

# Pentangle, Market Song

As I walk unto market  
Each day I can hear them cry  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Fresh, freshly sent for you out today  
Come and buy them  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
All alone I walk with no one  
Beside me would sooner buy  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Walking through the stalls  
I am amazed by them all  
Come and buy them  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Like a child my mind was a-wandering  
Far from here across the sea  
It's the sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
I hear, I hear the cries of the beggars  
What will buy  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Come and buy them  
Through the forest I could see them  
A-hanging there so ripe and red  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Get up, get off, my man  
You're not betted down, belongs to you  
Gotta buy them  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges  
Sweet apples, sweet oranges