



# The Cherry Tree Carol

*Moderately slow.*

Jo - seph was an old man, An old man was he; He

mar - ried sweet Ma - ry, The Queen of Gal - i - lee.

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| <p>2. As they went a-walking<br/>In the garden so gay,<br/>Sweet Mary spied cherries<br/>Hanging over you tree.</p> <p>3. Mary said to Joseph,<br/>With her sweet lips so mild,<br/>"Pluck those cherries, Joseph,<br/>For to give to my child."</p> <p>4. "O then," replied Joseph,<br/>With words so unkind,<br/>"I will pluck no cherries<br/>For to give to thy child."</p> | <p>5. Mary said to cherry tree<br/>"Bow down to my knee,<br/>That I may pluck cherries,<br/>By one, two, and three."</p> <p>6. The uppermost sprig then<br/>Bowed down to her knee,<br/>"Thus you may see, Joseph,<br/>These cherries are for me."</p> <p>7. "O eat your cherries, Mary,<br/>O eat your cherries now,<br/>O eat your cherries, Mary,<br/>That grow upon the bough."</p> |
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