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## **FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF SAVOY**

*Dai monti della Savoia*

(F. De André)

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Since the day that to the mountains of Savoy  
I cried my last farewell  
there has been no joy there has been no joy  
inside my heart inside my heart.

Faithful companion of my journey  
over valleys and mountains, among strange people  
I have only this little organ  
this little organ that gives me bread.

In the hollow breast of my instrument  
there are two songs secretly locked  
one is wild, yes, like the wind  
yes, like the wind of my ravines.

The other one murmurs full  
of hidden joys of hidden difficulties  
it's like the singing of my Lena  
of my Lena who died at the age of twenty.



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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