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MARY IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP

Maria nella bottega del falegname

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Mary:

“Carpenter with your hammer
why do you do *den den*?
With the plane on that wood
why do you do *fren fren*?
Do you build up crutches
for those who went to war?
For those who came home
on their hands from Nubia?”

Carpenter:

“My hammer does not hit,
my plane does not cut
to shape new legs
for those who offered their own to war,
but three crosses, two for those
who deserted to steal,
the biggest for the one who
taught how to desert war.”

The crowd:

“The sleeping temples in this town
are pulsating with the heart of a hammer,
when will it stop?
Carpenter, on that wood,
how many more strikes,
how thinner your plane
will make it?”

Mary:

“The sores, the wounds
that you make on the wood,
carpenter, those cuts
are too short of blood now,
to be able to tell by themselves,
in their own voices,
whose faces will turn white
on your crosses.”

Carpenter:

“These blocks they brought me here
in order that my sweat
may transform them in the image
of three pains,

they will see the tears of Dumachus ⁽¹⁾ and of
Titus.

The biggest block you're watching now
will embrace your son.”

The crowd:

“From the streets to the mountain
rises your *den den*
every valley of Jordan
learns your *fren fren*;
some grieving groups
move on restlessly,
others are waiting to quench
their thirst with vinegar.”

*(1) The names of the thieves vary from gospel to gospel
(Dumachus, Titus, Dismas and Gestas). Titus is the
good thief in the Arab childhood gospel.*

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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