



SUN. MAR 3RD 8PM KIVA AUDITORIUM, ALBUQUERQUE, NM  
TUES. MAR. 31ST 8PM ARLENE SCHNITZER C.H., PORTLAND, OR  
SAT. JUN. 11TH 8PM FOX THEATRE, OAKLAND, CA

**2021 U.S.A. TOUR (21 SHOWS)**

- 2 Nov. 2021 Milwaukee, Wisconsin - Riverside Theatre, U.S.A.  
 3 Nov. 2021 Chicago, Illinois - Auditorium Theatre, U.S.A.  
 5 Nov. 2021 Cleveland, Ohio - KeyBank State Theatre, U.S.A.  
 6 Nov. 2021 Columbus, Ohio - Palace Theatre, U.S.A.  
 7 Nov. 2021 Bloomington, Indiana - Indiana University Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 9 Nov. 2021 Cincinnati, Ohio - Aronoff Center for the Arts, Procter & Gamble Hall, U.S.A.  
 10 Nov. 2021 Knoxville, Tennessee - Knoxville Civic Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 12 Nov. 2021 Louisville, Kentucky - Louisville Palace, U.S.A.  
 13 Nov. 2021 Charleston, West Virginia - Charleston Municipal Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 15 Nov. 2021 Moon Township, Pennsylvania - Robert Morris Univ. UPMC Events Center, U.S.A.  
 16 Nov. 2021 Hershey, Pennsylvania - Hershey Theatre, U.S.A.  
 19 Nov. 2021 New York City, New York - Beacon Theatre, U.S.A.  
 20 Nov. 2021 New York City, New York - Beacon Theatre, U.S.A.  
 21 Nov. 2021 New York City, New York - Beacon Theatre, U.S.A.  
 23 Nov. 2021 Port Chester, New York - Capitol Theatre, U.S.A.  
 24 Nov. 2021 Port Chester, New York - Capitol Theatre, U.S.A.  
 26 Nov. 2021 Providence, Rhode Island - Providence Performing Arts Center, U.S.A.  
 27 Nov. 2021 Boston, Massachusetts - BOCH Center, Wang Theatre, U.S.A.  
 29 Nov. 2021 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania - The Met, U.S.A.  
 30 Nov. 2021 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania - The Met, U.S.A.  
 2 Dec. 2021 Washington, D.C. - The Anthem, U.S.A.

**2022 U.S.A. TOUR (53 SHOWS) • Total 74 shows in U.S.A. 2021-22**

- 3 Mar. 2022 Phoenix, Arizona - Arizona Federal Theatre, U.S.A.  
 4 Mar. 2022 Tucson, Arizona - Tucson Music Hall, U.S.A.  
 6 Mar. 2022 **Albuquerque, New Mexico - Kiva Auditorium, U.S.A.**  
 8 Mar. 2022 Lubbock, Texas - Buddy Holly Hall of Perf. Arts and Sciences, U.S.A.  
 10 Mar. 2022 Irving, Texas - Toyota Music Factory, U.S.A.  
 11 Mar. 2022 Sugar Land, Texas - Smart Financial Centre, U.S.A.  
 13 Mar. 2022 San Antonio, Texas - Majestic Theatre, U.S.A.  
 14 Mar. 2022 San Antonio, Texas - Majestic Theatre, U.S.A.  
 16 Mar. 2022 Austin, Texas - Bass Hall, U.S.A.  
 18 Mar. 2022 Shreveport, Louisiana - Municipal Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 19 Mar. 2022 New Orleans, Louisiana - Saenger Theatre, U.S.A.  
 21 Mar. 2022 Montgomery, Alabama - Montgomery PAC, U.S.A.  
 23 Mar. 2022 Nashville, Tennessee - Ryman Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 24 Mar. 2022 Atlanta, Georgia - Fox Theatre, U.S.A.  
 26 Mar. 2022 Savannah, Georgia - Johnny Mercer Theatre, U.S.A.

