

Alan Dale, Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white
When your true lover comes your way
It's cherry pink and apple blossom white
The poets say
The story goes that once a cherry tree
Beside an apple tree did grow
And there a boy once met his bride to be
Long, long ago
The boy looked into her eyes, it was a sight to enthrall
The breezes joined in their sighs, the blossoms started to fall
And as they gently caressed, the lovers looked up to find
The branches of the two trees were intertwined
And that is why the poets always write
If there's a new moon bright above
It's cherry pink and apple blossom white
When you're in love