



The Apple Tree

For Sal Goodbody and the Applewood Levy.

Note: This is usually played by Kit a semi-tone lower, in F#. If you prefer this key, ask nicely and she should oblige!

G C D Em

1. Shall I com - pare my love to a stead - fast app - le - tree? Shel - ter - ing and

Bm C D G

com - fort - ing through all ad - ver - si - ty? Though her bark has tou - ghened a -

C D Em Bm C D

gainst the trials of li - ving, her fin - gers gnarled by years of toil, she al - ways keeps on li - ving

G C G D

So - bu - ry me be - neath my dear old a - pple tree that frui - ted year in, year out

C G Cm Gm/Bb Cm Gm

so faith - full - y I'm wea - ry of ba - ttle that keeps me from my home and I

F Gm

yearn for the sweet - ness of my or - chard

1. Shall I compare my love
To a steadfast apple tree
Sheltering and comforting
Through all adversity?
Though her bark has toughened
Against the trials of living
Her fingers gnarled by years of toil
She always keeps on giving

Chorus:
So, bury me beneath
my dear old apple tree
That fruited year-in, year-out,
so faithfully
I'm weary of battle,
that keeps me from my home
And I yearn for the
sweetness of my orchard

2. Where once the young tree blossomed
With the quickening of lore
And Spring's first kiss had promised
The delights that lay in store
The fruits of love's young harvest
Lay trampled on the ground
Laid waste through savage slaughter
Now scattered all around

Chorus

3. The gathering armies muster
Beneath her gleaming leaves
The golden fields are trampled
The billhook cuts and cleaves
Enshroud me in your gentle leaves
When I'm cruelly cut back
And carry me on homeward
By the fleeting, faery track

Chorus

4. Now she's covered in lichen,
Unruly, overgrown
Yet her apples still hang pendulous
On branches tired and worn
The fruits of all her labours
Nourish all the land
The seeds of her wisdom
Scattered all around

Chorus

5. The Applewood's a refuge
For the remainder of her days
As she enlightens the young saplings
In the ancient Marcher ways
When Winter whips the leaves away
From bony branches bare
The circle shall turn again:
In Springtime she'll be there

Chorus