

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,~~ *head,*

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~~ <sup>be</sup> 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~~ <sup>tbl</sup> not rooted

In solid ground.

He said, Train your *head,*

Your head, and your hand

For ~~to~~ smart <sup>ness</sup> alone  
Is ~~not~~ <sup>surely</sup> meet---  
If ~~you~~ <sup>and</sup> haven't ~~got~~ <sup>also</sup> got  
/Something to eat.

~~Train your~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~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~~  
 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.  
~~But~~ 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~~  
 In your own backyard,  
~~And~~  
~~He~~ said, ~~let~~ let down your buckets  
 Where you are.

Said he, seek  
and

at Tuskegee  
got  
with

Com

negro

Can

he, is your

are  
 far  
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 jar  
 mar  
 far  
 rar  
 star  
 scar  
 tar  
 far

[Ac 7059]





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by  
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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by  
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  
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Compromise in his talk—  
For a man must crawl  
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So, being a far-seeing  
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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.

*Langston Hughes*  
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