The Garden Of Peaches

SONG

Lyric by STANLEY MURPHY

Music by HENRY I. MARSHALL

He was passing by, She was oh! so shy,

Dainty maid with down cast eye. When the lad she spied,

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Off she ran to hide In a peach tree, Oh! so high.

She was oh! so sweet, He was so discreet,

So pretending not to see, Tried to coax her

down while singing underneath the tree.

The garden of peaches
CHORUS

I know a garden where the peaches grow, Pretty little pinky peaches

in a row, And when the breezes blow up

in the tree, I know a little peach that's going to

fall for me, And I'll teach my little peach a

The garden of peaches 4
lil-tle tink-ling tune, And then we'll tan-go soon up-

on our hon-ey moon, To a pre-tty peach ca-sin-o,

Far a-way from peach-y Ren-o, In our or-chard where the peach-es
grow, In our gar-den where the peach-es grow grow_