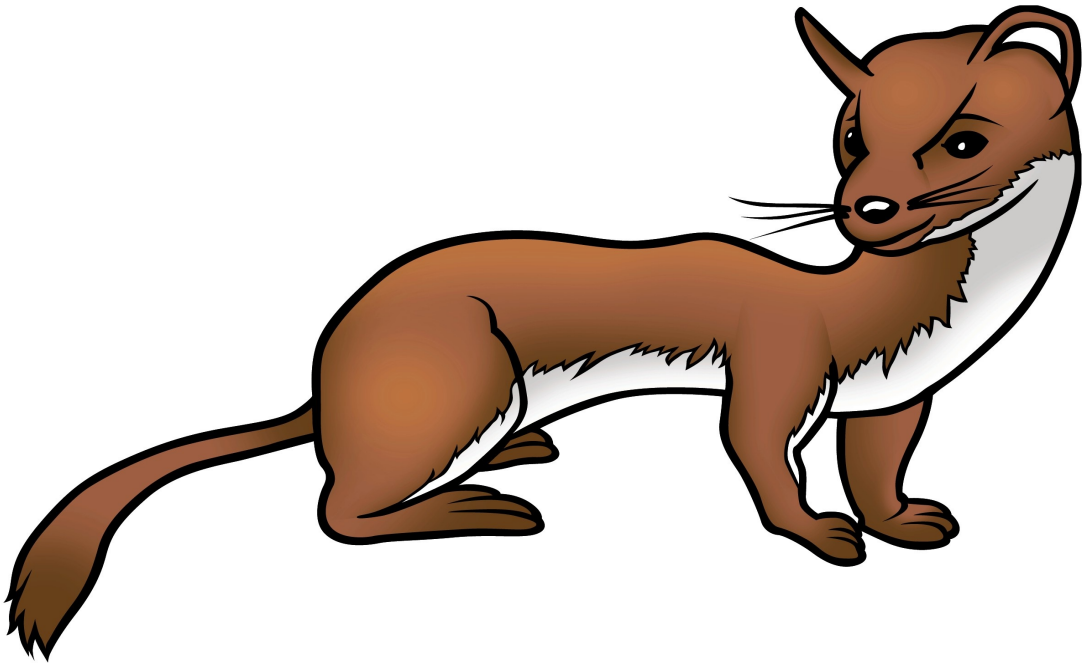
Badger

for Voice & Piano



An arrangement of the poem by Christopher Isherwood

by Jeffrey Naden

WEASEL KING

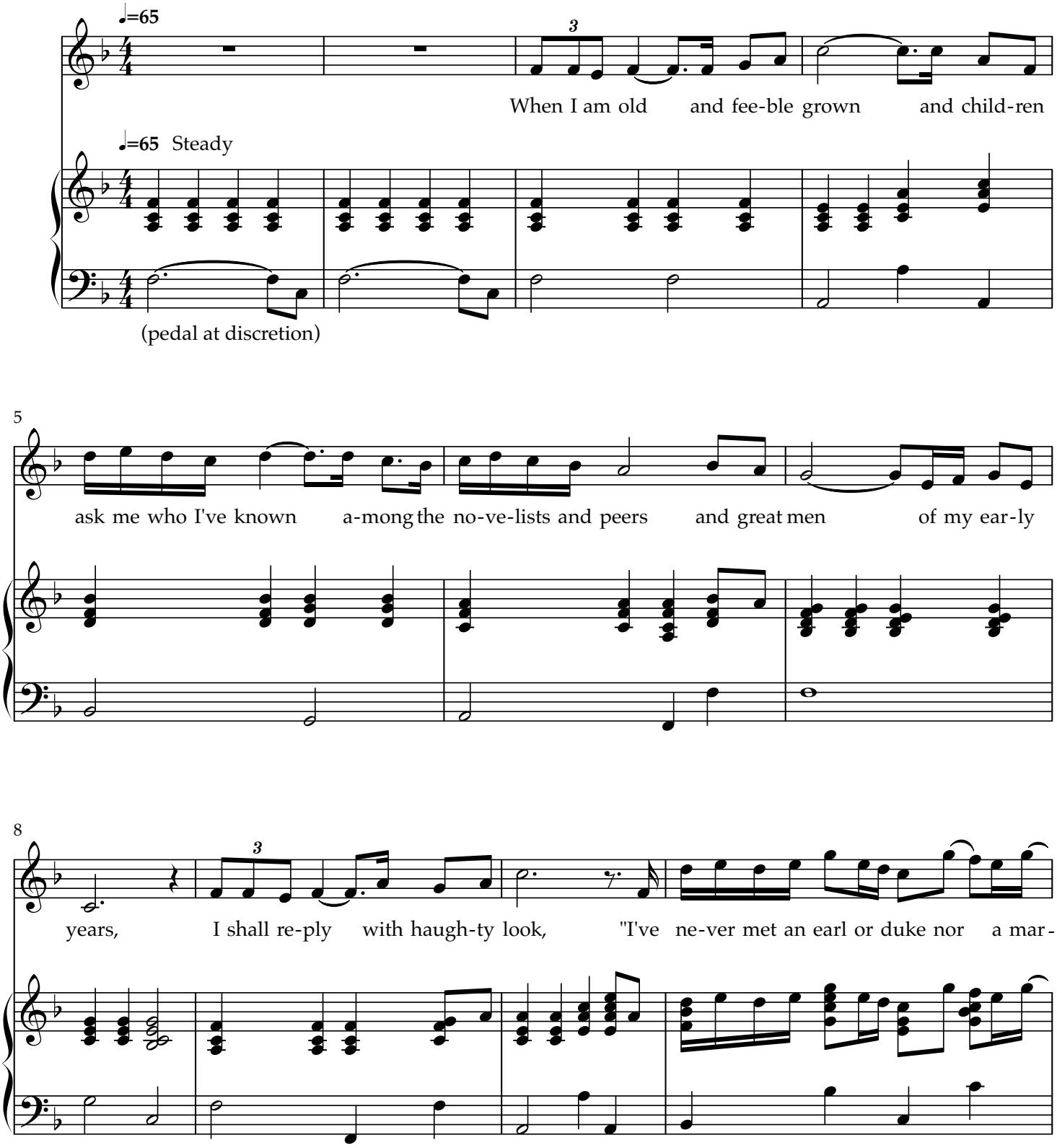
When I am old and feeble grown
And children ask me who I've known
Among the novelists and peers
And great men of my early years,
I shall reply, with haughty look,
"I've never met an earl or duke
Nor a marquis, but I'll sing
About my friend the Weasel King."

