A Banjo Song (baritone and piano)

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A Banjo Song

Oh, dere's lots o' keer an' trouble in dis world to swallow down; an' ol' Sorrer's pur-ty lively in her way o' git-tin' roun'. Yet dere's times when I fur-

git em,-aches an' pains an' troubles all,- an' it's when I tek at
A Banjo Song

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eb-e-nin' my ol' ban-jo f'om de wall. ___

'Bout
de_ time dat night is fall-in' an' my dai-ly work is done, an' a-bove de sha-dy

hill tops I kin see de set-tin' sun; when de qui-et, rest-ful shad-ders

is be-gin-nin' jes' to fall,___

den I take de lit-tle
A Banjo Song

ban-jo 'fom its place up - on de wall.

Den my fam’ly gad-ders roun’ me in de fa-din’ o’ de

light, ez I strike de strings to try’em ef dey all is tuned er-right An’ it

seems we’re so nigh hea - ben we kin hyeah de an-gels sing whende mu-sic
A Banjo Song

o' dat ban-jo____ sets my ca- bin all er- ring.

wife an' all de oth- ah's- male an' fe- male, small an' big- e- ven up to gray-haired

gran- ny, seems jes' boun' to do a jig; 'twell I change de style o' mu- sic, change de
 movimiento an' de time, an' de ring-in' li-tle ban-jo plays an' ol' heart feel-in'

hime.

An' some-how my th'oat gets cho-ky, an' a lump keeps

try'in to rise lak it wan' ed to ketch de wa- ter dat was flow-in'
to my eyes; an' I feel dat I could sort er knock de socks clean

off o' sin ez I hyeah my po' ol' gran-ny wif huh trem blin'

voice jine in Den we all th'ow in our voi ces fu' to

he'p de chune out too, lak a big camp meet in' choir y tryin' to sing a mou nah thoo.
A Banjo Song

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An' our th'oats let out de mu-sic, sweet and so-lemn, loud and free.

183
'twell de raft-ahts o' my ca-bin e-cho wif de me-lo-dy.

190
Oh, de mu-sic o' de ban-jo, quick an' deb' lish, so-lemn, slow,

200
is de great-es' joy an' so-lace dat a wea-ry slave kin know! So jes'
A Banjo Song

let me hyeah it ring-in',____ dough de chune be po' an' rough,____ it's a

pleasure;____ an' de pleasures o'dis life is few enough,____

Now, de____ blessed lit-tle an-gels up in hea-ven, we are

told, don't do no-thin' all dere life-time'cept-in' play on ha'ps of gold. Now I
Oh, dere's lots o' keer an' trouble in dis world to swallow down; an ol'
real ol' fashioned banjo, like dat one up on de wall.

Oh, dere's lots o' keer an' trouble in dis world to swallow down; an ol'
think hea-ben'd be mo' home-like ef we'd hyeah some music fall from a

A Banjo Song
Sor-rer's pur-ty live-ly in her way o' git-tin' roun'. Yet dere's times when I fur-

git' em,- aches an' pains an' trou-bles all._ _ _ an' it's

when I tek at eb-e-nin' my ol' ban-jo f'om de wall._ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ an' it's when I tek at

eb-e-nin' my ol' ban-jo________ f'om de wall._ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

circa 5'45''