

FP 43



WOMEN WHO CRY APPLES

A Cycle of Six Songs for Soprano, Clarinet, Violin & Piano on a Poem by Jonathan Swift

1. Apples

Op. 36, No. 1

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Verses Made for the Women Who Cry Apples, etc.

Poem by Jonathan Swift (first published in 1746)

Apples

Come buy my fine wares, Plums, apples, and pears, A hundred a penny, In conscience too many, Come, will you have any; My children are seven, I wish them in heaven, My husband's a sot, With his pipe and his pot, Not a farthing will gain 'em, And I must maintain 'em.

Asparagus

Ripe 'sparagrass, Fit for lad or lass, To make their water pass: O, 'tis a pretty picking With a tender chicken.

Onions

Come, follow me by the smell, Here's delicate onions to sell, I promise to use you well. They make the blood warmer, You'll feed like a farmer: For this is every cook's opinion, No savoury dish without an onion: But lest your kissing should be spoiled, Your onions must be thoroughly boiled; Or else you may spare Your mistress a share, The secret will never be known; She cannot discover The breath of her lover But think it as sweet as her own.

Øysters

Charming oysters I cry, My masters come buy, So plump and so fresh, So sweet is their flesh. No Colchester oyster, Is sweeter and moister, Your stomach they settle, And rouse up your mettle, They'll make you a dad Of a lass or a lad; And Madam your wife They'll please to the life; Be she barren, be she old, Be she slut, or be she scold, Eat my oysters, and lie near her, She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

Herrings

Be not sparing, Leave off swearing, Buy my herring Fresh from Malahide, Better ne'er was tried. Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard, Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard. Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread, Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

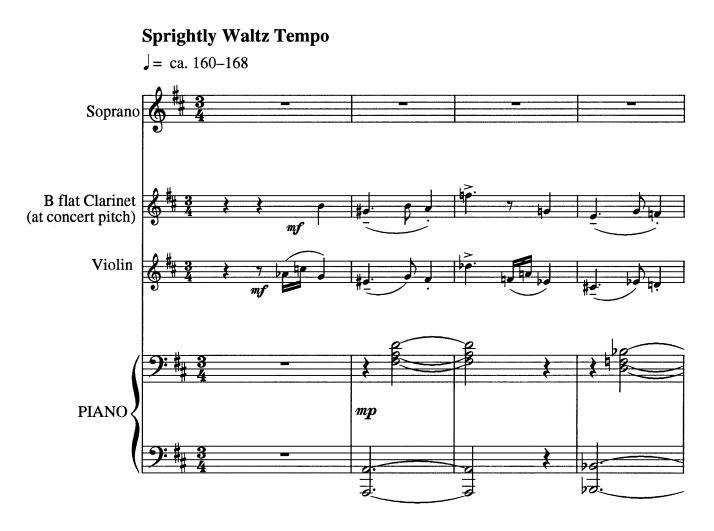
Øranges

Come, buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal, And charming when squeezed in a pot of brown ale. Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup, They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

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1. Apples

Music by Gary Noland, Op. 36 (1994) Poem by Jonathan Swift (1746)



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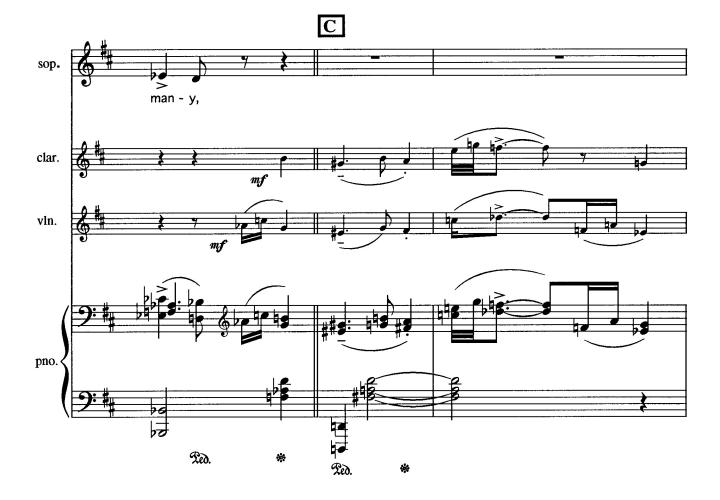
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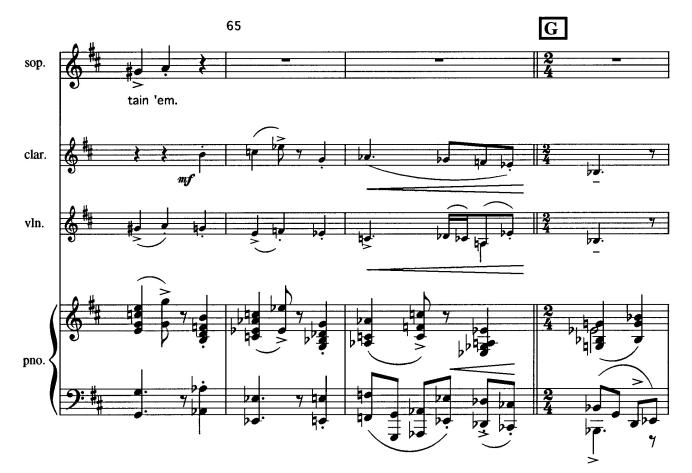


