

There is a Garden in her face

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

There is a Gar - den in her face, Where Ros - es and white Lil - lies grow; A
he'vn - ly par - a - dice is that place, where - in all plea-sant fruits doe
flow. There Cher-ries grow which none may buy, Till Cher-ry ripe, till Cher-ry ripe, till Cher-ry
ripe, Cher-ry ripe, ripe, ripe, Cher-ry ripe, Cher-ry ripe them - selves doe cry.

2. Those Cherries fayrely doe enclose
Of Orient Pearle a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter showes,
They looke like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor Peere, nor Prince can buy,
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

3. Her Eyes like Angels watch them still;
Her Browes like bended bowes doe stand,
Threatning with piercing frownes to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.