

# The Londonderry Air

## Johnny Griffin

Would God I were the tender apple blossom  
That floats and falls from off the twisted bough,  
    To lie and faint within your silken bosom,  
Within your silken bos'm as that does now!  
    Or would I were a little burnish'd apple  
    For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold,  
While sun and shade your robe of lawn will dapple,  
Your robe of lawn, and your hair's spun gold. 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.

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