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## RECITATIVE (TWO APPEALS AND AN INDICTMENT)

*Recitativo (Due invocazioni e un atto d'accusa)*

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

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## CHORAL (THE LEGEND OF THE UNHAPPY KING)

*Corale (Leggenda del re infelice)*

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*Spoken:* Men without fault, semi-Gods  
who live in silvery castles  
who of glory touched the apogee  
we who invoked compassion we are the junkies.  
Of the inhumane crossing the border  
we prematurely knew the skunk  
who puts an end to every coveted dream:  
that mercy shall not be shameful for you.

*Chorus:* There was a king  
who had  
two castles  
one of silver  
one of gold  
but for him  
not the heart  
of a friend  
never a love nor happiness.

*Spoken:* Bankers, grocers, notaries  
with obese stomachs and sweaty hands  
with hearts in the shape of piggy banks  
we who invoke compassion we were led astray.  
We sailed on fragile vessels  
to face the world's storm  
and our eyes were too beautiful:  
may compassion not remain in your pocket.

Elected judges, men of law  
we who still dance in your dreams  
we are the desolate human flock  
of he who dies with a knot around his throat.  
How many innocents to horrendous agony  
did you vote deciding their fate  
and how just do you think is  
a sentence that decrees death?

*Chorus:* A castle  
he gave away  
and a hundred and a hundred friends he found  
then the other brought him  
a thousand loves  
but he didn't find happiness.

*Spoken:* Men whose compassion doesn't always  
convene  
unwillingly accepting the common destiny  
go, in the evenings of November,  
to spy, under the faint light of the stars,  
death and the wind, in the middle of the  
cemeteries,  
moving tombs and putting them close together  
as if they were the gigantic pieces  
in a game of dominoes that will never end.

Men, in order not to be, at the last minute,  
afflicted by late remorse  
of never having had compassion,  
and to be sure your breath  
does not become a death-rattle:  
know that death watches over you, rejoicing  
in the meadows or between the white-washed  
walls,  
just as the peasant watches the wheat growing  
until it is ready for the sickle.

*Chorus:* Don't seek happiness  
in all those to whom you have given  
to have a reward in return  
but only in you  
in your heart  
if you have given  
only out of pity.

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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