Joan Baez
"I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine"

Words and Music by Bob Dylan
I dreamed I saw St. Augustine alive as you our me,
Tearing through these quarters in the utmost misery.
With a blanket underneath his arm and coat solid gold,
Searching for the very souls whom already had been
sold.

"Arise, arise," he cried so loud with a voice without
restraint.
"Come out, you gifted kings and queens and hear my
sad complaint.
No martyr is among you now whom you can call your
own
Go on you way accordingly, but you 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 I cried.