



JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar

# Slouching Towards Bethlehem

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DAEGAD, 'Joni' Tuning: D77325

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Note: 2h0 = second fret hammer off

Intro:

```

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
005500 555400 003300 ||2h02h0|| ||2h02h0||
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

```

```

| | | | | | |
999900

```

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| | | | | | |
Turning and turning

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| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
777700 ||2h02h0|| ||2h02h0||
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

```

Within the widening gyre

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| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
999900 7777|| ||2h02h0|| ||2h02h0||
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

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The falcon cannot hear the falconer

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| | | | | | |
999900

```

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| | | | | | |
Things fall apart

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| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
777700 ||2h02h0|| ||2h02h0||
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

```

The center cannot hold

```

| | | | | | |
999900

```

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| | | | | | |
And a blood dimmed tide

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|||||||                    || | | | ||   || | | | ||  
777700                    ||2h02h0||   ||2h02h0||  
|||||||                    || | | | ||   || | | | ||  
Is loosed upon the world

Verse Two: same chords as above

Nothing is sacred  
The ceremony sinks  
Innocence is drowned  
In anarchy  
The best lack conviction  
Given some time to think  
And the worst are full of passion  
Without mercy

Chorus:

|||||||            |||||||                    |||||||  
555400            777600                    999900  
|||||||            |||||||                    |||||||  
Surely some revelation is at hand

|||||||  
999900  
|||||||  
Surely it's the second coming

                  |||||||  
                  777600  
                  |||||||  
And wrath has finally taken form

          |||||||                    |||||||  
          555400                    777600  
          |||||||                    |||||||  
For what is this rough beast

          |||||||  
          999900  
          |||||||  
Its hour come at last

|||||||    |||||||  
777600    999900  
|||||||    |||||||  
Slouching toward Bethlehem to be born

|||||||  
7776||  
|||||||  
Slouching toward Bethlehem

|||||| | ||||| | ||||| | | | | | | | | | | | |  
005500 555400 0033|| ||2h02h0|| ||2h02h0||  
|||||| | ||||| | ||||| | | | | | | | | | | | |

to be born

Hoping and hoping  
As if by my weak faith  
The spirit of this world  
Would heal and rise  
Vast are the shadows  
That straddle and strafe  
And struggle in the darkness  
Troubling my eyes

Shaped like a lion  
It has the head of a man  
With a gaze as blank  
And pitiless as the sun  
And it's moving its slow thighs  
Across the desert sands  
Through dark indignant  
Reeling falcons

Surely some revelation is at hand  
Surely it's the second coming  
And wrath has finally taken form  
For what is this rough beast  
Its hour come at last  
Slouching toward Bethlehem to be born  
Slouching toward Bethlehem to be born

Raging and raging  
It rises from the deep  
Opening its eyes  
After twenty centuries  
Vexed to a nightmare  
Out of a stony sleep  
By a rocking cradle  
By the Sea of Galilee

Surely some revelation is at hand  
Surely it's the second coming  
And wrath has finally taken form  
For what is this rough beast  
Its hour come at last  
Slouching toward Bethlehem to be born  
Slouching toward Bethlehem to be born

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