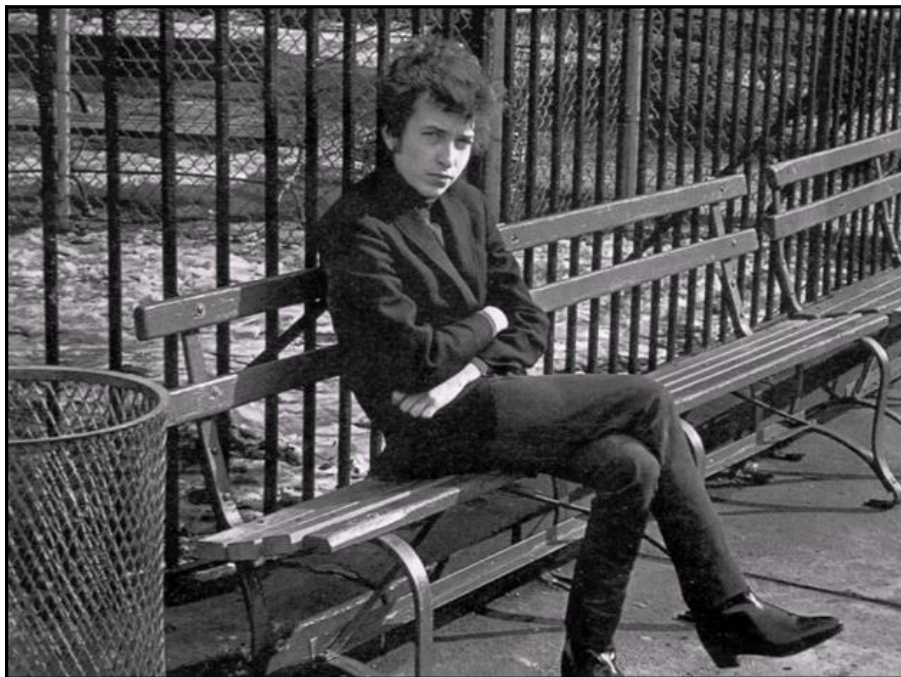


SEMANA DE LA MÚSICA EN INGLÉS

Bob Dylan songs



Learn English with songs

Del 12 al 16 de diciembre de 2016
C.E.P.A. Victoriano Crémer





Bob Dylan, cuyo verdadero nombre es Robert Allen Zimmerman, nació el 24 de mayo de 1941 en Duluth, Minnesota. En 1947 la familia se mudó a un pequeño pueblo. Allí fue donde Bob Dylan comenzó a leer poemas y se interesó por la música, aprendiendo a tocar el piano y la guitarra. Parece ser que su admiración por el poeta Dylan Thomas le llevó a adoptar el apellido artístico. En la década de 1960 creó un estilo propio a partir de la recuperación de la música folk, a la que añadió unas letras cargadas de simbolismo y reivindicaciones.

Su disco *Highway 61 Revisited*, que incluye el tema *Like a Rolling Stone*, marcó el inicio del Dylan rockero, aunque nunca dejará de conceder gran importancia a las letras de sus canciones.

A lo largo de los años ha pasado por diferentes estilos, ha compuesto numerosísimas canciones y ha recibido importantes premios. Ha creado la banda sonora de varias películas e incluso ha trabajado como actor en alguna como *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, de Sam Peckinpah.

En 2007 se le concedió el **Premio Príncipe de Asturias** de las Artes y en octubre de 2016 fue galardonado con el **Premio Nobel de Literatura** "por haber creado nuevas formas de expresión poética dentro de la gran tradición de la canción estadounidense".

BLOWING IN THE WIND



Blowin' In The Wind fue escrita por Dylan con tan solo 21 años y se convirtió casi inmediatamente en un clásico en el mundo entero con esa guitarra y esa armónica clásica.

Fue incluida en el álbum *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, editado en 1963.

Esta canción se convirtió en el grito de una generación que quería cambiar el mundo y que veía cómo el poder económico y político amenazaba la vida auténtica de las personas.

