



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 your hair's spun gold.

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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.