



Apple Pie For Dinner

(to the tune of folksong "English Country Gardens")

Now Granny had a yearning to bake an apple pie,
But all she had were plums, oh me, oh my!
She said, "Maybe I'll trade with someone down the way."
So she donned her shawl and bonnet and left without delay.

Down the road she traveled until she chanced to find
A young gal feeding chickens with plum jam on her mind!
So she traded plums for feathers, then smiled and said goodbye
As she headed down the road for another trade to try.

From a garden came some shouts from a brother and a sis.
She asked what was the problem, the girl explained like this:
"Mama made us a pillow, how to stuff it is our plight."
Granny answered, "Here's some feathers that will make it soft and
light."

The children had no apples but picked a fine bouquet,
Placing flowers in her basket as she went on her way.
Now our Granny was persistent, still hoping she would meet
Someone she could trade with to bake her special treat.

A handsome prince came riding, his lady for to woo.
He forgot to bring a gift; oh, what was he to do?
Granny had the answer, her bouquet would be just right.
Then he threw a golden coin to her while riding out of sight.

Going on, she met a family, hungry and so poor.
She said, "Take this coin of mine, how I wish it could be more."
They had no apples for her, but gave to her instead
A darling little puppy. Her basket was its bed!

Granny and the puppy saw an old man looking sad.
She thought a pup would cheer him so he would not feel so bad.
Granny gave to him the puppy, then she thought about her pie.
She asked, "Have you some apples?" "Of course," was his reply.

He grew them in his orchard, so filled her basket up.
As they said goodbye and thank you, he hugged his little pup.
It was then that Granny gathered each and every one.
She took them all to her house to have some baking fun!

When the pies came from the oven, it was a fond delight
As they feasted round her table saying "Yum!" with every bite!

(lyrics by Beth Smallwood)