

# I Dreamed I Saw St Augustine (Bob Dylan cover)

## Thea Gilmore

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 coat of solid gold

Searching for the very souls whom already had been soldArise, 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

But go on you way accordingly you know you're not aloneI 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

Songwriters

Bob DylanPublished by

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