

## Mother of Muses

Bob Dylan

Mother of Muses sing for me  
Sing of the mountains and the deep dark sea  
Sing of the lakes and the nymphs of the forest  
Sing your hearts out, all your women of the chorus  
Sing of honor and fate and glory be  
Mother of Muses sing for me

Mother of Muses sing for my heart  
Sing of a love too soon to depart  
Sing of the heroes who stood alone  
Whose names are engraved on tablets of stone  
Who struggled with pain so the world could go free  
Mother of Muses sing for me

Sing of Sherman, Montgomery and Scott  
And of Zhukov, and Patton, and the battles they fought  
Who cleared the path for Presley to sing  
Who carved the path for Martin Luther King  
Who did what they did and they went on their way  
Man, I could tell their stories all day

I'm falling in love with Calliope  
She don't belong to anyone, why not give her to me?  
She's speaking to me, speaking with her eyes  
I've grown so tired of chasing lies  
Mother of Muses, wherever you are  
I've already outlived my life by far

Mother of Muses, unleash your wrath  
Things I can't see, they're blocking my path  
Show me your wisdom, tell me my fate  
Put me upright, make me walk straight  
Forge my identity from the inside out  
You know what I'm talking about

Take me to the river, release your charms  
Let me lay down a while in your sweet, loving arms  
Wake me, shake me, free me from sin  
Make me invisible, like the wind  
Got a mind to ramble, got a mind to roam  
I'm travelin' light and I'm a-slow coming home