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## **“Aprite le finestra”: the soundtrack Saint Josemaría wanted for his farewell from this world**

The song “Aprite le finestra” was the piece with which singer Franca Raimondi won the popular Sanremo Music Festival in 1956, Italy’s most important musical competition. St. Josemaría liked it and saw it as a simple and radiant expression of Christian hope in eternal life. He told those around him that he would like it to be sung at the moment of his death.

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In 1966, during a get-together at Villa Tevere, some of those living with St Josemaría sang *Aprite le finestre*, a song then popular in Italy.<sup>[1]</sup> The founder told them he would like it to be sung in his final moments on earth, joyfully, after he received the last sacraments.

The song celebrates the joy of springtime, when flowers begin to bloom again, birds return from migration, and the sun streams through open windows, filling homes with light. Its lyrics invite listeners to open themselves to new dreams and to a life that begins afresh.

*La prima rosa  
rossa è già  
sbocciata*

The first red rose  
has already  
bloomed

|   |   |
|---|---|
| E nascon timide<br>le viole mammole           | And the shy<br>violets hide                   |
| Ormai, la prima<br>rondine è tornata          | Now, the first<br>swallow has<br>returned     |
| Nel cielo limpido<br>comincia a<br>volteggiar | In the clear sky, it<br>begins to flutter     |
| Il tempo bello<br>viene ad<br>annunciar       | The beautiful<br>weather comes to<br>announce |
| <i>Aprite le finestre<br/>al nuovo sole</i>   | Open the<br>windows to the<br>new sun         |
| È primavera, è<br>primavera                   | It's spring, it's<br>spring                   |

St Josemaría enjoyed singing, and often repeated a phrase from St Augustine: “He who sings, prays twice.” He also used to say that he liked “all the songs about pure holy

love, for in them I find, interwoven, both human and divine love.”<sup>[2]</sup> It is not surprising, therefore, that he saw more than a mere description of the season in this song. Asking for it to be sung at the end of his life, made it clear he saw it as a metaphor for the passage to eternal life: death not as an end, but as a peaceful, radiant awakening. For him, ‘opening the windows’ meant opening the soul — as he had done throughout his life — to the Love of loves, to the definitive encounter with God, “for ever, for ever... for ever” (*The Way*, no. 182).

The sun, which Church tradition sees as a symbol of Jesus Christ, offers itself gently to each person, and enters in when we freely open the door or the windows of our lives.

At times, St. Josemaría would talk about that definitive encounter with God: “It moves me deeply to think of the moment — whenever God wills

— when I will be able to see Him, not as in a mirror, nor through obscure images... but face to face.”<sup>[3]</sup> — He never described that moment as something jarring, because “we are always seeking God, hoping for Him. If we were to die suddenly, it would be as if the Lord had surprised us from behind, and, turning round, we found ourselves in his arms...”<sup>[4]</sup> —

Afraid neither of life nor of death: that is how he tried to live each day, because, as he used to say, “we don’t know when the final battle will come, because we could die at any moment... But don’t be afraid: beyond death there is Life and Love.”<sup>[5]</sup> —

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <i>Sul davanzale un<br/>piccolo usignolo</i> | On the<br>windowsill, a<br>little nightingale |
| Dall'ali tenere, le<br>piume morbide         |   |

|  |   |
|--|---|
|  | With tender<br>wings, soft<br>feathers            |
| Ha già spiccato il<br>timido suo volo              | Has already taken<br>its timid flight             |
| E contro i vetri ha<br>cominciato a<br>picchiettar | And it has started<br>to tap against the<br>glass |
| Il suo più bel<br>messaggio vuol<br>portar:        | It wants to bring<br>its beautiful<br>message:    |
| <i>È primavera, è<br/>primavera</i>                | It's spring, it's<br>spring                       |
| Aprite le finestre<br>ai nuovi sogni               | Open the<br>windows to new<br>dreams              |

Might that symbol of people in love  
— the nightingale on the windowsill,  
tapping on the glass — not also be  
interpreted as grace, Love Himself,

coming to prepare the soul for its long-awaited encounter? Then, for the last time, the soul will open the window to the most beautiful of dreams: eternal life.

*Aprite le finestre  
ai nuovi sogni*

Open the windows  
to new dreams

*Alle speranze,  
all'illusione*

To hopes, to  
excitement

Lasciate entrare  
l'ultima canzone

Let in the last song

Che dolcemente  
scenderà nel  
cuor

Which will  
descend gently  
into the heart

On 26 June 1975, Josemaría Escrivá died suddenly of a heart attack. Another of his wishes was fulfilled: he had asked God for the grace to die “without being a nuisance,” so as not

to be a “burden” to his sons and daughters in Opus Dei.

“That day will come for us. It will be our last day, but we're not afraid of it. Trusting firmly in God's grace, we are ready from this very moment to be generous and courageous, and take loving care of little things: we are ready to go and meet our Lord” (*Friends of God*, no. 242).

“In the sky, amid silver clouds, the moon has already set a date.” Our Lady, like the moon that reflects the light of the sun, reflects the image of God and guides Christians through moments of darkness. She accompanied St. Josemaría from his earliest years, and she was with him at the end of his life, too. In his last moments on earth, he fixed his gaze on an image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, confident that she was accompanying him in that final step toward heaven. Five years earlier,

while looking at a picture in Jaltepec of Our Lady of Guadalupe giving a rose to Juan Diego, he had said aloud: “That is how I would like to die: looking at the Blessed Virgin and receiving a flower from her...”<sup>[6]</sup> —

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***You might enjoy this playlist of songs Saint Josemaría liked:***

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One of the biographies of the founder recounts a family story from that day.<sup>[7]</sup> Severino Monzó, who was spending a few days in a house near the shrine of Torreciudad, received the news of St Josemaría’s passing and remembered something the founder had said to him a decade earlier in Rome about that song: “You will sing it for me... without tears.”

He went over to the record player in the sitting room and put on “Aprite le finestre.” He began to sing it, hoping to fulfil the Father’s wish. He tried to hold back his emotions, but wasn’t quite able to fulfil that second part. At one point, his voice broke and he had to stop. He gathered himself and sang it through to the end. The lyrics of the full song are as follows:

### **Italian**

### **English**

*La prima rosa  
rossa è già  
sbocciata*

The first red rose  
has already  
bloomed

E nascon timide le  
viole mammole

And the shy  
violets hide

Ormai, la prima  
rondine è tornata

Now, the first  
swallow has  
returned

Nel cielo limpido  
comincia a  
volteggiar

In the clear sky,  
it begins to  
flutter

Il tempo bello  
viene ad  
annunciar

The beautiful  
weather comes  
to announce

*Aprite le finestre al*  
*nuovo sole*

Open the  
windows to the  
new sun

È primavera, è  
primavera

It's spring, it's  
spring

*Lasciate entrare*  
*un poco d'aria*  
*pura*

Let in a bit of  
fresh air

Con il profumo dei  
giardini e i prati in  
fior

With the scent of  
gardens and  
blooming  
meadows

Aprite le finestre  
ai nuovi sogni

Open the  
windows to new  
dreams

Bambine belle

Innamorate

Beautiful girls

*È forse il più bel  
sogno che sognate*

In love

Sarà domani la  
felicità

It may be the  
most beautiful  
dream you  
dream

[Ritornello]

Nel cielo fra le  
nuvole d'argento

Happiness will  
come tomorrow

La luna ha già  
fissato  
appuntamento

[Chorus]

In the sky among  
the silver clouds

Aprite le finestre  
al nuovo sole

The moon has  
already set a  
date

È primavera

Festa dell'amor

Open the  
windows to the  
new sun

*La, la, la...*

Aprite le finestre  
al nuovo sole

It's spring, the  
feast of love

*Sul davanzale un  
piccolo usignolo*

Dall'ali tenere, le  
piume morbide

Ha già spiccato il  
timido suo volo

E contro i vetri ha  
cominciato a  
picchiettar

Il suo più bel  
messaggio vuol  
portar:

*È primavera, è  
primavera*

Aprite le finestre  
ai nuovi sogni

*Alle speranze,  
all'illusione*

La, la, la...

Open the  
windows to the  
new sun

On the  
windowsill, a  
little nightingale

With tender  
wings, soft  
feathers

Has already  
taken its timid  
flight

And it has  
started to tap  
against the glass

It wants to bring  
its beautiful  
message:

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Lasciate entrare<br>l'ultima canzone         | It's spring, it's<br>spring                    |
| Che dolcemente<br>scenderà nel cuor          | Open the<br>windows to new<br>dreams           |
| <i>Nel cielo fra le<br/>nuvole d'argento</i> | To hopes, to<br>excitement                     |
| La luna ha già<br>fissato<br>appuntamento    | Let in the last<br>song                        |
| Aprite le finestre<br>al nuovo sole          | Which will<br>descend gently<br>into the heart |
| È primavera, festa<br>dell'amor              | In the sky among<br>the silver clouds          |
| <i>La, la, la...</i>                         | The moon has<br>already set a<br>date          |
| Aprite le finestra<br>al primo amor          | Open the<br>windows to the<br>new sun          |

It's spring, the  
feast of love

La, la, la...

Open the  
window to first  
love

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[1] Celaya I., in *Recuerdos de san Josemaría*.

[2] *Conversations*, no. 92.

[3] Sastre A., *Tiempo de caminar*, chapter XII.

[4] Cfr. Testimony of Encarnación Ortega Pardo, RHF 5074.

[5] *Ibid.*

<sup>[6]</sup> Cejas J.M., *Cara y Cruz: Josemaría Escrivá*, chapter XXVI.

<sup>[7]</sup> Urbano P., *The Man of Villa Tevere*, chapter XIX.

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