

Guadalupe

Songwriters: Tom Russell

[Intro] **D C G**

There are ghosts out in the rain tonight
High up in those ancient **Am** trees
Lord, I've given up **D** without a fight
Another blind fool on **G** his knees
And all the Gods that I've abandoned
Begin to speak in simple **Am** tongues
Lord, suddenly I've **D** come to know
There are no roads left to **G** run

Now it's the hour of dogs a-barking
That's what the old ones used to **Am** say
It's first light or it's **D** sundown
Before the children cease their **G** play
When the mountains glow like mission wine
And turn gray like a Spanish **Am** roan
Ten thousand eyes will **D** stop to worship
And turn away and head on **G** home

[Chorus]

She is reaching out her **C** arms tonight
Lord, my poverty is **G** real
I pray roses shall rain **Am** down on me **D**
From Guadalupe on her **G** hill
But who am I to doubt these **C** mysteries
Cured in centuries of **G** blood and candle smoke
I am the least of all your **Am** pilgrims here **D**
I am most in need of **G** hope

[Instrumental]

G Am D G
G Am D G

She appeared to Juan **G** Diego
She left her image on his **Am** cape
Five hundred years of **D** sorrow
Have not destroyed their deepest **G** faith
But here I am your ragged disbeliever
Old doubting Thomas drowns in **Am** tears
As I watched your church sink **D** through the earth
Like a heart worn down through **G** fear

[Chorus]

She is reaching out her **C** arms tonight
Lord, my poverty is **G** real
I pray roses shall rain **Am** down on me **D**
From Guadalupe on her **G** hill
But who am I to doubt these **C** mysteries
Cured in centuries of **G** blood and candle smoke
I am the least of all your **Am** pilgrims here **D**
I am most in need of **G** hope
I am the least of all your **Am** pilgrims here **D**
But I am most in need of **G** hope