Si quieres escuchar y ver el video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3l4nVByCL44>

Blowing in the wind (1962)

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand
How many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they are forever banned

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free
How many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky
How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry
How many deaths will it take
Till he knows
That too many people have died

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind
The answer is blowing in the wind

MASTERS OF WAR



Masters of war es su canción protesta más desgarradora y atemporal: la dedica a los señores de la guerra. "Ustedes ajustan los gatillos para que otros disparen, y luego retroceden (...) Déjenme preguntarles algo: ¿el dinero que tienen comprará su perdón?".

Es una adaptación de una canción de folk tradicional americana y salió a la luz en 1963. Es una canción pacifista, una canción en contra de lo que Eisenhower llamaba 'complejo industrial-militar' en su etapa final como presidente.

En este enlace hay una versión que suena bien y se entiende muy bien, Comienza con unas palabras de Luther King.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h2mabTnMHe8>

Masters of war (1963)

Come you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death
planes
You that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your
masks.

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly.

Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain.

You fasten all the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and
watch
When the death count gets
higher
You hide in your mansion'
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud.

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins.

How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
That even Jesus would
never
Forgive what you do.

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its
toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your
soul.

And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're
lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand over your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGING



The times they are a-changing es una canción inspirada en lo musical por antiguas baladas irlandesas e inglesas que había descubierto en su estancia en Londres en 1962.

Se convirtió en un himno generacional. Su letra recogía los cambios que la sociedad experimentaba ya a principios de los 60, que serían aún mayores a medida que transcurría la década.

Puedes oír la canción y ver el video en el enlace:

<https://vimeo.com/11205275>

The times they are a-changing (1964)

Come gather around
people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the
bone
If your time to you
Is worth savin'
Then you better start
swimming
Or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-
changing

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your
pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come
again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no telling who
That it's naming
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-
changing

Come senators,
congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall

For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside
And it is raging
It'll soon shake your
windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-
changing.

Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your
daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is
Rapidly aging
Please get out of the new
one
If you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-
changing.
The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past

LIKE A ROLLING STONES



Dylan escribió *Like a rolling stone* en 1965, después de una agotadora gira por Inglaterra en la que se planteó retirarse de la música.

La canción llegó salvadora. La letra provenía de un poema que ocupaba diez páginas. Habla de **la pérdida de la inocencia y el descubrimiento de la crudeza de la vida** por parte de una mujer rica y poderosa a la que le ha llegado la hora de la decadencia.

Habla también de la libertad que conlleva haberlo perdido todo.

Puedes oír la canción aquí:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dxLMr784l0Q>

Like a rolling stone (1965)

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
You thought they were all kiddin' you
You used to laugh about
Everybody that was hangin' out
Now you don't talk so loud
Now you don't seem so proud
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be without a home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it
You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around
to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you

You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
Ain't it hard when you discover that
He wasn't really where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal.

