-gio las-ciat', O vi - ta mi - a! Co - me
 t'hag-gio las-ciat', O vi - ta mi - a! Se gl'occhi bel - li,
 Er - a - no, quel - li che mi dan la vita; mes - chi - no
 me!.. fa la li le la. Se gl'oc-chi bel - li, Er - a -
 - no quel - li che mi dan la vita; mes - chi no me!

No. 9.

ALTO.

O dol - ce vi - ta mi - a, O dol - ce vi - ta mia,
 .Non mi fa guer-ra; O dol - ce vi - ta mi - a, O dol -
 - ce vi - ta mia, Non mi fa guer-ra, ch'io mi ti ren - do,
 ch'io mi ti ren - do sen - za con-tras-ta - re. E se



PIEDMONTESE SONGS.

No. 10.

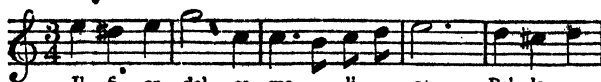
[These are specimens of Folk-songs very popular indeed at the present time. I am afraid to pronounce an opinion as to their date, as I have heard such different views on the subject argued.]

1.—TIC Y TIC Y TÒC.

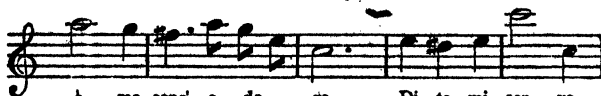


No. 11.

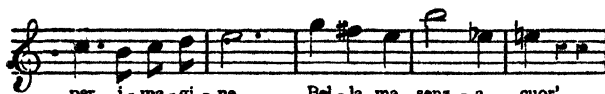
2.—IL FIOR' D' AMORE.



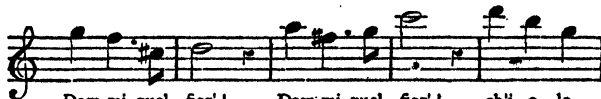
Il fi - or dal ca - me - li - a, Bel - lo -
To-glie del bel - lo cri - ne per me, Quel va - go



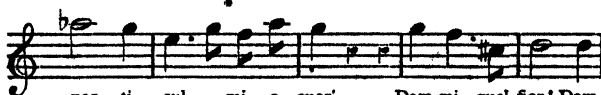
è ma senz' o - do - re Di te mi ser - va
fior - e di a - mo - re Me lo do - na - te



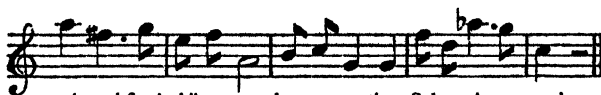
per i - ma - gi - ne Bel - la ma senz - a cuor'
per me - mo - ri - a Per - me - mo - ria di te



Dam-mi quel fior'! Dam-mi quel fior'! ch'i - o lo



por - ti sul - mi - o cuor'. Dam-mi quel fior'! Dam-

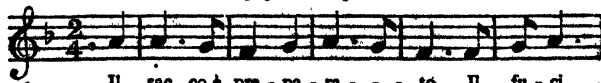


mi quel fior'! ch'i - o lo - por - ti, Sul - mi - o cuor'.

MODERN ROMAN.

No. 12.

[At least a Piedmontese song which has been introduced by the soldiers from the North, and become popularized.]



Il sac co è pre - pa - ra - - - to Il fu - ci
Ad - dio mia bel - la Addi - - o L'ar - - ma -



le l'ho con - me - - - - - Ed al-lo spun-tar
ta se ne - - va - - - - - E si non par - tis-



dal - so - le io par - ti - rò da te. Ed al-lo
si anch' i - o sa - rebb' un a vil - tà. E si non

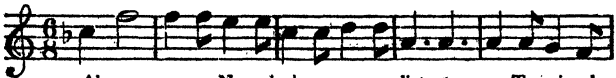


spun-tar dal al - - ba i - o par - ti - rò da te.
par-tis si anch' i - - o sa - reb b' un - a vil tà.

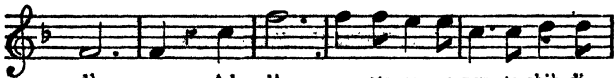
MODERN NEAPOLITAN.

No. 13.

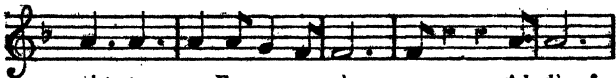
[This song celebrates the funicular railway up Vesuvius, and has become very popular. When sung without a guitar or other instrument, accompanying voices often keep up a droning repetition during the sostenuto notes, supplying an accompaniment. The characteristic trait of the song is making the "jammo" and "ncoppa jammo" into a sudden jubilant shout, having let voice drone away softly before it.]



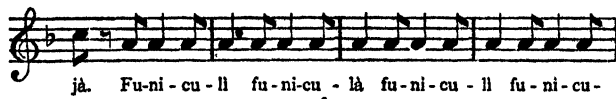
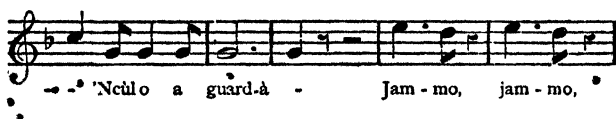
Ai sse - - re, Nan-ni-nè me ne sa-gliet - te - - Tu saje ad-



dò - - - Ad dò - - - sto co - re ngra-to chiù di-



spiet - te - - Far me non pò - - - Ad dò



Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 were written down expressly for this work by an Italian Professor of Music, from the singing of the people.

Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 are from collections upwards of 300 years old.

Nos. 10, 11, 12, 13 I have picked up the best way I could, chiefly from hearing them sung; "Funiculi" is from a broadside I bought in the street in Naples.

Nos. 5-9, though called "Villanesche" and "Vilote," have evidently passed under literary manipulation.

INDEX

* * It must be borne in mind, with regard to this Index, that though many of my headings refer but to one or two songs, each such song is in most instances a type of a class (see pp. 9, 66-7, etc.).

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* The writer of a book lately published, to judge from the *Times* review, grossly misrepresents the character of the people among whom she has married. She says it seems, that Italians do not cultivate flowers for their own sake. The above references show that they love them. Not only do they cultivate flowers for their own sake, but fruit too. Throughout Italy oranges are grown without grafting, which is necessary to make them edible, and the profit is sacrificed simply "*per bellezza*." I once measured some carnations nearly four inches across trained creeper-wise on the wall of a hovel in Orvieto.

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* *Rococò*. Tommaseo in his Dict., iv. 436, says, that this is a favourite Tuscan expression to denote anything that the speaker deems old-fashioned or obsolete, e.g. "*Lasciate star in pace gli Dei d' Omero e tutti gli altri rococò della poesia:*" and of any custom, person, or thing they say "*è rococò*" to denote that it is out of use or ridiculous. I take a point of inserting the songs, p. 110, because this early popular use of the word seems to support the view which I have tried to express in *Notes and Queries*, that (whether derived from *barocco* or not) it is of Italian and not French origin; notwithstanding that Tommaseo in a previous paragraph (? hastily) puts it down as "*venuto di Francia.*"

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