

Introduction to POETRY A13

Name _____ Section _____ Date _____

Poems by Bob Dylan

WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE

Oh, my name it is nothing,
 My age it seems less,
 The country I come from
 Is called the mid-west.
 It's taught and brought on there,
 The laws to abide,
 and that land that I live in
 Has God on its side.

Oh, the history books tell it,
 They tell it so well,
 The cavalries were on,
 The Indians fell.
 The cavalries were on,
 The Indians died,
 Oh the country was young
 With God on its side.

Oh, the Spanish American
 War had its day,
 And the Civil War too
 Was soon laid away,
 And the names of the heroes
 It's made to memorize,
 With guns in their hands
 And God on their side.

Oh, the First World War boys,
 It came and it went,
 The reason for fighting
 I never did get.
 But I learned to accept it,
 accept it with pride,
 For you don't count the dead
 When God's on your side.

When the Second World War
 Came to an end,
 We forgave the Germans
 And we were friends.
 Though they murdered six million
 In theovens they tried,
 The Germans now too
 Have God on their side.

WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE

I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life,
If another war starts
It's that we must fight,
To hate them and fear them,
To run and to hide,
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side.

But now we got weapons
Of the chemical kind,
If first they're forced to
Then fire then we must.
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide,
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side.

In a many dark hour
I've been thinkin' all this,
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss.
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide,
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.

So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as hell,
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no time can tell.
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor,
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.

ONLY A PAWN IN THE GAME

A bullet from the back of a bush took Nedgar Evers' blood
A finger fired the trigger to his name, A hand hid out in the dark,
He hand-set the spark, Two eyes took the air
Behind a man's brain,
But he can't be blamed,
He's only a pawn in their game.

A south politician preaches to the poor, white man,
You got more than the blacks, don't complain,
You're better than them, you been born with white skin, they explain,
And the negro is name,

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Poems of Bob Dylan

Only a Pawn in their game

Is used it is plain,
 For the politician's gain,
 As he rises to fame,
 And the poor white remains,
 On the caboose of the train,
 But it ain't him to blame,
 He's only a pawn in their game.

The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the vernalers get paid,
 And the marshals and cops get the same
 But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool,
 He's taught in his school

From the start by the rule
 That the laws are with him
 To protect his white skin,
 To keep up his hate
 So he never thinks straight,
 'Bout the shape that he's in,
 But it ain't him to blame,
 He's only a pawn in their game.

From the poverty shacks he looks if the cracks to the tracks,
 And the hoof beats pound in his ears
 And he's taught how to walk in a j,
 Shoot in the back,

With his fist in a clinch
 To hang and to lynch,
 To hide 'neath the hood,
 To kill with no pain
 Like a dog on a chain,
 He ain't got no name
 But it ain't him to blame
 He's only a pawn in their game.

The day Nedgar Evers was buried the bullet he caught,
 They lowered him down as a king,
 But when the shadowy sun sets on one
 That fired the gun,

He'll see by his grave
 On the stone that remains
 Carved next to his name
 His epitaph plain,
 Only a pawn in their game.

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Poems by Bob Dylan

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

Come gather 'round people wherever you roam
 And admit that the waters around you have grown
 And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone,
 If your time to you is worth savin'
 Then you better start swimmin'
 or you'll sink like a stone
 For the times they are a changin'.

Come writers and critics
 Who prophesize with your pen
 And keep your eyes wide
 The chance won't come again.
 And don't speak too soon
 For the wheel's still in spin'
 And there's no tellin' who
 That it's beginin'
 For the loser now
 Will be later to win
 For the loser now
 Will be later to win
 For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen
 Please heed the call
 Don't stand in the doorway
 Don't block up the hall.
 For he that gets hurt
 Will be the one who has stalled
 There's a battle
 Outside and it's ragin'
 It'll soon shake your windows
 And rattle your walls
 For the times they are a-changin'!

