

## *Redemption Song*



*Robert Nesta Marley*

Old pirates, yes, they rob I;  
Sold I to the merchant ships,  
Minutes after they took I  
From the bottomless pit.

But my hand was made strong  
By the 'and of the Almighty.  
We forward in this generation  
Triumphantly.

Won't you help to sing  
These songs of freedom? -  
'Cause all I ever have:  
Redemption songs;  
Redemption songs.

Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery;  
None but ourselves can free our minds.  
Have no fear for atomic energy,  
'Cause none of them can stop the time.

How long shall they kill our prophets,  
While we stand aside and look? Ooh!  
Some say it's just a part of it:  
We've got to fulfil de book.

Won't you help to sing  
These songs of freedom?

'Cause all I ever have:  
Redemption songs;  
Redemption songs;  
Redemption songs.

Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery;  
None but ourselves can free our mind.  
Wo! Have no fear for atomic energy,  
'Cause none of them-a can-a stop-a the time.

How long shall they kill our prophets,  
While we stand aside and look?  
Yes, some say it's just a part of it:  
We've got to fulfil de book.

Won't you help to sing  
Dese songs of freedom? -

'Cause all I ever had:  
Redemption songs;

And all I ever heard:  
Redemption songs.  
These songs of freedom,  
Songs of freedom.

*In September, 1980 I visited New York City for the first time. I stayed at the Essex House Hotel at the southern end of Central Park. Bob Marley and the Wailers were staying at the same hotel. They were in town for a series of concerts with the Commodores at Madison Square Garden. I saw Bob and his entourage in the lobby one afternoon. Of course they looked a little different than the other hotel guests. Of course they all stood out. But Bob had a presence the others lacked. He was wearing a Rasta tam (knitted cap) over his dreadlocks. He was ill at this time, but I didn't know that then. His vibration, maybe dimmed by illness, still filled that lobby. Just standing in his presence you could feel it. He died less than eight months later. But his vibrations can still be felt in the music and spiritual philosophy he left behind.*

- Joe Beine, [genrootsblog.blogspot.com](http://genrootsblog.blogspot.com)