

Behind St. Peter's

Daûr San Pieri

Words & music by Marco Mâiero

Larghetto (♩ = 66)

p

On the hills, be-hind Saint Pe-ter's South-east wind, Ju-ly with smell of hay, all the dreams that chase each

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6 *poco cresc.* *mf*

o-ther all the dreams that call forth good. 1. And day breaks and glows with com-fort, ha-ving cracked the dark of
2. In your heart it's time for kis-sing, time for love, re-vealed to

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12 *tratt.*

days, dark that hides as if for jea-lou-sy from us the light of Pa-ra-
none, dis-ap-peared when Au-gust cri-ckets sad-ly sing us signs that Au-tumn's

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16 *mf* *f* *un po' stentato* *a tempo*

dise; and day here; in your jea - lou - sy from us the cri - ckets sad - ly sing us light of Pa - ra - dise. here. signs that Au - tumn's here.

D.C. tutto, 2^a strofa e poi Finale

20 *Finale* *p* *pp* *tratt. e dim.* *ppp*

On the hills, be - hind Saint Pe - ter's all the dreams that call forth good; all the dreams that call forth good.

English Text

On the hills, behind St.Peter's
South-east wind, July with smell of hay,
All the dreams that chase each other
All the dreams that call forth good.

1.And day breaks and glows with comfort,
Having cracked the dark of days,
Dark that hides as if for jealousy from us
The light of Paradise.

2.In your heart it's time for kissing,
Time for love, revealed to none,
disappeared when August
crickets sadly sing us signs
that Autumn's here.

On the hills, behind St.Peter's
All the dreams that call forth good.

Friulian text (original language)

Sore i roncs, daûr San Pieri,
cul scioc o in Luj ch'al sa di fen,
ducj i siums si cirin simpri,
ducj i siums a clamin ben.

1.E a consolin lis albadis
che an cricât il scûr dai dîs
che gjelôs al ten platât, di simpri,
il lusôr dal Paradîs.

2.E tal cûr timp di bussadis,
timp di un fûc mai dite a d'un,
distudât cui avostans, mai légris,
in te scune di un autun.

Sore i roncs, daûr San Pieri,
ducj i siums a clamin ben.

Italian text

Sulle colline, dietro San Pietro,
con lo scirocco o in Luglio profumato di fieno,
tutti i sogni si cercano sempre,
tutti i sogni portano il bene.

1.E consolano i fugaci chiarori
che hanno incrinato il buio dei giorni
che geloso nasconde, da sempre,
la luce del Paradiso.

2.E nel cuore il tempo di baci,
il tempo di un amore mai svelato a nessuno,
che si è spento assieme al canto
degli ormai tristi grilli agostani,
nella culla di un autunno.

Sulle colline, dietro San Pietro,
tutti i sogni portano il bene.

Beyond St.Peter's little church, in Tricesimo, there are some hills, still in their remote silence. And once more thoughts search for hopes in the answers to impossible questions. There comes again the emotion of the first secret love and peaceful dreams grow stronger.

Translated by Maria Grazia Piovesan