



**BOB DYLAN**  
*and*  
**HIS BAND**





Disc 1. 79.25

1. **Intro** 1.04
2. **Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat** 4.07 w M. Knopfler
3. **Don't Think Twice,  
It's All Right** 6.01 w M. Knopfler \*
4. **Things Have Changed** 5.12 w M. Knopfler
5. **Mississippi** 5.23 w M. Knopfler \*
6. **Honest With Me** 5.51 \*
7. **The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll** 6.40
8. **Ballad Of Hollis Brown** 3.40
9. **Make You Feel My Love** 4.33
10. **Highway 61 Revisited** 7.36
11. **A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall** 6.18
12. **Thunder On The Mountain** 6.55
13. **Ballad Of A Thin Man** 6.01
14. **All Along The Watchtower** 4.31

\* Bob on electric guitar



Disc 2. 79.42

1. **Intro** 1.00
2. **Jolene** 4.36
3. **Like A Rolling Stone** 6.21
4. **Beyond Here Lies Nothin'** 4.33
5. **It Ain't Me, Babe** 6.06
6. **Blind Willie McTell** 5.02
7. **John Brown** 5.14
8. **Girl From The North Country** 4.13
9. **Tangled Up In Blue** 5.37
10. **Boots Of Spanish Leather** 5.55
11. **Man In The Long Black Coat** 4.00
12. **The Levee's Gonna Break** 7.50
13. **To Ramona** 4.51
14. **Shooting Star** 5.02

Bonus Tracks Disc 2. with Mark Knopfler on electric guitar

4. 14 oct. 2011, International Centre, Bournemouth, England
5. - 6. 23 oct. 2011, König-Pilsener-Arena, Oberhausen, Germany
7. 25 oct. 2011, SAP Arena, Mannheim, Germany
8. - 9. 27 oct. 2011, Leipzig Arena, Leipzig, Germany
10. - 12. 31 oct. 2011, O2 World, Hamburg, Germany
13. 4 nov. 2011, Ericsson Globe, Stockholm, Sweden
14. 8 nov. 2011, Olympiahalle, Innsbruck, Austria









*Bob Dylan And His Band*

Bob Dylan – Vocal, Keyboard, Electric Guitar, Harmonica

Charlie Sexton – Electric Guitar

Donnie Herron – Violin, Banjo, Electric Mandolin, Pedal Steel, Lap Steel

Stuart Kimball – Electric Guitar, Acoustic Guitar

Tony Garnier – Electric Bass, Stand Up Bass

George Recile – Drums









19th November Hammersmith Apollo,  
London

Producers of competition horses know that first finding a horse with both the mental ability and the willingness to do the task required and demanded by the discipline is as crucial as its breeding and training.

There is huge expectation when attending a Bob Dylan concert - it is not an event that can be experienced via web stream or web world. You have to show up, clock on and work at it. You need to live it and pay attention.

There is never announcement prior to Bob Dylan coming on stage - no warning - at best, a ripple of movement under dimmed lights stage left. The ghost of a shadowy figure dressed sharp, cut with white piping and matching military trousers, the silhouette of a Spanish bandit hat, the myth and legend of Zorro.

Many International horses, trained to competition level, secure successful careers on the circuit. Once in a lifetime, a horse bolts into the spotlight acting outside the accepted criteria of championship competition and as-

tounding us all. Quirky, too small, tight in the back, unpredictable or temperamental but possessing flair and genius for doing the job required and throwing the rule book out the window. The outsider, the odd-ball, the outlaw who wins hearts and rouses the rebel in us ...welcome to the World of Bob Dylan.

Life is difficult. Like life - for the uninitiated, the music of Bob Dylan can be hard work - a road for many that will remain untravelled. I have never attended a concert yet where I didn't hear somebody moan and lament the absence of their favourite song ... or not recognise it! For those who choose to persevere, listen, delve and question, a musical wonderland and endless journey unfolds with every archetype, character, and conundrum you have ever pondered.

While Bob Dylan's background and breeding continues to be endlessly analysed, scrutinised and written about in umpteen books & biographies, he remains silent - a force to be reckoned with, doing Bob Dylan, what he does best: turning up to play live music. A folk musician friend of mine, who knew Dylan in the early Sixties, told me that

she has never witnessed anybody who worked as hard as he did at song writing - with such intent and focus for their craft. Displaying, at a young age, both the courage and single-mindedness needed for the endless highway and commercial racetrack, the young head-shy colt with a mop of black curls, easily spooked by the herd, was never destined to be a one-trick pony.

