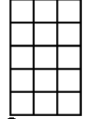


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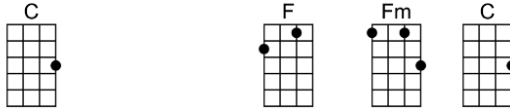
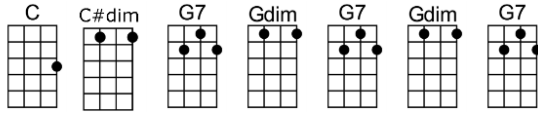


THE DAY THAT THE RAINS CAME DOWN

(LE JOUR OU LA PLUIE VIENDRA)-Gilbert Bécaud

4/4 1...2...123 (without the intro)

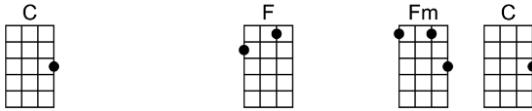
Intro:



The day that the rains came down, Mother Earth smiled again
Le jour où la pluie viendra, nous se-rons, toi et moi



Now the lilacs could bloom, now the fields could grow green - er
Les plus riches du monde, les plus riches du monde



The day that the rains came down, buds were born, love was born
Les arbres, pleur-ant de joie, offri - ront dans leurs bras



As the young buds will grow, so our young love will grow. Love, sweet love.
Les plus beaux fruits du monde, les plus beaux fruits du monde, ce jour - là

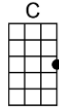
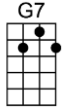


A robin sang a song of love, a willow tree reached up to the heavens
La triste, triste terre rouge, qui craque, craque à l'infini, les branches

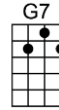
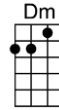
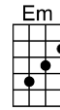
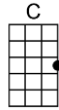
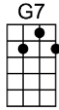


As if to thank the sky above, for all that rain, that welcome rain
Nues que rien ne bouge, se gorgeront de pluie, de pluie

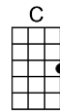
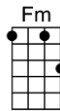
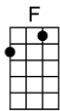
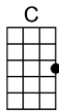
p.2. The Day That the Rains Came Down



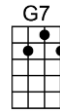
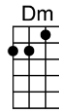
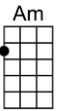
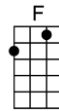
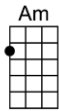
**We looked across the meadowland, and seemed to sense a kind of a miracle
Et le blé roulera par vagues au fond de greniers endormis**



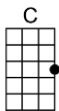
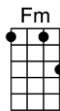
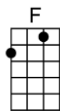
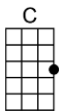
**Much too deep to understand, and there we were, so much in love
Et je t'en-roule-roule-rai de bagues, et de col-liers jolis, jo - lis**



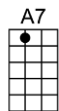
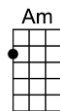
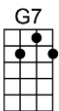
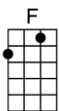
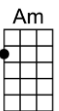
**The day that the rains came down, mountain streams swelled with pride
Le jour où la pluie viendra, nous se-ront, toi et moi**



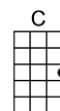
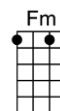
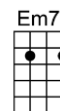
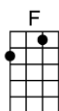
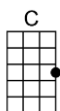
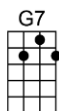
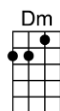
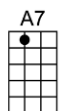
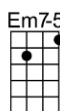
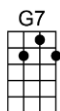
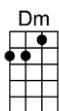
**Gone the dry river bed, gone the dust from the val - ley
Les fi-ancés du monde, les plus riches du monde**



**The day that the rains came down, buds were born, love was born
Les arbres, pleur-ant de joie, offri - ront dans leurs bras**



**As the young buds will grow, so our young love will grow.
Les plus beaux fruits du monde, les plus beaux fruits du monde,**



**Love, sweet love, rain....., sweet....rain.
Ce jour - là, ce....., jour...-...là**

THE DAY THAT THE RAINS CAME DOWN

(LE JOUR OU LA PLUIE VIENDRA)-Gilbert Bécaud
4/4 1...2...123 (without the intro)

Intro: C C#dim G7 Gdim G7 Gdim G7

C F Fm C
The day that the rains came down, Mother Earth smiled again
Le jour où la pluie viendra, nous se-rons, toi et moi

Am F G7 Am Dm G7
Now the lilacs could bloom, now the fields could grow green-er
Les plus riches du monde, les plus riches du monde

C F Fm C
The day that the rains came down, buds were born, love was born
Les arbres, pleur-ant de joie, offri - ront dans leurs bras

Am F G7 Am Bb7b5 A7 Dm G7 C
As the young buds will grow, so our young love will grow. Love, sweet love.
Les plus beaux fruits du monde, les plus beaux fruits du monde, ce jour - là

G7 C
A robin sang a song of love, a willow tree reached up to the heavens
La triste, triste terre rouge, qui craque, craque à l'infini, les branches

G7 C
As if to thank the sky above, for all that rain, that welcome rain
Nues que rien ne bouge, se gorgeront de pluie, de pluie

G7 C
We looked across the meadowland, and seemed to sense a kind of a miracle
Et le blé roulera par vagues au fond de greniers endormis

G7 C Em Dm G7
Much too deep to understand, and there we were, so much in love
Et je t'en-roule-roule-rai de bagues, et de col-liers jolis, jo - lis

p.2. The Day That the Rains Came Down

C F Fm C
The day that the rains came down, mountain streams swelled with pride
Le jour où la pluie viendra, nous se-ront, toi et moi

Am F G7 Am Dm G7
Gone the dry river bed, gone the dust from the valley
Les fi-ancés du monde, les plus riches du monde

C F Fm C
The day that the rains came down, buds were born, love was born
Les arbres, pleurant de joie, offriront dans leurs bras

Am F G7 Am Bb7b5 A7
As the young buds will grow, so our young love will grow.
Les plus beaux fruits du monde, les plus beaux fruits du monde,

Dm G7 Em7b5 A7 Dm G7 C F Em7 Fm C
Love, sweet love, rain....., sweet....rain.
Ce jour - là, ce....., jour...-là