

6. A Hard Rains A-Gonna Fall - Bob Dylan 451Hz.

Re Oh, where have you been, my **Sol** blue-eyed **Re** son ?
Re And where have you been my darling young **La** one ?
I've **Sol** stumbled on the side of **La** twelve misty **Re**
mountains
I've **Sol** walked and I've crawled on **La** six crooked **Re**
highways
I've **Sol** stepped in the middle of **La** seven sad **Re** forests
I've **Sol** been out in front of a **La** dozen dead **Re** oceans
I've **Sol** been ten thousand miles in the **La** mouth of a **Re**
graveyard
And it's a hard, it's a **La** hard, it's a hard, and it's a **Re** hard
It's a **La** hard rain's a-gonna **Re** fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue eyed son ?
And what did you see, my darling young one ?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand takers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son ?
And what did you hear, my darling young one ?
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'
I heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
I heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'

Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, who did you meet my blue-eyed son ?
Who did you meet, my darling young one ?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded and hatred
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

And what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son ?
And what'll you do now my darling young one ?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest
Where the people are a many and their hands are all empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number
And I'll tell and think it and speak it and breathe it
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'
But I'll know my songs well before I start singin'
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

10 .UNA GRAN PLUJ.A MOLT AVÍAT CAURA **CHORDU=**

A Hard Rain's Agonna Fall Bob Dylan. Adap. Joan Boix

1. On has. estat fill meu d'ulls blaus?

On has estat fill meu estimat?

M'he perdut pels voltants d'onze negres muntanyes;
He marxat arrossegantme per sis camins de carro ,
M'he endinsat en el fons de set selves molt tristes;
He estat ben a prop de vuit mars sense vida;
Me n'he anat ben lluny del món, al cor d'unes tombes;
1 és que una gran, gran, gran,...

i ésque una gran pluja molt aviat caurà.

2. Digue'm qué has vist fill meu d'ulls blaus?

Digue'm, qué has vist fill meu estimat?

He vist un camí d'or per on ningú no hi passava;

He vist un tronc d'arbre ple de sang vermella;

He vist uns homes tacats d'injustícia;

He vist una escala coberta per l'aigua;

He vist gent que parla i no tenen llengua

He vist uns nens amb pistoles i espases;

1 és que una gran, gran, gran...

i és que una gran pluja molt aviat caurà.

3. Qué has sentit fill meu d'ulls blaus?

Qué has sentit fill meu estimat?

Hesentit un gran tro que advertia a tothom;

Hesentit una onada que podria ofegar el món;

Hesentit cent timbalers cansats d'esperar

Hesentit molts que parlen i ningú no els escolta;

Hesentit a un morir de fam; d'altres se'n reien;

Hesentit els salms d'un poeta que ha mort a l'exili

Hesentit els plors d'un clown que plorava de pena,

Hesentit els crits d'un home cansat de la vida;

1 ésque una gran, gran, gran...

i és que una gran pluja molt aviat caurà.

4. Qué has trobat fill meu d'ulls blaus?

Qué has trobat fill meu estimat?

He trobat un infant prop d'un cavallet mort;

He trobat un home blanc que passejava un gos negre;

He trobat una dona i el seu cos cremava;

He trobat una noia que m'ha omplert d'esperança

He trobat un home ferit en amor;

He trobat un altre home desesperat i ple d'odi:

1 és que una gran, gran, gran...

i ésque una gran pluja molt aviat caurà.

5. Bé, qué farás ara fill meu d'ulls blaus?

Qué farás ara fill meu estimat?

Me'n torno ben lluny abans que caigui la pluja;

Me'n vaig al fons de les més fosques selves;

On la gent és molta i on les mans són buides;

On les aigües dels rius corren brutes i negres;

On la casa en la vall ven la fosca presó;

On les cares dels botxins estan ben amagades,

On la fam és terrible, la gent oblidada;

On el color és negre i quants són no interessa;

Veuré i diré això respirantho i pensantho;

Cridaré ben fort perquè tothom em senti;

1 entraré mar endins fins que jo m'enfonsi;

Sabent bé la cançó abans de cantarla.

I és que una gran, gran, gran...

i és que una gran pluja molt aviat caurà.