

Dandelion, yellow as gold

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

It's late March, the sun is out and so are the dandelions in all their golden glory and the grandchildren are out there hunting for those with seed heads ready for puffing.

There are several attributions for this poem.

Music by Dany Rosevear.



G C D7 G

Dan - de - li - on, yel - low as gold, What do you do all day? I
Dan - de - li - on, yel - low as gold, What do you do all night? I

C D7 G D7 G

just wait here in the tall, green grass, 'Til the chil - dren come to play.
just wait here 'til the dew drops fall And my hair grows long and white. And

C G C D7 G

what do you do when your hair turns white And the chil - dren come to play? They

C G D7 G

take me up in their ti - ny hands And blow my hair — a - way!

“Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?”

“I just wait here in the tall, green grass,
'Til the children come to play.”

“And Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?”

“I just wait here 'til the dew drops fall
And my hair grows long and white.”

“And what do you do when your hair turns white
And the children come to play?”

“They take me up in their tiny hands
And blow my hair away! X2”

