

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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 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.