

The 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