

WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM

Air of Londonderry, 1861

G7 **C** **Dm - C**
WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM
 C - **F G7**
THAT FLOATS AND FALLS FROM OFF THE TWISTED BOUGH
 C **- Dm Dm -F - C**
TO LIE AND FAINT WITHIN YOUR SILKEN BOSOM
 C - **F C - G7**
WITHIN YOUR BOSOM AS THAT DOES NOW
 C - G7 - C **G -Am - C -F - G**
OR WOULD I WERE A LITTLE BURNISHED APPLE FOR YOU TO
Am - Bm - C G - G7 - C
PLUCK ME GLIDING BY SO COLD WHILE SUN AND
C - Ams F C -
SHADE YOUR ROBE OF LAWN WILL DAPPLE
- Bm7 -C - G C -G-C Dm7 - G7 C C
YOUR ROBE OF LAWN AND YOUR HAIR'S SPUN GOLD

G7 **C** **Dm - C**
YES, WOULD TO GOD I WERE AMONG THE ROSES
 C - **F G7**
THAT LEAN TO KISS YOU AS YOU FLOW BETWEEN
 C - **Dm Cm -F -**
WHILE ON THE LOWEST BRANCH A BUD UNCLOSSES
- C C - F C - G7
A BUD UNCLOSSES TO TOUCH YOU QUEEN. NAY, SINCE YOU
C - G - C G - Am -
WILL NOT LOVE, WOULD I WERE GROWING
- C -F-G Am - Bm - C G - G7 - C
A HAPPY DAISY IN THE GARDEN PATH THAT SO YOUR
C - Ams - F C Bm7 - C - G
SILVER FOOT MIGHT PRESS ME GOING MIGHT PRESS ME
C-G-C Dm7 - G7 C C
GOING EVEN UNTO DEATH