There is a Garden in Her Face.

By Campion, Thomas .

There is a garden in her face,

Where roses and white lilies grow;

A heavenly paradise is that place,

Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.

There cherries grow which none may buy,

Till `Cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose

Of orient pearls a double row,

Which when her lovely laughter shows,

They look like rose-buds filled with snow.

Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,

Till `Cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,

Her brows like bended bows do stand,

Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill

All that attempt with eye or hand

Those sacred cherries to come nigh,

Till `Cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.