

## Mormon Tabernacle Choir

### "Londonderry Air"

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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 you robe of lawn will dapple  
Your robe of lawn, and you 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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