Come mothers and fathers,
 Throughout the land
 And don't criticize
 What you can't understand
 Your sons and your daughters
 Are beyond your command
 Your old road is
 Rapidly agin'
 Please get out of the new one
 If you can't lend your hand
 For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn
 The curse it is cast
 The slow one now will

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Poems of Bob Dylan

Name _____

The times they are a-changin'
Later be fast,
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now
Will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'

LIKE A ROLLING STONE

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime
Didn't you?
People'd call, say "beaware doll you're bound to fall,"
You thought they were all kiddin' you
You used to laugh about
Everybody that was hangin' out
Now you don't talk so loud, Now you don't seem so proud
About havin' to be scrounging for your next meal,
How does it feel, How does it feel,
To be without a home
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right Miss Lonely,
But you know you only used to get
Juiced in it.
And nobody's ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you're gonna have to get
Used to it
You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do you want to
Make a deal?
How does it feel, How does it feel,
To be without a home,
Like a complete unknown, Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around to see the fools on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down
And did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people
Get your kicks for you.
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat,
Ain't it hard when you discovered that
He really wasn't there it's at
After he took from you everything
He could steal

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Poems of JONI MITCHELL

The Arrangement

You could have been more
Then a name on the door
On the thirty-third floor in the air
More than a credit card
Swimming pool in the backyard

While you still have the time
You could get away and find
A better life, you know the grind
Is so ungrateful
Racing cars, w hisky bars
No one cares who you really are

You're the keeper of the cards
Yes I know it gets hard
Keeping the wheels turning
And the wife she keeps the keys
She is so pleased to be
A part of the arrangement

You could have been more
Then a name on the door
On the thirty-third floor in the air
More than a consumer
Lying in some room trying to die
More than a credit card
Swimming pool in the backyard

You could have been more
You could have been more
You could have been more.

FOR FREE

I slept last night in a good hotel
I went shopping today for jewels
The wind rushed around in the dirty town
And the children let out from the schools

I was standing on a noisy corner
Waiting for the walking green
Across the street he stood
And he played real good
On his clarinet, for free.

Now me I play, for fortune
And those velvet curtain calls
I've got a black limosine
And two gentlemen
Escorting me to the halls
And I play, if you have the money

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Joni Mitchell - FOR FREE

Name _____

Or if you're a friend to me
But the one man band
By the quick lunch stand
He was playing real good, for free.

Nobody, stopped to hear him
Though he played so sweet and high
They knew he had never
Been on their T.V.
So they passed his music by
I meant to go over and ask for a song
Maybe put on a harmony...
I heard his refrain
As the signal changed
He was playing real good, for free.

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BIG YELLOW TAXI

They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot
With a pink hotel, a boutique
And a swinging hot spot
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot.

They took all the trees
And put them in a tree museum
And they charged all the people
A dollar and a half just to see 'em
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot.

Hey, farmer, farmer
Put away that B.D.T. now
Give me spots on my apples
But leave me the birds and the bees
Please!
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot.

Late last night
I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi
Took away my old man

Joni Mitchell - BIG YELLOW TAXI

Name _____

Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone,
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot

THE CIRCLE GAME

Yesterday a child came out to wonder
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder
And tearful at the falling of a star
Then the child moved ten times round the seasons
Skated over ten clear frozen streams
Words like, when you're older, must appease him
And promises of someday make his dreams
 And the seasons they go round and round
 And the painted ponies go up and down
 We're captive on the carousel of time
 We can't return we can only look behind
 From where we came
 And go round and round and round
 In the circle game.

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers, gone now
Cart wheels turn to car wheels thru the town
And they tell him, take your time, it won't be long now
Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down
 And the seasons they go round and round
 And the painted ponies go up and down
 We're captive on the carousel of time
 We can't return we can only look behind
 From where we came
 And go round and round and round
 In the Circle game.

So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty
Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true
There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams and plenty
Before the last revolving year is through.
 And the seasons they go round and round
 And the painted ponies go up and down
 We're captive on the carousel of time
 We can't return, we can only look behind
 From where we came
 And go round and round and round
 In the circle game