- 27 Mar. 2022 North Charleston, South Carolina - North Charleston PAC, U.S.A.  
 29 Mar. 2022 Columbia, South Carolina - Township Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 30 Mar. 2022 Charlotte, North Carolina - Ovens, Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 1 Apr. 2022 Greensboro, North Carolina - Steven Tanger CenterR, U.S.A.  
 2 Apr. 2022 Asheville, North Carolina - Thomas Wolfe Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 4 Apr. 2022 Chattanooga, Tennessee - Tivoli Theatre, U.S.A.  
 5 Apr. 2022 Birmingham, Alabama - BJCC Concert Hall, U.S.A.  
 7 Apr. 2022 Mobile, Alabama - Saenger Theatre, U.S.A.  
 8 Apr. 2022 Meridian, Mississippi - MSU Riley Center, U.S.A.  
 9 Apr. 2022 Memphis, Tennessee - Orpheum Theatre, U.S.A.  
 11 Apr. 2022 Little Rock, Arkansas - Robinson Center, U.S.A.  
 13 Apr. 2022 Tulsa, Oklahoma - Tulsa Theater, U.S.A.  
 14 Apr. 2022 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma - Civic Center Music Hall, U.S.A.  
 28 May 2022 Spokane, Washington - First Interstate Center for the Arts, U.S.A.  
 29 May 2022 Kennewick, Washington - Toyota Center, U.S.A.  
 31 May 2022 **Portland, Oregon - Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall, U.S.A.**  
 1 Jun. 2022 Seattle, Washington - Paramount Theatre, U.S.A.  
 2 Jun. 2022 Seattle, Washington - Paramount Theatre, U.S.A.  
 5 Jun. 2022 Eugene, Oregon - Hult Performing Arts Center, U.S.A.  
 7 Jun. 2022 Redding, California - Redding Civic Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 9 Jun. 2022 Oakland, California - Fox Theater, U.S.A.  
 10 Jun. 2022 Oakland, California - Fox Theater, U.S.A.  
 11 Jun. 2022 **Oakland, California - Fox Theater, U.S.A.**  
 14 Jun. 2022 Los Angeles, California - Pantages Theatre, U.S.A.  
 15 Jun. 2022 Los Angeles, California - Pantages Theatre, U.S.A.  
 16 Jun. 2022 Los Angeles, California - Pantages Theatre, U.S.A.  
 18 Jun. 2022 San Diego, California - San Diego Civic Theatre, U.S.A.  
 20 Jun. 2022 Long Beach, California - Terrance Theater, U.S.A.  
 22 Jun. 2022 Santa Barbara, California - Santa Barbara Bowl, U.S.A.  
 23 Jun. 2022 Santa Cruz, California - Civic Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 25 Jun. 2022 Sacramento, California - Memorial Auditorium, U.S.A.  
 27 Jun. 2022 Bend, Oregon - Hayden Homes Amphitheater, U.S.A.  
 28 Jun. 2022 Boise, Idaho - Velma V. Morrison Center for the Perf. Arts, U.S.A.  
 30 Jun. 2022 Salt Lake City, Utah - Eccles Theater, U.S.A.  
 1 July 2022 Grand Junction, Colorado - Amphitheater at Las Colonias Park, U.S.A.  
 3 July 2022 Dillon, Colorado - Dillon Amphitheater, U.S.A.  
 5 July 2022 Denver, Colorado - Temple Hoyne Buell Theatre, U.S.A.  
 6 July 2022 Denver, Colorado - Temple Hoyne Buell Theatre, U.S.A.

## WATCHING THE RIVER FLOW

*Written by Bob Dylan*

What's the matter with me I don't have much to say Daylight sneakin' through the window And I'm still in this all-night café Walkin' to and fro beneath the moon Out to where the trucks are rollin' slow To sit down on this bank of sand And watch the river flow Wish I was back in the city Instead of this old bank of sand With the sun beating down over the chimney tops And the one I love so close at hand If I had wings and I could fly I know where I would go But right now I'll just sit here so contentedly And watch the river flow People disagreeing on all just about everything, yeah Makes you stop and all wonder why Why only yesterday I saw somebody on the street Who just couldn't help but cry Oh, this ol' river keeps on rollin', though No matter what gets in the way and which way the wind does blow And as long as it does I'll just sit here And watch the river flow People disagreeing everywhere you look Makes you wanna stop and read a book Why only yesterday I saw somebody on the street That was really shook But this ol' river keeps on rollin', though No matter what gets in the way and which way the wind does blow And as long as it does I'll just sit here And watch the river flow Watch the river flow Watchin' the river flow Watchin' the river flow But I'll sit down on this bank of sand And watch the river flow

## MOST LIKELY YOU GO YOUR WAY (and I'll Go Mine)

*Written by Bob Dylan*

You say you love me And you're thinkin' of me But you know you could be wrong You say you told me That you wanna hold me But you know you're not that strong I just can't do what I done before I just can't beg you anymore I'm gonna let you pass And I'll go last Then time will tell just who fell And who's been left behind When you go your way and I go mine You say you disturb me And you don't deserve me But you know sometimes you lie You say you're shakin' And you're always achin' But you know how hard you try Sometimes it gets so hard to care t can't be this way ev'rywhere And I'm gonna let you pass Yes, and I'll go last Then time will tell just who fell And who's been left behind When you go your way and I go mine The judge, he holds a grudge He's gonna call on you But he's badly built And he walks on stilts Watch out he don't fall on you You say you're sorry For tellin' stories That you know I believe are true You say ya got some Other kinda lover And yes, I believe you do You say my kisses are not like his But this time I'm not gonna tell you why that is I'm just gonna let you pass Yes, and I'll go last Then time will tell who fell And who's been left behind When you go your way and I go mine

