

# BOB DYLAN: A musical voice of the Civil Rights Movement



## #1 Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, 'n' how many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, 'n' how many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows  
That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

## #2 The Times They are a Changin'

Come gather 'round people    Wherever you roam  
And admit that the waters    Around you have grown  
And accept it that soon        You'll be drenched to the bone  
If your time to you            Is worth savin'  
Then you better start swimmin'    Or you'll sink like a stone  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics        Who prophesize with your pen  
And keep your eyes wide        The chance won't come again  
And don't speak too soon    For the wheel's still in spin  
And there's no tellin' who    That it's namin'  
For the loser now    Will be later to win  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen    Please heed the call  
Don't stand in the doorway    Don't block up the hall  
For he that gets hurt    Will be he who has stalled  
There's a battle outside    And it is ragin'  
It'll soon shake your windows    And rattle your walls  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers    Throughout the land  
And don't criticize    What you can't understand  
Your sons and your daughters    Are beyond your command  
Your old road is    Rapidly agin'  
Please get out of the new one    If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn The curse it is cast  
The slow one now Will later be fast  
As the present now Will later be past  
The order is Rapidly fadin'  
And the first one now Will later be last  
For the times they are a-changin

## "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall"

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son ?  
And where have you been my darling young one ?  
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains  
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans  
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard  
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.

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 drippin'  
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water  
I saw ten thousand takers 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.

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, it roared out a warnin'  
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world  
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'  
I heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'  
I heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter  
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  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, who did you meet my blue-eyed son ?  
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 and hatred  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

And what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son ?  
And what'll you do now my darling young one ?  
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'  
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest  
Where the people are a 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  
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden  
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten  
Where black is the color, where none is the number  
And I'll tell and think it and speak it and breathe it  
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it  
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'  
But I'll know my songs well before I start singin'  
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.