Texts by Benjamin Franklin King



2005

Gary Bachlund

## for Jane Bunnell

## Injun Summah

## Music by Gary Bachlund

## Texts by Benjamin Franklin King

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Four songs for mezzo soprano



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Injun Summah 5 he\_\_\_ will be slap-pin'...\_ on de wall.. bime-by\_\_\_ some tom-cat In-jun sum - mah. Dar's a mel-lah, \_\_\_ 3el-lah glo - ry\_ 50 kase de yeah is ol' an'\_\_\_ ho - ry,\_ an' a mel-an-cho - ly so't o' sto - ry...





















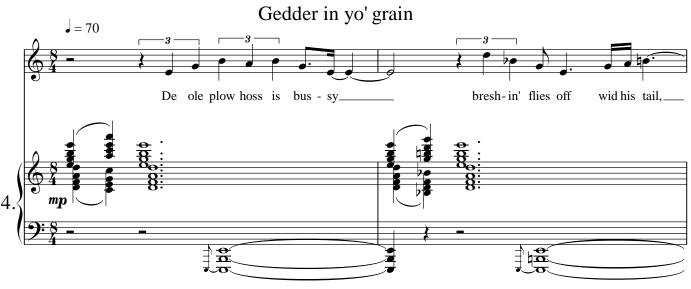


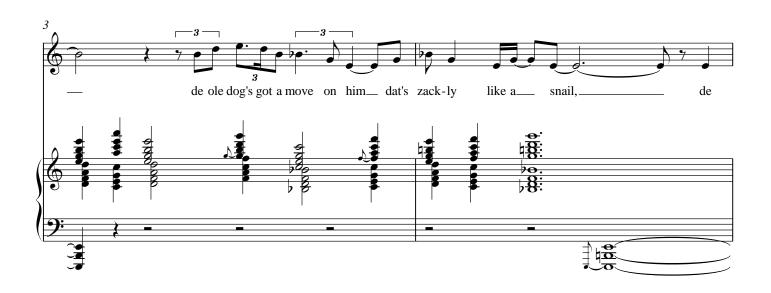
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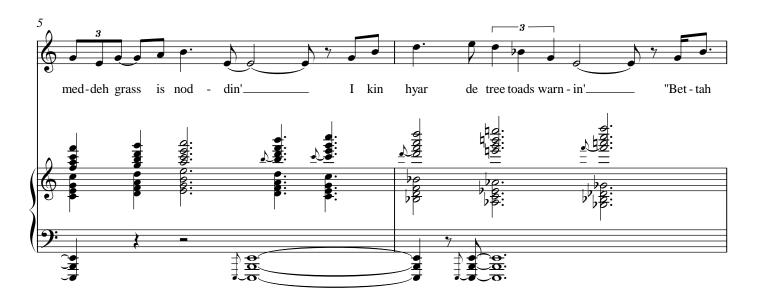


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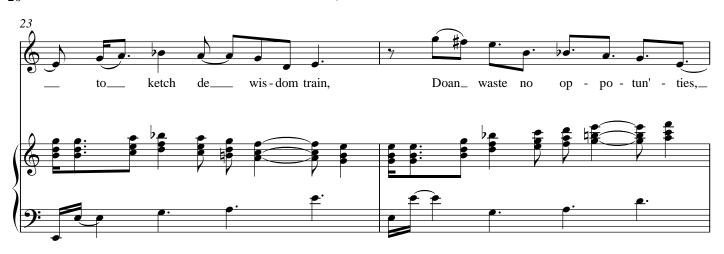


