

Infidels

The Biblical Spirituality of Bob Dylan

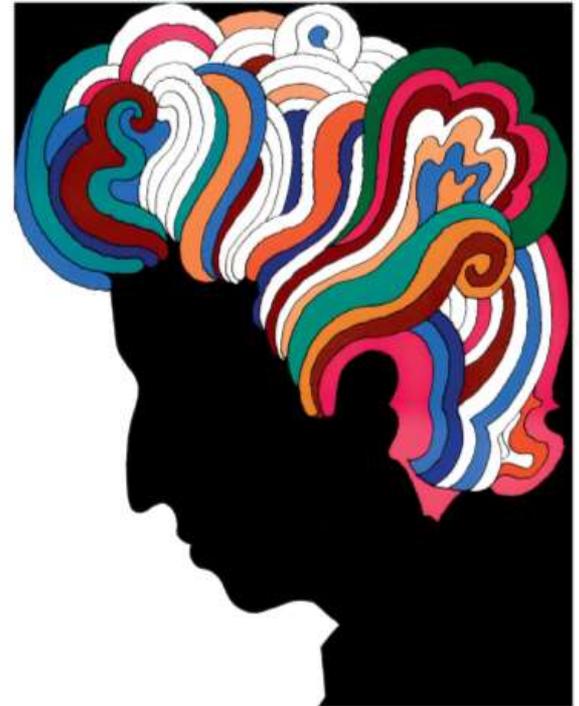
Tapping Into Theology

Rick Bauer and The Deacon Blues Band



INFIDELS

THE MUSIC AND BIBLICAL
SPIRITUALITY OF BOB DYLAN



Agenda

- “Don’t know how it all got started” (Introductions)
- Part I. **Dylan the Social Gospel Troubadour and Folk Singer**
- Part II. **Dylan the Convert**
- Part III. **Dylan: Poet and Prophet**
- “Draw conclusions on the wall” (The biblical imagination of Bob Dylan)

Bob Dylan: Don't Know How It All Got Started

- Born in Duluth, Minnesota on May 24, 1941
- Raised in Hibbing, Minnesota
- Raised in a traditional Jewish household by Russian immigrants
- Was big fan of folk artist, Woody Guthrie and rock & roll artist, Little Richard
- Moved to Minneapolis Minnesota in September of 1959 to attend University of Minnesota.
- Moved to Greenwich Village, New York City in January of 1961.



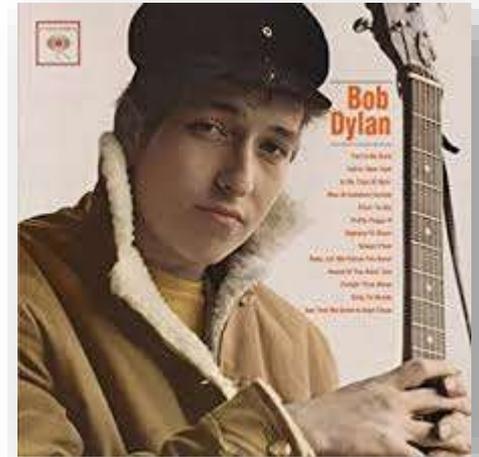
Dylan

I. Social Gospel Troubadour and Folk Singer





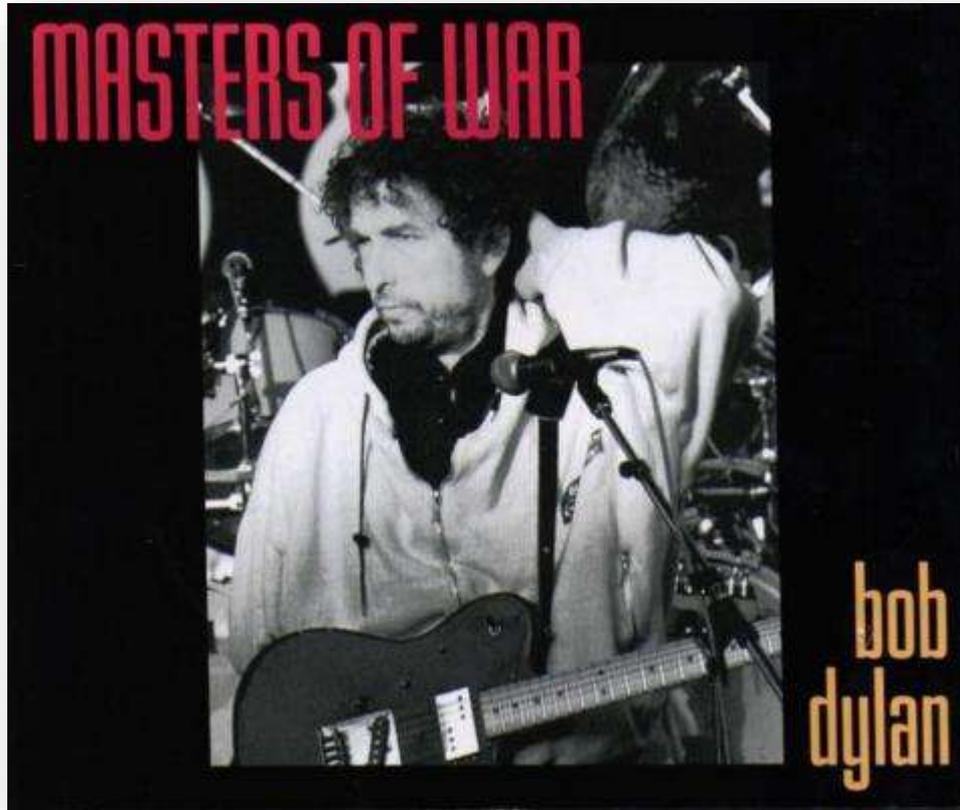
**Bob Dylan poses
for a portrait with
his Gibson
Acoustic guitar in
September 1961,
in New York City.**



This February, 1963 Don Hunstein image is a black and white variation of the photo used for the actual color cover of “The Freewheelin’ Bob Dylan” album. This iconic image shows Bob & his girlfriend Suze Rotolo walking down a cold and slushy Greenwich Village street.



The Power of the Social Gospel: Masters of War



**"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. I just want you to know I can see through your
masks... ..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."**

- Bob Dylan



Masters of War *Bob Dylan*

Come you masters of war, you that build all the guns,
You that build the death planes, you that build all the bombs;
You that hide behind walls, you that hide behind desks,
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

Like Judas of old, you lie and deceive,
A world war can be won, you want me to believe;
But I see through your eyes and I see through your brain,
Like I see through the water that runs down my drain.

Masters of War *Bob Dylan*

You fasten all 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.

How much do I know to talk out of turn,
You might say that I'm young, you might say I'm unlearned;
But there's one thing I know though I'm younger than you,
That even Jesus would never forgive what you do.

Masters of War *Bob Dylan*

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'll 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 over your grave 'til I'm sure that you're dead.

Masters of War: Exegesis

a) Lying and deceiving like Judas

b) “not even Jesus would ever forgive what you do”

a) Matthew 10:4; 26:14-16; John 6:70-71; 12:4-6

b) Cf. Matthew 9:2-8; Mark 2:5-12; Luke 5:20-26; 7:48-49

Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall



Oh
1. ~~Oh~~ where have you been my blue eyed son
Oh where have you been my darlin' young one ~~my own~~
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've ~~walked~~ and I've crawled on six crooked highways
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
- been ~~out~~ in front of a ~~dozen~~ dead oceans
- been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard
(cho) And it's a hard it's a hard it's a hard
It's a hard rain's A gonna fall

2. Oh what did you see my _____
Oh what did you see my _____
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all ~~around~~ ~~about~~
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
- saw a black branch with blood that kept dripping
- saw a room ~~full~~ full of meh with ~~hairs~~ ~~hairs~~ a bleeding
- saw a white ladder all covered with water
- ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
(cho) And it's a _____

3. And what did you hear my _____
And what _____
Heard the sound of a _____

A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall *Bob Dylan*

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard;
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall *Bob Dylan*

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?

Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?

I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it,

I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,

I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',

I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin',

I saw a white ladder all covered with water,

I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,

I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children;

And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,

And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall *Bob Dylan*

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley;
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall *Bob Dylan*

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony,
I met a white man who walked a black dog,
I met a young woman whose body was burning,
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,
I met one man who was wounded in love,
I met another man who was wounded with hatred;
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall *Bob Dylan*

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony,
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And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

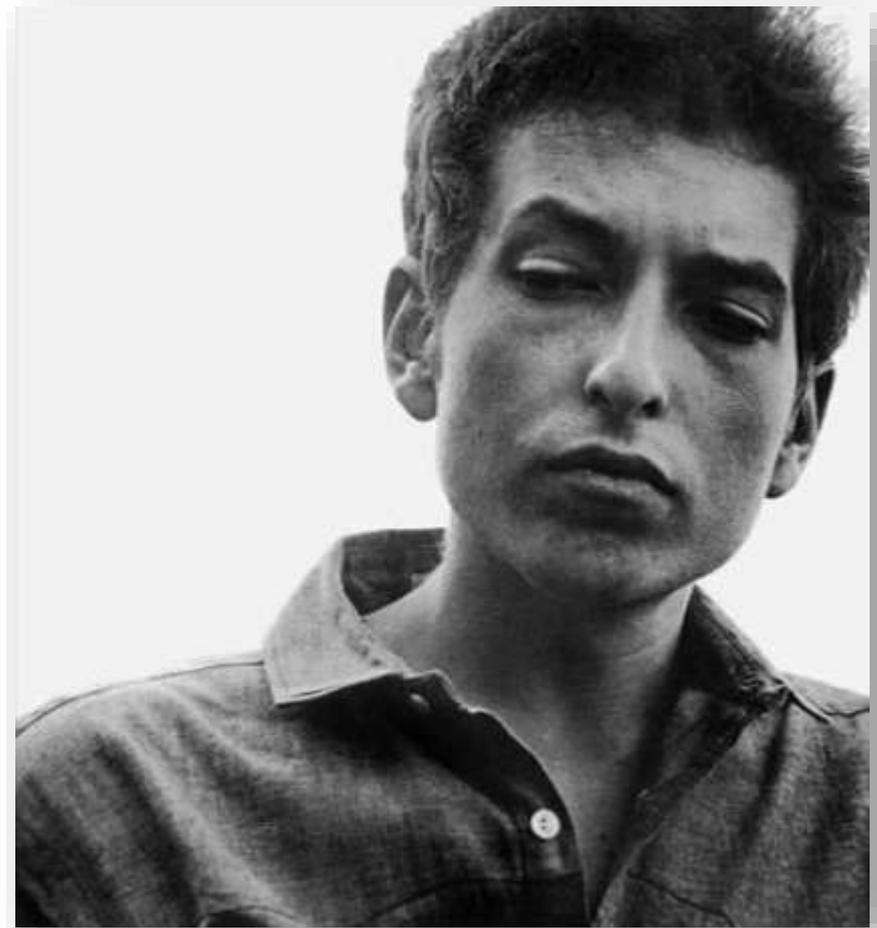
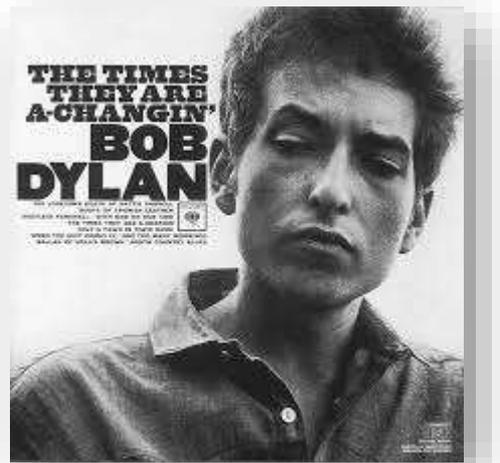
A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall *Bob Dylan*

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,
Where the executioner's face is always well-hidden,
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,
Where black is the color, where none is the number,
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it.
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',
But I'll know my song well before I start singin';
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall: Exegesis

- a) Title and lyrics
 - b) "I saw . . ."
 - c) "10,000 talkers whose tongues were all broken"
- a) Psalm 105:32; cf. Genesis 7:4, 11-12, 22-23
 - b) Frequently in Ecclesiastes and Revelation
 - c) Genesis 11:1-9

**Bob Dylan, New York
City, 1963 Cover
photograph for the
album *The Times They
Are a-Changin'***



Joan Baez and Bob Dylan during the March on Washington in 1963. Their on-again/off-again romance & relationship was memorialized in a song by Baez, entitled “Diamonds & Rust.”



Dylan

II. The Convert



Bob Dylan plays an electric guitar for the first time on stage at the Newport Folk Festival on July 25, 1965. Many in the folk community declared him a traitor to their community for his musical evolution.



Bob Dylan,
Donovan, and
Mary Travers of
Peter Paul and
Mary backstage
at the Newport
Folk Festival in
July 1965 in
Newport, Rhode
Island.



Positively 4th Street *Bob Dylan*

You've got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend,
When I was down you just stood there grinnin';
You've got a lotta nerve to say you got a helping hand to lend,
You just want to be on the side that's winnin.' . . .

You say you've lost your faith, but that's not where its at
You have no faith to lose, and ya know it . . .

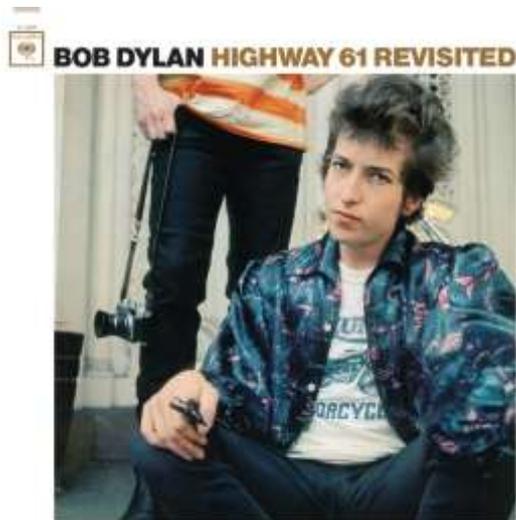
When you know as well as me, you'd rather see me paralyzed
Why don't you just come out once and scream it . . .

I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes
And just for that one moment I could be you
Yes, I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes
You'd know what a drag it is to see you



June 16, 1965 Bob Dylan walked into Studio A at Columbia Records in New York and recorded "Like a Rolling Stone," which has been called the single greatest song of all time. The track influenced an entire new generation of rock stars.

Released in late August, 1965, Dylan's landmark album "Highway 61 Revisited," literally rocked the music world. Here we see a contemplative Dylan sitting at the piano, working out the music and lyrics for "Like A Rolling Stone."





Bob Dylan and Johnny Cash perform on "The Johnny Cash Show" on June 7, 1969. They collaborated on a remake of Dylan's song "Girl From North Country" on Dylan's *Nashville Skyline*.



