

I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine

Joan Baez

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
I dreamed I was amongst the ones
Whom 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