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MARY'S CHILDHOOD

L'infanzia di Maria

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Maybe it was the third hour,
maybe the ninth,
a few lilies sewn
in your simple dress,
maybe out of necessity
or worse to give a good example,
they took your three years of age
and they dragged them into the temple.
They took your three years of age
and they dragged them in the temple.

No more Anna's breasts,
between the discreet walls,
to soothe your tears,
to quench your thirst;
they say an angel it was
who recounted the hours for you,
who measured your time
between food and the Lord.
Who measured your time
between food and the Lord.

*... So baby Mary lived
in the Lord's temple,
fed by an angel's hand.*

Chorus: Snow melts in the sun,
water returns to the sea,
the wind and the season
play once more.
But not for you, child,
in the temple with your head bowed,
but not for you, child,
in the temple with your head bowed.

*... And when she reached the age of twelve
the priests gathered together
and said: "What shall we do with her now
so that she will not contaminate
the Temple of the Lord?"*

And when the priests
refused you accommodation,
you were twelve years of age
with no guilt whatsoever:

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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but for the priests
your spring was your guilt,
your virginity
painted red.
Your virginity
painted red.

And a wedding is planned
for those who do not want it,
the countryside is scoured,
the road is searched.

"Wifeless people,
men of every age,
a virgin's body
is up for lottery.
A virgin's body
is up for lottery."

*... Then the heralds travelled
throughout Judea
and the horns echoed
and people gathered round fast...*

Chorus: - Undo your hair and look,
they're here already! -
- Look at her, look at her undoing her hair,
hair longer than our coats,
look at such tender, fair skin,
shining in the sun like snow.

Look at her hands, look at her face,
she looks like she came down from heaven,
look at her body, the proportion,
she looks like temptation itself.

Look at her, look at her undoing her hair
hair longer than our coats,
look at her hands, look at her face,
she looks like she came down from heaven.

Look at her eyes, look at her hair,
look at her hands, look at her neck,
look at the flesh, look at her face,
look at heaven's hair.



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Look at her flesh, look at her neck,
she looks like she came from her smile,
look at her eyes, look at the snow,
look at heaven's flesh. –

*... and Zachariah, the High Priest,
said to Joseph:
"Fate has entrusted you
with the Lord's virgin,
take care of her
and protect her."*

And it was you, Joseph,
a survivor from the past,
carpenter against your will,
father by profession,
who got entrusted,
by rude fate,
with one more daughter
for no reason,
a child you had no intention for.

And as you leave,
tired of being tired,
the child's hand in yours,
sadness at your side,
you think: "Those priests
gave her in marriage
to these fingers too dry
to close on a rose,
to this heart too old
resting already."



*As ordered, Joseph
brought the child to his house
and at once left for work outside Judea.
He stayed away for four years.*

*The words in italics are quotations from an Italian
edition of the protevangelium of St. James which was
published in 1867. The translation was by L.
Scartabelli.*

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