

King Of China's Daughter, The

The king of China's daughter
So beautiful to see
With her face like yellow water, left
Her nutmeg tree.

Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea.

I skipped across the nutmeg grove
I skipped across the sea;
But neither sun or moon, my dear,
Has yet caught me.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.