

'Ask the Market-Dame'!

There was this carrot, as old as old,
So knobbly, so heavy and stout,
That nevertheless was so frightfully bold,
Would wed a young carrot no more than a sprout,
So sweet, her beauty scarcely in bud,
A root of the finest pure blood.
– The wedding day came.
The food and drink, priceless, lived up to its name
It cost not a single pound sterling;
They all lapped up moonlight and dined on dew,
Sniffed flower-scent too
That from field and meadow came swirling.
– Old carrot he greeted them all with a bow,
His speech like a clock went on whirring,
The words they ticked away tickety-tock;
Young carrot she sat there silent in shock,
With neither a smile nor a sigh, just a stare,
Young and fair.
If this you'd disclaim,
Ask the market-dame!
A large red cabbage performed the rite,
White turnips wore bridesmaid's attire;
Cucumber and sparrowgrass made a fine sight,
Potatoes comprised the whole choir.
The guests all joined in when the dancing came.
Ask the market-dame!
Old carrot without shoes and stockings he pranced,
Cer-rack! he split down the middle,
Was dead on the spot, he should never have danced,
Young carrot, entranced,
Found this turn of good fortune a riddle.
She was a widow now, happy was she,
Now she could be what she wanted to be,
She could swim young and fair in a soup tureen,
Quite serene.
If this you'd disclaim,
Ask the market-dame!