

Aphrodite

Words: Sandra Brooks-Mathers and Cynthia R. Crossen;

Music: Cynthia R. Crossen, © 1986 Cynthia R. Crossen

Aphrodite, Aphrodite, golden glowing light inside me,
Aphrodite, Aphrodite, Warm the cockles of my heart.

Aphrodite, Aphrodite, bring your beauty to delight me,
Aphrodite, Aphrodite, warm the cockles of my heart.
Warm the cockles of my heart.

You spring forth, full-blown from the sea,
Lively and pulsing bright,
Round you gather fragrant flowers,
Roses red, the kiss of life,

Roses red are the kiss of life,
Roses the kiss, Roses the kiss, kiss of life,
Roses the kiss, kiss kiss kiss of

Aphrodite, Aphrodite, tasty pleasures wake inside me,
Take a nibble, Aphrodite, take a nibble of my heart,
Take a nibble of my heart.

Wake us with your kiss of life,
The roses from your garden,
Wake us with a kiss, wake us with a kiss, wake us with a kiss a kiss.

Beauty, love and pleasure you give us full measure,
You delight us with your treasure,
Wake us with a kiss.

Offering the golden apple,
Sweet as honey, warm as love,
Juicy scarlet pomegranate,
Ripened by the sun above.

Graceful as two swans on water gliding together awhile,
Dance in time with your fine lover, hold your love within your smile,
Hold your lover within your smile.

Beauty, love and pleasure you give us full measure,
you delight us with your treasure, wake us with a kiss

Aphrodite, Aphrodite,
Aphrodite, Aphrodite
Aphrodite, Aphrodite delight!