

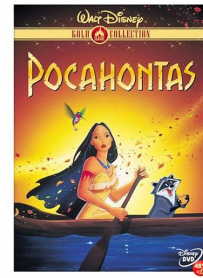


**TÍTOL:** Colors en el vent (*Colors of the wind*)

**COMPOSITOR:** Música: Alan Menken (1949- )

**DEL·LÍCULA:** Pocahontas (1995)

**FORMA:** I(16)-A(16)-A(16)- B(8+8+4)-A(16)-A(16)-B(8+8+4)-Coda (8)



### MÉS INFORMACIÓ:

Alan Menken ha compostat música per a pel·lícules tan conegudes com *La sirenetta*, *La bella i la bèstia*, *Aladdin*, *Hèrcules*... També va fer el musical *La botiga dels horrors*.

*Colors of the wind*, tema de la pel·lícula "Pocahontas", va obtenir un Oscar i un Grammy a la millor cançó original, així com el Golden Globe i l'ASCAP Award. La intèrpret va ser Judy Kuhn.

Stephen Schwartz va escriure la lletra d'aquesta cançó, així com també de *El geperut de Notredame* i *El príncep d'Egipte*.

### TEXT ORIGINAL:

You think I'm an ignorant savage, and you've been so many places  
I guess it must be so but still I cannot see  
If the savage one is me, now can there be so much that you don't know?  
You don't know ...  
You think you own whatever land you land on. The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim  
But I know every rock and tree and creature has a life, has a spirit, has a name  
You think the only people who are people are the people who look and think like you  
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger you'll learn things you never knew you never knew.  
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon? Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?  
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountains? Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?  
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?  
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest. Come taste the sunsweet berries of the Earth.  
Come roll in all the riches all around you and for once, never wonder what they're worth.  
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers, the heron and the otter are my friends  
And we are all connected to each other in a circle, in a hoop that never ends.  
How high will the sycamore grow? If you cut it down, then you'll never know  
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon.  
For whether we are white or copper skinned. We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains  
We need to paint with all the colors of the wind? You can own the Earth and still all you'll own is Earth until  
You can paint with all the colors of the wind?



### TEXT ADAPTAT:

Et creus que és tot teu el territori. La terra tu només vols posseir,  
prò tota roca, arbre o criatura tenen vida, tenen ànima i un nom.

Sembla que no hi hagi més persones que aquelles que són igual que tu;  
si d'un estrany segueixes les petjades veuràs coses que potser et sorprendran.

Has sentit com a la lluna li udolava un llop, o has vist un linx somriure algun cop?  
Has cantat amb la veu de les muntanyes? Colors en el vent has descobert?  
I colors en el vent has descobert?