

October 2022

Sweetly reclined
Quincy Flint

Capo III
Key C --> D#

A breath of the heavens
In a child below
Touched by the rafters
An angel of snow

Old poets and prophets
In false idols find
The strength and the courage
That wisdom belies

Muscari in jaundice
Cut from the vine
A flower unblossomed
A bitter red wine

So pray to the father
Have faith in his might
When he peels back the curtain
He brings in the light

Sweetly Reclined
Sweetly Reclined

Sweetly Reclined
Sweetly Reclined

A lamb of the pasture
She'd frolic and smile
Through a field made of laughter
She's home for a while

Laughter and dancing
Now silently sleep
The words she was thinking
Forever she keeps

As soft as the snow falls
As certain as time
She gently lays waiting
Among crimson and white

A rose on her bosom
A stone in her eye
Of satin and silver
Her bedroom lined

Sweetly Reclined
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Sweetly Reclined
Sweetly Reclined

CG FC DmC GC
FG AmG DmC GC
GC GC

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Too young to marry
Too old to lament
His hand she'd forsaken
Her love she had lent

All the wisdom and courage
In a bed full of lies
All the strength and the courage
That wisdom belies

Under the starlight
In the dark of a night
A young virgin waiting
Forever she lies

Old poets and prophets
My father they cry
Bring peace and love
For this child of mine
Sweetly reclined
Sweetly Reclined

A bed of lies

A taste of the heavens
A sweet cherry wine
Her pale cheeks blushing
Her features divine

Muscari not ripened
Yet cut from the vine
A flower unblossomed
A bitter red wine
Sweetly reclined
Sweetly Reclined

Watching and waiting
Sweetly reclined
No life in her eyes

A fair-haired maiden
Not full one and nine
The lord has taken
This love of mine

No poets or prophets
On false idols pray
A taste of the heavens
For the kindred to find

A treasure not stolen,
Not foraged or mined
From God's hand molded
This child of mine

A taste of the heavens
In a child below
Touched by the rafters
A young bourdeaux

A taste of the heavens
In a child below
Touched by the rafters
An angel in snow

Old poets and prophets
In false idols find
The truth and the wisdom
The wisdom and courage
Of the dumb and the blind
The youth hold tight
Known to the blind

What's golden should glisten
And my how she shines
Her pale hand unblemished
A child divine

October 2022

A treasure not stolen,
Foraged, or mined
From God's hand molded
A child divine
Sweetly reclined
Sweetly Reclined

Under the starlight
In the dark of a night
A young virgin waiting
Just out of sight

She rests on a Sunday
In the cold of the night

Under the skies
Sweetly reclined
Sweetly Reclined

A treasure not stolen,
Foraged, or mined
From God's hand molded
A child divine

Too young to marry
Too old to lament
His hand she'd forsaken
Her love she had lent

A treasure should glisten
And my how she shines
Her pale hand unblemished
A child divine
Sweetly reclined
Sweetly Reclined

CG
FC AmG DmC GC GC GC

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Quincy Flint

As soft as the snow falls
On her lily white hand
As sure as the night calls
The sober dark man

A lamb of the pasture
In a field sewn of lies
The wise me spin laughter
And they lady's all cry

Too young to marry
Too old to opine
His hand she'd forsaken
I'd given her mine

[Too young to marry
Too old to lament
His hand she'd forsaken
Her love she had lent]

[Too young to marry
Too old to opine
His hand she'd forsaken
I'd given her mine]

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