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A PRAYER IN JANUARY

Preghiera in gennaio

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Let it blossom, oh Lord, his path
when to You his spirit and to the world his skin
he must give back, when he comes to Your sky
where, in the full light of day, the stars shine.

When he crosses the last old bridge
to the suicides he will say,
kissing them on the forehead:
“Come to Paradise where I’m also going
because there is no hell in the world of the good God.”

Make him reach You with his tired bones
followed by thousands of those white faces,
make him return to you among the dead from insult
that to heaven and to the earth showed their courage.

Well-thinking gentlemen, I hope that you don’t mind
if in heaven, among the saints, God, in his arms
will suffocate the hiccough of those pale lips
which, to hatred and ignorance, preferred death.

God of mercy, Your beautiful paradise
You made it above all for those who did not smile
for those who have lived with a pure conscience;
hell only exists for those who are scared of it.

Better than him no-one can show you
the mistakes of all of us that you can and want to save.
Listen to his voice which now sings in the wind.
God of mercy you’ll see, you’ll be content.
God of mercy you’ll see, you’ll be content.

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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