

There is a garden in her face Thomas Campion

There is a gar- den in her face,
 Those cher- ries fair- ly do en- close
 Her eyes like an- gels watch them still;

Tablature:
 a a a a a | a a a |
 r r r r r | r r r |
 r | r | b | b | a | e

Where ros- es and white li- lies grow;
 Of or- ient pearl a dou- ble row,
 Her brows like bend- ed bows do stand,

Tablature:
 a r a a r | r a r | a r | a r |
 r r r r r | r r r r r | r r r r r | r r r r r |
 r e b r a r | a r e b r r | a r

A heav'n- ly pa- ra- dise is that
 Which when her love- ly laugh- ter
 Threat- 'ning with pier- - cing frowns to

Tablature:
 a a a a | a a a a |
 r r r r | r r r r |
 a | a | b | r | e

place, Where- in all plea- sant fruits do - -
 shows, They look like rose- buds fill'd with - -
 kill All that at- tempt with eye or - -

Tablature:
 a a a a | a a a a |
 r r r r | r r r r |
 a | a | e | r | a | a | a | a | b

grow. There cher- ries hang which none may
 snow. Yet them nor peer nor prince can
 hand. Those sa- cred cher- ries to come

buy,
 buy,
 nigh,
 till cher- ry ripe, till cher- ry ripe, till cher- ry

ripe, cher- ry ripe, ripe, ripe, cher- ry ripe, cher- ry

ripe them- selves do cry.