All Along the Watchtower *Bob Dylan*

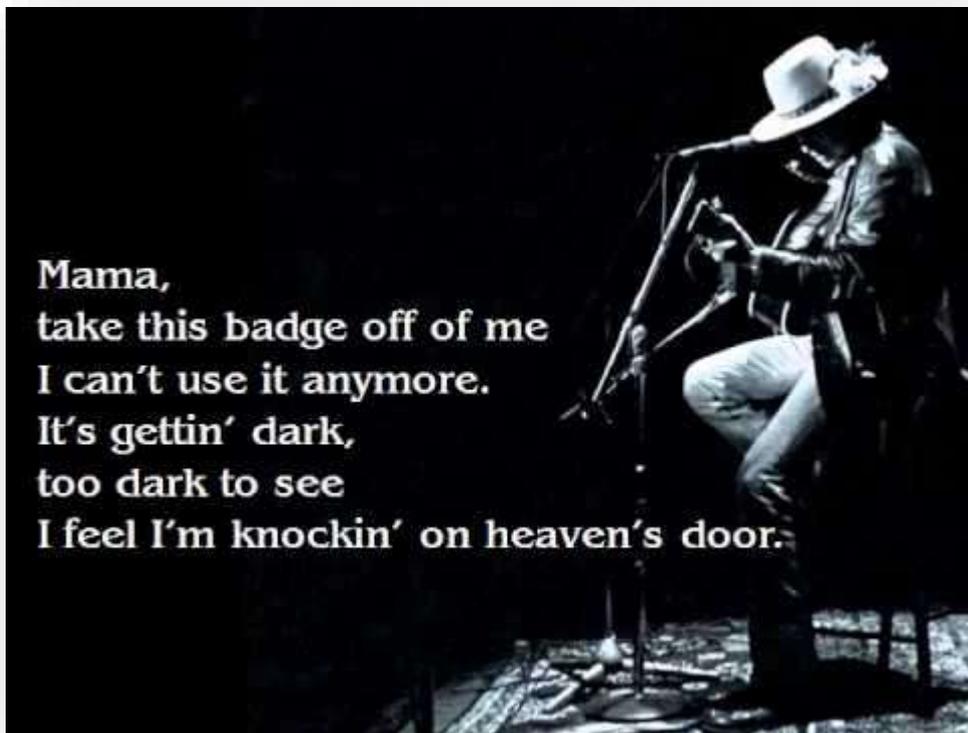
Isaiah 21:5-9

⁵ They prepare the table, they spread the rugs, they eat, they drink. Arise, O princes, oil the shield! ⁶ For thus the Lord said to me: “Go, set a watchman, let him announce what he sees. ⁷ When he sees riders, horsemen in pairs, riders on donkeys, riders on camels, let him listen diligently, very diligently.” ⁸ Then he who saw cried: “Upon a watchtower I stand, O LORD, continually by day, and at my post I am stationed whole nights. ⁹ And, behold, here come riders, horsemen in pairs.” And he answered, “Fallen, fallen is Babylon; and all the images of her gods he has shattered to the ground.”

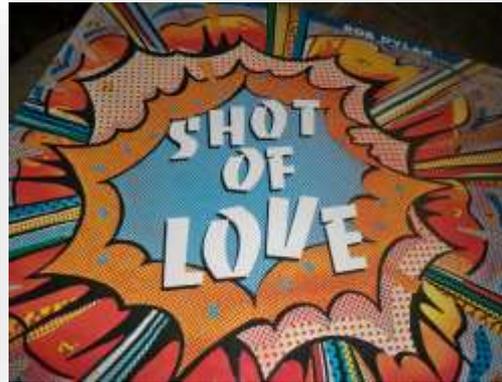
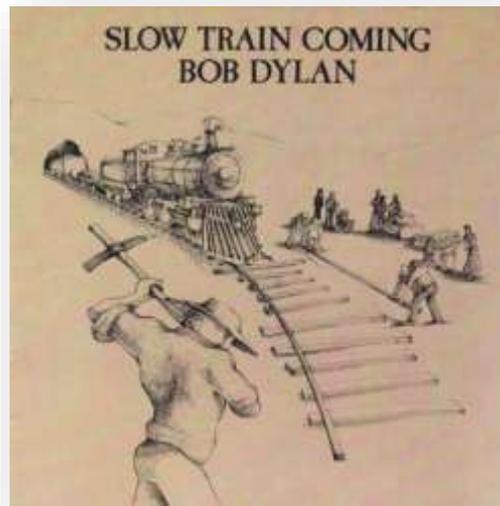
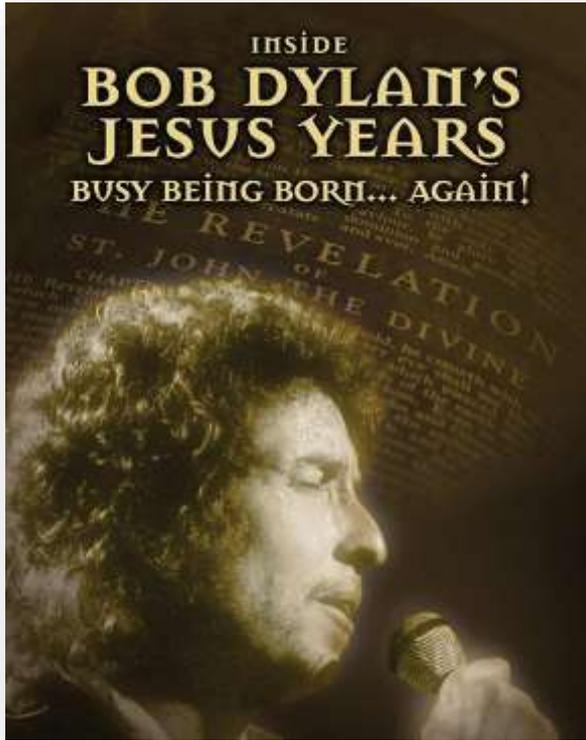
All Along the Watchtower: Exegesis

- a) Title of the song and the lyrics
 - b) The conversation between the joker and the thief
 - c) “too much confusion”
 - d) “let us not talk falsely”
 - e) “the hour is getting late”
 - f) “a wildcat did growl”
 - g) “two riders were approaching”
- a) Isaiah 21:8
 - b) Matthew 27:38, 44; Mark 15:27; Luke 23:33, 39-43; John 19:18
 - c) Isaiah 24:10; 41:29; I Corinthians 14:33
 - d) Jeremiah 5:31; 29:9
 - e) Matthew 24:42-44; Luke 12: 39-40; John 5:25; I John 2:18
 - f) I Peter 5:8
 - g) Zechariah 1:8; Revelation 6:2-8; 19:11