Bob Dylan, the entertainer, understands both showmanship & horsemanship. His current stable is recruited for stamina, endurance, temperament and never ending consistency: Donny Herron watches every chord Dylan's hands span with the protectiveness of a brood mare; Tony Garnier - the stoic schoolmaster, uphill ground-covering paces, displays one-time tempi changes with ease and equally capable of a flying buck when the occasion calls; George Receli on drums: compact, forward-thinking, a big presence with correct paces; Stu Kimble - a warhorse of power and bravery; Charlie Sexton - his high head carriage and Arab cheekbones, high-stepping action and cadence - but hold him too tight and he will double-barrel you with a military capriole. The

prized gem inside the quadrille, the revered steed and world class musician, Bob Dylan, evokes biblical wisdom born out of years of evolution. Skilfully balancing and retaining the necessary duality of professional arrogance and humility, Dylan half passes, extends, collects, pirouettes, and counter-canthers effortlessly through his show. At times, he lopes with the modest style of a crooner or old music-hall entertainer ... skipping, reeling rhymes ... this is world class dressage - hooves rooted, embedded in years of roaming wild wasteland and forgotten traditions, with etiquette and persistence - perfectly held levard, a reworked piaffe between the pillars, poised musical balance - surprisingly athletic, elastic vocals, gymnastic harp blows with a real look-at-me attitude. Things have changed but Dylan still knows his songs well. Aware of a global collective conscience, something is happening here tonight. Playing with echoes, the lines preached by transparent leaders is thin as he sings his old ballad in modern times.

I think of the bay Kentucky racehorse, Sea-Biscuit, with birthday on 23rd May, a day before Bob Dylan's,



who shares with him an inauspicious start in life. Sea Biscuit's shyness of publicity, knobbly knees, fondness for lying down and taking long naps, secured his individuality off the track as much as the records he broke on track and he became the unlikely champion-of-hope to many Americans during the Great Depression. In 1965, Bob Dylan woke a generation and shook them from apathy with an electric guitar. There was never a more loved horse embraced by America and I doubt we will ever see or hear a greater song & dance man than Bob Dylan.

From the age of 17, when I heard the spine-chilling chords, chaotic organ and lyrics of 'Like A Rolling Stone', I was riveted and paralysed. It jumped me, tricked me and tripped me up and put me in a spin. My contemporaries were doing Pirate punk. Seeing many here tonight, some attending their first Dylan concert in their late middle years, gives me as much pleasure as the cassette tapes I made for friends in the late 80s, nudging them towards the music.

Witnessing a slow erosion of their disbelief and growth in their the satisfaction - the music got them in the end.

Dylan's body of work reminds me of a long Ingmar Bergman or Fellini movie, a huge striped circus tent or an art gallery flooded with Northern light. It reminds me our greatest painters: the draftsmanship of Leonardo; the magic of Picasso; the knotted twists of Van Gough; the debated autism and wonder of Michelangelo; the dream-time of Dali; the explosion of Warhol and Matisse's magnificent Chapel - built when he was 69 - he also saved his best until last.

Every world class horse event is unique - no two performances are identical - ultimately proven only in the moment, performed live on the track, in a show ring or cross country ... it has to be live.

Ladies & Gentlemen: Roll up, Roll up for the greatest never-ending musical tour.

Buy the ticket. Take the ride.

*Sarah Daw*

Having had the privilege of standing in-line, alongside some genuinely lovely people at Bournemouth just a few weeks before, resulting in front-centre at the rail, tonight's tickets for upstairs seating provided a different vantage point. Other than the soundtrack for the Princess Bride (which if you have young children, then the film is highly recommended) we have been unfamiliar with Mark Knopfler's music in recent years. However, the past 21 days has been spent listening to some of his recent recordings some of which have been played on the current tour - if the opportunity exists do check these out, A night in summer long ago, Piper to the end, Why aye man and Get Lucky. Knopfler and his band were excellent - and although difficult for another to support "Mr. Bob;" to have had such a distinguished artist undertaking this particular role, has made for a series of shows that will live long in the memory. Enthusiasm existed for Knopfler and his band however it was incredible to see how the energy in the crowd raised to new heights once the lights dropped and it was announced "Ladies and gentleman please welcome the poet Laurette of rock 'n' roll etc.etc." Leopard Skin Pill Box Hat kicked off like a shot gun blast, a tempo which ran throughout the evening on the up-beat numbers. His Bobness danced, smiled and gestured throughout, back-up by aband who were

inspirational - such a good sound. With such a vast back catalogue to choose from and with such a large fan base; it is impossible for every concert to have all the songs that each fan would choose if they could. Whilst Johanna, Black Coat and Grain of Sand would always feature in my personal preference list; Mississippi and Hattie Carroll do so as well - tonight we were treated to superb versions of these two, plus a sensitive version of; as it is becoming infuriatingly referred on TV talent shows "Adele's" Make you Feel My Love. No longer are Dylan concerts an evening of playing Name That Tune, each song now being recognisable by the first word, that is if it hasn't being identified by the first few bars of the introduction alone. Honest With Me and Thunder On The Mountain stood-out on an evening of stand-out performances; whilst Rolling Stone which was orchestrated by the song and dance man who punctuated the chorus as it had been written nigh on fifty years ago, to enable this to become a sing-a-long finale. Add to the mix Jolene and Hard Rain - an incredible evening; enhanced greatly by meeting up with Mark and George from the Bournemouth queue. 2011 has been an incredible year for concerts - looking forward to doing it all again hopefully in 2012 and the opportunity to be headin' for another joint. Thank you Bob.

*Dominic Nasmyth-Miller*



