

Cherry Red Girl

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Welcome to this garden girl
Cold is the rose where the white lilies blow
A heavenly paradise place
Where all the pleasant little fruits do grow
Here are lovers they lie down
For the night
'Til cherry red their hearts are burning bright

Pick a fruit from her fine wardrobe
In oriental pearl and the whole double row
When her lovely little laughter shows
She looks like rosebuds filled with snow
Let no peer or prince from here
Or up on high
Meet cherry red until their hearts are burning bright

Innocent our angel still
Threatening eyes and a stare that could kill
Her brows like bows do stand
Straight in the heart, with no ring in the hand
Let no sacred fruit from here or up on high
Meet cherry red until their hearts are burning bright

Caught in the dark is the cherry red girl
Torn apart from an innocent world