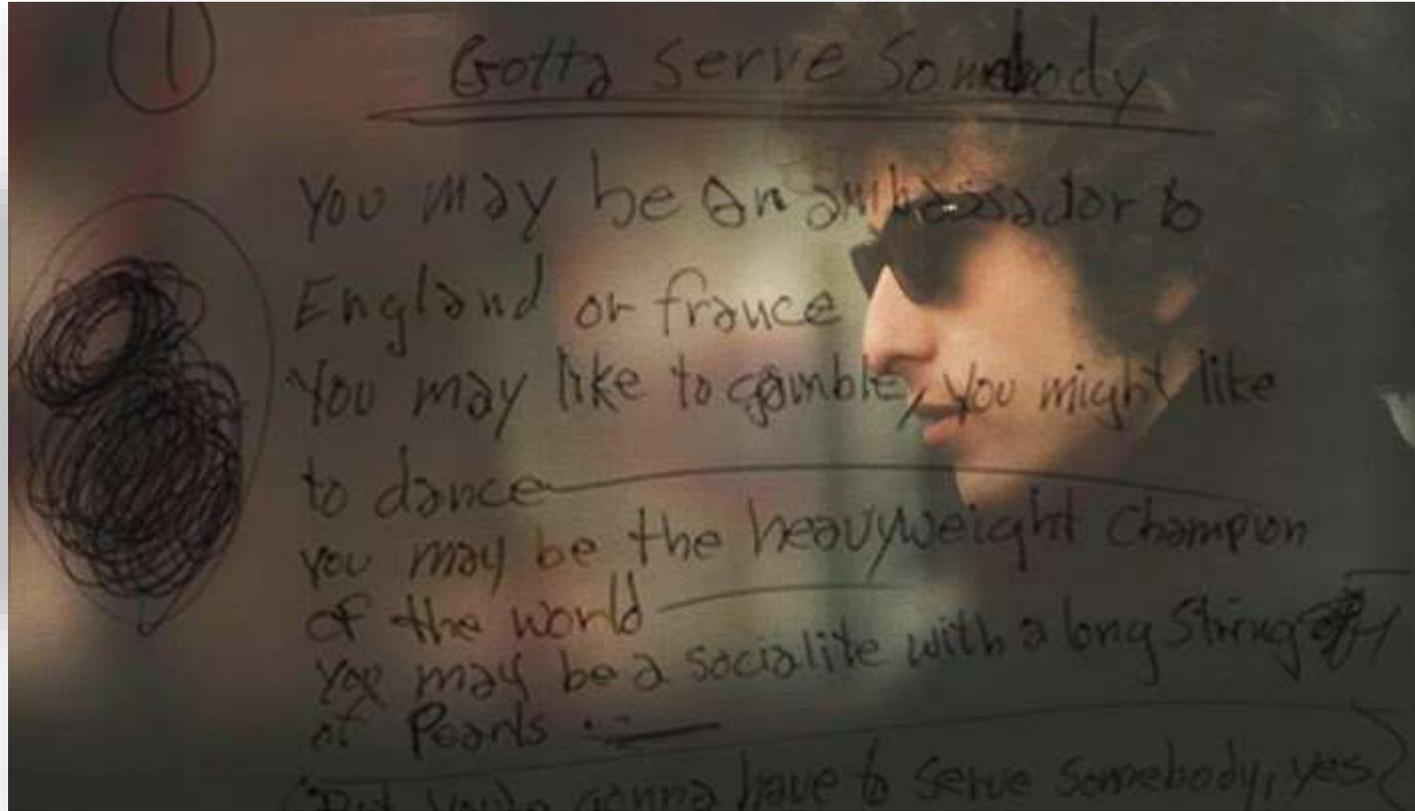
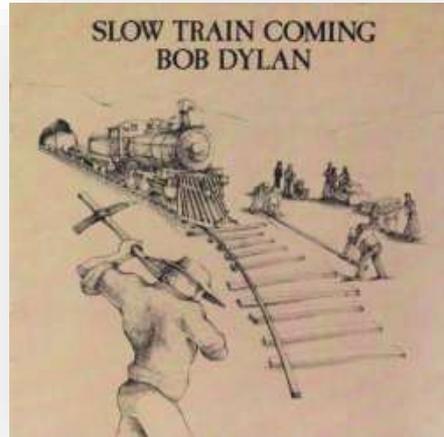
Knocking on Heaven's Door: 1973



“Born-Again” Dylan



Gotta Serve Somebody



“Gotta Serve Somebody”

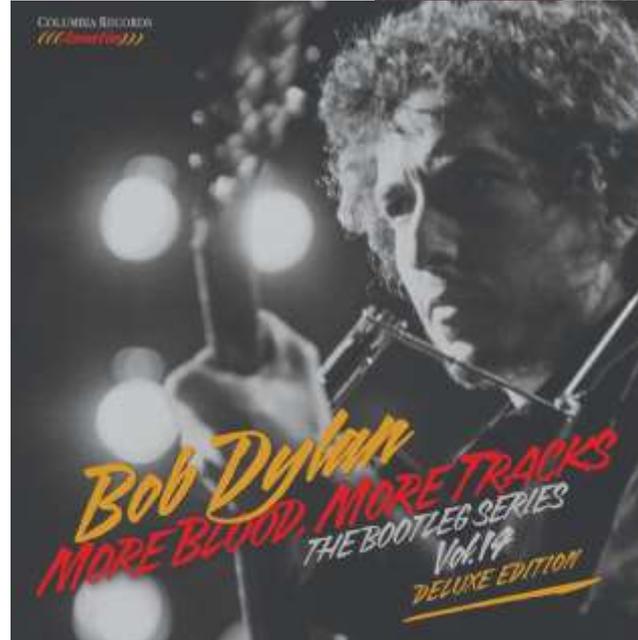
“No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon.” Matthew 6:24, Luke 16:13.

**George Harrison
and Bob Dylan
perform during the
Concert for
Bangladesh at
Madison Square
Garden, New York,
on August 1, 1971.**



1975: *Blood on the Tracks*

- “Tangled Up in Blue”
- “If You See Her, Say Hello”
- “You’re a Big Girl Now”
- “Shelter from the Storm”
- November 2, 2018: *More Blood, More Tracks* (“Bootleg Series Volume 14”), 6-CD release



Shelter from the Storm *Bob Dylan*

'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood,
When blackness was a virtue the road was full of mud;
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

And if I pass this way again, you can rest assured,
I'll always do my best for her, on that I give my word;
In a world of steel-eyed death, and men who are fighting to be warm,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

Shelter from the Storm *Bob Dylan*

Not a word was spoke between us, there was little risk involved,
Everything up to that point had been left unresolved;
Try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

I was burned out from exhaustion, buried in the hail,
Poisoned in the bushes an' blown out on the trail;
Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

Shelter from the Storm *Bob Dylan*

Suddenly I turned around and she was standin' there,
With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her hair;
She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown of thorns,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

Now there's a wall between us, somethin' there's been lost,
I took too much for granted, I got my signals crossed;
Just to think that it all began on an uneventful morn,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

Shelter from the Storm *Bob Dylan*

Well, the deputy walks on hard nails and the preacher rides a mount,
But nothing really matters much, it's doom alone that counts;
And the one-eyed undertaker, he blows a futile horn,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

I've heard newborn babies wailin' like a mournin' dove,
And old men with broken teeth stranded without love;
Do I understand your question, man, is it hopeless and forlorn?
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

Shelter from the Storm *Bob Dylan*

In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes,
I bargained for salvation and she gave me a lethal dose;
I offered up my innocence I got repaid with scorn,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

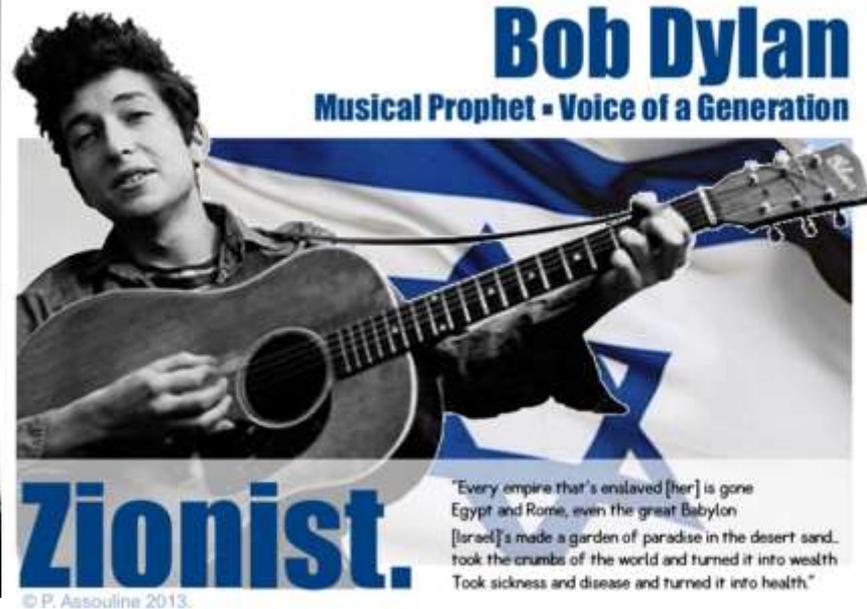
Well, I'm livin' in a foreign country but I'm bound to cross the line,
Beauty walks a razor's edge, someday I'll make it mine;
If I could only turn back the clock to when God and her were born,
Come in, she said, I'll give ya shelter from the storm.

