

Sweet Mary Rose

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not too fast

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: I used to leave work and drop in at the pub: Four pints from the tap and a plate full of grub. My well in - su - lat - ed pro - tu - ber - ant form Cried out, "I need no one to help me keep warm." Then, one New Year's week, o - ver sa - ted with sweets, I thought I'd ex - plo - re how the thin - ner half eats. More fi - bre, more fruit was the path that I chose, Which led to my mee - ting the sweet Ma - ry Rose. The co - lour - ful gems are not ru - bies in gold Where pep - pers, plums, pump - kins and par - snips are sold. Each eve - ning she saves me the best of what grows: The green - gro - cer's daugh - ter, my sweet Ma - ry Rose.

I used to leave work and drop in at the pub:
Four pints from the tap and a plate full of grub.
My well in - su - lat - ed pro - tu - ber - ant form
Cried out, "I need no one to help me keep warm."
Then, one New Year's week, o - ver sa - ted with sweets,
I thought I'd ex - plo - re how the thin - ner half eats.
More fi - bre, more fruit was the path that I chose,
Which led to my mee - ting the sweet Ma - ry Rose.
The co - lour - ful gems are not ru - bies in gold
Where pep - pers, plums, pump - kins and par - snips are sold.
Each eve - ning she saves me the best of what grows:
The green - gro - cer's daugh - ter, my sweet Ma - ry Rose.

complete lyrics overleaf

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This songsheet was first constructed in August 2001 and revised in January 2015 and November 2020

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I used to leave work and drop in at the pub:
Four pints from the tap and a plate full of grub.
My well-insulated, protuberant form
Cried out "I need no one to help me keep warm".
But one New Year's week, over-sated with sweets,
I thought I'd explore how the thinner half eats:
More fibre, more fruit was the path that I chose,
Which led to my meeting the sweet Mary Rose.

The colourful gems are not rubies in gold
Where peppers, plums, pumpkins, and parsnips are sold.
Each evening she saves me the best of what grows:
The greengrocer's daughter, my sweet Mary Rose.

I picked out three apples, large, shiny and red.
She handed me five Cox's Pippins instead.
She said, "These are crisper; they have a fine scent.
We just got them in from a grower in Kent."
Now, food is just fuel, thinks your typical bloke,
But I could sense passion for fruit when she spoke.
I said, "You have learned your trade well, and it shows":
My first conversation with sweet Mary Rose.

We followed the winter's late-ripening crop,
From Laxton's Pearmain through to Coe's Golden Drop.
We joyfully welcomed the spring when it came:
Its Alderman, Tom Thumb, and Early French Frame.
High summer was glorious in every respect
With Beryl and Cheltenham Green Top Select.
In autumn, I wished I'd the skill to compose
A hymn to Huzaro for sweet Mary Rose.

I bypass the local, forging its ale,
And fill up my tote bag with carrots and kale.
I've learned to distinguish twixt "fry" and "sauté"
And how to roast garlic in domes of red clay.
My father and mother, who once found it strange,
Now ask in the neighbours to sample my range.
My dinners are poems; they used to be prose,
Till I learned the language from sweet Mary Rose.

You might think our daily discussions mundane,
Of bees bearing pollen, of soil, of rain,
But oh, what a contrast with some beauty queen
Who names fifty film stars but only one bean.
We weren't, either one of us, smitten at first,
But Packham's pears purchased for new pence disbursed
Have brought me success as the last of the beaux
Who ever tried courting the sweet Mary Rose.

She's expert with tubers and transplants and greens,
And me, I'm not bad with accounts and machines.
We're saving our money now: plans have been laid
To locate upstream from the greengrocers' trade.
The bustle of High Street is losing its charm;
Her grandfather's brother will sell us his farm.
We'll live in the country with hedgehogs and creaux;
I'll garden for market with sweet Mary Rose.

grub [colloq.] food
pro•tu•ber•ant thrusting out

sa'•ted satisfied, filled, gluttoned

green'•gro•cer fruit and vegetable seller

Cox's Orange Pippin English winter apple

Kent county in southeastern England
bloke [colloq.] man, fellow

Laxton's Pearmain English winter apple
Coe's Golden Drop English winter apple
Alderman spring pea
Tom Thumb lettuce
Early French Frame spring carrot
Beryl broad bean
Cheltenham Green Top Select beet
Huzaro F1 Hybrid red cabbage

lo'•cal neighbourhood pub

twixt between

mun•dane' ordinary, worldly, commonplace

Packham's Triumph pear, originally
Australian, similar to Bartlett but ripening
later, travels well
new pence UK decimal currency, 1971
beaux boyfriends, suitors

tu'•bers fleshy roots

high street main street

creaux large, black birds

Suggestion: sing the indented part after verses 1, 3, 5, and 6.