

LONDONDERRY AIR

Traditional Irish song

Would God I were the ten - der ap - ple blos - om that floats and
God I were a - mong the ros - es that lean to

falls from off the twist - ed bough To lie and faint with - in your silk - en
kiss you as you float be - tween while on the low - est - branch a bud un -

bos - om With - in your silk - en bos clos - om as that does now! Or would I
clos - es A bud - un clos - es to touch you Queen. Nay since you

were a lit - tle bur - nishd ap - ple for you to pluck me glid - ing by so
will not love, would I were grow - ing a hap - py dai - sy in the gar -

cold, while sun and shade your robe of lawn will dap - ple your robe of
den path That so your sil - ver foot might press me go - ing might press me

lawn and your hair's spun gold. Yea, would to death.
go - ing ev - en un - to