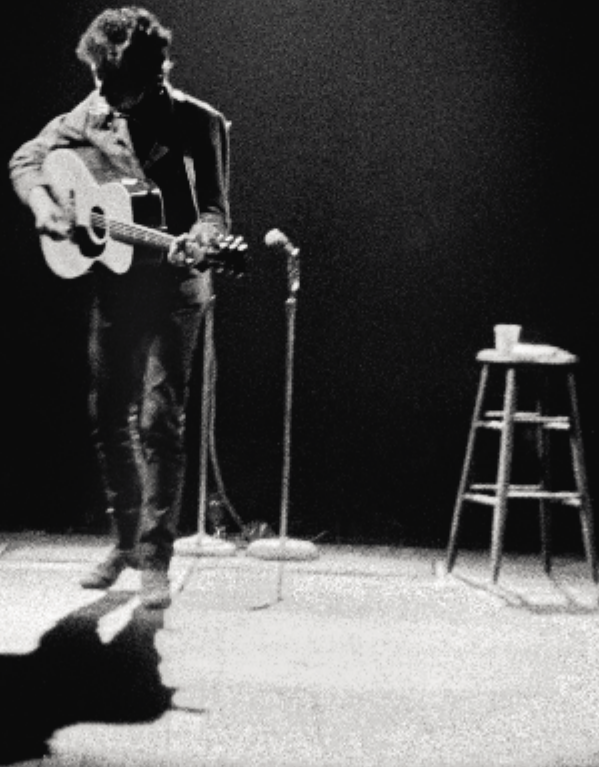


BOB DYLAN

SANAT **THE LYRICS** 1961–2012 | WSOY



BOB DYLAN

SANAT 1961–2012

Copyright © 2004, 2014, 2016 Bob Dylan

Sisuksen graafinen suunnittelu Geoff Gans

Esipuheen copyright © Heikki Harma 2016

Suomenkielinen laitos Werner Söderström Osakeyhtiö

ISBN 978-951-0-42557-2

Painettu EU:ssa

Sisällys

Esipuhe	vii
Bob Dylan	1
The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan	51
The Times They Are A-Changin'	79
Another Side of Bob Dylan	111
Bringing It All Back Home	139
Highway 61 Revisited	165
Blonde on Blonde	189
John Wesley Harding	219
Nashville Skyline	237
Self Portrait	249
New Morning	255
The Basement Tapes	275
Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid	309
Planet Waves	315
Blood on the Tracks	329
Desire	353
Street Legal	381
Slow Train Coming	399
Saved	423
Shot of Love	437

Infidels	461
Empire Burlesque	487
Knocked Out Loaded	505
Down in the Groove	517
Oh Mercy	523
Under the Red Sky	543
Time Out of Mind	557
“Love and Theft”	579
Modern Times	603
Together Through Life	627
Tempest	643
Hakemisto	669

Esipuhe

Kun tieto Bob Dylanille myönnetystä Nobelin kirjallisuuspalkinnosta viikko sitten tuli, mielessäni käväisi välittömästi hänen varhaistuotantonsa laulu "The Times They Are A-Changin'" (Ajat muuttuvat), jota itsekin lauloin sielu liekeissä Hootenanny-illoissa alle parikymppisenä trubaduurina 1960-luvun alkupuolella. Niihin aikoihin aloin myös rohkaistua kirjoittamaan omia lauluja.

Dylanin vaikutus tulevaan musiikkiini, ajatteluuni ja kirjoittamiseeni oli ratkaiseva. Hänen laulujensa rohkeat, ajan oloon suorastaan julkeat kannanotonsa ja Yhdysvaltojen valtakoneiston häpeilemätön ja kriittinen läpivalaisu piiskasivat ja kannustivat suomalaista teinilyyrikkoakin kirjoittamaan omaa protestiaan käsittämättömiä sotia ja ihmisten eriarvoisuutta vastaan.

