

Apples Peaches and Cherries

The Smothers Brothers

(Lewis Allan - pseudonym of Abel Meeropol)

*Additional lyrics by Tom & Dick Smothers

Apples, peaches, cherries

A peddler once was driving by
His cart with fruit was laden high
And as he drove along he cried
Across the village green

His daughter sat beside him there
And she was young as she was fair
A-glowing with a beauty rare
A maid of sweet sixteen

Crying apples and peaches and cherries
(We got a lot of)
Apples and peaches and cherries

A young lad calls him to his door
He bought some fruit and then bought more
His longing eyes were begging for
The lovely maid to stay

The young maid longed to see the world
And she went wandering everywhere
The silver peddler's cart was bare
And they drove on their way

Crying apples and peaches and cherries
(We got no more)
Apples (no more), peaches or cherries

Next day in vain, he waited long
To hear the same familiar song
The fruit was ripe, the girls were wrong
No lovely maid he'd find

He sought and found her in the mart
He wooed and won that maiden's heart

And now ten children ride the cart
And there'll be many more

(Screaming, yelling out)
Apples and peaches and cherries
(We got a lot of)
Apples and peaches and cherries

Now if there is a moral here
Such fruitfulness will make it clear
Shut the window when you hear
A peddler at your door

(Keep on calling)
Apples and peaches and cherries
(We got a lot of)
Apples and peaches and cherries
Apples (apples), peaches (peaches) and cherries

[FADE]

Lyrics submitted by Doug Hoyer.

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