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?
He ensop egat amb el vessant de dotze muntanyes boires
He caminat i m’he arrossegat per sis carreteres tortuoses
He caminat en mig de set boscos tristes
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, a qui has conegut, fill meu d’ulls blaus?
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 has vist, fill meu d’ulls blaus?
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 sangants
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

Oh, què has sentit, fill meu d’ulls blaus?
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