Shelter from the Storm: Exegesis

- a) Title of the song and the lyrics
 - b) “hilltop village”
 - c) Gambling for clothes
 - d) “I bargained for salvation and they gave me a lethal dose”
 - e) “I offered up my innocence”
- a) Isaiah 25:4; “For thou hast been a stronghold to the poor, a stronghold to the needy in his distress, a shelter from the storm and a shade from the heat; for the blast of the ruthless is like a storm against a wall” (RSV)
 - b) i.e. Jerusalem
 - c) Psalm 22:18; Matthew 27:35; Mark 15:24; Luke 23:34; John 19:23-24
 - d) Same as c)
 - e) Hebrews 9:28 with 4:15; John 1:29; Acts 8:32-33 (Isaiah 53:7); I Peter 1:19

Dylan

III. Poet and Prophet



In the '80s , Dylan started recording and playing gospel music, toured with the Grateful Dead, took part in USA for Africa and even collaborated with rapper Kurtis Blow. His albums met with mixed results. Pictured: Dylan performing with U2's Bono, in April 1987.





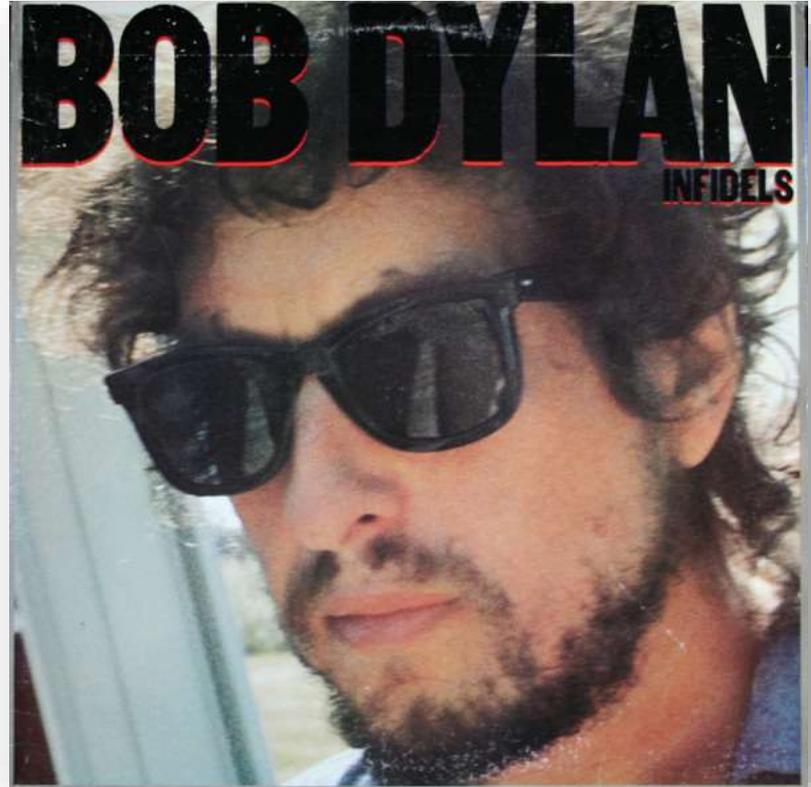
**Bob Dylan visits the
Wailing Wall in
Jerusalem on the day
of his son's Bar
Mitzvah on September
20th, 1983.**



In 1994, Dylan performed at the 25th anniversary of Woodstock in upstate New York. He had rejected an invitation to play at the original 1969 Woodstock festival, choosing instead to appear at the Isle of Wight festival in England on August 31, 1969.

Infidels: Dylan Mastery as Prophetic Poet (1983)

- “Jokerman”
- “Neighborhood Bully”
- “License to Kill”
- “Union Sundown”
- “Man of Peace”
- “I and I”



Neighborhood Bully *Bob Dylan*

Well, the neighborhood bully, he's just one man,
His enemies say he's on their land;
They got him outnumbered about a million to one,
He got no place to escape to, no place to run,
He's the neighborhood bully.

The neighborhood bully he just lives to survive,
He's criticized and condemned for being alive;
He's not supposed to fight back, he's supposed to have thick skin,
He's supposed to lay down and die when his door is kicked in,
He's the neighborhood bully.

The neighborhood bully been driven out of every land
He's wandered the earth an exiled man
Seen his family scattered, his people hounded and torn
He's always on trial for just being born
He's the neighborhood bully.

Neighborhood Bully *Bob Dylan*

Well, he knocked out a lynch mob, he was criticized,
Old women condemned him, said he should apologize;
Then he destroyed a bomb factory, nobody was glad,
The bombs were meant for him. He was supposed to feel bad,
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, the chances are against it, and the odds are slim,
That he'll live by the rules that the world makes for him;
'Cause there's a noose at his neck and a gun at his back,
And a license to kill him is given out to every maniac,
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, he got no allies to really speak of,
What he gets he must pay for, he don't get it out of love;
He buys obsolete weapons and he won't be denied,
But no one sends flesh and blood to fight by his side,
He's the neighborhood bully.

Neighborhood Bully *Bob Dylan*

Well, he's surrounded by pacifists who all want peace,
They pray for it nightly that the bloodshed must cease;
Now, they wouldn't hurt a fly. To hurt one they would weep,
They lay and they wait for this bully to fall asleep,
He's the neighborhood bully.

Every empire that's enslaved him is gone,
Egypt and Rome, even the great Babylon;
He's made a garden of paradise in the desert sand,
In bed with nobody, under no one's command,
He's the neighborhood bully.

Now his holiest books have been trampled upon,
No contract that he signed was worth that what it was written on;
He took the crumbs of the world and he turned it into wealth,
Took sickness and disease and he turned it into health,
He's the neighborhood bully.

