

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 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
But go on your way accordingly 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

Songwriters

Bob Dylan Published by

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