

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.

1st draft
May 30, 1941

Old Booker T.

Was a practical man.

He said, Till the soil,

and Learn from the land.

Let down your buckets

Where you are:

In your own backyard,

~~Could~~ There could

~~Right~~ be a star.

Train you ~~heart,~~

Your ~~head,~~ *heart,* and your hand.

To help yourself

And your fellowman

Thus Booker T.

Built a school,

With book-learning there

And the workman's tool.

He started out

In a simple way---

For ~~(Yesterday~~

Was not today.)

Sometimes he had *com-*

~~Compromise~~ in his talk---

For a man must crawl

Before he can walk

And in Alabama in '85

A joker was lucky

To ~~stay~~ ^{be} alive.

But ~~old~~ Booker T.

Was nobody's fool:

You may carve a dream

From an humble tool---

And the tallest tower

Can tumble down

If ~~is~~ ^{tbl} not rooted

In solid ground.

He said, Train your ~~heart,~~ *head,*

Your head, and your hand



For ~~to~~ smart ^{ness} alone
Is ~~not~~ ^{surely} meet---
If ~~you~~ ^{and} haven't ~~got~~ ^{also} ~~got~~
/Something to eat.

~~train your~~ ^{heart} ~~hand~~
Your head, and your hand--
For Booker T.
Was a practical man.

[AC7059]

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.
by
Langston Hughes

2nd draft
May 31, 1941



~~Old~~ Booker T.
Was a practical man.
He said, Till the soil
And learn from the land.
Let down your buckets
Where you are:
In your own backyard
~~There could be a star.~~
Train your head,
Your heart, and your hand,
To help yourself
And your fellow man,
For smartness alone
Is surely not meet—
If you haven't got ~~also~~
Something to eat.
Thus Booker T. went and
Built a school,
Book-learning there
And the workman's tool.
He started out
In a simple way—
For yesterday ~~was~~ ~~thinking~~
Was not today.
Sometimes he had ~~come~~
Promise in his talk,
For a man must crawl
Before he can walk—
And in Alabama in 185
A joker was lucky
To be alive.
But Booker T.
Was nobody's fool:
You may carve a dream
With an humble tool.
~~May~~ the tallest tower
~~May~~ tumble down
If it be not rooted
In solid ground.
He said, Train your head,
Your heart, and your hand—
For Booker T.
Was a practical man.
~~Let down your buckets~~
~~Where you are~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
In your own backyard,
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ He said, ~~let~~ let ~~down~~ down ~~your~~ your ~~buckets~~ buckets
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Where you are.

Said he, seek
and

at Tuskegee
got
with

Com

regro

Can

he, is your

are
bar
car
gar
jar
mar
par
rar
star
scar
tar
far

[Ac 7059]

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.

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Langston Hughes

Booker T.
Was a practical man.
He said, Till the soil
And learn from the land.
Let down your bucket
Where you are.
Your fate is here
And not afar.
To help yourself
And your fellow man,
Train your head,
Your heart, and your hand.
For smartness alone's
Surely not meet—
If you haven't at the same time
Got something to eat.
Thus at Tuskegee
He built a school
With book-learning there
And the workman's tool.
He started out
In a simple way—
For yesterday
Was not today.
Sometimes he had
Compromise in his talk—
For a man must crawl
Before he can walk—
And in Alabama in '85
A joker was lucky
To be alive.
But Booker T.
Was nobody's fool:
You may carve a dream
With an humble tool.
The tallest tower
Can tumble down
If it be not rooted
In solid ground.
So, being a far-seeing
Practical man,
He said, Train your head,
Your heart, and your hand.
Your fate is here
And not afar,
So let down your bucket
Where you are.

[A67059]

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Let down your bucket
Where you are.
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To help yourself
And your fellow man,
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He said, Train your head,
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And not afar,
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Where you are.

Langston Hughes
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Monterey, California,
June 1, 1941.

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