

Seven Curses

By: Bob Dylan

Album: The Bootleg Series 1-3 (1991) in a version from Carnegie Hall, NYC, Oct 26, 1963

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')

Capo 2nd fret

D-riff:

D /g /f# D
 Old Reilley stole a stallion but
 they

D /g /f# D
 caught him and they brought him back
 and they

G /f# Em7 D/f# D
 laid him down on the jail - house ground with an

A/e D
 iron chain around his neck

Old Reilly's daughter got a message
 That her father was goin' to hang.
 She rode by night and came by morning
 With gold and silver in her hand

When the judge he saw Reilly's daughter
 His old eyes deepened in his head,
 Sayin', "Gold will never free your father,
 The price, my dear, is you instead."

"Oh I'm as good as dead," cried Reilly,
 "It's only you that he does crave
 And my skin will surely crawl if he touches you at all.
 Get on your horse and ride away."

"Oh father you will surely die
 If I don't take the chance to try
 And pay the price and not take your advice.
 For that reason I will have to stay."

The gallows shadows shook the evening,
 In the night a hound dog bayed,
 In the night the grounds were groanin',
 In the night the price was paid.

The next mornin' she had awoken
 To know that the judge had never spoken.
 She saw that hangin' branch a-bendin',
 She saw her father's body broken.

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-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----	----- d-riff -----
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-0-----5-----	-4-----2-----	-0-----
These be se-ven	cur-ses on a	judge so cruel: that
one	doctor will not	save him

That two healers will not heal him,
 That three eyes will not see him.

That four ears will not hear him,

That five walls will not hide him,
That six diggers will not bury him
And that seven deaths shall never kill him.