

The Cherry Tree Carol

Jo - - seph was an old man and an old man was he And

Jo - seph mar-ried Ma - ry, the Queen of Ga - li - - lee And

Jos - - eph mar - ried Mar - - y, the Queen of Ga - li - - lee

Joseph was an old man and an old man was he
And Joseph married Mary, the Queen of Galilee (x2)

Now Joseph and Mary walking down the garden green,
Where cherries hang heavily on every limb. (x2)

"Pick me some cherries, Joseph, pick me some cherries, do,
Pick me some cherries, Joseph, that hang on the bough." (x2)

Then up spake old Joseph with his words so unkind,
"Let the man gather the cherries that owneth the child." (x2)

Then up spake our saviour all in his mother's arms [womb]:
"Bow down, thou blessed cherry tree, that Mary may have some." (x2)

The very top branches bowed down to her feet:"
"Now you can see, Joseph, there are cherries for me. (x2)

"My child shall not be christened in silver nor in gold,
But in some twigged cradle where the babes are rocked all." [That rocks on the mould.] (x2)

Then Mary placed her own child upon her knee,
Saying, "Son, come now and tell us what this world it shall be". (x2)

"The moon it shall be darkened and be burst into blood,
And this world set on fire by the vengeance of God." (x2)

Source: Sung by Mrs Mary Anne Clayton (64) of Chipping Campden.
Collected by Cecil Sharp on 13 January 1909. Sharp only the first verse from
Mrs Clayton: the remaining verses are as sung by John Partridge of Cinderford.