

El piano | Leonard Cohen | Actualitzat el 08/10/2015 a les 06:44

## L'al·leluia de Leonard Cohen

*I've heard there was a secret chord/ that David played to please the Lord*



Foto: [www.leonardcohen.com](http://www.leonardcohen.com)

"Vaig escriure per primera vegada quan tenia nou anys. El meu pare va morir i jo li vaig dedicar un petit escrit, el vaig cosir al seu corbatí i el vaig enterrar al jardí on creixien els pensaments. Ell sempre en portava un a la solapa. Per a la meva ment va ser bo fer-ho, així que vaig seguir escrivint."

De la ferida que quedaria d'aquell comiat naixeria la necessitat d'escriure i de cantar. De nen, Leonard Cohen era un gran aficionat a la màgia. D'adolescent llegiria llibres per aprendre com hipnotitzar una sala plena de gent, com modular la veu i el to perquè fos més lenta i profunda. Als quinze anys va descobrir Federico García Lorca (<http://www.catorze.cat/noticia/3760/lorca/leonard/cohen>) i va començar a tocar l'uquelele.

El cantautor canadenc va néixer el 21 de setembre de 1934 i ha mort el 10 de novembre del 2016 als 82 anys. Retem homenatge a un artista que amb la profunditat de la seva veu, però també de la seva forma de veure la vida, ens ha tocat el fons de l'ànima amb cançons que ja són de tots. Ho fem escoltant *Hallelujah*, veient com recordava el seu primer mestre de guitarra i amb una llista de 14 cançons.

V?deo: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YrLk4vdY28Q>

### **Hallelujah**

I've heard there was a secret chord  
that David played to please the Lord,  
but you don't really care for music, do you?  
It goes like this: the fourth, the fifth  
the minor fall, the major lift;  
the baffled king composing Hallelujah!

Your faith was strong but you needed proof.  
You saw her bathing on the roof;  
her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you.  
She tied you to a kitchen chair  
she broke your throne, she cut your hair,  
and from your lips she drew the Hallelujah!

Now maybe there's a God above  
but all I ever learned from love  
is how to shoot at someone who outdrew you.  
And it's no complaint you hear tonight,  
and it's not some pilgrim who's seen the light -  
it's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah!

Baby, I've been here before.  
I know this room, I've walked this floor.  
I used to live alone before I knew you.  
I've seen your flag on the marble arch,  
but love is not a victory march,  
it's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah!

There was a time you let me know  
what's really going on below  
but now you never show it to me, do you?  
I remember when I moved in you,  
and the holy dove was moving too,  
and every breath we drew was Hallelujah!

I did my best; it wasn't much.  
I couldn't feel, so I learned to touch.  
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you.  
And even though it all went wrong,  
I'll stand before the Lord of Song  
with nothing on my lips but Hallelujah!

V?deo: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x-27-q7biKs>