

Em C7
Down in the valley the spirit spoke,
Em C7
'Zekiel go prophesy'.

Em C7
And Zekiel saw the valley full of dead mans bones,
C7 Em
And every bone was dry.

Chorus:

Dry Bones gonna gather in the morning,
Come together and rise and shine,
Dry Bones gonna gather in the valley,
And some of them bones is mine.

Spirit told Zekiel, 'Call the four winds forth,
And breathe on the bones all slain'.
Behold he heard a noise, every bone to his bone,
Come together and lived again.

Chorus

Tune ABAB

The graves all opened and the bones took breath,
And the skin covered over again,
And they stood on their feet like the army of my
lord,
Oh the bones was living men.

Chorus

Tune ABAB

Em C7 Em C7 Em C7 C7 Em

2 5 0 1 1 1 1 0 5 | 2 2 2 5 2 1 | 2 5 0 1 1 1 1 0 5 | 2 2 2 5 0 2

Em C7 Em C7 Em C7 C7 Em

5 1 0 5 0 1 0 5 0 | 5 1 0 1 | 5 1 0 5 0 1 0 5 0 | 2 5 2 0 2