## I CONTAIN MULTITUDES

*Written by Bob Dylan*

Today and tomorrow and yesterday too The flowers are dying like all things do Follow me close - I'm going to Bally-Na-Lee I'll lose my mind if you don't come with me I fuss with my hair and I fight blood feuds ... I contain multitudes Gotta tell tale heart like Mr. Poe Got skeletons in the walls of people you know I'll drink to the truth of things that we said I'll drink to the man that shares your bed I paint landscapes - I paint nudes ... I contain multitudes A red Cadillac and a black moustache Rings on my fingers that sparkle and flash Tell me what's next - what shall we do Half my soul baby belongs to you I rollick and I frolic with all the young dudes ... I contain multitudes I'm just like Anne Frank - like Indiana Jones And them British bad boys the Rolling Stones I go right to the edge - I go right to the end I go right where all things lost - are made good again I sing the songs of experience like William Blake I have no apologies to make Everything's flowin' all at the same time I live on the boulevard of crime I drive fast cars and I eat fast foods ... I contain multitudes Pink pedal pushers and red blue jeans All the pretty maids and all the old queens All the old queens from all my past lives I carry four pistols and two large knives I'm a man of contradictions and a man of many moods ... I contain multitudes Greedy old wolf - I'll show you my heart But

not all of it - only the hateful part I'll sell you down the river - I'll put a price on your head What more can I tell ya - I sleep with life and death in the same bed Get lost Madam - get up off my knee Keep your mouth away from me I'll keep the path open - the path in my mind I'll see to it that there's no love left behind I play Beethoven sonatas Chopin's preludes ... I contain multitudes

## FALSE PROPHET

*Written by Bob Dylan*

Another day without end - another ship going out Another day of anger - bitterness and doubt I know how it happened - I saw it begin I opened my heart to the world and the world came in Hello Mary Lou - Hello Miss Pearl My fleet footed guides from the underworld No stars in the sky shine brighter than you You girls mean business and I do too I'm the enemy of treason - the enemy of strife I'm the enemy of the unlivid meaningless life I ain't no false prophet - I just know what I know I go where only the lonely can go I'm first among equals - second to none I'm last of the best - you can bury the rest Bury 'em naked with their silver and gold Put 'em six feet under and then pray for their souls What are you lookin' at - there's nothing to see ust a cool breeze encircling me Let's walk in the garden - so far and so wide We can sit in the shade by the fountain

side I've searched the world over for the Holy Grail I sing songs of love – I sing songs of betrayal Don't care what I drink – don't care what I eat I climbed a mountain of swords on my bare feet You don't know me darlin' – you never would guess I'm nothing like my ghostly appearance would suggest I ain't no false prophet – I just said what I said I'm here to bring vengeance on somebody's head Put out your hand – there's nothin' to hold Open your mouth – I'll stuff it with gold Oh you poor Devil – look up if you will The City of God is there on the hill Hello stranger – Hello and goodbye You rule the land but so do I You lusty old mule – you got a poisoned brain I'm gonna marry you to a ball and chain You know darlin' the kind of life that I live When your smile meets my smile – something's got to give I ain't no false prophet – I'm nobody's bride Can't remember when I was born and I forgot when I died

### WHEN I PAINT MY MASTERPIECE

*Written By Bob Dylan*

Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble Ancient footprints are everywhere You can almost think that you're seein' double On a cold, dark night on the Spanish Stairs Got to hurry on back to my hotel room Where I've got me a date with Botticelli's niece She promised that she'd be right there with me When I paint my masterpiece Oh, the hours

I've spent inside the Coliseum Dodging lions and wastin' time Oh, those mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly stand to see 'em Yes, it sure has been a long, hard climb Train wheels runnin' through the back of my memory When I ran on the hilltop following a pack of wild geese Someday, everything is gonna be smooth like a rhapsody When I paint my masterpiece Sailin' round the world in a dirty gondola Oh, to be back in the land of Coca-Cola! I left Rome and landed in Brussels On a plane ride so bumpy that I almost cried Clergymen in uniform and young girls pullin' muscles Everyone was there to greet me when I stepped inside Newspapermen eating candy Had to be held down by big police Someday, everything is gonna be diff'rent When I paint my masterpiece

### BLACK RIDER

*Written by Bob Dylan*

Black Rider Black Rider you been livin' too hard You been up all night havin' to stay on your guard The path that you're walkin' – is too narrow to walk Every step of the way another stumblin' block The road that you're on – same road that you know But it's not the same as – it was a minute ago Black Rider Black Rider you've seen it all You've seen the great world and you've seen the small You fell into the fire and you're eating the flame