Dylan lopetti lauluillaan rock- ja popmusiikin "viattomuuden ajan", puhkaisi amerikkalaisten nilkkasukka- ja poninhäntätyttöjen ja *crew cut*-tukkaisten collegepoikien romanttisen 60-luvun alun kuplan.

Robert Allen Zimmermanilla (vuodesta 1962 Bob Dylan) oli paljon pidempi matka Minnesotan Hibbingin kaivoskaupungista New Yorkin Greenwich Villagen folkklubeille kuin minulla Helsingin Töölöstä Kaivopuistoon British Societyn tiloissa toimineelle Hootenanny & Folk -klubille, jonka isäntänä toimi silloin muuan Martti Ahtisaari ja housebändinä Hootenanny Trio. Klubilla laulettiin jo syksyllä 1964 joitakin Dylanin lauluja, vaikka tekijästä oli Suomessa varsin niukasti tietoa.

Dylanin laulut olivat tulleet kuitenkin tunnetuiksi varsinkin folktrio Peter, Paul & Maryn ja folk-blueslaulajatar Odettan hienoina tulkintoina. Ensin mainitun levytyksestä "Blowin' in the Wind" kehkeytyi myös kansainvälinen hitti vuonna 1963 ja sittemmin yksi Yhdysvaltojen kansalaisoikeusliikkeen lippulauluista.

BOB DYLAN

SANAT 1961–2012





Bob Dylan

Talking New York

Song to Woody

lisäksi varhaiset sanoitukset

Hard Times in New York Town

Talking Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Blues

Rambling, Gambling Willie

Standing on the Highway

Poor Boy Blues

Ballad for a Friend

Man on the Street

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

The Death of Emmett Till

Let Me Die in My Footsteps

Baby, I'm in the Mood for You

Long Ago, Far Away

Ain't Gonna Grieve

Gypsy Lou

Long Time Gone

Walkin' Down the Line

Train A-Travelin'

Ballad of Donald White

Quit Your Low Down Ways

I'd Hate to Be You on That Dreadful Day

Mixed Up Confusion

Hero Blues

Tomorrow Is a Long Time

Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag

All Over You

John Brown

Farewell

Big City Blues by Bob Dylan 1961

I been thinkin' a out you darlin'

You been on my mind

But i cant stay long in this here town

I ain't the settlin' kind

Pain is crashin on the roof

My boots ~~are so worn~~

feel hot as coals

Got to keep movin' on

You know i got to go

Goin' to New York city

Gonna find my way

Gonna play in the biggest nightclu

underneath the lights of ol' Broadway

Heard lots a things about that big town

Heard the streets are ~~full of~~ gold

Gonna dig me up a brick take it to the bank

gonna roll, jelly roll

Talking New York

Ramblin' outa the wild West
Leavin' the towns I love the best
Thought I'd seen some ups and downs
'Til I come into New York town
People goin' down to the ground
Buildings goin' up to the sky

Wintertime in New York town
The wind blowin' snow around
Walk around with nowhere to go
Somebody could freeze right to the bone
I froze right to the bone
New York Times said it was the coldest winter in seventeen years
I didn't feel so cold then

I swung onto my old guitar
Grabbed hold of a subway car
And after a rocking, reeling, rolling ride
I landed up on the downtown side
Greenwich Village

I walked down there and ended up
In one of them coffee-houses on the block
Got on the stage to sing and play
Man there said, "Come back some other day
You sound like a hillbilly
We want folk singers here"

Well, I got a harmonica job, begun to play
Blowin' my lungs out for a dollar a day
I blowed inside out and upside down
The man there said he loved m' sound
He was ravin' about how he loved m' sound
Dollar a day's worth

And after weeks and weeks of hangin' around
I finally got a job in New York town
In a bigger place, bigger money too
Even joined the union and paid m' dues

Now, a very great man once said
That some people rob you with a fountain pen
It didn't take too long to find out
Just what he was talkin' about
A lot of people don't have much food on their table
But they got a lot of forks 'n' knives
And they gotta cut somethin'

