

The Appletree

Jeremiah Ingalls (1764-1828)
arr. Anne Heider

Lively

Soprano
1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, Laden with fruit and always green; The
3. For hap - pi - ness I long have sought, And pleas - ure dear - ly I have bought; I

Alto
1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, Laden with fruit and always green; The
3. For hap - pi - ness I long have sought, And pleas - ure dear - ly I have bought; I

Tenor
1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, Laden with fruit and always green; The
3. For hap - pi - ness I long have sought, And pleas - ure dear - ly I have bought; I

Bass
1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, Laden with fruit and always green; The
3. For hap - pi - ness I long have sought, And pleas - ure dear - ly I have bought; I

Jeremiah Ingalls was born in Andover, Massachusetts, but lived most of his adult life in Vermont. He was a cooper (barrel-maker) and a farmer, and also operated a tavern for a while. He was a singer, a singing-school teacher, a cellist, and a composer. "The Appletree" is found in Ingalls's only tunebook, *The Christian Harmony or Songster's Companion*, published in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1805. "The Appletree" had only three parts in its original form: treble, tenor and bass. The present arrangement apportions the original tenor part between alto and tenor. The original key is C major. The performance indications ("Lively," "Soft," and "Loud") are Ingalls's own.

According to David Klocko, editor of the facsimile edition published by Da Capo press in 1981 (*Earlier American Music*, vol.22), Ingalls borrowed the melody of "The Appletree" from a Quick March in *The Pantomime of Oscar and Malvina*, a ballet by William Reeve (1757-1815) first performed in London in 1791.

The author of the poetry is unknown.

The arranger recommends that the repeat be taken only on the second set of words (stanzas 3 and 4).

For the sake of completeness, here are three additional stanzas Ingalls printed:

With great delight I'll make my stay, / There's none shall fright my soul away; / Among the sons of men I see, / There's none like Christ the appletree.

I'll sit and eat this fruit divine, / It cheers my heart like spir'tual wine; / And now this fruit is sweet to me, / That grows on Christ the appletree.

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, / It keeps my dying faith alive; / Which makes my soul in haste to be / With Jesus Christ the appletree.