Neighborhood Bully *Bob Dylan*

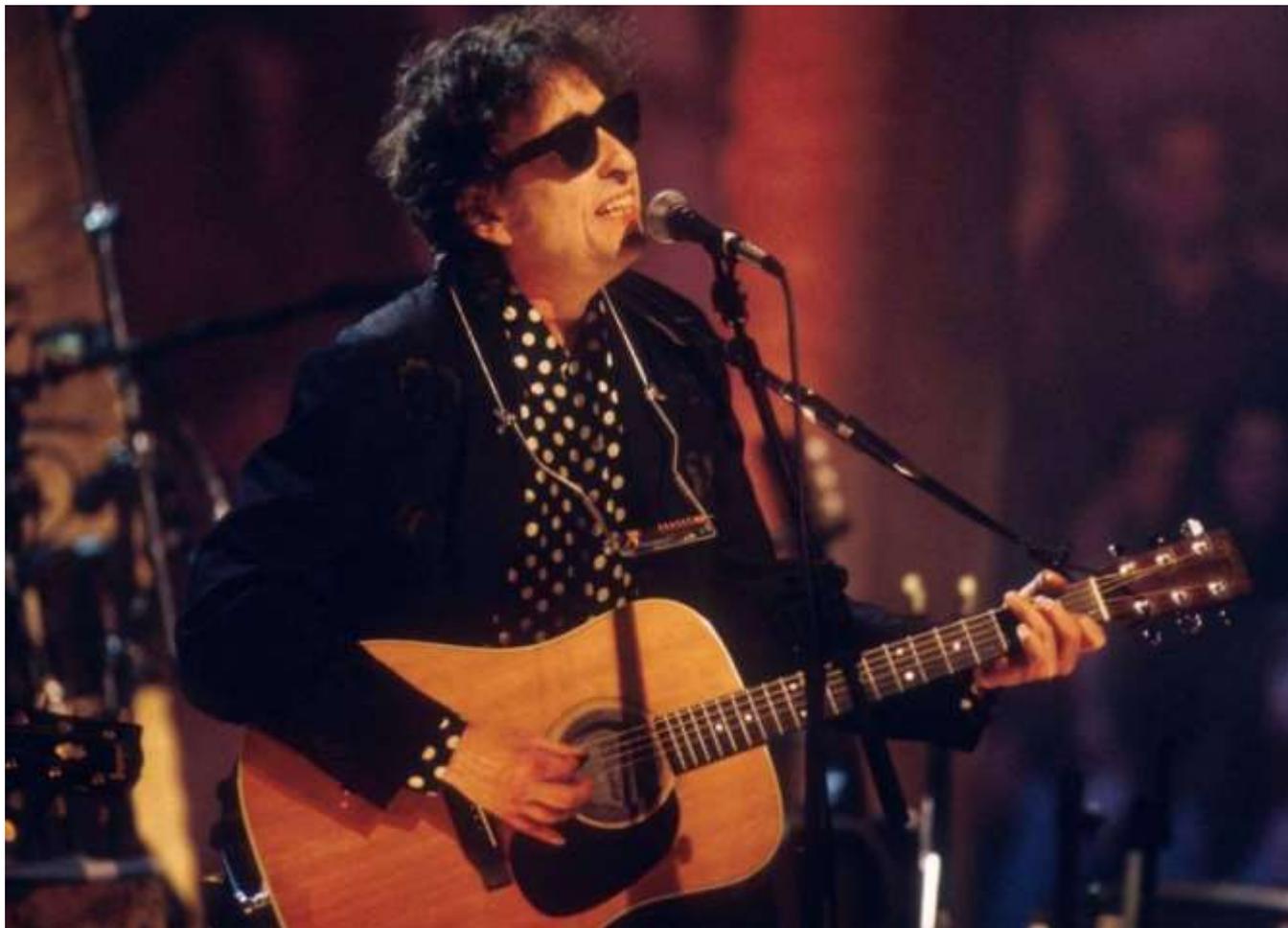
What's anybody indebted to him for?
Nothing, they say. He just likes to cause war;
Pride and prejudice and superstition indeed,
They wait for this bully like a dog waits for feed,
He's the neighborhood bully.

What has he done to wear so many scars?
Does he change the course of rivers? Does he pollute the moon and stars?
Neighborhood bully, standing on the hill,
Running out the clock, time standing still,
Neighborhood bully.

Neighborhood Bully: Exegesis

- a) Pacifists praying for the peace [of Jerusalem] that bloodshed will cease
- b) Egypt, Rome, Babylon
- c) Standing on a hill

- a) Psalm 122:6
- b) Nations that ruled over Israel, variously throughout the biblical period
- c) Matthew 5:14



**Bob Dylan
performs on
“MTV
Unplugged” at
the Sony Music
Studio in New
York City on
November 18,
1994.**

Man of Peace *Bob Dylan*

Look out your window, baby, there's a scene you'd like to catch,
The band is playing "Dixie", a man got his hand outstretched;
Could be the Fuhrer, could be the local priest,
You know sometimes Satan, you know he comes as a man of peace.

He got a sweet gift of gab, he got a harmonious tongue,
He knows every song of love that ever has been sung;
Good intentions can be evil, both hands can be full of grease,
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, first he's in the background, and then he's in the front,
Both eyes are looking like they're on a rabbit hunt;
Nobody can see through him, no, not even the Chief of Police,
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Man of Peace *Bob Dylan*

Well, he catch you when you're hoping for a glimpse of the sun,
Catch you when your troubles feel like they weigh a ton;
He could be standing next to you, the person that you'd notice least,
I hear that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, he can be fascinating, he can be dull,
He can ride down Niagara Falls in the barrels of your skull;
I can smell something cooking, I can tell there's going to be a feast,
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

He's a great humanitarian, he's great philanthropist,
He knows just where to touch you honey, and how you like to be kissed;
He'll put both his arms around you, you can feel the tender touch of the beast.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Man of Peace *Bob Dylan*

Well, the howling wolf will howl tonight, the king snake will crawl,
Trees that've stood for a thousand years suddenly will fall;
Want to get married? Do it now—tomorrow all activity will cease,
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Somewhere Mama's weeping for her blue-eyed boy,
She's holding them little white shoes and that little broken toy;
And he's following a star, the same one them three men followed from the East,
I hear that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