So one mornin' when the sun was warm
I rambled out of New York town
Pulled my cap down over my eyes
And headed out for the western skies
So long, New York
Howdy, East Orange

Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

California

(varhainen versio kappaleesta "Outlaw Blues")

I'm goin' down south
'Neath the borderline
I'm goin' down south
'Neath the borderline
Some fat mamma
Kissed my mouth one time

Well, I needed it this morning
Without a shadow of doubt
My suitcase is packed
My clothes are hangin' out

San Francisco's fine
You sure get lots of sun
San Francisco is fine
You sure get lots of sun
But I'm used to four seasons
California's got but one

Well, I got my dark sunglasses
I got for good luck my black tooth
I got my dark sunglasses
And for good luck I got my black tooth
Don't ask me nothin' about nothin'
I just might tell you the truth

Just Like a Woman

Nobody feels any pain
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
Ev'rybody knows
That Baby's got new clothes
But lately I see her ribbons and her bows
Have fallen from her curls
She takes just like a woman, yes, she does
She makes love just like a woman, yes, she does
And she aches just like a woman
But she breaks just like a little girl

Queen Mary, she's my friend
Yes, I believe I'll go see her again
Nobody has to guess
That Baby can't be blessed
Till she sees finally that she's like all the rest
With her fog, her amphetamine and her pearls
She takes just like a woman, yes, she does
She makes love just like a woman, yes, she does
And she aches just like a woman
But she breaks just like a little girl

It was raining from the first
And I was dying there of thirst
So I came in here
And your long-time curse hurts
But what's worse
Is this pain in here
I can't stay in here
Ain't it clear that—

I just can't fit
Yes, I believe it's time for us to quit
When we meet again
Introduced as friends
Please don't let on that you knew me when
I was hungry and it was your world
Ah, you fake just like a woman, yes, you do
You make love just like a woman, yes, you do
Then you ache just like a woman
But you break just like a little girl

If Not for You

If not for you
Babe, I couldn't find the door
Couldn't even see the floor
I'd be sad and blue
If not for you

If not for you
Babe, I'd lay awake all night
Wait for the mornin' light
To shine in through
But it would not be new
If not for you

If not for you
My sky would fall
Rain would gather too
Without your love I'd be nowhere at all
I'd be lost if not for you
And you know it's true

If not for you
My sky would fall
Rain would gather too
Without your love I'd be nowhere at all
Oh! what would I do
If not for you

If not for you
Winter would have no spring
Couldn't hear the robin sing
I just wouldn't have a clue
Anyway it wouldn't ring true
If not for you

'Cross the Green Mountain

(elokuvasta *Jumalan miekka*)

I crossed the green mountain, I slept by the stream
Heaven blazin' in my head, I dreamt a monstrous dream
Something came up out of the sea
Swept through the land of the rich and the free

I look into the eyes of my merciful friend
And then I ask myself, is this the end?
Memories linger, sad yet sweet
And I think of the souls in heaven who will meet

Altars are burning with flames falling wide
The foe has crossed over from the other side
They tip their caps from the top of the hill
You can feel them come, more brave blood to spill

Along the dim Atlantic line
The ravaged land lies for miles behind
The light's comin' forward and the streets are broad
All must yield to the avenging God

The world is old, the world is gray
Lessons of life can't be learned in a day
I watch and I wait and I listen while I stand
To the music that comes from a far better land

Close the eyes of our Captain, peace may he know
His long night is done, the great leader is laid low
He was ready to fall, he was quick to defend
Killed outright he was by his own men

It's the last day's last hour of the last happy year
I feel that the unknown world is so near
Pride will vanish and glory will rot
But virtue lives and cannot be forgot

The bells of evening have rung
There's blasphemy on every tongue
Let them say that I walked in fair nature's light
And that I was loyal to truth and to right

Serve God and be cheerful, look upward beyond
Beyond the darkness that masks the surprises of dawn
In the deep green grasses of the blood stained wood
They never dreamed of surrendering. They fell where they stood

