

Bring Me the Bowl
Music by Philip Paul Bliss

1. [Father]

Bring me the bowl, for my brain hath grown wild;
Only this solace remaineth, my child.
Let me drink deeply the spell will not last,
Shading the fuure, the present, the past;
Yet, while its potency steepeth the soul,
I shall find quietude bring me the bowl.

2.[Daughter]

Nay, nay, my father, oh, pause and beware;
This is no solace, but povertys snare.
What tho the past and the present are veiled,
Tis from the future thy spirit hath quailed.
Meet not its wrath with new stain on thy soul,
List to thine only one flee from the bowl.

3.[Father]

Bring it my hand shall be steady once more;
Rest shall return to my heart as of yore.
Dreams shall convert to a rose ev ry thorn,
Dreaming this night, it shall seem to be morn.
Then, O Remorse, though thy billows may roll,
Lethes are mightier bring me the bowl.

4.[Daughter]

Father, dear father, in mercy yet stay,
Heaven is pointing the narrower way;
She who sank down in lifes strggle and died,
Now in her angelhood watcheth beside.
Ere oer thine head shall the death waters roll,
Hear her voice plead in mine flee from the bowl.

5.[Father]

Aye! I remember that sunniest brow,
Dust of the sepulcher covers it now.
Why did I leave her for woe and for wine?
Why do her scents so linger in thine?
Wouldst thou yet save me, sweet sanctified soul?
Then and forever, a way with the bowl!
Then and forever, a way with the bowl!

DUET [overlapping voices]

[DAUGHTER]

Then and forever, away with the bowl,
Then and forever, away with the bowl;
Away, away, away with the bowl;
away, away, away with the bowl;
away, away, away, away the bowl;
away, away, ayay the bowl,
Then and forever away with the bowl,
Then and forever away with the bowl.

[FATHER]

Then and forever, away with the bowl,
forever, away with the bowl;
Away, away, away the bowl;
away, away, away the bowl;
away, away, away, the bowl;
away, away the bowl,
Then and forever away with the bowl,
Then and forever away with the bowl.