

Picking Cherries Down The Lane - song lyrics

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Picking Cherries Down the Lane.
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Words by G. Cooper. Music by H. Millard.

It was in the golden summer, And we met beneath the trees;
There were fond and loving glances, there was laughter on the breeze.
In the green and wavy orchard, rosy hands met mine again,
While we linger'd there together,
Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.

Chorus.
How I bless the happy moments-how I long for them again;
When we lingered there together.
Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.

Oh. the boughs with rubies laden; they were far beyond her reach.
But I helped her, and she thanked me, sweet and bird-like was her speech.
Little hands so fair And dimpled, in my own would oft remain.
And I longed to linger ever.
Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.-Chorus.

Now the scented breezes whispered all the secrets that were told,
And the birdies saw somebody some one's waist in joy enfold.
Ere the rosy sunset faded over hill, vale And plain,
Loving lips were picking cherries,
Picking cherries down the lane. - Chorus.