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## THE WAY OF THE CROSS

*Via della croce*

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“I wish I could dismember you with teeth and hands,  
your eyes be drunk by dogs,  
of this death on the cross you must thank  
a good man, by the name of Pilate.”  
Much more than this death  
that today comes begging for you,  
it’s the poison of these words that will kill you:  
the voices of the fathers of those babies,  
slaughtered, for you, by Herod.  
In the lugubrious mockery of their new clothes  
they measure your pain in drops;  
thirty years they’ve waited, with their livers in  
hand,  
a charlatan’s death-rattles.

The widows lead the crowd,  
moving on, bent forwards,  
to them it’s not a feast afternoon;  
they cover eyes and hearts with their clothes  
but pain filters through their veils:  
believers humiliated by a cruel creed  
that put them in slavery way long before  
Abraham,  
gratefully they suffer the punishment  
for who forgave Mary Magdalene,  
for who with only a brotherly gesture  
taught the Lord a new indulgence,  
and they look up, stabbed by the sun,  
at one redeemer’s spasms.

Lost in the crowd they follow you speechless,  
appalled in case you may address them:  
“To redeem the world” they need to think  
“your blood will surely be enough.”  
Your Good News they will spread all over the  
place  
in the woods and in the cities,  
but this will happen tomorrow, with stronger faith,  
tonight horror wins.  
None of them will cry out a goodbye to you  
for fear of being identified as God’s cousin:  
the apostles have stitched their throats,  
my bleeding brother upon the cross.

Their faces relax, already inclined to forgive,  
now that they’ve seen your human blood  
adorn your limbs in purple streams,  
incapable of any more harm.  
By now the authorities, camouflaged in human  
looks,  
consider you dead enough  
and they already turn to spy on the intents  
of the humble, of the beggars.  
But poor people’s eyes are weeping elsewhere,  
they didn’t come to show off their pain  
as the Way of the Cross is forbidden  
to those who love you as they love themselves.

They have pale faces, hollow chests,  
their faces are unlike those of the ones who  
delight  
in gestures offered up by pain,  
yet they hold a place of honour.  
No sparks of compassion in their eyes,  
they’re not amazed at your back bent by wood  
you barely drag along,  
yet they hold onto each other.  
Forgive them as they won’t leave you alone,  
as they will know too how to die on the cross,  
down there only their mothers will weep for them,  
after all it’s only two thieves.

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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