

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY
by U2

I - Vocabulary

Correction liste : en vert les réguliers, en violet les irréguliers (« strew » est un peu à part!!)

Break – close – win – dig – tear – believe – put - wipe – eat – drink – cry – be – claim – begin – make - go - sing - heed – lose – tell – die – strew.

Correction tableau

Regular verbs			Irregular verbs			
BV	Pret / PP	Trad	BV	Preterit	Part.passé	Trad
close	closed	fermer	break	broke	broken	casser
			win	won	won	gagner
believe	believed	croire	dig	dug	dug	creuser
			tear	tore	torn	déchirer
wipe	wiped	essuyer	put	put	put	mettre, poser
			eat	ate	eaten	manger
cry	cried	pleurer	drink	drank	drunk	boire
			be	was/were	been	être
claim	claimed	revendiquer	begin	began	begun	commencer
			make	made	made	faire, fabriquer
heed	heeded	écouter, tenir compte de	go	went	gone	aller
			sing	sang	sung	chanter
			lose	lost	lost	perdre
die	died	mourir	tell	told	told	dire, raconter
			strew	!/! strewed	strewn	éparpiller, disperser

→ les verbes en bleu sont ceux que je pense être nouveaux → ILS SONT A APPRENDRE !!

Remarque (à écrire dans le cahier)

!/! Le verbe « strew » est particulier, il a une forme prétérit régulière mais une forme participe passé irrégulière.

Il en existe d'autres comme *learn* et *show* (cherche-les!!)

Que remarques-tu pour les verbes réguliers ? Ils ont la même forme en -ED au prétérit comme au participe passé.

II – Compréhension orale : The song

I can't **believe** the news today,
I can't **close** my eyes and **make** it **go** away.

How long, how long must we **sing** this song?
How long? How long?

'cause tonight
we can **be** as one,
tonight.

Broken bottles under children's feet,
Bodies **strewn** across a dead end street,
But I won't **heed** the battle call,
It **puts** my back up,
Puts my back up against the wall.

Sunday, bloody Sunday.
Sunday, bloody Sunday.

And the battle's just **began**
There's many **lost**
but tell me who has **won** ?
The trenches **dug** within our hearts,
And mothers, children, brothers, sisters **torn** apart.

Sunday, bloody Sunday.
Sunday, bloody Sunday.

How long, how long must we **sing** this song?
How long? How long?
'cause tonight
we can **be** as one,
Tonight, tonight.

Sunday, bloody Sunday.
Sunday, bloody Sunday.

Wipe the tears from your eyes,
Wipe your tears away,
Wipe your tears away,
Wipe your bloodshot eyes.

Sunday, bloody Sunday.
Sunday, bloody Sunday.

And it's true we **are** immune.
When fact **is** fiction and T.V. reality,
And today the millions **cry**
We **eat** and **drink** while tomorrow they **die**.
The real battle just **begun**.
To **claim** the victory Jesus **won**

On a Sunday, bloody Sunday,
Sunday, bloody Sunday.