

Jonathan Chapman

poetry by Stephen Vincent Benet
music by Mary Alice Amidon

Of Jo - na - than Chap - man, two things are known
For fif - ty years o - ver of har - vest and dew, He
From old Ash - ta - bu - la to fron - tier Fort Wayne, He
He nes - ted with owl and with bear cub and possum, And
The stal - king In - dian, the beast in its lair
Why did he do it? We do not know. He
Con - si - der, con - si - der, think well u - pon,

That he loved ap - ples, that he walked a - lone. At
plan - ted his ap - ples where no ap - ples grew. The
plan - ted and pruned and he plan - ted a - gain. He
knew all his or - chards; root, ten - dril and blossom. A
Did no hurt while he was there. For
wish - es that ap - ples might root and grow.

se - ven - ty odd he was gnarled as could be But
winds of the prai - rie might blow through his rags, But/he
had not a hat to en - cum - ber his head. He
fine old man, as ripe as a pip - pin, His
they could tell, as wild things can, That
He has no sta - tue, he has no tomb; The

rea - dy and sound as a good ap - ple tree.
car - ried his seeds in the best deers - kin bags.
wore a tin pan on his white hair in - stead.
heart still light and his step still a - skipping.
Jo - na - than Chap - man was god's own man.
He has his ap - ple trees still in bloom.
mar - ve - lous sto - ry of Ap - ple - seed John.

Johnny Appleseed

-Steven & Rosemary Vincent Benet

Of Jonathan Chapman, two things are known
That he loved apples, that he walked alone.
At 70 odd he was gnarled as could be
But ready and sound as a good apple tree.

For fifty years over of harvest and dew,
He planted his apples where no apples grew.
The winds of the prairie might blow through his rags,
But he carried his seeds in the best deerskin bags.

From old Ashtabula to frontier Fort Wayne,
He planted and pruned and he planted again.
He had not a hat to encumber his head.
He wore a tin pan on his white hair instead.

He nested with owl and with bear cub and possum,
And knew all his orchards; root, tendril and blossom.
A fine old man, as ripe as a pippin,
His heart still light and his step still skipping.

The stalking Indian, the beast in its lair
Did no hurt while he was there.
For they could tell, as all things can,
That Jonathan Chapman was God's own man.

Why did he do it? We do not know.
He wishes that apples might root and grow.
He has no statue, he has no tomb;
He has his apple trees still in bloom.

Consider, consider, think well upon,
The marvelous story of Appleseed John.