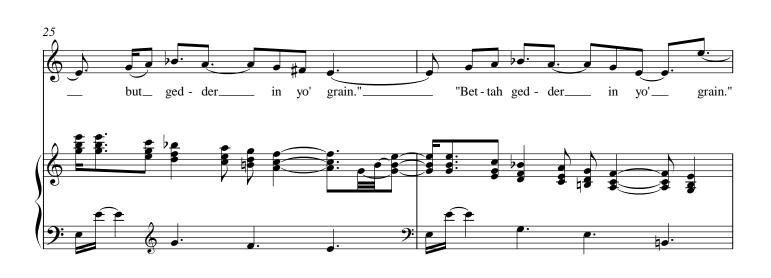


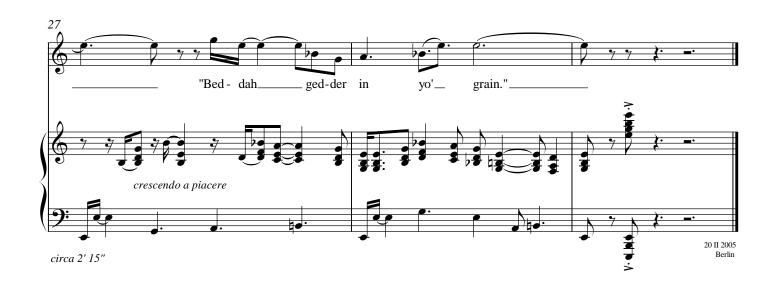












De Injun summah's comin',
De bees is all froo hummin',
De watah-mellon thumbin'
Has passed long time ago.
De ole clock in de kitchen
Is tickin' mos' bewitchin',
While Gabe is out unhitchin'
Just kase it looks like snow.

De lambs is runnin' over
De aftahmath ob clovah,
An' yondah comes de drovah;
I 'spec he' got a yahn
About de ole bell-weddah
Dat's wand'rin roun' de meddah
An' wants ter git togeddah
Wid de sheep up roun' de bahn.

Some days de sun is shinin',
Some days de win' is whinin',
An' den I'se after fin'in'
Big pippins on de groun';
De birds hab all stopped singin',
Wil' geese is soufward wingin',
Jes' look an' see 'em stringin'
Whar warmah weddah's foun'.

De yaller cat is nappin'
En layin' roun' an' gappin';
Bimeby he will be slappin'
Some tom-cat on de wall.
Dar's a mellah, yellah glory
Kase de yeah is ol' an' ho'ry,
An' a melancholy story
So't o' hangin' roun' us all.

#### The River St. Joe

Where the bumblebee sips and the clover is red, And the zephyrs come laden with peachblow perfume, Where the thistle-down pauses in search of the rose And the myrtle and woodbine and wild ivy grows; Where the catbird pipes up and it sounds most divine Off there in the branches of some lonely pine; Oh, give me the spot that I once used to know By the side of the placid old River St. Joe!

How oft on its banks I have sunk in a dream, Where the willows bent over me kissing the stream, My boat with its nose sort of resting on shore, While the cat-tails stood guarding a runaway oar; It appeared like to me, that they soprt of had some Way of knowing that I would soon get overcome, With the meadow lark singing just over the spot I did n't care whether I floated or not -- Just resting out there for an hour or so On the banks of the tranquil old River St. Joe.

Where the tall grasses nod at the close of the day,
And the sycamore's shadow is slanting away -Where the whip-poor-will chants from a far distant limb
Just as if the whole business was all made for him.
Oh! it's now with my thoughts, flying back on the wings
Of the rail and die-away song that he sings,
Brings the tears to my eyes that drip off into rhyme,
And I live once again in the old summer time;
For my soul it seems caught in old time's under-tow
And I'm floating away down the River St. Joe.

### The Cow Slips Away

The tall pines pine,
The pawpaws pause
And the bumble-bee bumbles all day;
The easyesdropper drops,
And the grasshopper hops,
While gently the cow slips away.

## Gedder in yo' grain

De ole plow hoss is busy Breshin' flies off wid his tail, De ole dog's got a move on him Dat's zackly like a snail, De meddeh grass is noddin' I kin hyar de tree toads warnin' "Bettah gedder in yo' grain."

Doan yo hyar de frogs a-gurglin' Dar out yondah in de pond? What's de mattah wid de catbird, Doan yo' hyar his voice respond? Ain't de hull of 'em a-tellin' yo' In language mighty plain, "Doan be frivlin' way yo' moments, Bettah gedder in yo' grain."

Ain't de bumble bee a-hummin'
'Mongst de clovah tops an flowahs,
Whilst de ole clock am a tickin' 'way
De minutes an de houahs?
Chile, yo's got to be a-hus'lin'
To ketch de wisdom train,
Doan waste no opportunities,
But gedder in yo' grain.

Ben King, (1857 - 1894) American poet and parodist ,was politically very incorrect by today's standards. However, he was a poet, and a fine one. There is precious little data about King's personal life or about his untimely demise at 37 years old; found by a hotel porter in his room following a performance of his work. All the more odd since he was well connected to the Press Club and to the reporters of his time.