

Thomas Campion

THE T H I R D AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF A Y R E S :

VII. There is a Garden in her face

1 There is a Garden in her face,
Where Roses and white Lillies grow ;
A heau'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits doe flow.
There Cherries grow which none may buy,
Till Cherry ripe themselues doe cry.

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