

**John Corigliano  
Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan**

**Prelude: Mr. Tambourine Man**

...Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,  
Vanished from my hand,  
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,  
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,  
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels  
To be wanderin'.  
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready...to fade  
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,  
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,  
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run...  
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,  
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're  
Seein' that he's chasing.

...Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,  
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,  
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

...I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to...

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**Clothes Line**

After a while we took in the clothes,  
Nobody said very much.  
Just some old wild shirts and a couple pairs of pants  
Which nobody really wanted to touch.

Mama come in and picked up a book  
An' Papa asked her what it was.  
Someone else asked, "What do you care?"  
Papa said, "Well, just because."  
Then they started to take back their clothes,  
Hang 'em on the line.  
It was January the thirtieth  
And everybody was feelin' fine.

The next day everybody got up  
Seein' if the clothes were dry.  
The dogs were barking, a neighbor passed,  
Mama, of course, she said, "Hi!"  
"Have you heard the news?" he said, with a grin,  
"The Vice-President's gone mad!"  
"Where?" "Downtown." "When?" "Last night."  
"Hmm, say, that's too bad!"  
"Well, there's nothin' we can do about it," said the neighbor,  
"It's just somethin' we're gonna have to forget."  
"Yes, I guess so," said Ma,  
Then she asked me if the clothes was still wet.

I reached up, touched my shirt,  
And the neighbor said, "Are those clothes yours?"  
I said, "Some of 'em, not all of 'em."  
He said, "Ya always help out around here with the chores?"  
I said, "Sometime, not all the time."  
Then my neighbor, he blew his nose  
Just as papa yelled outside,  
"Mama wants you t' come back in the house and bring them clothes."  
Well, I just do what I'm told,  
So, I did it, of course.  
I went back in the house and Mama met me  
And then I shut all the doors.

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### **Blowin' in the Wind**

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes 'n' how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind...

How many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
[The answer is blowin' in the wind.]  
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
["blowin' in the wind."]  
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,  
Pretending he just doesn't see?  
...blowin'...  
...blowin'...

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### **Masters of War**

Come, [come,] you masters of war  
You that build all the guns  
You that build the death planes  
You that build the big bombs  
You that hide behind walls  
You that hide behind desks  
[Come, come, you masters of war]  
I just want you to know  
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'  
But build to destroy  
You play with my world  
Like it's your little toy  
You put a gun in my hand  
And you hide from my eyes  
And you turn and run farther  
When the fast bullets fly...

You fasten the triggers  
For the others to fire  
Then you set back and watch  
When the death count gets higher  
You hide in your mansion  
As young people's blood  
Flows out of their bodies  
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear  
That can ever be hurled  
Fear to bring children  
Into the world  
For threatening my baby  
Unborn and unnamed  
You ain't worth the blood

That runs in your veins...

Let me ask you one question  
Is your money that good  
Will it buy you forgiveness  
Do you think that it could  
I think you will find  
When your death takes its toll  
All the money you made  
Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die  
And your death will come soon  
I will follow your casket  
In the pale afternoon  
And I'll watch while you're lowered  
Down to your deathbed  
And I'll stand o'er your grave  
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

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### **All Along the Watchtower**

"There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief,  
"There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.  
Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth,  
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,  
"There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.  
But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate,  
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too.

Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,  
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl.

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### **Chimes of Freedom**

Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll  
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing  
As majestic bells of bolts stuck shadows in the sounds  
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing  
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight

Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight  
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched  
With faces hidden while the walls were tightening  
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain  
Dissolved into the bells of the lightening.

[Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind  
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind  
An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail  
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder  
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze  
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder  
As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look  
Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended

Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake  
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaken  
Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing...

Tolling for the deaf an' blind, tolling for the mute  
Tolling for the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute...]

Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed...  
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

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### **Postlude: Forever Young**

May God bless and keep you always,  
May your wishes all come true,  
May you always do for others  
And let others do for you.  
May you build a ladder to the stars  
And climb on every rung,  
May you stay forever young,  
Forever young, forever young,  
May you stay forever young.

May you grow up to be righteous,  
May you grow up to be true,  
May you always know the truth  
And see the lights surrounding you.  
May you always be courageous,

Stand upright and be strong,  
May you stay forever young,  
Forever young, forever young,  
May you stay forever young.

May your hands always be busy,  
May your feet always be swift,  
May you have a strong foundation  
When the winds of changes shift.  
May your heart always be joyful,  
May your song always be sung,  
May you stay forever young,  
Forever young, forever young,  
May you stay forever young.

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**Note:**

*... is used where composer has omitted lyrics  
[ ] is used where lyrics have been set out of sequence*