

ロンドンデリーの歌

Londonderry Air

アイルランド民謡

♩=96

Would God I were the ten-der ap-ple blos - som That floats and falls from off the twis-
 ted bough. To lie and faint with-in your silk-en bos - om with-in your silk-en
 bos - - - - om as that does now! Or would I were a lit-tle bur-nish'd
 ap - ple, For you to pluck me, glid-ing by so cold, while sun and
 shade your robe of lawn will dap - ple, your robe of lawn, and your hair's spun - - gold.

Chords: C, Am7, F, Em7, Am7, Dm7, G7, C, C7, FM7, F#m7(b5), C/G, G6, F, C, G7, C, F, C, C, G7, Am7, FM7, Em7, D7, G7, C, F, F#m7(b5)C/G, Am, Fm7, Em7, Am7, Dm7, G7, C

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!