

## I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine

Bob Dylan

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine,  
Alive as you or me,  
Tearing through these quarters  
In the utmost misery,  
With a blanket underneath his arm  
And a coat of solid gold,  
Searching for the very souls  
Whom already have been sold.

"Arise, arise," he cried so loud,  
In a voice without restraint,  
"Come out, ye gifted kings and queens  
And hear my sad complaint.  
No martyr is among ye now  
Whom you can call your own,  
So go on your way accordingly  
But know you're not alone."

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine,  
Alive with fiery breath,  
And I dreamed I was amongst the ones  
That put him out to death.  
Oh, I awoke in anger,  
So alone and terrified,  
I put my fingers against the glass  
And bowed my head and cried.