

The Potato Gardener in Winter

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Lively (♩=200)

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of Lively (♩=200). It consists of ten staves of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major). The chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: Chris-tmas be-ing weeks a-go and Twelfth Night be-ing past, Con-fi-dent the year I write on cheques will be cor-rect, I can place my or-ders for the co-ming spring at last: Num-bers, names, and quan-ti-ties of those that I se-lect. Some are fit to har-vest when the peas are green and round; Some will not be lost, ligh-tly touched by frost; Some will grow so great, one fills half a plate; Some are thin and fin-ger-like, a do-zen to the pound. My bro-ther, the phi-lo-so-pher, is rea-ding books by Pla-to, when A-no-ther, the mu-si-cian, is per-for-ming works by Bee-tho-ven, And I am loo-king for-ward to the plan-ting of po-ta-to.

Chris-tmas be-ing weeks a-go and Twelfth Night be-ing past,
Con-fi-dent the year I write on cheques will be cor-rect,
I can place my or-ders for the co-ming spring at last:
Num-bers, names, and quan-ti-ties of those that I se-lect.
Some are fit to har-vest when the peas are green and round;
Some will not be lost, ligh-tly touched by frost;
Some will grow so great, one fills half a plate;
Some are thin and fin-ger-like, a do-zen to the pound.
My bro-ther, the phi-lo-so-pher, is rea-ding books by Pla-to, when
A-no-ther, the mu-si-cian, is per-for-ming works by Bee-tho-ven,
And I am loo-king for-ward to the plan-ting of po-ta-to.

Complete words overleaf

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Christmas being weeks ago and Twelfth Night being past,
Confident the year I write on cheques will be correct,
I can place my orders for the coming spring at last:
Numbers, names, and quantities of those that I select.
Some are fit to harvest when the peas are green and round;
Some will not be lost, lightly touched by frost;
Some will grow so great, one fills half a plate;
Some are thin and finger-like, a dozen to the pound.

My brother, the philosopher, is reading books by Plato, when
Another, the musician, is performing works by Beethoven,
And I am looking forward to the planting of potato.

I've been getting catalogues for nearly seven weeks;
Some of them arrived before we marked the shortest day.
Full of new varieties, equipment, and techniques:
Some directions I'll ignore and some I will obey.
Two have colour photographs of their uncommon treats.
Yes, it's really true! This potato's blue!
I could plant instead one that's solid red:
Wouldn't it be fun to serve it boiled with some beets!

Dark Red Norland's very early; it has shallow eyes.
Longlac's good for baking, with a bluish-purple skin.
Shepody is white-fleshed, and it's mostly used for fries.
German Finger's late-maturing, yellow-fleshed, and thin.
Irish Cobbler still is good, although considered old;
Desiree's not new — nineteen sixty-two;
Yellow Finn's still grown — origin unknown;
Nineteen eighty saw the first release of Yukon Gold.

Every week throughout the year my neighbours stand in line,
Hoping for a bit of luck, their fortunes to advance,
Choosing six from forty-five or maybe forty-nine,
Abstract numbers, taking meaning from a game of chance.
I pick six varieties from thirty-three or so;
Each selection means one full set of genes.
Since the sun and rain always come again,
Barring blight, I'll get the fortune I set out to grow.