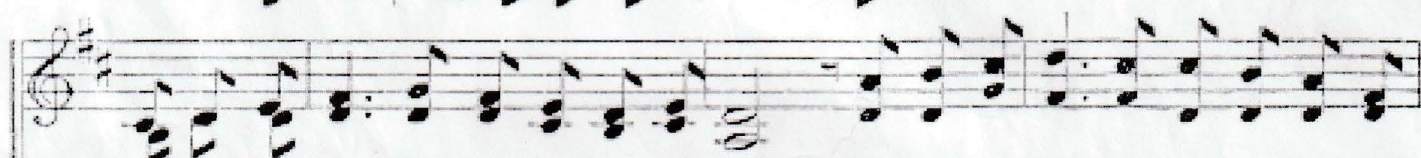




1. Would God that I might be an ap - ple blos - som . That falls and floats from
 2. Oh, would that I were one a - mong the res - es . That bow to greet you



off the twist-ed bough, . To find a home be - side your ten - der blush - es, .
 as you float be - tween, . While on the low - est branch a bud un - clos - es .



And gen - tly lie where lies that blos - som now. Or would I were a lit - tle burnished
 To win a smile from you, her love - ly queen. Nay, since I know your hand will ne'er ca -



allarg.
 ap - ple . For you to gath - er, glid - ing by so fair, . While shade and sun your
 res me, . I'd be a leaf and on your pathway lie, . If but per - chance your



rall.
 robe of lawn will dap - ple And hide to - geth - er in your crown of gold - en hair. .
 snow - white foot might press me, And so at last to make me hap - py, tho' I die. .