Better seal up your lips if you want to stay in the game Be reasonable Mister – be honest be fair Let all of your earthly thoughts be a prayer Black Rider Black Rider all dressed in black I'm walking away and you try to make me look back My heart is at rest I'd like to keep it that way I don't want to fight – at least not today Go home to your wife stop visiting mine One of these days I'll forget to be kind Black Rider Black Rider tell me when – tell me how If there ever was a time then let it be now Let me go through – open the door My soul is distressed my mind is at war Don't hug me – don't flatter me – don't turn on the charm I'll take out a sword and have to hack off your arm Black Rider Black Rider hold it right there The size of your cock will get you nowhere I'll suffer in silence I'll not make a sound Maybe I'll take the – high moral ground Some enchanted evening I'll sing you a song Black Rider Black Rider you've been on the job too long

### I'LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT

*Written by Bob Dylan*

Close your eyes, close the door You don't have to worry anymore I'll be your baby tonight Shut the light, shut the shade You don't have to be afraid I'll be your baby tonight Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away We're gonna forget it That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon But we're

gonna let it You won't regret it Kick your shoes off, do not fear Bring that bottle over here I'll be your baby tonight

### MY OWN VERSION OF YOU

*Written by Bob Dylan*

All through the summers and into January I've been visiting morgues and monasteries Looking for the necessary body parts Limbs and livers and brains and hearts I want to bring someone to life – is what I want to do I want to create my own version of you It must be the winter of my discontent I wish you'd taken me with you wherever you went hey talk all night – they talk all day Not for a second do I believe what they say I want to bring someone to life – someone I've never seen You know what I mean – you know exactly what I mean I'll take Scarface Pacino and the Godfather Brando Mix 'em up in a tank and get a robot commando f I do it upright and put the head on straight 'll be saved by the creature that I create I get blood from a cactus – make gunpowder from ice I don't gamble with cards and I don't shoot no dice Can you look in my face with your sightless eye Can you cross your heart and hope to die I'll bring someone to life – someone for real someone who feels the way that I feel I study Sanskrit and Arabic to improve my mind I want to do things for the benefit of all mankind I say to the willow tree – don't weep

for me I'm saying the hell with all things that used to be I get into trouble and I hit the wall No place to turn – no place at all I pick a number between one and two And I ask myself what would Julius Caesar do I'll bring someone to life – in more ways than one Don't matter how long it takes – it'll be done when it's done I'm gonna make you play the piano like Leon Russell Like Liberace – like St. John the Apostle Play every number that I can play I'll see you baby on Judgement Day After midnight if you still want to meet 'll be at the Black Horse Tavern on Armageddon Street Two doors down not that far to walk 'll hear your footsteps – you won't have to knock I'll bring someone to life – balance the scales I'm not gonna get involved in any insignificant details You can bring it to St. Peter – you can bring it to Jerome You can move it on over – bring it all the way home Bring it to the corner where the children play You can bring it to me on a silver tray 'll bring someone to life – spare no expense Do it with decency and common sense Can you tell me what it means to be or not to be You won't get away with fooling me Can you help me walk that moonlight mile Can you give me the blessings of your smile I want to bring someone to life – use all my powers Do it in the dark in the wee small hours I can see the history of the whole human race It's all right there – its carved into your face Should I break it all down – should I fall on my knees Is there light at the end of the tunnel – can

you tell me please Stand over there by the Cypress tree Where the Trojan women and children were sold into slavery Long ago before the First Crusade Way back before England or America were made tep right into the burning hell Where some of the best known enemies of mankind dwell Mister Freud with his dreams and Mister Marx with his axe See the raw hide lash rip the skin off their backs You got the right spirit – you can feel it you can hear it You got what they call the immortal spirit You can feel it all night you can feel it in the morn Creeps into your body the day you are born One strike of lightning is all that I need And a blast of 'lectricity that runs at top speed Show me your ribs – I'll stick in the knife I'm gonna jump start my creation to life I want to bring someone to life – turn back the years Do it with laughter – do it with tears

### **CROSSING THE RUBICON**

*Written by Bob Dylan*

I crossed the Rubicon on the 14th day of the most dangerous month of the year At the worst time at the worst place – that's all I seem to hear I got up early so I could greet the Goddess of the Dawn I painted my wagon – I abandoned all hope and I crossed the Rubicon The Rubicon is the Red River, going gently as she flows Redder then your ruby lips and the blood that flows from the

rose Three miles north of purgatory – one step from the great beyond I prayed to the cross and I kissed the girls and I crossed the Rubicon What are these dark days I see in this world so badly bent How can I redeem the time – the time so idly spent How much longer can it last – how long can this go on I embraced my love put down my head and I crossed the Rubicon I feel the bones beneath my skin and they're tremblin' with rage I'll make your wife a widow – you'll never see old age Show me one good man in sight that the sun shines down upon I pawned my watch and I paid my debts and I crossed the Rubicon Put my heart upon the hill where some happiness I'll find If I survive then let me love – let the hour be mine Take the high road – take the low, take the one you're on I poured the cup and I passed it along and I crossed the Rubicon You defiled the most lovely flower in all of womanhood Others can be tolerant – others can be good I'll cut you up with a crooked knife and I'll miss you when you're gone I stood between heaven and earth and I crossed the Rubicon You won't find any happiness here – no happiness or joy Go back to the gutter and try your luck – find you some nice young pretty boy Tell me how many men I need and who I can count upon I strapped my belt and buttoned my coat and I crossed the Rubicon I feel the Holy Spirit inside and see the light that freedom gives I believe it's within the reach of every man who lives Keep as far away

