

My Sweet And Bitter Bowl

Jonatha Brooke

I ride the fastest horse and ships;
I sip the sweetest warmest lips;
I deck myself with the prettiest clothes;
But my true love is frozen cold.

Those soldiers bold have tried of me;
Sailormen that sailed the sea;
Pioneers have broke my soils,
But my true love is frozen cold.

If you would open and raise my soul
If you would pass my gates and doors
If you'd unlock my frozen loves,
Just drink my sweet and my bitter bowl

Summer's lovers I have tried,
Fair weather soldiers in their pride;
The fat, the slim, the tall, the fair,
But none did comb my tangled hair.

When I do find my one of all,
I'll dance my joy and sing my call;
My mountain and tree will see us roll
To break these locks that chain my soul.

If you would open and raise my soul
If you would pass my gates and doors
If you'd unlock my frozen loves,
Just drink my sweet and my bitter bowl

If my eyes tell you that you're this one,
My lifetime long and hungry one,
I'll kiss our key that brings you in
And I'll forget your greatest sin.

When I hold you warm in hand
And walk you through creation's land,
Love me like our easiest breeze
That kisses our sun in my windburnt trees.

If you would open and raise my soul
If you would pass my gates and doors
If you'd unlock my frozen loves,
Just drink my sweet and my bitter bowl

This wild grass is our document;
This bed of leaves our free permit;
Our vow is laughed in lakes and pools,
Our wedding rings are dewdrop jewels.

For you I'll hunger most and worst;
You'll be my hottest driest thirst;
You are my fire that never dies;
My soul is in your hands and eyes.

If you would open and raise my soul
If you would pass my gates and doors

If you'd unlock my frozen loves,
Just drink my sweet and my bitter bowl

I am your battles still to fight;
I'll be your roughest day and night;
I'll take from you your hardest sweat
And pay you in words not sung nor said.