

## Charity Brown

### "Hymn #101"

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And I've come to know the wish list of my father  
I've come to know the shipwrecks where he's been  
I've come to wish allow  
Among the overdressed crowd  
Come to witness now the sinking of this ship  
Throwing pennies from the sea top next to it

And I've come to roam the forest  
Past the village  
With a dozen lazy horses in my cart  
I've come here to get high  
To do more than just get by  
I've come to test the timber of my heart  
Oh I've come to test the timber of my heart

And I've come  
To be untroubled in my seeking  
And I've come  
To see that nothing is for not  
I've come to reach out blind  
To reach forward and behind  
For the more I seek  
The more I'm sought  
Yea the more I seek  
The more I'm sought

And I've come to meet the sheriff  
And his posse  
To offer him the broad side of my jaw  
I've come here to get broke  
And maybe bum a smoke  
We'll go drinking two towns over after all  
Oh we'll go drinking two towns over after all

And I've come to meet the legendary takers  
I've only come to ask them for a lot  
Aw they say I come with less  
Than I should rightfully possess  
I say: The more I buy  
The more I'm bought  
And the more I'm bought

The less I cost

And I've come  
To take their servants and their surplus  
And I've come  
To take their rain coats and their speed  
I've come to get my fill  
To ransack and spill  
I've come to take the harvest for the seed  
I've come to take the harvest for the seed

And I've come to know the manger you sleep in  
I've come to be the stranger that you keep  
I've come from down the road  
And my footsteps never slowed  
Before we met I knew we'd meet  
Before we met I knew we'd meet

And I've come here to ignore you cries and heartaches  
I've come to closely listen to you sing  
I've come here to insist  
That I leave here with a kiss  
I've come to say exactly what I mean  
And I mean so many things

And you've come  
To know me stubborn as a bitcher  
And you've come  
To know me thankless as a guest  
But will you recognize my face  
When god's awful grace  
Strips me of my jacket and my vest  
And reveals all the treasure in my chest.

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