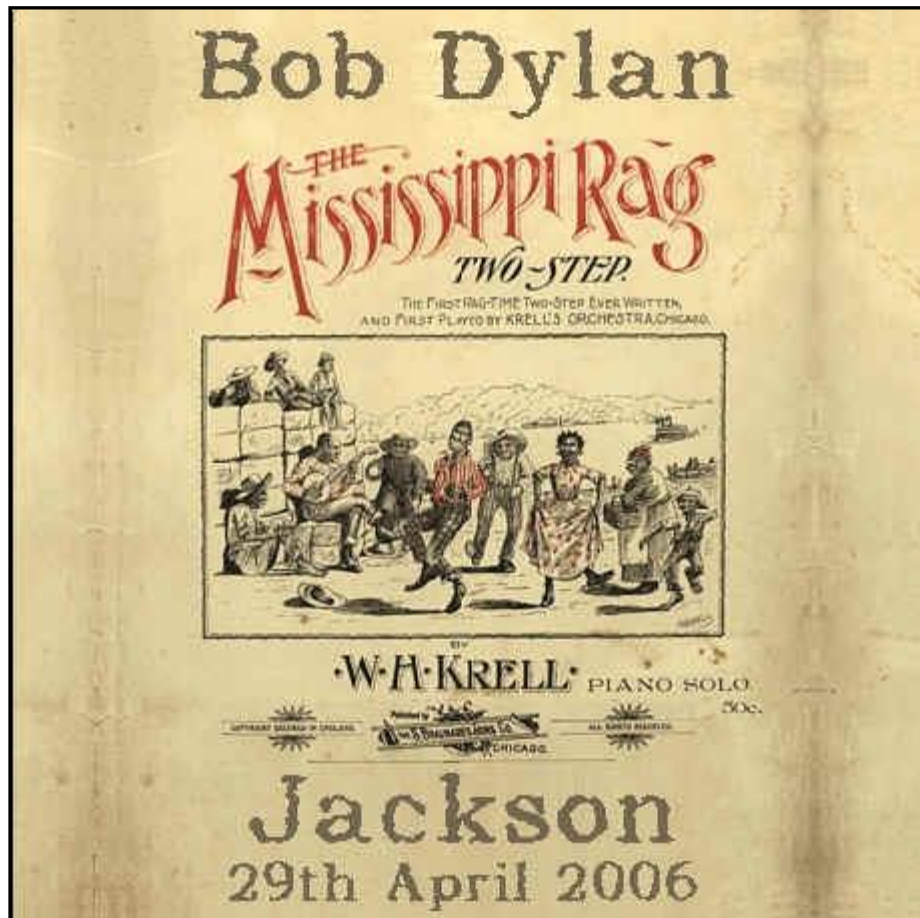
How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They're drinkin', thinkin' they got it made
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things.
But you'd better lift your diamond ring,
you'd better pawn it babe.

You used to be so amused
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

MISSISSIPI



En esta canción, *Mississippi*, una de las mejores letras de sus últimos años, un hombre regresa cerca del Misisipi después de mucho tiempo y se encuentra **preso de su propio pasado, de una mujer a la que todavía ama, de sus errores.**

En este enlace hay una versión que suena bien.

<https://vimeo.com/139101382>

Mississippi (2001)

Every step of the way we walk the line
Your days are numbered, so are mine
Time is pilin' up, we struggle and we scrape
We're all boxed in, nowhere to escape

City's just a jungle, more games to play
We're trapped in the heart of it, trying to get away
I was raised in the country, I been workin' in the town
I been in trouble ever since I set my suitcase down

Got nothing for you, I had nothing before
Don't even have anything for myself anymore
Sky full of fire, pain pourin' down
Nothing you can sell me, I'll see you around

All my powers of expression and thoughts so sublime
Could never do you justice in reason or rhyme
Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

Well, the devil's in the alley, the mule's in the stall
Say anything you want to, I have heard it all
I was thinkin' about the things that Rosie said
I was dreaming I was sleeping in Rosie's bed

Walking through the leaves, falling from the trees
Feeling like a stranger nobody sees
So many things we never will undo
I know you're sorry, I'm sorry too

Some people will offer you their hand and some won't
Last night I knew you, tonight I don't
I need somethin' strong to distract my mind
I'm gonna look at you 'til my eyes go blind

Well, I got here following the southern star
I crossed that river just to be where you are

Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

Well, my ship's been split to splinters, it's sinking fast
I'm drownin' in the poison, got no future, got no past
But my heart is not weary, it's light and it's free
I've got nothin' but affection for all those who've sailed with
me

Everybody movin' if they ain't already there
Everybody got to move somewhere
Stick with me baby, anyhow
Things should start to get interesting right about now

My clothes are wet, tight on my skin
Not as tight as the corner that I painted myself in
I know that fortune is waitin' to be kind
So give me your hand and say you'll be mine

Well, the emptiness is endless, cold as the clay
You can always come back, but you can't come back all the
way
There´s only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long



Did you enjoy it?

Now it's your turn to continue!

CEPA Victoriano Crémer
Semana de la música en inglés

Del 12 al 16 de diciembre 2016