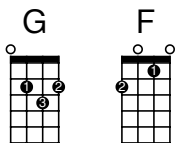


Wicked Messenger

Bob Dylan, 1967; from the "John Wesley Harding" album



Intro: [G] /// [F] /// [G] // x2

(Verse 1)

There [G] was a wicked messenger

From Eli he did [F] come

With a [G] mind that multi- [F] plied the smallest [G] matter

When questioned who had sent for him,

He answered with his [F] thumb

For his [G] tongue it could not [F] speak, but only [G] flatter

Interlude: [G] /// [F] /// [G] // x2

(Verse 2)

He [G] stayed behind the assembly hall

It was there he made his [F] bed

[G] Oftentimes he [F] could be seen re- [G] turning,

Un- [G] til one day he just appeared

With a note in his hand, which [F] read

"The [G] soles of my [F] feet, I swear they're [G] burning."

Interlude: [G] /// [F] /// [G] // x2

(Verse 3)

Oh, the [G] leaves began to falling

And the seas began to [F] part

And the [G] people that con- [F] fronted him were [G] many

And he was told but these few words

Which opened up his [F] heart

"If ye [G] cannot bring good [F] news, then don't bring [G] any."

Outro: [G] /// [F] /// [G] // [F] /// [G] // [G] (stop)