

We work the soil

FOSSE WAY ANACRUSIS
11.10.11.10

Words: Kate Bluett
Music: David Lee

1. We work the soil, to reap its thorns and this-tles;— we
2. There is no bread that sa - tis - fies our hun-ger;— there

Chords: Eb, Fm7/Bb, Eb

toil un - til we join the bu - ried seed. We
is no wine can slake our end - less thirst un -

Chords: Ab, Eb/G, Ab, Bbsus4, Bb7, G7/B

sweat the days from birth to our dis - mis - sal, and
til we taste the dirt we're bur - ied un - der, un -

Chords: Cm, G7, Fm7, Bbsus4, Bb7, G7, Cm

what we long for, we can ne - ver eat.
til the dust we came from comes to dust. sweet.

Chords: Ab, Fm7, Fm7/Bb, Eb, Bbsus4, Eb

all except last | last

3 For we have poured out blood upon these furrows,
and thereof we have eaten bitter grains.
The firstfruits that we offered God were sorrows;
resentful and downhearted, we were Cain.

4 And this is the compassion of our maker,
the light that guides us into ways of peace:
He shapes himself of sod to be our savior;
the master serves his servants at his feast.

5 Not just the wheat Cain burned upon the altar,
but Abel's lamb disguised as simple bread.
So God accepts Cain's once-imperfect offering,
and Cain at last, at last can lift his head.

6 The dust we taste is not our bread forever,
and sorrow is not all we're doomed to eat.
Our seeds will finally grow to something better;
our bitter plantings blossom into sweet.