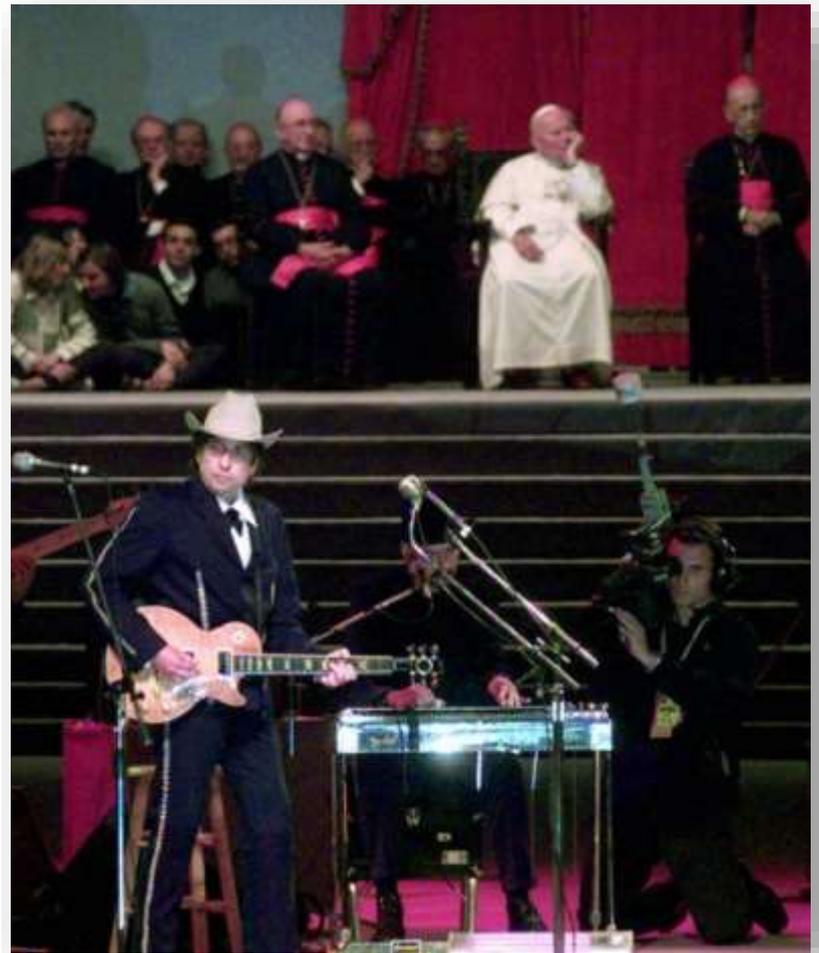
Man of Peace: Exegesis

- a) Satan resembling a man of peace
 - b) “A harmonious tongue”
 - c) “how you liked to be kissed . . . you can feel the tender touch of the beast”
 - d) “the howling wolf will howl tonight:
 - e) “the king snake will crawl”
 - f) “Trees that’ve stood for 1000 years suddenly will fall”
 - g) “Wanna get married? Do it now”
 - h) “Tomorrow all activity will cease”
 - i) “following a star/The same one them three men followed from the East”
- a) 2 Corinthians 11:14; cf. Revelation 13:3, 11, 14
 - b) Proverbs 26:28; 29:5
 - c) Matthew 26:47-49; Mark 14:43-45; Luke 22:47-48; cf. John 18:2-5
 - d) Matthew 7:15; 10:16; Luke 10:3; John 10:12; Acts 20:29
 - e) Genesis 3:14
 - f) Revelation 20:1-7
 - g) Matthew 22:30; Mark 12:25; Luke 20:35
 - h) John 9:4
 - i) Matthew 2:1-2, 9-10

**Charlton
Heston, Bob
Dylan &
Lauren Bacall
applaud one
another at The
White House
after the
Kennedy
Center Honors
ceremony on
December 7,
1997.**



Dylan performed one of his best-known songs, “Knockin' on Heaven's Door” in front of Pope (now Saint) John Paul II in Bologna, Italy on Sept. 27, 1997, before an estimated crowd of 300,000. St. John Paul is playing the harmonica. 😊



I and I *Bob Dylan*

Been so long since a strange woman slept in my bed,
Look how sweet she sleeps, how free must be her dreams;
In another lifetime she must have owned the world, or been
faithfully wed,
To some righteous king who wrote psalms beside moonlit streams.

(chorus) I and I,
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives;
I and I,
One say to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Think I'll go out and go for a walk,
Not much happening here, nothing ever does;
Besides, if she wakes up now, she'll just want to talk,
I got nothing to say, 'specially about whatever it was. *(chorus)*

I and I *Bob Dylan*

Took an un-trodden path once, where the swift don't win the race,
It goes to the worthy, who can divide the word of truth;
Took a stranger to teach me, to look into justice's beautiful face,
And see an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. (*chorus*)

Outside of two men on a train platform there's nothing in sight
They're waiting for spring to come, smoking down the track
The world could come to an end tonight, but that's all right
She could still be there sleeping when I get back. (*chorus*)

Noontime, and I'm still pushing myself along the road, the darkest part,
Into the narrow lanes, I can't stumble or stay put;
Someone else is speaking with my mouth, but I'm listening with my heart,
I've made shoes for everyone, even you, while I go barefoot. (*chorus*)

I and I: Exegesis

- a) Title and lyrics
- b) A strange woman
- c) A righteous king writing psalms
- d) “I and I/One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives”
- e) A path seldom taken
- f) “the swift don’t win the race”
- g) Dividing the word of truth
- h) “justice’s beautiful face:
- i) Eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth
- j) “the world could come to an end tonight, but that all right.”
- k) “noontime, I’m still pushing myself along the road, the darkest part”
- l) Narrow lanes
- m) “I’ve made shoes for everyone, even you, while I still go barefoot”

- a) Exodus 3:14
- b) Proverbs 5:3; 7:5
- c) See headings to most of Psalms 3-41
- d) Exodus 33:20
- e) Job 28:7-8
- f) Ecclesiastes 9:11
- g) 2 Timothy 2:15
- h) Psalm 89:14
- i) Exodus 21:24; Leviticus 24:20; Deuteronomy 19:21; cf. Matthew 5:38
- j) Luke 17:34
- k) Job 5:14; Psalm 91:6
- l) Matthew 7:13-14; Luke 13:23-24
- m) Matthew 3:11; Mark 1:7; Luke 3:16; John 1:27

“I and I” Biblical Imagery

- “you cannot see my face; for man shall not see me and live.” Exodus 33:20 (RSV)
- Again I saw that under the sun the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to the intelligent, nor favor to the men of skill; but time and chance happen to them all. Ecclesiastes 9:11 (RSV)
- Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. 2 Timothy 2:15 (KJV 1900)
- Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, Exodus 21:24 (KJV 1900)
- I tell you, in that night there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. Luke 17:34 (KJV 1900)

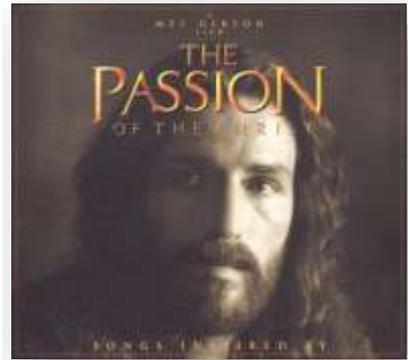
Dylan: Hebrew Christian?

As the Catholic magazine *Crux* puts it, Dylan, who emerges from his 1983 Lubavitch studies, and subsequently releases the album “Infidels,” is “not a restored Jew who has rejected Christ, but rather, a Hebrew Christian who has a better and deeper sense of his Judaism and the way it shapes his understanding of the biblical narrative and his relationship with God.”

Not Dark Yet *Bob Dylan*

Shadows are falling and I been here all day,
It's too hot to sleep and time is running away,
Feel like my soul has turned into steel,
I've still got the scars that the sun didn't let me heal;
There's not even room enough to be anywhere,
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there.

Well my sense of humanity is going down the drain,
Behind every beautiful thing, there's been some kind of pain,
She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind,
She put down in writin' what was in her mind;
I just don't see why I should even care,
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there.



Not Dark Yet *Bob Dylan*

Well I been to London and I been to gay Paree,
I followed the river and I got to the sea,
I've been down to the bottom of a whirlpool of lies,
I ain't lookin' for nothin' in anyone's eyes;
Sometimes my burden is more than I can bear,
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there.

I was born here and I'll die here, against my will,
I know it looks like I'm movin' but I'm standin' still,
Every nerve in my body is so naked and numb,
I can't even remember what it was I came here to get away from;
Don't even hear the murmur of a prayer,
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there.

Not Dark Yet: Exegesis

- a) Title and lyrics
 - b) Beautiful things accompanied by pain
 - c) “a world full of lies”
 - d) “Sometimes my burden seems more than I can bear”
 - e) “I was born here and I’ll die here, against my will”
 - f) “Don’t even hear the murmur of a prayer”
- a) John 9:4
 - b) Romans 8:24 contrasted with Romans 8:18-27
 - c) Nahum 3:1
 - d) Job 7:20; Psalms 38:4; Isaiah 30:27; cf. Matthew 11:30
 - e) Job 3:1-4
 - f) Cf. 1 Samuel 1:13

**Bob Dylan
performs
onstage during
the 17th Annual
Critics' Choice
Movie Awards
held at The
Hollywood
Palladium on
January 12, 2012
in Los Angeles,
California.
(Photo by Kevin
Winter/Getty
Images)**



Bob Dylan is presented with a Presidential Medal of Freedom by U.S. President Barack Obama during an East Room event May 29, 2012 at the White House in Washington, DC.

The Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor, is presented to individuals who have made especially meritorious contributions to the security or national interests of the United States, to world peace, or to cultural or other significant public or private endeavors.