as possible – it's darkest 'fore the dawn I turned the key and I broke it off and I crossed the Rubicon Mona Baby, are you still in my mind – I truly believe that you are Couldn't be anybody else but you who's come with me this far The killing frost is on the ground and the autumn leaves are gone I lit the torch and I looked to the east and I crossed the Rubicon

### **TO BE ALONE WITH YOU**

*Written by Bob Dylan*

To be alone with you Just you and me Now won't you tell me true Ain't that the way it oughta be? To hold each other tight he whole night through Ev'rything is always right When I'm alone with you To be alone with you At the close of the day With only you in view While evening slips away It only goes to show That while life's pleasures be few The only one I know Is when I'm alone with you They say that nighttime is the right time To be with the one you love Too many thoughts get in the way in the day But you're always what I'm thinkin' of I wish the night were here Bringin' me all of your charms When only you are near To hold me in your arms I'll always thank the Lord When my working day's through I get my sweet reward To be alone with you



## KEY WEST (PHILOSOPHER PIRATE)

*Written by Bob Dylan*

McKinley hollered – McKinley squalled  
Doctor said McKinley – death is on the wall  
Say it to me if you got something to confess  
I heard all about it – he was going down  
slow Heard it on the wireless radio  
From down in the boondocks – way down in Key West  
I'm searchin' for love and inspiration  
On that pirate radio station It's comin' out  
of Luxembourg and Budapest Radio signal  
clear as can be I'm so deep in love I can  
hardly see Down in the flatlands – way down  
in Key West Key West is the place to be  
If you're lookin' for immortality Stay on the  
road – follow the highway sign Key West is  
fine and fair If you lost your mind, you'll find  
it there Key West is on the horizon line I  
was born on the wrong side of the railroad  
track Like Ginsberg, Corso and Kerouac  
Like Louie and Jimmy and Buddy and all of  
the rest It might not be the thing to do  
But I'm stickin' with you through and through  
Down in the flatlands – way down in Key West  
I got both my feet planted square on  
the ground Got my right hand high with the  
thumb down Such is life – such is happiness  
Hibiscus flowers grow everywhere here  
If you wear one put it behind your ear  
Down on the bottom – way down in Key West  
Key West is the place to go Down by the Gulf  
of Mexico Beyond the sea – beyond the  
shifting sand Key West is the gateway key

To innocence and purity Key West – Key West  
is the enchanted land I've never lived  
in the land of Oz Or wasted my time with an  
unworthy cause It's hot down here and you  
can't be overdressed The tiny blossoms of a  
toxic plant They can make you dizzy – I'd like  
to help ya but I can't Down in the flatlands  
– way down in Key West The fishtail-ponds  
and the orchid trees They can give you the  
bleedin' heart disease People tell me – I  
oughta try a little tenderness Amelia Street  
– Bay View Park Walkin' in the shadows  
after dark Down under – way down in Key West  
I play the gumbo limbo spirituals I know  
all the Hindu rituals People tell me that  
I'm truly blessed Bougainvillea bloomin'  
in the summer and spring Winter here is an  
unknown thing Down the flatlands – way  
down in Key West Key West is under the sun  
Under the radar – under the gun You stay  
to the left and then you lean to the right  
Feel the sunlight on your skin And the healing  
virtues of the wind Key West – Key West is  
the land of light Wherever I travel – wherever  
I roam I'm not that far from the convent home  
I do what I think is right – what I think is  
best Mystery Street off Mallory Square  
Truman had his White House there Eastbound  
– westbound Way down in Key West Twelve  
years old and they put me in a suit Forced  
me to marry a prostitute There were gold  
fringes on her wedding dress That's my story  
but not where it ends She's still cute and  
we're still friends Down in the bottom – way

down in Key West I play both sides against  
the middle Pickin' up that pirate radio signal  
I heard the news – I heard your last request  
Fly around my Pretty Little Miss I don't love  
nobody – gimme a kiss Down at the bottom –  
way down in Key West Key West is the place  
to be If you're lookin' for immortality Key  
West is paradise divine Key West is fine and  
fair If you lost your mind you'll find it there  
Key West is on the horizon line

