A Banjo Song

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

Gary Bachlund

Sorrer's - pur

8

Oh, dere's lots o'keer an' trou-ble in dis world to swal-low down; an ol'

15

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

21

git' em,- aches an' pains an' trou- bles all,- an' it's when I tek at
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 ery-ring_

An’ my_

wife an’ all de oth-ahs- male an’ fe-male, small an’ big- e-ven up to gray-haired

An’ fe ven

ban jo

dat

darn, - slight

change de style

o’ mu-

f

e ven

- small

change

er

change de style

o' mu-

f

e ven

- slight

change de style

o’ mu-

f

e ven

- slight

change de style

o’ mu-

f

e ven

- slight

change de style

o’ mu-

f

e ven

- slight

change de style
117

move-ment an' de time,

124

hime.

130

An' some-how my th'oat gets cho-ky,

137

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 try'in' to sing a mou' nah th'oo.
An' our th'oats let out de mu-sic, sweet and so-lemn, loud and free.

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

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

is de great-es' joy an' so-lace dat a wea-ry slave kin know!

So jes'
let me hyeah it ring-in',__ dough de chune be po' an' rough,___ it's a

plea-sure;___ an' de plea-sures o' dis life is few e-nough.___

Now, de__ bless-ed lit-tle an-gels up in hea-ben, we are

told, don't do no-thin' all dere life-time'cept-in' play on ha'ps of gold. Now I
think hea-ben’-d be mo’ home-like ef we’d hyeah some mu-sic fall__ fom a

real ol’-fash-ioned ban-jo, like dat one up-on de wall,

Oh, dere’s lots o’keer an’ trou-ble in dis world to swal-low down; an ol’
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.