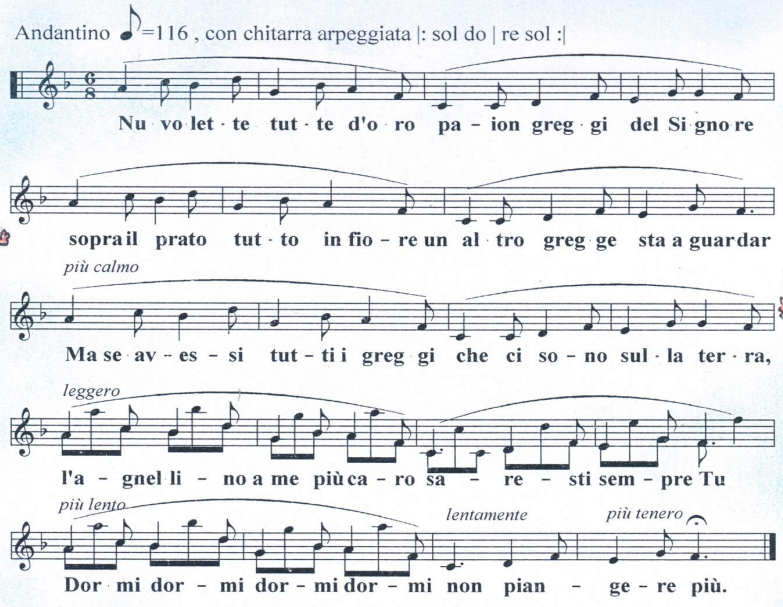Lullaby of the Virgin Mary

Maria Valtorta and F. Maria Pennoni O.S.M.

This morning I woke up in the gentlest way. I was still dozing when I heard the most pure voice I have ever heard sing a slow lullaby very sweetly. The song was so slow and archaic that it sounded a Christmas pastoral. I followed the melody and the voice, enjoying them more and more until I awoke completely. I then understood fully what was taking place, and I said: « Hail, Mary, full of Grace! » because it was Mother singing. And She raised Her voice after saying to me: « I greet you, too. Come and be happy! » And I saw Her… in the house in Bethlehem, in Her room, intent on lulling Jesus to sleep. In the room, there were Mary's loom and some needlework. I think Mary had stopped working to give the Child suck and change His swaddling bands, - I should say His clothes, because He was already a few months old. I would say six, or eight months at most. Perhaps Mary was thinking of resuming Her work after the Child had fallen asleep. It was evening. The sun was setting and there were many small golden clouds in the clear sky. Some herds were going back to their folds, browsing on the last grass of a flowery meadow and bleating with their heads uplifted. The Child was about to fall asleep. He seemed a little restless, as if He had teething trouble, or some other minor pain of childhood. I wrote the song on a piece of paper as well as I could, in the dim light of a very early morning, and I will now copy it. (...) Mary at first rocked the wooden cradle very slowly. Afterwards, when She saw that Jesus was not calming down, She took Him in Her arms, sitting near the open window, with the cradle beside Her, and swinging lightly to the rhythm of the song, She repeated the lullaby twice, until Jesus closed His little eyes, He turned His head round on to His Mother's breast and fell asleep thus, His little face resting on the cosy warmth of His Mother's breast, one hand also on Her breast near His rosy cheek, the other one relaxed on Her lap. Mary's veil shaded Her Holy Creature. Then Mary got up most carefully and laid Jesus in the cradle, She covered Him with small linens, She spread a veil to protect Him from flies and the fresh air, and She remained contemplating Her sleeping Treasure. She held one hand over Her heart, while the other was leaning on the cradle, ready to rock it if necessary, and She smiled happily, slightly bent while darkness and silence were falling on the earth and were invading Her little virginal room. (...)

Maria Valtorta e padre M. Pennoni o.s.m.

Ninna Nanna della Vergine Maria



Mille stelle rilucenti - stan nel cielo a riguardare.
Le soavi tue pupille - non le far più lacrimare.
I tuoi occhi di zaffiro - son le stelle del mio cuore.
Il tuo pianto è il mio dolore! - Oh! non piangere più ...

Dormi, dormi, dormi, dormi ...
Non piangere più ...



Tutti gli angeli splendenti - che ci son nel Paradiso
fan corona a Te, innocente - per bearsi del tuo viso.
Ma Tu piangi. Vuoi la Mamma. - Vuoi la Mamma, Mamma, Ma ...
qui intorno a farti "nanna". - Nanna, nanna, nanna, na ...



Dormi, dormi, dormi, dormi ...
Non piangere più ...

Poi il ciel si farà rosa - per l'aurora che ritorna
e la Mamma ancor non posa - per non farti lacrimar.
Ridestato dirai: "Mamma!" - "Figlio!" io ti dirò,
e col bacio amore e vita - insieme al latte ti darò ...

Dormi, dormi, dormi, dormi ...
Non piangere più ...



Senza Mamma non puoi stare - neppur se sogni il Cielo.
Vieni, vieni! Sotto il velo - io ti farò dormir.
Il mio petto per guanciale - le mie braccia a farti cuna.
Non avere tema alcuna! - Io sono qui con Te ...

Dormi, dormi, dormi, dormi ...
Non piangere più ...



Io con Te ci sarò sempre. - Sei la vita del mio cuore ...
Egli dorme. Pare un fiore - posato sopra il sen…
Egli dorme. Fate piano! - Forse vede il Padre Santo ...
Quella vista asciuga il pianto - del dolce mio Gesù ...

Dorme, dorme, dorme, dorme ...
e non piange più.

Little golden clouds - seem the herds of the Lord
On the meadow full of flowers - another herd is watching.
But if I had all the herds - that exist in the world,
The lambkin dearest to Me - You would always be.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Cry no more…

Many glittering stars - are twinkling in the sky.
May Your sweet gentle eyes - shed no more tears.
Your eyes of sapphire - are the stars of My heart.
Your tears make Me cry - oh! cry no more.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Cry no more…

All the sparkling angels - that in Heaven be,
Form a wreath around You, innocent Child - enraptured by Your face.
But You're crying for Your Mummy - Mummy, Mummy, Mum.
To sing Your lullaby - lulla, lulla, lu.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Cry no more…

The sky will soon be red - and dawn will soon be back,
And Mummy had no rest - to ensure You do not cry.
« Mamma » when awake You'll call Me - « Son » I will reply.
A kiss of love and life - I'll give you with My breast.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Cry no more…

You do need Your Mummy - also if You dream of Heaven.
Come, do come! Under My veil - I will make You sleep.
My breast is Your pillow - Your cradle My arms,
Do not fear, My dear - I'm here with You…

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Cry no more…

I'll always be with You - You're the life of My heart
He is sleeping like a flower - Resting on My breast
He is sleeping Be quiet! - His Father perhaps He sees...
And the sight wipes the tears - Of my sweet Jesus.

He Sleeps, sleeps, sleeps, sleeps,
And He cries no more.