## GOTTA SERVE SOMEBODY

*Written by Bob Dylan*

You may be an ambassador to England or  
France You may like to gamble, you might  
like to dance You may be the heavyweight  
champion of the world You may be a socialite  
with a long string of pearls But you're gonna  
have to serve somebody, yes indeed You're  
gonna have to serve somebody Well, it may  
be the devil or it may be the Lord But you're  
gonna have to serve somebody You might be  
a rock 'n' roll addict prancing on the stage  
You might have drugs at your command,  
women in a cage You may be a businessman  
or some high-degree thief They may call you  
Doctor or they may call you Chief But you're  
gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed  
You're gonna have to serve somebody Well,  
it may be the devil or it may be the Lord  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody You  
may be a state trooper, you might be a young

Turk You may be the head of some big TV  
network You may be rich or poor, you may  
be blind or lame You may be living in another  
country under another name But you're  
gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed  
You're gonna have to serve somebody Well,  
it may be the devil or it may be the Lord  
But you're gonna have to serve somebody You  
may be a construction worker working on a  
home You may be living in a mansion or  
you might live in a dome You might own  
guns and you might even own tanks You  
might be somebody's landlord, you might  
even own banks But you're gonna have to  
serve somebody, yes indeed You're gonna  
have to serve somebody Well, it may be  
the devil or it may be the Lord But you're  
gonna have to serve somebody You may  
be a preacher with your spiritual pride You  
may be a city councilman taking bribes on the  
side You may be workin' in a barbershop,  
you may know how to cut hair You may be  
somebody's mistress, may be somebody's  
hair But you're gonna have to serve  
somebody, yes indeed You're gonna have to  
serve somebody Well, it may be the devil or  
it may be the Lord But you're gonna have to  
serve somebody Might like to wear cotton,  
might like to wear silk Might like to drink  
whiskey, might like to drink milk You might  
like to eat caviar, you might like to eat bread  
You may be sleeping on the floor, sleeping in  
a king-sized bed But you're gonna have to  
serve somebody, yes indeed You're gonna

have to serve somebody Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord But you're gonna have to serve somebody You may call me Terry, you may call me Timmy You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy You may call me R.J., you may call me Ray You may call me anything but no matter what you say You're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed You're gonna have to serve somebody Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord But you're gonna have to serve somebody

### **I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO GIVE MYSELF TO YOU**

*Written by Bob Dylan*

Sitting on my terrace lost in the stars Listenin' to the sounds of the sad guitars Been thinking it over and I thought it all through I've made up my mind to give myself to you I saw the first fall of snow I saw the flowers come and go I don't think anyone else ever knew I made up my mind to give myself to you I'm giving myself to you, I am From Salt Lake City to Birmingham From East L.A. to San Antone I don't think I could bear to live my life alone My eye is like a shooting star It looks at nothing, neither near or far No one ever told me, it's just something I knew I've made up my mind to give myself to you If I had the wings of a snow white dove I'd preach the gospel, the gospel of

love A love so real – a love so true I made up my mind to give myself to you Take me out traveling, you're a traveling man Show me something that I'll understand I'm not what I was, things aren't what they were I'm going to go far away from home with her I traveled the long road of despair I met no other traveler there A lot of people gone, a lot of people I knew I've made up my mind to give myself to you My heart's like a river – a river that sings It just takes me a while to realize things I'll see you at sunrise – I'll see you at dawn I'll lay down beside you, when everyone is gone From the plains and the prairies – from the mountains to the sea I hope that the gods go easy with me I knew you'd say yes – I'm saying it too I've made up my mind to give myself to you

### **MELANCHOLY MOOD**

*Written by Vick R. Knight, Sr. and Walter Schumann*

Forever haunts me Steals upon me in the night Forever taunts me Oh, what a lonely soul am I Stranded high and dry By a melancholy mood Gone is every joy And inspiration Tears are all I have to show No consolation All I see is grief and gloom Till the crack of doom Oh, melancholy mood Deep in the night I search for a trace Of a lingering kiss A warm embrace But love is a whimsy and flimsy as lace And my arms

embrace an empty space Melancholy mood Why must you blind me? Pity me and break the chains The chains that bind me Won't you release me, set me free? Bring her back to me Oh, melancholy mood

### **MOTHER OF MUSES**

*Written by Bob Dylan*

Mother of Muses sing for me Sing of the mountains and the deep dark sea Sing of the lakes and the nymphs in the forest Sing your hearts out – all you women of the chorus Sing of honor and fame and of glory be Mother of Muses, sing for me Mother of Muses sing for my heart Sing for a love too soon to depart Sing of the Heroes who stood alone Whose names are engraved on tablets of stone Who struggled with pain so the world could go free Mother of Muses, sing for me Sing of Sherman – Montgomery and Scott Sing of Zhukov and Patton and the battles they fought Who cleared the path for Presley to sing Who carved out the path for Martin Luther King Who did what they did and then went on their way Man, I could tell their stories all day I'm falling in love with Calliope She doesn't belong to anybody – why not give her to me She's speaking to me, speaking with her eyes I've grown so tired of chasing lies Mother of Muses wherever you are I've already outlived my life by far Mother of Muses unleash your

wrath Things I can't see – they're blocking my path Show me your wisdom – tell me my fate Put me upright – make me walk straight Forge my identity from the inside out you know what I'm talking about Take me to the river and release your charms Let me lay down in your sweet lovin' arms Wake me – shake me – free me from sin Make me invisible like the wind Got a mind to ramble – got a mind to roam I'm travelin' light and I'm slow coming home

