



www.fabriziodeandre.it

MARY'S DREAM

Il sogno di Maria

F. De André | G.P. Reverberi | F. De André

© 1971 Universal Music Publishing Ricordi S.r.l.

- In the humid and dark womb of the temple,
the shadow was cold, swollen with incense;
the angel came down, as every night,
to teach me a new prayer:
then suddenly he freed my hands
and my arms became wings,
when he asked me: "Do you know summer?"
for one day, for one moment,
I ran out to see the colour of the wind.

We really flew above the houses,
past gates, kitchen gardens, streets
then we slid down among valleys in bloom
where vines embrace olive trees.
We touched down there, where the day gets lost
looking for itself on its own,
hidden among the trees,
and he spoke with the voice of prayer,
and at the end of every prayer
he'd count a vertebra on my back.

*Spoken: ... and the angel said:
"Have no fear, Mary,
you did find the Lord's grace
and by his action you will conceive a child..."*

The priests' long shadows
pushed the dream into a circle of voices.
First I thought of flying away with my wings
but my arms were naked and could not fly:
then I saw the angel turn into a comet
and the severe faces turned to stone,
their arms like silhouettes of tree branches,
in the motionless gestures of another life,
the hands were leaves, the fingers were thorns.

Voices in the street, noises of people,
they took me away from my dream,
handing me back to the present.
The image faded, colours got paler,
but the distant echo of quick words
kept repeating an angel's strange prayer

where maybe it was dream, but it wasn't sleep:
"They'll call him son of God"
vague words in my mind,
disappeared in a dream,
but imprinted in my womb. –

And worn-out words
dissolved into tears,
but fear from her lips
rose up to her half-closed eyes
in an apparent quiet
that is consumed in the waiting
for indulgent looks.

And you, quietly, touched the edge
of her forehead with your fingers:
as old people's caresses have fear
of being too heavy.

299

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.

These are literal English translations by Mark Worden of Fabrizio De André's lyrics. All rights reserved.

Copyright © 2009 Nuvole Production S.r.l.