

## Bob Dylan

# "The Hour When The Ship Comes In"

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Oh the time will come up  
When the winds will stop  
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.  
Like the stillness in the wind  
'Fore the hurricane begins,  
The hour when the ship comes in.

Oh the seas will split  
And the ship will hit  
And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking.  
Then the tide will sound  
And the wind will pound  
And the morning will be breaking.

Oh the fishes will laugh  
As they swim out of the path  
And the seagulls they'll be smiling.  
And the rocks on the sands  
Will proudly stand,  
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words that are used  
For to get the ship confused  
Will not be understood as they're spoken.  
For the chains of the sea  
Will have busted in the night  
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

A song will lift

As the mainsail shifts  
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.  
And the sun will respect  
Every face on the deck,  
The hour that the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll  
Out a carpet of gold  
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'  
And the ship's wise men  
Will remind you once again  
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

Oh the foes will rise  
With the sleep still in their eyes  
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're  
dreamin'.  
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal  
And know that it's for real,  
The hour when the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands,  
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands,  
But we'll shout from the bow your days are numbered.  
And like Pharaoh's tribe,  
They'll be drowned in the tide,  
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.

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