

Londonderry Air

Traditional Lovesong from Ireland

♩ = 90

Would God I were the ten-der ap-ple blos- som that floats and

falls from off the twis-ted bough to lie and faint with-in your sil-ken

bo- som with-in your sil - kenbosom as that does now. Or would I

were a lit - tle bur-nish'd ap- ple for you to pluck me, gli-ding by so

cold whilesun and shade you robe of lawn will dap- ple your robe of

lawn and your hair's spun gold.

2. Yea, would to God I were among the roses. That lean to kiss you as you float between
 While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses. A bud uncloses, to touch you, queen.
 Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing. A happy daisy, in the garden path
 That so your silver foot might press me going. Might press me going even unto death.