His Majesty was small but vicious -
He thought a rabbit's ear delicious
To eat for breakfast, and could bite
Through leather or through vulcanite.
If he ever saw a stoat
He jumped and caught it by the throat.
He led his people into battle
And cut the badgers down like cattle.
Blood was his favourite drink, then cider,
He was no temperance-pledge abider.
His scream was louder than ten geese,
When angry;
But in times of peace,
He passed a life of ease and culture
With his favourite pet, a vulture.
He didn't live - quite the contrary -
In a palace like George and Mary.
He scorned vast throne-rooms, and instead
Spent nearly all the day in bed.
Just after tea-time he'd begin
To practice on his violin -
He had composed a fine lament
On one note, on this instrument -
And when the music soothed his soul,
He'd take his pipe and fill the bowl
And light it up, and call for lamps,
Chatting of heraldry and stamps.
And once, after a solemn feast,
He rose and pinned upon my breast
A cross awarded for great merit -
The Order of the Woollen Ferret.
So that is why I always sing,
"God bless our gracious Weasel King."

Badger

for Voice and Piano

Christopher Isherwood **Jeffrey Naden**



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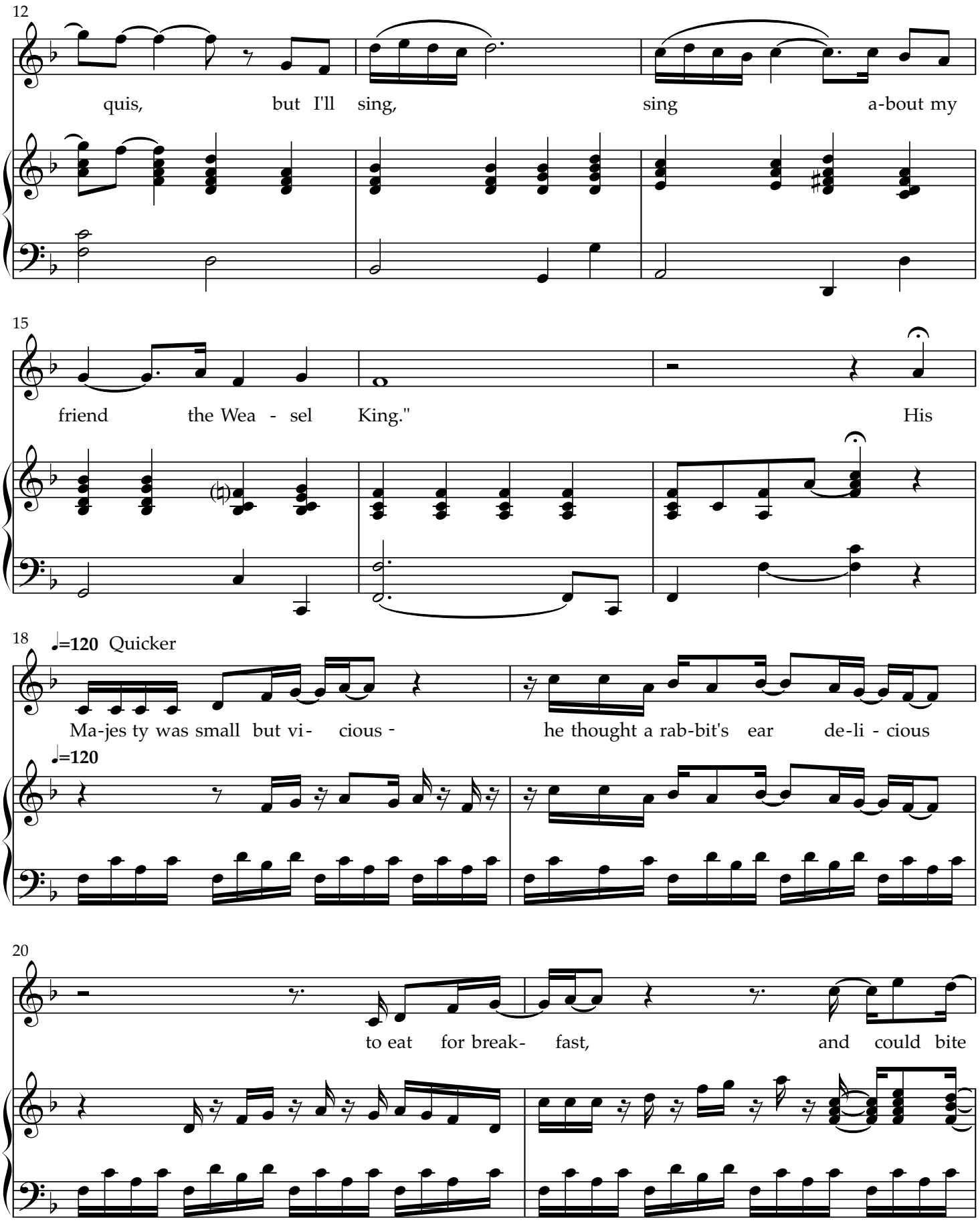
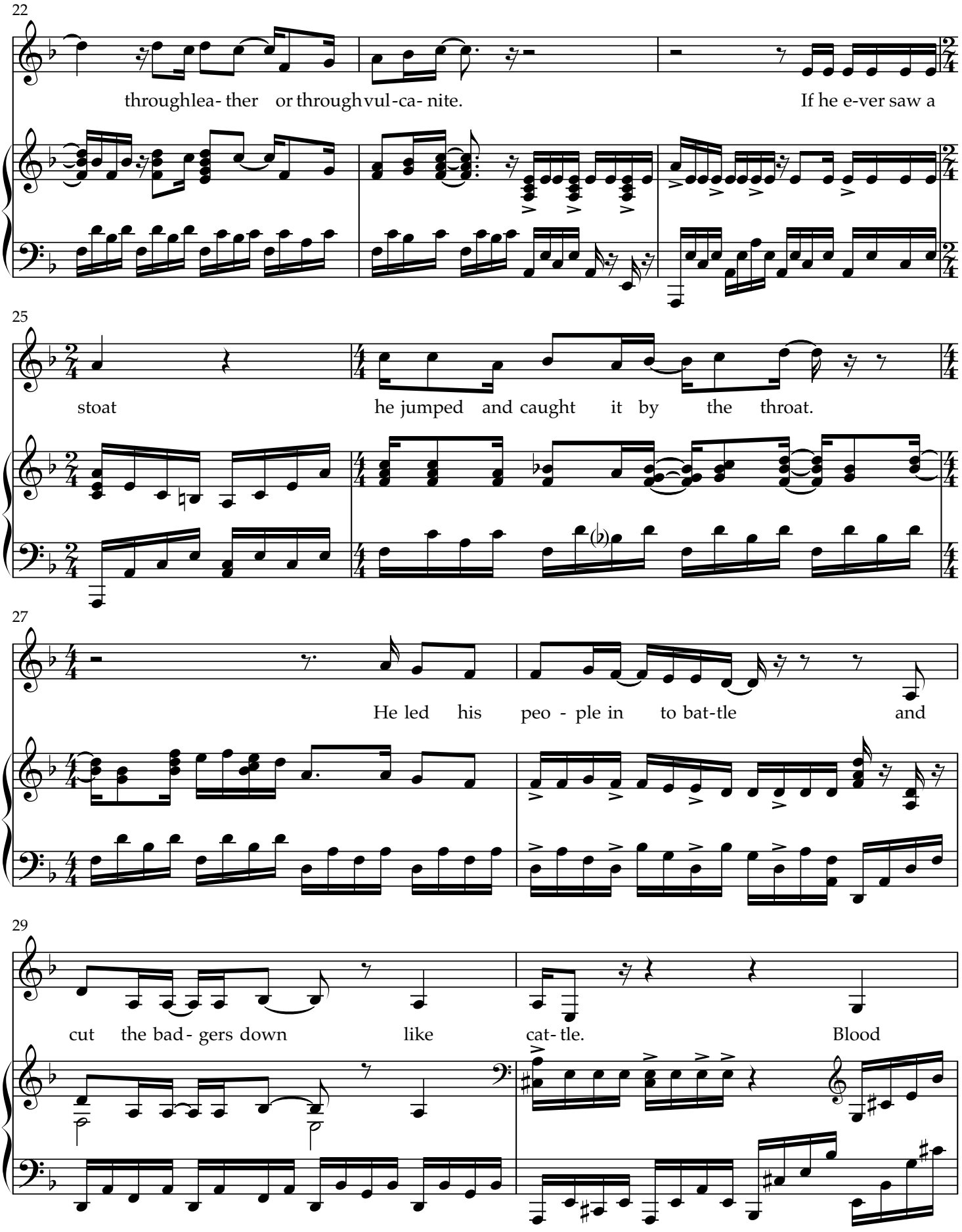
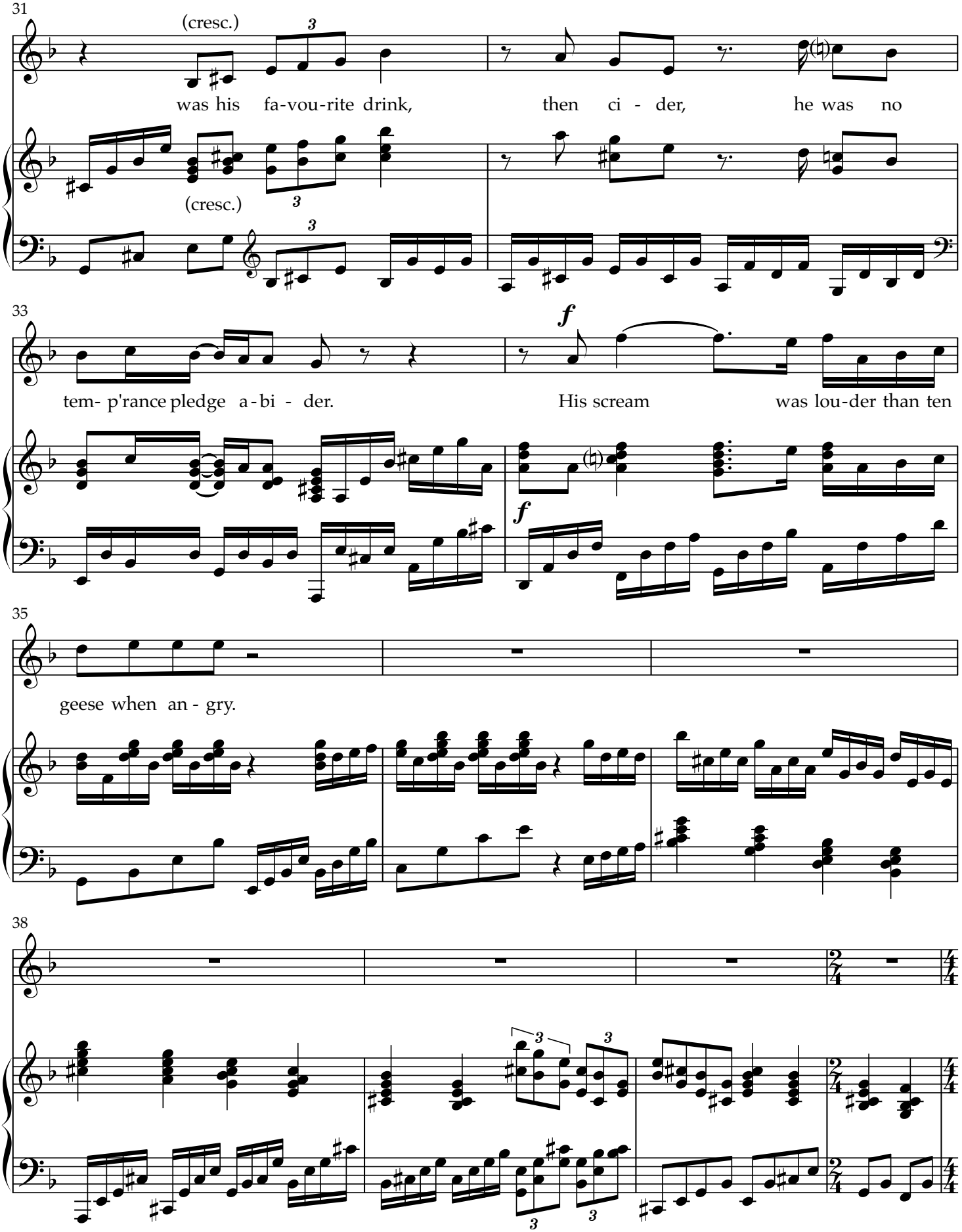
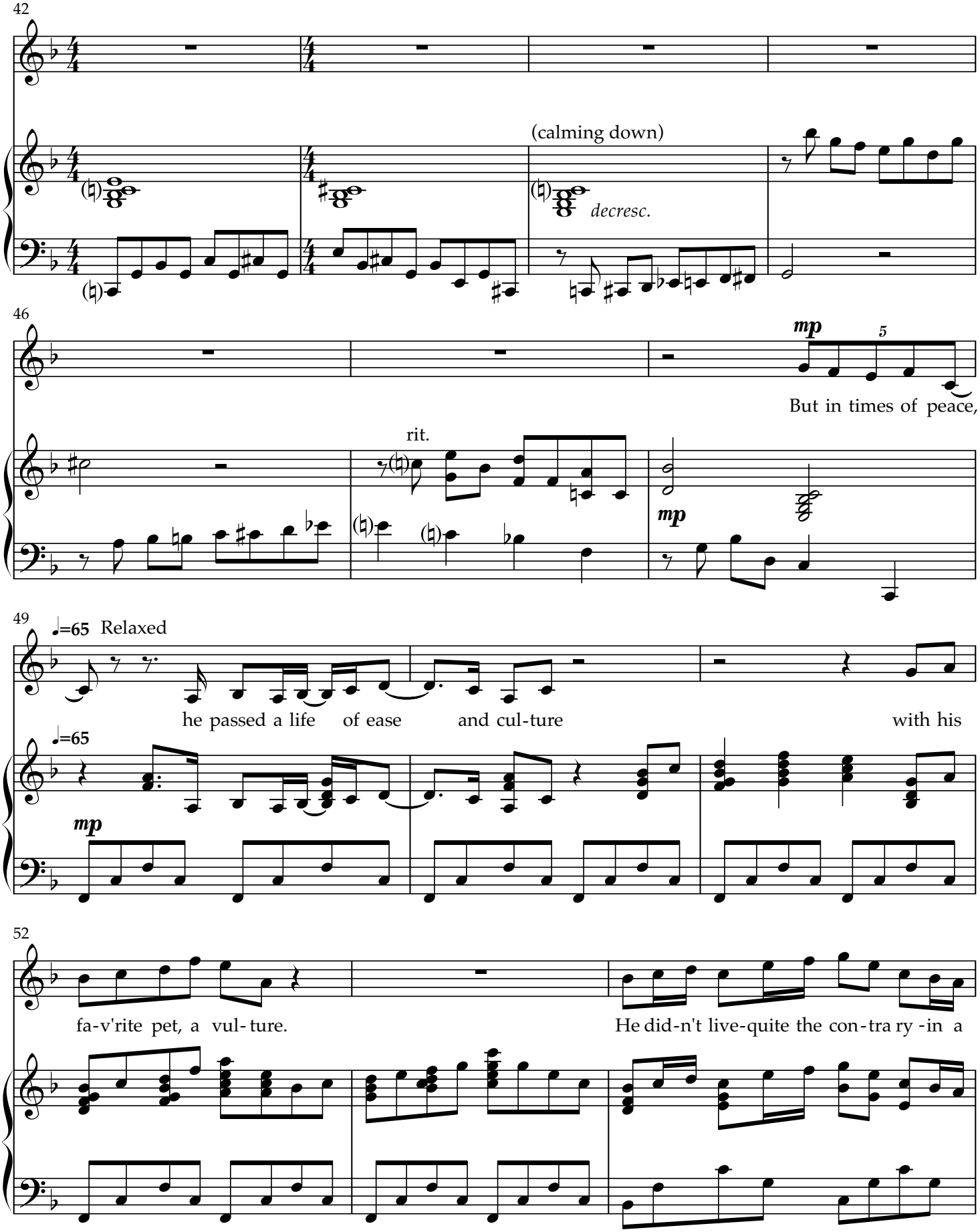
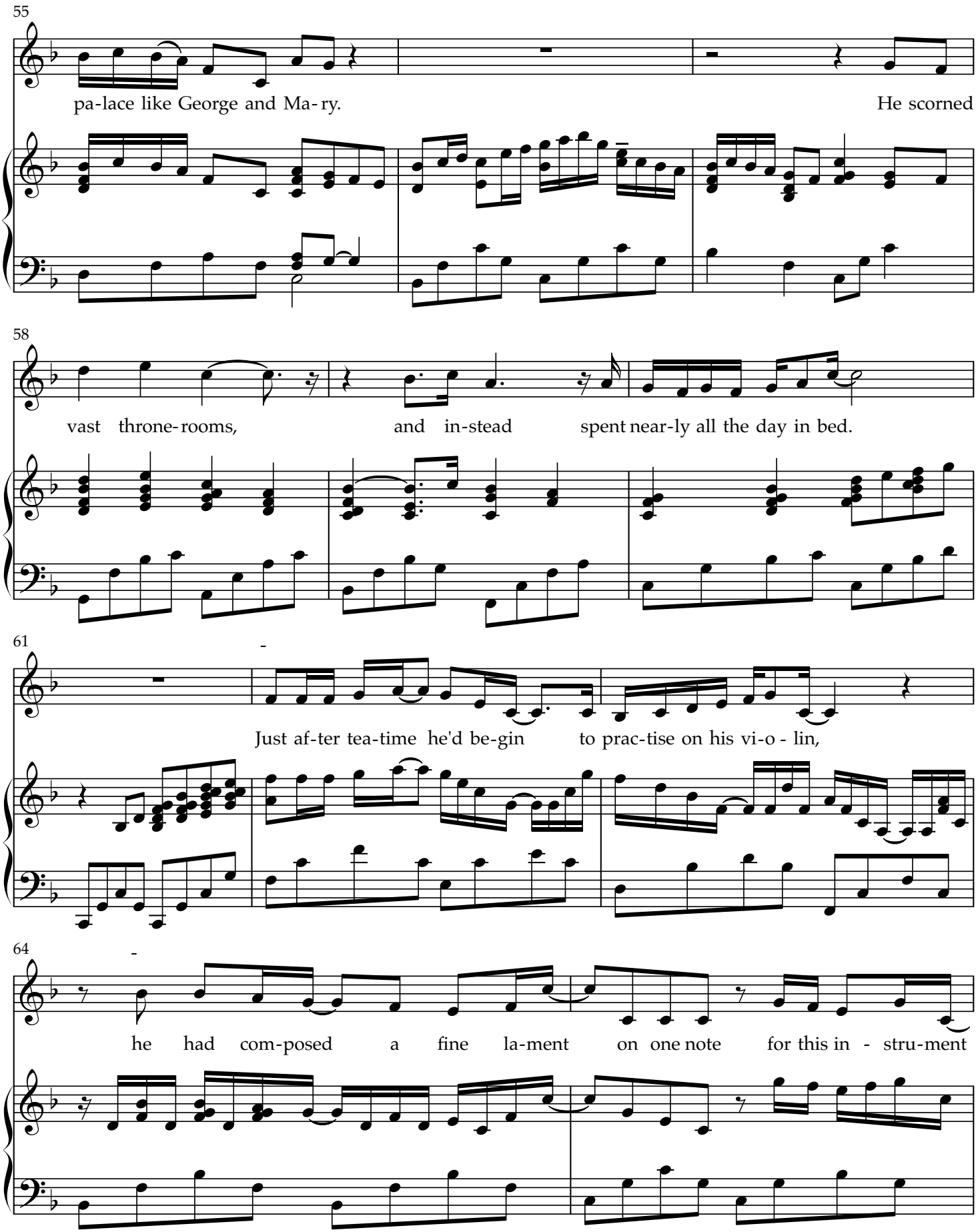
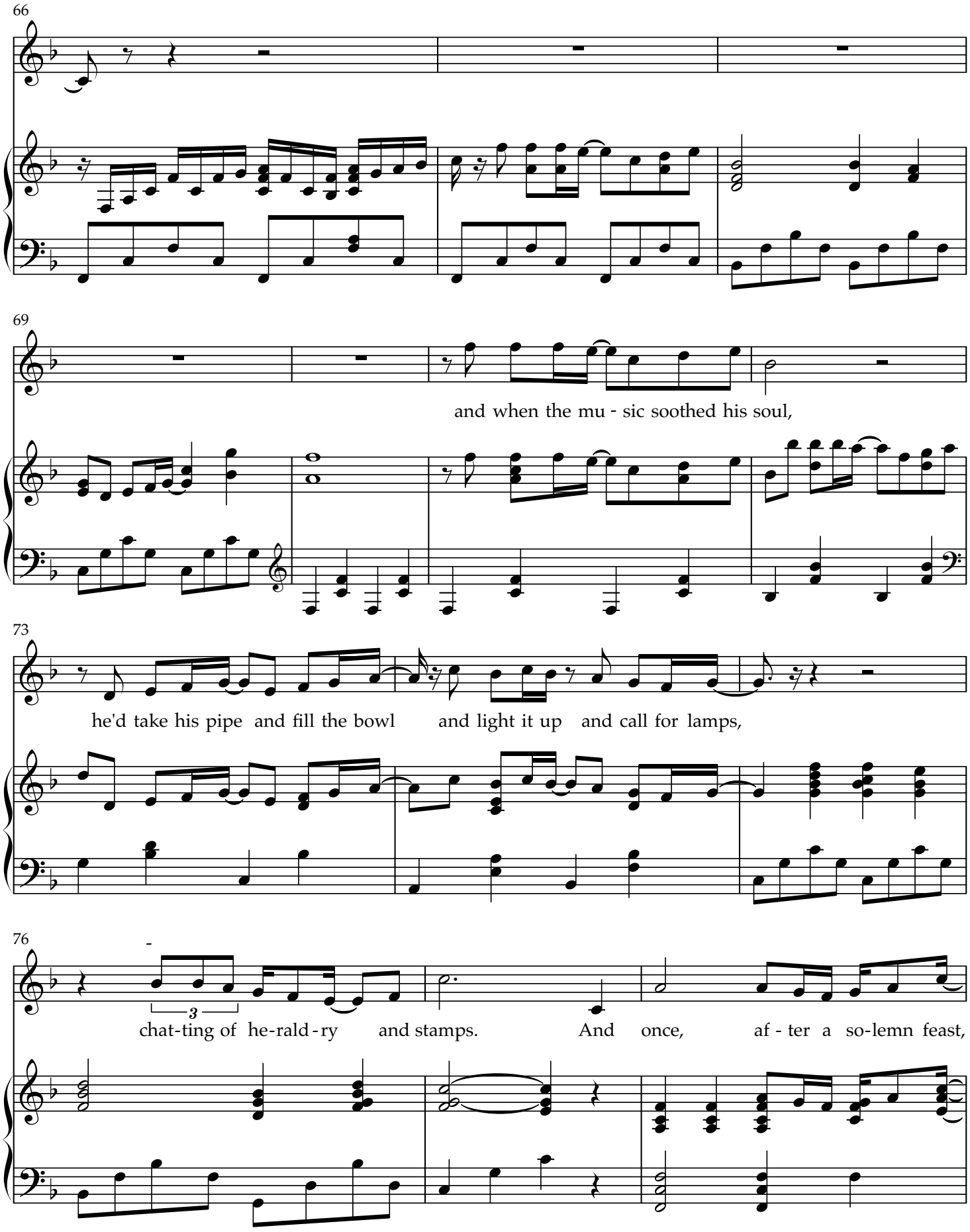

