
A hard rain's a-gonna fall

Bob Dylan (1994)

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

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, 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 talkers whose tongues were all
broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young
children
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And 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'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the
whole world
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, and 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 with hatred
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, 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 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 it 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 song well before I start singin'
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Caurà un fort ruixat

Oh, on has estat, fill meu d'ulls blaus?
Oh, on has estat, estimat jovenet?
He ensopegat amb el vessant de dotze muntanyes
boirosses
He caminat i m'he arrossegat per sis carreteres
tortuoses
He caminat enmig de set boscos tristos
He estat davant d'una dotzena d'oceans morts
M'he endinsat deu mil milles dins la boca d'un
cementiri
I és fort, i és fort, és fort, i és fort
I és fort el ruixat que caurà

Oh, què has vist, fill meu d'ulls blaus?
Oh, què has vist, estimat jovenet?
He vist un nadó amb llops salvatges al seu voltant
He vist una carretera de diamants sense ningú
He vist una branca negra degotant sang encara
fresca
He vist una habitació plena d'homes amb martells
sagnants
He vist una escala blanca coberta d'aigua
He vist deu mil xerraires amb les llengües
esquinçades
He vist pistoles i espases afilades en mans de nens
petits
I és fort, i és fort, és fort, és fort
I és fort el ruixat que caurà

I què has sentit, fill meu d'ulls blaus?
I què has sentit, estimat jovenet?
He sentit el so d'un tro, ressonant com una
advertència
He sentit el rugit d'una onada que podria inundar
tot el món
He sentit cent tamborers amb les mans en flames
He sentit deu mil xiuxiueigs i ningú escoltant-los
He sentit una persona morir de fam, i molta gent
rient-se'n
He sentit el cant d'un poeta que va morir en la
misèria
He sentit el so d'un pallasso que plorava en un
carreró
I és fort, i és fort, és fort, és fort
I és fort el ruixat que caurà

Oh, a qui has conegut, fill meu d'ulls blaus?
A qui has conegut, estimat jovenet?
He conegut un nen petit al costat d'un poni mort
He conegut un home blanc que passejava un gos
negre
He conegut una dona jove el cos de la qual estava
cremant
He conegut una noia que em va donar un arc de
Sant Martí
He conegut un home que estava ferit d'amor
He conegut un altre home que estava ferit d'odi
I és fort, és fort, és fort, és fort
I és fort el ruixat que caurà

Oh, què faràs ara, fill meu d'ulls blaus?
Què faràs, estimat jovenet?
Tornaré a sortir abans no torni a ploure
Caminaré fins a les profunditats del bosc negre més
profund
On hi ha molta gent amb les seves mans buides
On les pastilles de verí contaminen les aigües
On la casa de la vall es barreja amb la presó bruta i
humida
On la cara del botxí està sempre ben amagada
On la fam és lletja, on s'obliden les ànimes
On el negre és el color, i zero és el número
I ho explicaré, i ho pensaré, i ho diré, i ho respiraré
I ho reflectiré des de la muntanya, perquè totes les
ànimes puguin veure-ho
I aleshores romandrà a l'oceà fins que comenci a
enfonsar-me
Però sabré bé la meua cançó abans de començar a
cantar
I és fort, i és fort, i és fort, i és fort.
És fort el ruixat que caurà