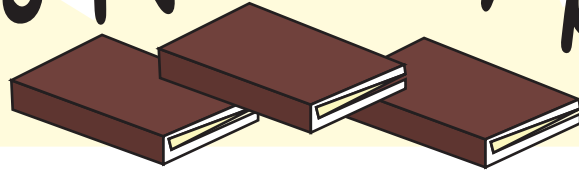




Dizkis Nursery Songs



Londonderry Air

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 bosom 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.

Might press me going even unto death.