

Tree Song

Bert Jansch

I wish I had a photograph
To let you see the way you smile
Upon my foolish heart

The words I do not know enough
I hope that you will find my song
A pleasing to your ear

You step beneath the midnight moon
To gather dewdrops for the sun
A Waiting until morn

Oh if I was a branched tree
I'd be the oak tree fast and strong
To win your gentle heart

And If I was one grain of corn
I'd wait till you did come along
To throw me to the wind

And if I was one silken thread
Embroidered all in cherry red
Upon your breast I'd lie

And if I was the alder tree
I'd burn it fiercely over thee
Our love would surely last

And if I was the hawthorn bush
And you did shelter under me
I would not do you harm

And if I was one glass of wine
One sip from you would give me time
To take you by the hand

And all across the hills we'd go
In search of what no-one does know
Except for you and I