### **GOODBYE JIMMY REED**

*Written by Bob Dylan*

I live on a street named after a Saint Women in the churches wear powder and paint Where the Jews and the Catholics and the Muslims all pray I can tell a Proddy from a mile away Goodbye Jimmy Reed – Jimmy Reed indeed Give me that old time religion, it's just what I need For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory Go tell it on the Mountain, go tell the real story Tell it in that straight forward puritanical tone In the mystic hours when a person's alone Goodbye Jimmy Reed – Godspeed Thump on the bible – proclaim the creed You won't amount to much the people all said 'Cause I didn't play guitar behind my head Never pandered never acted proud Never took off my shoes and threw them into the crowd Goodbye Jimmy Reed – goodbye and



goodnight I'll put a jewel in your crown - I'll  
put out the light They threw everything at  
me, everything in the book Had nothing to  
fight with but a butcher's hook They have no  
pity - they don't lend a hand And I can't sing  
a song that I don't understand Goodbye  
Jimmy Reed - goodbye and good luck Can't  
play the record 'cause my needle got stuck  
Transparent woman in a transparent dress It  
suits you well - I must confess I'll break open  
your grapes I'll suck out the juice I need  
you like my head needs a noose Goodbye  
Jimmy Reed, goodbye and so long I thought  
I could resist her but I was so wrong G-d be  
with you, brother dear If you don't mind me  
asking, what brings you here? Oh, nothing  
much, I'm just looking for the man I came to  
see where he's lying in this lost land Goodbye  
Jimmy Reed and with everything within  
ya Can't you hear me calling from down in  
Virginia

### EVERY GRAIN OF SAND

*Written by Bob dylan*

In the time of my confession, in the hour of  
my deepest need When the pool of tears  
beneath my feet flood every newborn seed  
There's a dyin' voice within me reaching  
out somewhere Toiling in the danger and  
in the morals of despair Don't have the  
inclination to look back on any mistake Like  
Cain, I now behold this chain of events that

I must-break In the fury of the moment I  
can see the Master's hand In every leaf  
that trembles, in every grain of sand Oh,  
the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of  
yesteryear Like criminals, they have choked  
the breath of conscience and good cheer  
The sun beat down upon the steps of time to  
light the way To ease the pain of idleness  
and the memory of decay I gaze into the  
doorway of temptation's angry flame And  
every time I pass that way I always hear my  
name Then onward in my journey I come  
to understand That every hair is numbered  
like every grain of sand I have gone from  
rags to riches in the sorrow of the night In  
the violence of a summer's dream, in the  
chill of a wintry light In the bitter dance of  
loneliness fading into space In the broken  
mirror of innocence on each forgotten face I  
hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of  
the sea Sometimes I turn, there's someone  
there, other times it's only me I am  
hanging in the balance of the reality of man  
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of  
sand

### FRIEND OF THE DEVIL

*Written by Jerry Garcia, Robert Hunter and  
John Dawson*

I lit out from Reno I was trailed by twenty  
hounds Didn't get to sleep that night Till  
the morning came around Set out runnin'

but I take my time A friend of the Devil is a  
friend of mine If I get home before daylight  
I just might get some sleep tonight Ran  
into the Devil, babe He loaned me twenty  
bills I spent the night in Utah In a cave  
up in the hills Set out runnin' but I take my  
time A friend of the Devil is a friend of mine  
If I get home before daylight I just might  
get some sleep tonight I ran down to the  
levee But the Devil caught me there He  
took my twenty dollar bill And he vanished  
in the air Set out runnin' but I take my time  
A friend of the Devil is a friend of mine If I  
get home before daylight I just might get  
some sleep tonight Got two reasons why  
I cry away each lonely night The first one's  
named sweet Anne Marie and she's my hearts  
delight The second one is prison, babe, the  
sheriff's on my trail And if he catches up  
with me, I'll spend my life in jail Got a wife  
in Chino, babe And one in Cherokee First  
one says she's got my child But it don't  
look like me Set out runnin' but I take my  
time A friend of the Devil is a friend of mine  
If I get home before daylight I just might get  
some sleep tonight Got two reasons why I  
cry away each lonely night The first one's  
named sweet Anne Marie and she's my hearts  
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with me, I'll spend my life in jail Got a wife  
in Chino, babe And one in Cherokee First  
one says she's got my child But it don't  
look like me I set out runnin' but I take my time