Stars fell over Alabama, I saw each star
You're walkin' in dreams whoever you are
Chilled are the skies, keen is the frost
The ground's froze hard and the morning is lost

A letter to mother came today
Gunshot wound to the breast is what it did say
But he'll be better soon he's in a hospital bed
But he'll never be better, he's already dead

I'm ten miles outside the city and I'm lifted away
In an ancient light that is not of day
They were calm, they were blunt, we knew 'em all too well
We loved each other more than we ever dared to tell

Roll on John

Doctor, doctor, tell me the time of day
Another bottle's empty, another penny spent
He turned around and he slowly walked away
They shot him in the back and down he went

Shine your light
Move it on
You burned so bright
Roll on, John

From the Liverpool docks to the red light Hamburg streets
Down in the quarry with the Quarrymen
Playing to the big crowds, playing to the cheap seats
Another day in the life on your way to your journey's end

Shine your light
Move it on
You burned so bright
Roll on, John

Sailing through the trade winds bound for the South
Rags on your back just like any other slave
They tied your hands and they clamped your mouth
Wasn't no way out of that deep, dark cave

Shine your light
Move it on
You burned so bright
Roll on, John

I heard the news today, oh boy
They hauled your ship up on the shore
Now the city gone dark, there is no more joy
They tore the heart right out and cut it to the core

Shine your light
Move it on
You burned so bright
Roll on, John

Put down your bags and get 'em packed
Leave right now, you won't be far from wrong
The sooner you go, the quicker you'll be back
You been cooped up on an island far too long

Shine your light
Move it on
You burned so bright
Roll on, John

Slow down, you're moving way too fast
Come together right now over me
Your bones are weary, you're about to breathe your last
Lord, you know how hard that it can be

Shine your light
Move it on
You burned so bright
Roll on, John

Roll on John, roll through the rain and snow
Take the right hand road and go where the buffalo roam
They'll trap you in an ambush 'fore you know
Too late now to sail back home

Shine your light
Move it on
You burned so bright
Roll on, John

Tyger, tyger, burning bright
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
In the forest of the night
Cover him over, and let him sleep

Shine your light
Move it on
You burned so bright
Roll on, John

NOBELIN KIRJALLISUUSPALKINTO 2016

»Jo viidenkymmenen vuoden ajan maailma on nauttinut Bob Dylanin sanoista, jotka ovat haastaneet, lumonneet, koskettaneet, kummastuttaneet, kaihtaneet määritelmiä, kiehtoneet ja muistuttaneet, että nerous on vapaa kaikista kahleista.»

– Christopher Ricks, professori, kirjallisuudentutkija

Nobelin kirjallisuuspalkintolautakunta palkitsi Bob Dylanin uuden runollisen ilmaisun luomisesta amerikkalaiseen lauluperinteeseen. Kappaleet, kuten *Blowin' in the Wind*, *Mr. Tambourine Man*, *Like a Rolling Stone*, *Knockin' on Heaven's Door*, *Hurricane* ja *Make You Feel My Love*, ovat jättäneet lähtemättömän jäljen monen kuuntelijasukupolven sieluun.

Tähän ainutlaatuiseseen teokseen on koottu englanninkielisinä kaikki Dylanin sanoitukset hänen jokaiselta albumiltaan uran varhaisvuosilta tähän päivään asti. Dylan on tarkistanut sanoituksensa tätä teosta varten ja muokannut kymmenien laulujen lyriikoita. Lisäksi mukana on monia sellaisia sanoituksia, jotka eivät koskaan päätyneet levyille.

Suomenkielisen esipuheen teokseen on kirjoittanut Pro Finlandia -palkinnolla ja lukuisilla muilla huomionosoituksilla palkittu suomalaisen rocklyriikan suuri nimi Heikki »Hector» Harma.

<p>#kirja WWW.KIRJA.FI</p>	 <p>9 789510 425572</p> <p>78.89 ISBN 978-951-0-42557-2</p>	 <p>1878 PSE OY</p>
---------------------------------------	--	--