12
quis, but I'll sing, sing a-bout my
15
friend the Wea - sel King." His
18
♩=120 Quicker
Ma-jes ty was small but vi- cious - he thought a rab-bit's ear de-li - cious
♩=120
20
to eat for break- fast, and could bite

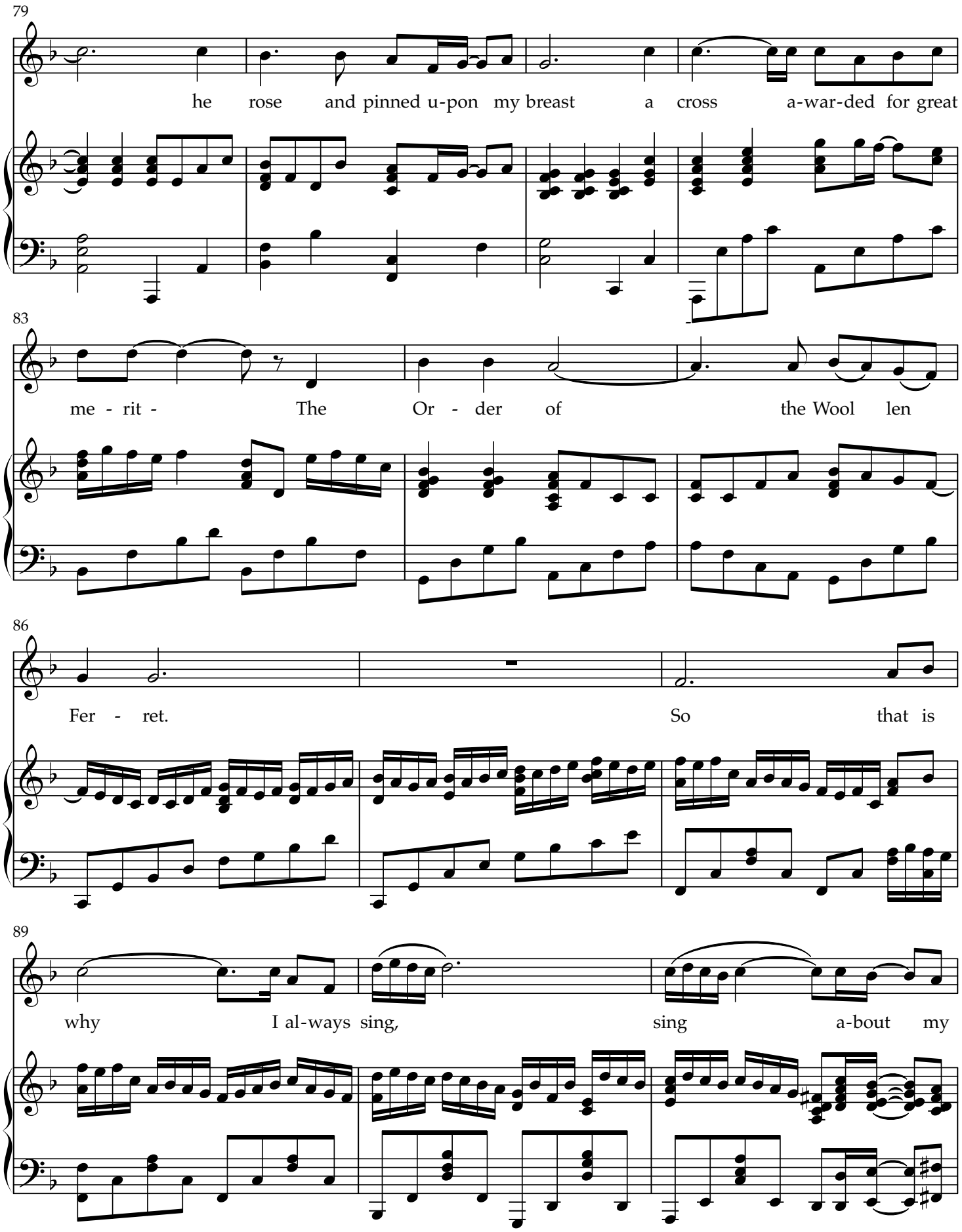

22
throughlea- ther or throughvul-ca- nite.
If he e-ver saw a
25
stoat
he jumped and caught it by the throat.
27
He led his peo - ple in to bat-tle and
29
cut the bad - gers down like cat- tle.
Blood

