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THE DOVE

'Á cúmba

F. De André | I. Fossati

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Musicali S.a.s. | Universal Music Publishing Ricordi S.r.l.

Claimant:

I had a lovely dove that flew out of the house
white as the snow that melts on the salt land.

Chorus:

Where is it. Where is it. Where is it.

Claimant:

They saw it dip its wings towards this farmhouse
as quick as the water that plunges from the brook.

Chorus:

It's not there. It's not there. It's not there.

Father:

My dear young man you don't happen to have
some itch
'cause if you did, you could go around for
amours.

Chorus:

It's not there. It's not there. It's not there.

Claimant:

I come from the house of the rat
that anxiety unties the feet.

Father:

Here someone else's doves didn't come
they didn't settle.

Claimant:

I come with a heart sick with a passion
that has no equals.

Father:

Here there's a white dove
that isn't yours because it's mine.

Chorus:

There aren't any others there aren't
it flew the white dove flew
at night it flew to the salt land
they'll find it, they'll find the white dove
in May they'll find it in the bread land.

Claimant:

Wouldn't you like to give me this white dove to
marry
as white as the snow that melts in the brook.

Chorus:

It's not there. It's not there. It's not there.

Father:

Look, this lovely white dove is used to singing
happily
that I may never have to see it struggling in
another nest.

It's not there. It's not there. It's not there.

Chorus:

It's not there. It's not there. It's not there.

Claimant:

I will keep it to rock
under a bower of pomegranate trees
with the care that
a cotton wool maker's light hand has for silk.

Chorus:

Where is it? Where is it?
Where is it? Where is it? Where is it?
Where is it? Where is it? Where is it?

Father:

Young man you who have spoken well
this February evening

Le traduzioni di Mark Worden qui presenti sono la trasposizione letterale in lingua inglese dei testi delle canzoni contenute nell'album. È severamente vietata la riproduzione del testo in tutto o in parte.

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Claimant:

I will keep it to rock under a bower of
pomegranate trees

Father:

know that in May this dove will fly from my
house
to yours. There are no others, no others.

Claimant:

with the care that
a cotton wool maker's light hand has for silk.

Chorus:

There aren't any others there aren't
there aren't any others there aren't
it flew the white dove flew
at night it flew to the salt land.
They'll find it they'll find the white dove
in May they'll find it in the bread land.
Where's it, where does it hide
it will get married it will get married
in the bread land.
What's it like, what's it like
it's like the snow melting down from the brook.
It flew, the white dove flew
in May they'll find it in the salt land.
Where's it, where does it hide
it will get married it will get married
in the bread land.



Dove, little dove, silk beak
servant to polish the floor
with her husband strolling around.
Martino walks with the donkey behind
wood fire spirits in heaven.

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