

# Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White

Pat Boone

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white  
When your true lover comes your way  
It's cherry pink and apple blossom white  
The poets say

The story goes that once a cherry tree  
Beside an apple tree did grow  
And there a boy once met his  
Bride to be long, long ago

The boy looked into her eyes  
It was a sight to enthrall  
The breezes joined in their sighs  
The blossoms started to fall

And as they gently carressed  
The lovers looked up to find  
The branches of the two trees  
Were intertwined

And that is why the poets always write  
If there's a new moon bright above  
It's cherry pink and apple blossom white  
When you're in love

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