Cherry Tree -- Carol 15th century

When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he
When He married Virgin Mary in the land of Galilee

Joseph and Mary walked through a Garden Green
There were cherries and berries as thick as might be seen.

Then bespoke Mary in a voice so meek and mild,
“Joseph pick me one cherry, for I am with child.
For I am with child.”

Then Joseph answered in a voice most unkind,
“Let the father of the thy baby pick cherries for thee!”
Let the father of the thy baby pick the cherries for thee!

Then bespoke the babe Jesus within his mother’s womb,
“Bow down you tallest tree that my mother might have some.”

Then bowed down the tallest tree unto his mother’s hand.
Mary said, “See Sweet Joseph I have cherries at command.”
“I have cherries at command.”

She picked one cherry as red as any blood,
Then Mary, she went homeward, she then turned homeward all with her heavy, heavy load
Joseph went a walking, and he heard an angel speak,
“This night on earth shall be born your heavenly king.”

Then Mary later, took her young son and put him upon her knee,
“Dearest son, tell me just how this land should be.”

“I shall be as dead, Mother, as the stones in the wall.
The stones in the road shall sorrow for me all.
Shall sorrow for me all.”

“On Easter Day, Mother, My rising up shall be!
And the sun and moon, Mother, shall both arise will rise with me.
And the sun and moon, Mother, shall both arise will rise with me.”