

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso

W.A. Mozart

DO SOL

Non più an-drai, far - fal-lo - ne a - mo - ro - so, not - te e gior - no d'in-tor - no gi -
Non più an-drai, far - fal-lo - ne a - mo - ro - so, not - te e gior - no d'in-tor - no gi -

5 DO SOL DO

- ran - do, del - le bel - le tur-ban-do il ri - po - so, Nar - ci - set - to A - donci - no d'a - mor del - le
- ran - do, del - le bel - le tur-ban-do il ri - po - so, Nar - ci - set - to A - donci - no d'a - mor del - le

10 SOL DO

bel - le tur-ban - do il ri - po - so, Nar - ci - set - to A - don - ci - no d'a - mor.
bel - le tur-ban - do il ri - po - so, Nar - ci - set - to A - don - ci - no d'a - mor.

IL PRESIDENTE
Prof.ssa Patrizia Graziano

MAÑANA

Ma - ña - na por — la ma - ña - na pa — sas - te Jua - na, por —
Jua - ni - ta an - cor — io ti ri - ve - drò — quan - do pas - se - rai —

— mi ta - ller, la ran le te ju - ro que — ten - go —
— do - mat - ti - na da me ti giu - ro che — nul - la al

ga - na de — ver - te Jua - na la — pun - ta el pié. —
mon - do c'è — pa - rial - la tua pun - ta del pié. —

Masters of war

B. Dylan

1
Come you ma- sters of war you that build the big

3
guns you that build the death planes you that build all the

5
bombs you that hide be- hind walls you that hidn be- hind

7
desks I just want you to know I can see through your masks ecc.

Testo originale

La- Sol La
Come you masters of war,
Sol La-
you that build all the guns,
Sol La-
you that build the death planes,
Sol La-
you that build the big bombs,
Sol La-
you that hide behind desks,

I just want you to know,
Sol La-
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 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

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 o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead