

Zion Mourns

dominic balli

G **Em**
On the rocky road Where all the streets are worn
C **Am**
While her daughter slaves The road to Zion mourns

G **Em**
The road to Zion mourns She call but no one come
C **Am**
While her daughter slaves The road to Zion

(a partir daqui, o artista toca com um gingado)

(**G** **Em** **C** **G** **D**)

G **Em**
In Babylon by the river banks
C **G** **D**
We hung our song we hung our name
G **Em**
While Zion calls, she calls us home

But no one hears, her voice is gone

G **Em**
On the rocky road Where all the streets are worn
C **Am**
While her daughter slaves The road to Zion mourns

G **Em**
The road to Zion mourns She call but no one come
C **Am**
While her daughter slaves The road to Zion

G **Em**
In Babylon where our captors sat
C **G** **D**
Said, tell us of Zion and sing us her song
G **Em**
How can we sing the Almighty s song
C **G** **D**
in a foreign land where we have no song

G **Em**
On the rocky road Where all the streets are worn
C **Am**
While her daughter slaves The road to Zion mourns

Solo: G Em C G D

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E |-----|
B |-----|
G |--8/7-7-----7-8-10-12-10-8-7-----|
D |-----8--10/12--8-8/10-8-----8--10-10-8--|
A |-----10|
E |-----|
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E |-----|
B |-----11-----6-8-6-----|
G |-----5/7-10-12-10-8-7--10-12-10-12-----7-----7-----|
D |-8--10-10-8-----10|
A |-----|
E |-----|
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E |-----|
B |-----|
G |-----|
D |-8----10-8----10-8----10-8--10----8-|
A |--10-----10-----10-----10--10--|
E |-----|
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G Em
Generations passed not a seed was sewn
C G D
A hope was lost with a daughter s song
G Em
Till the Most High called and sang his song
C G D
Called a princess home to her rightful throne

G Em
On the rocky road where all the streets were worn
C Am
While her daughter slaved the road to Zion mourned
G Em
The road to Zion mourned She call but no one come
C Am
While her daughter slaved the road to Zion mourned
G Em
Still on that rocky road where all the streets are worn
C Am
She fights to keep them home until his kingdom come
G Em
And when his kingdom come what was a rocky road
C Am G
Will turn into streets of gold the road to Zion mourn