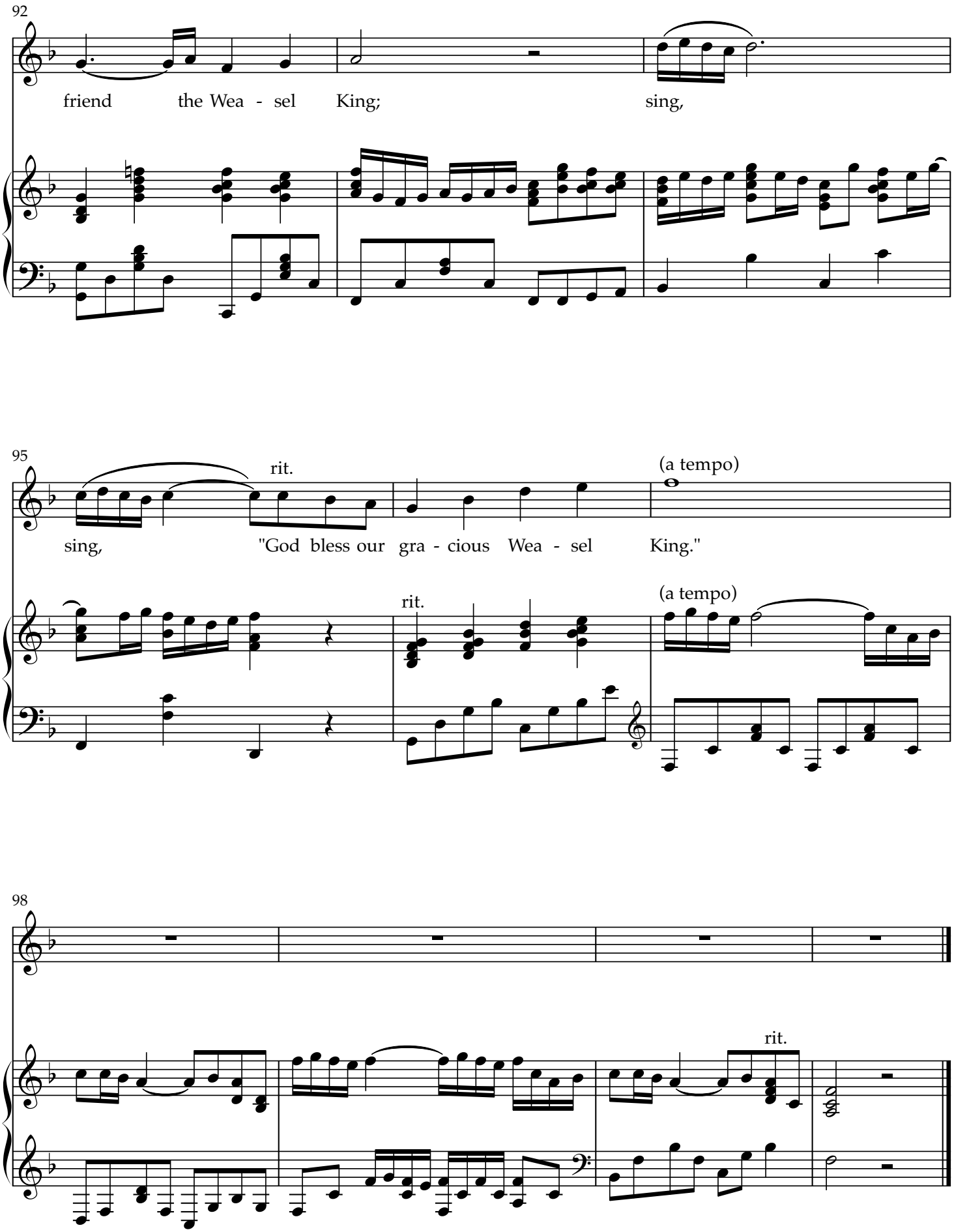

31
(cresc.)
was his fa-vou-rite drink,
then ci - der,
he was no
(cresc.)
33
tem- p'rance pledge a - bi - der.
His scream
was lou-der than ten
f
f
35
geese when an - gry.
38


42
(calming down)
decresc.
46
mp
5
But in times of peace,
rit.
mp
49
♩=65 Relaxed
he passed a life of ease and cul-ture with his
♩=65
mp
52
fa-v'rite pet, a vul-ture.
He did-n't live-quite the con-tra ry -in a


55
pa-lace like George and Ma-ry.
He scorned
58
vast throne-rooms,
and in-stead
spent near-ly all the day in bed.
61
Just af-ter tea-time he'd be-gin
to prac-tise on his vi-o - lin,
64
he had com-posed a fine la-ment on one note for this in - stru-ment


66
69
and when the mu - sic soothed his soul,
73
he'd take his pipe and fill the bowl and light it up and call for lamps,
76
chat-ting of he-rald-ry and stamps. And once, af - ter a so-lemn feast,


79
he rose and pinned u-pon my breast a cross a-war-ded for great
83
me - rit - The Or - der of the Wool len
86
Fer - ret. So that is
89
why I al-ways sing, sing a-bout my


92
friend the Wea - sel King; sing,
95
rit.
(a tempo)
sing, "God bless our gra - cious Wea - sel King."
rit.
(a tempo)
98
rit.