**There Is A Garden In Her Face**

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There is a garden in her face

Where roses and white lilies grow;

A heav'nly 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 pearl a double row,

Which when her lovely laughter shows,

They look like rose-buds fill'd 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.