Dylan

Forever Young

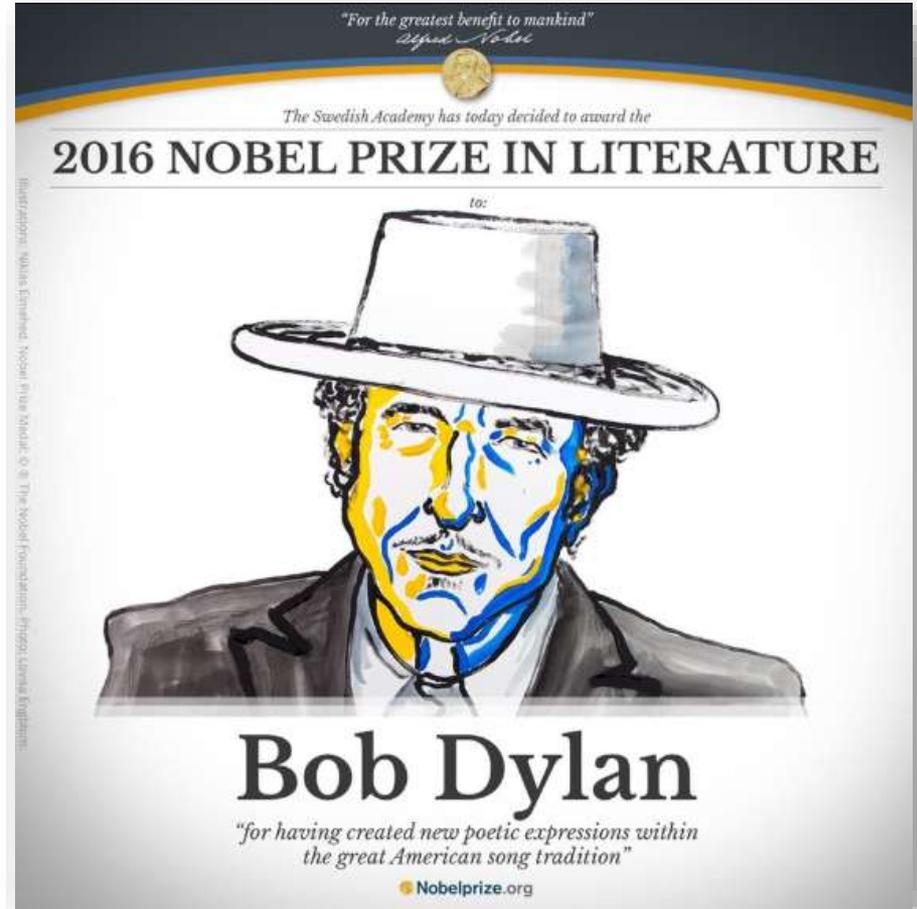




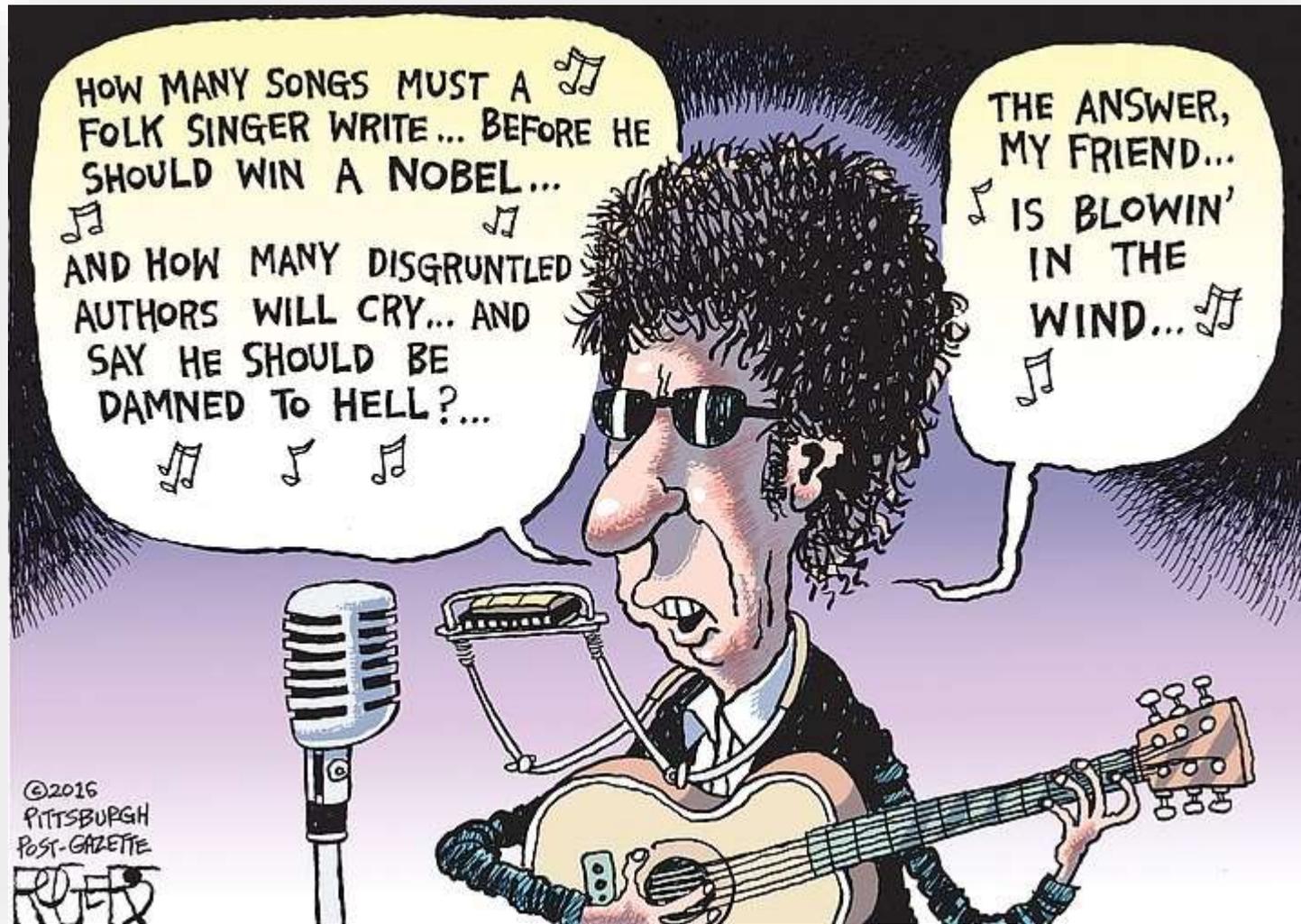
Bob Dylan, 1965 by Richard Avedon

2016 Nobel Prize in Literature

- “For having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition.”
- The Permanent Secretary of the Swedish Academy, Sara Danius said the choice of Dylan may appear surprising, “but if you look far back, ... you discover Homer and Sappho. They wrote poetic texts which were meant to be performed, and it’s the same way for Bob Dylan. We still read Homer and Sappho, and we enjoy it. We can and should read him.”



Not All
Were
Pleased





Bob Dylan by William Claxton

Forever Young *Bob Dylan*

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 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 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,
And may you stay forever young

Special Thanks...

- Paul David Almond
- Lorraine Almond
- Mary Bauer
- Stephanie Kemp and Tapping into Theology
- BobDylan.com website
- *Bob Dylan: A Spiritual Life*, by Scott Marshall
- *Tangled Up in The Bible: Bob Dylan & Scripture*, Michael Gilmour
- *Restless Pilgrim: The Spiritual Journey of Bob Dylan*, Scott Marshall and Marcia Ford
- *Bob Dylan: The Lyrics 1961-2012*, Simon and Schuster