

# *VLTIMVM VALE*

Robert Iones

1605

## *10. There is a Garden in her face.*

1 There is a Garden in her face.  
Where Roses and white Lillies grow,  
A heauenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein these pleasant fruits do flow,  
There cheries grow which none can buy,  
Till chery ripe themselues do crye.

2 These cheries fairely do inclose  
Of Orient Pearle a double rowe,  
Which when her louely laughter showes,  
They looke like Rosebuds fild with snowe:  
Yet them no Peere nor Prince may buy,  
Till chery ripe themselues do crye.

3 Her eyes like Angels watch them still,  
Her browes like bended bowes do stand  
Threatning with piercing shaftes to kill  
All that presume with eye or hand  
Those sacred cheries to come nie,  
Till chery ripe themselues do crye.

words by:  
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