

The Berry and the Thorn

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Intro: D - Am - D - Am

D *Am7* *D* *Am7*
I lived within a cloister garden, / Where every fruit & flower was grown,
Bm *C* *Cm* *Gm*
The only taste I knew was swe-e-e-tness, And nowhere, not a single thorn,
Cm *D* - *Cm* - *D*
Nowhere, not a single thorn,

D *Am7* *D* *Am7*
Outside the walls there grew a bramble, / Whose winding paths I feared to tread,
Bm *C* *Cm* *Gm*
But every briar was la-a-den full, With wondrous berries ripe and red,
Cm *D* - *Cm* - *D*
Wondrous berries ripe and red,

D *Am7* *D* *Am7*
I climbed the wall to taste a berry, / Though thorny prickles pierced my feet,
Bm *C* *Cm* *Gm*
I never knew such full completeness, Sublimely bitter, yet still sweet,
Cm *D* - *Cm* - *D*
Sublimely bitter, yet still sweet,

D *Am7* *D* *Am7*
And now the woodland ways I'll follow, / The taste of wildness on my tongue,
Bm *C* *Cm* *Gm*
For pain is naught but pleasure's shadow, I choose the berry with the thorn,
Cm *D* - *Cm* - *D*
I choose the berry with the thorn, ooo - - ooo
Cm *D*
I choose the berry with the thorn.