

Mary

Markéta Irglová

Oh Father, what do you see?
Are you well pleased in me?
I always longed to be
Worthy of the faith you put in me, and
It would make me sad if I should let you down,
I only wish to make you proud, but
I'd really like to play with the children now.
Am I allowed?
For a moment to go out?

Mary, still a little girl now,
Mary, play as much as you can,
Mary, you already know how,
To play the hearts of men, like a harp.

You're still so young,
You have so much ahead of you.
Big things await you still,
Oh, if you only knew, but
Maybe it is better that you don't,
While you're sleeping undisturbed by anything,
It's still so early in the morning,
Only cowbells ring,
Soon the birds will start to sing.

Mary, you're growing up now,
Mary, soon your time will come,
Mary, you already know how,
To make sound the hearts of men like a drum, beating.