A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall
Words & Music by Bob Dylan

\[ J = 63 \]

\[ \text{E} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{E} \]

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1. Oh, where have you been, my
(Verses 2-5 see block lyrics)

\[ \text{A} \quad \text{E} \]

blue-eyed son?
And where have you been, my darling young one?

stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains.
walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways.
stepped in the middle of seven sad forests.
been out in front of a dozen dead oceans.
ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard.
Verse 2:
Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept dripping
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleeding
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Verse 3:
And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a warning
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazing
I heard ten thousand whispering and nobody listening
I heard one person starve, I heard many people laughing
I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
I heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Verse 4:
Oh, what did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
And who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded in hatred
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Verse 5:
And what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
And what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-going back out 'fore the rain starts a-falling
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest dark forest
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison
And the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where the souls are forgotten
Where black is the colour, where none is the number
And I'll tell it and speak it and think it and breathe it
And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinking
But I'll know my song well before I start singing
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.