A friend of the Devil is a friend of mine  
If I get home before daylight I just might get  
some sleep tonight

### THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

*Written by Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer*

That old black magic has me in it's spell  
That old black magic that you weave so  
well Those icy fingers up and down my  
spine The same old witchcraft when your  
eyes meet mine The same old tingle that I  
feel inside And then that elevator starts it's  
slide And down and down I go Round and  
round I go Like a leaf that's caught in the  
tide I should stay away but what can I do I  
hear your name, and I'm aflame A flame with  
such a burning desire That only your kiss  
can put out the fire 'Cause you're the lover  
I have waited for The mate that fate had  
me created for And every time you lips meet  
mine Darling, down and down I go Round  
and round I go In that spin of love that I am  
in Under that old black magic of love

## Ludwig van Beethoven

Symphony No. 9 in D Minor "Choral" Op.125.

Conductor: Herbert von Karajan,  
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

Gundula Janowitz, soprano (Austria),

Waldemar Kmentt, tenor (Austria),

Walter Berry, Baritone (Austria),

Hilde Rossel-Majdan, contralto (Austria).

Wiener Singverein, Reinhold Schmid, Choir  
Master.

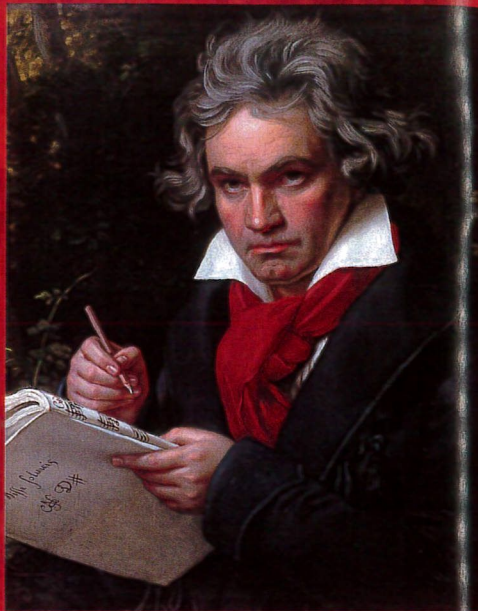
Recorded: Berlin, Jesus-Christus-Kirche, 8,  
9, 12, 13 October & 9 November, 1962.

Released: Deutsche Grammophon Gesell-  
schaft, 1963.

Grand Prix du Disque

On May 7, 1824, Ludwig van Beethoven experienced what must certainly have been the greatest public triumph of his career. The audience which gathered at the Hoftheater adjacent to the Vienna Kärntner tor heard not only the abridged local premiere of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* (the *Kyrie*, *Credo*, and *Gloria* were given) and Op. 124 *Overture*, but also the first performance of the composer's 'Choral' Symphony. The event was a rousing success; indeed, one of the most moving accounts of Beethoven's final years describes how the profoundly deaf composer, unable to hear the colossal response of his admirers, had to be turned around by one of the soloists so that he could see the hundreds of clapping hands!

Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 started life



as two separate works – a symphony with a choral finale, and a purely instrumental work in D minor. He labored on these sporadically for almost 10 years before finally deciding (in 1822) to combine the two ideas into one symphony, with Friedrich von Schiller's *Ode an die Freude* (*Ode to Joy*) – a text he had contemplated setting for a number of years – as the finale.

The finished work is of visionary scope and proportions, and represents the apogee of technical difficulty in its day. There are passages, notably a horn solo in the slow movement, which would have been almost impossible to play on the transitional valveless brass instruments of Beethoven's time. As Dennis Matthews writes: "As with other late-period works, there are places where the medium quivers under the weight of thought and emotion, where the deaf composer seemed to fight against, or reach beyond, instrumental and vocal limitations."

The Ninth also personifies the musical duality that was to become the nineteenth century – the conflict between the Classic and Romantic, the old and new. The radically different styles of Brahms and Liszt, for instance, both had their precedents in this

work. On one hand, there was the search for a broader vocabulary (especially in terms of harmony and rhythm) within the eighteenth century framework; on the other, true Romanticism, embracing the imperfect, the unattainable, the personal and the extreme – qualities that violate the very nature of Classicism. When viewed individually, the first three movements still have their roots distinctly in the eighteenth century, while the fourth – rhapsodic, and imbued with poetic meaning – seems to explode from that mold, drawing the entire work into the realm of program music, a defining concept of musical Romanticism. Beethoven's Ninth represents a fitting culmination to the composer's symphonic oeuvre – a body of work that is still unmatched in its scope and seminal ingenuity – and remains a pillar of the modern symphonic repertoire.



*Herbert von Karajan.*