

Classic Poetry Series

Benjamin Franklin King

- poems -

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How Often

They stood on the bridge at midnight,
In a park not far from town;
They stood on the bridge at midnight
Because they didn't sit down.
The moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church spire;
The moon rose o'er the city
And kept on rising higher.
How often, oh! how often
They whispered words so soft;
How often, oh! how often,
How often, oh! how oft.

Benjamin Franklin King

If I should die

1 If I should die to-night
2 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
3 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay --
4 If I should die to-night,
5 And you should come in deepest grief and woe --
6 And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
7 I might arise in my large white cravat
8 And say, "What's that?"

9 If I should die to-night
10 And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
11 Clasp my bier to show the grief you feel,
12 I say, if I should die to-night
13 And you should come to me, and there and then
14 Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
15 I might arise the while,
16 But I'd drop dead again.

Benjamin Franklin King

Injun Summah

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

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

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

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

Benjamin Franklin King

The Pessimist

- 1 Nothing to do but work,
2 Nothing to eat but food,
3 Nothing to wear but clothes
4 To keep one from going nude.
- 5 Nothing to breathe but air
6 Quick as a flash 't is gone;
7 Nowhere to fall but off,
8 Nowhere to stand but on.
- 9 Nothing to comb but hair,
10 Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
11 Nothing to weep but tears,
12 Nothing to bury but dead.
- 13 Nothing to sing but songs,
14 Ah, well, alas! alack!
15 Nowhere to go but out,
16 Nowhere to come but back.
- 17 Nothing to see but sights,
18 Nothing to quench but thirst,
19 Nothing to have but what we've got;
20 Thus thro' life we are cursed.
- 21 Nothing to strike but a gait;
22 Everything moves that goes.
23 Nothing at all but common sense
24 Can ever withstand these woes.

Benjamin Franklin King

Toboggan

1 Down from the hills and over the snow
2 Swift as a meteor's flash we go,
3 Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!
4 Down from the hills with our senses lost,
5 Jealous of cheeks that are kissed by the frost,
6 Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!

7 With snow piled high on housetop and hill,
8 O'er frozen rivulet, river, and rill,
9 Clad in her jacket of sealskin and fur,
10 Down from the hills I'm sliding with her,
11 Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!

12 Down from the hills, what an awful speed!
13 As if on the back of a frightened steed,
14 Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!
15 Down from the hills at the rise of the moon,
16 Merrily singing the toboggan tune,
17 "Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!"

18 Down from the hills like an arrow we fly,
19 Or a comet that whizzes along through the sky;
20 Down from the hills! Oh, isn't it grand!
21 Clasp your best winter girl by the hand,
22 Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!

23 Down from the hills and both growing old,
24 Down from the hills we are nearing the fold:
25 Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!
26 Close to the homestead we hear the ring
27 Of children's voices that cheerily sing,
28 "Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!"

29 Down from the hills and we hear the chime
30 Of bells that are ringing out Old Father Time;
31 Down from the hills we are riding away,
32 Nearing the life with its endless day;
33 Toboggan! Toboggan! Toboggan!

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