

# 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