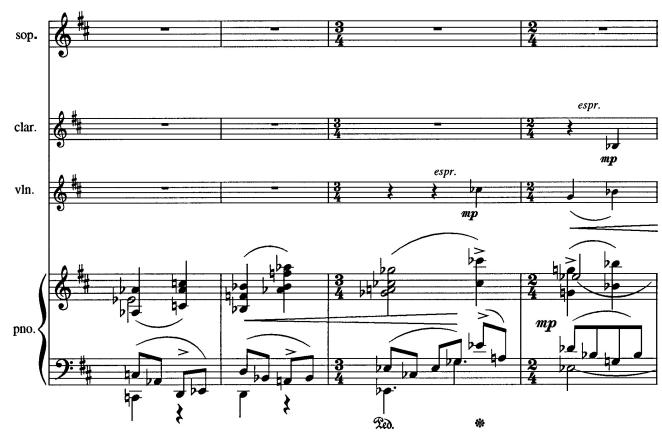


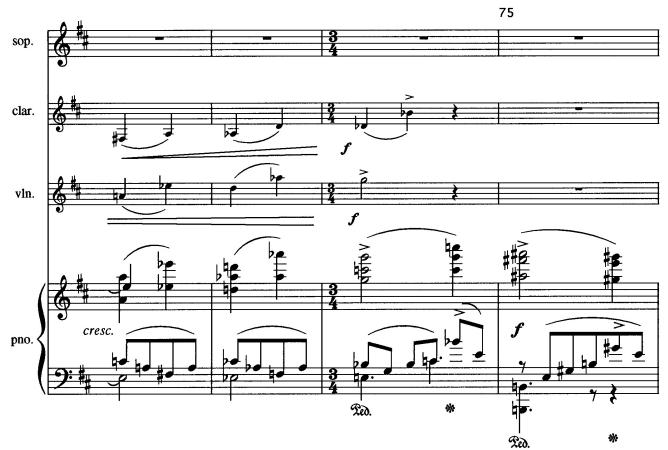




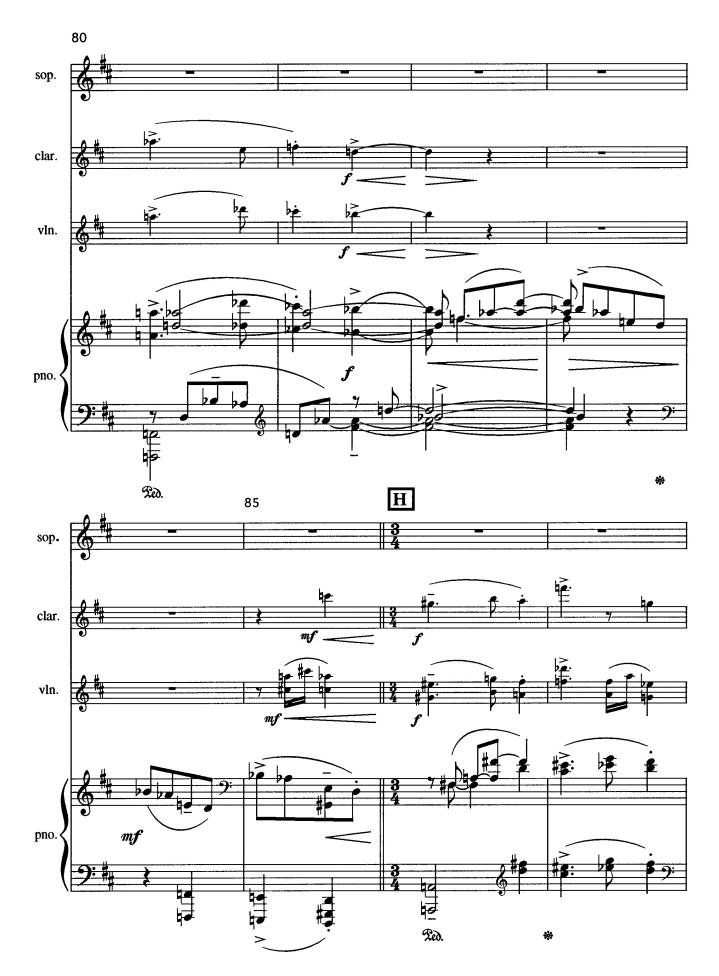




















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