

CHIMES OF FREEDOM (continued)

Tolling for the searching ones
On their speechless seeking trail
For lonesome hearted lovers with too personal a tale
and for each unharmed gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
As we gaze upon the chimes of freedom flashing

As we listened one last time
and we watched with one last look
spellbound and awe struck 'til the tolling ended
Electric streaks strike like arrows
blazing for those condemned to drift
Or else be kept from drifting

Tolling for the aching
whose wounds cannot be nursed
or the countless confused, accused, misused
Abused ones and worse
and for every shackled person
in the whole wide universe
As we gaze upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

CONGREGATION SHIR SHALOM

SHABBAT SHALOM, MR. DYLAN

January 12, 2018

7:00pm

Song Sheet



I SHALL BE RELEASED, Bob Dylan

They say everything can be replaced
Yet ev'ry distance is not near.
So I remember ev'ry face
Of ev'ry man who is here.

CHORUS

**I see my light come shining from the west to the east
Any day now, any day now, I shall be released.**

They say every man needs protection
They say every man might fall
Yet I see my reflection
Some place so high above it all.

CHORUS

Standing next to me in this lonely crowd
Are men who swear they're not to blame
All day long we hear them shout
Crying out they'll not be shamed.

CHORUS

CHIMES OF FREEDOM

Far between the sundown's finish
and midnights broken toll we ducked inside
the doorway as thunder went crashing

As majestic bells of bolts
struck shadows in the night
seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing

Flashing for the soldiers
whose strength is not to fight
flashing for the refugees
on the unarmed road of flight
and for each and every underdog soldier in the night
As we gaze upon the chimes of freedom flashing

At Shabbat service evenings
Rabbi weaves wondrous Torah tales
While Cantor sings the songs of our religion
As the prayers of this assemblage start fading sounding lower
leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder

Tolling for the rebel tolling for the rake
Tolling for the luckless the abandoned and forsaked
For those whose thoughtless choices lead only to mistakes
As we gaze upon the chimes of freedom flashing

(Over)