

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
~~Might~~ be a star.
Train you ~~heart,~~ *head,*
heart, Your head, 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 ~~to~~ smart *ness* alone
Is ~~not~~ *surely* meet---
If ~~you~~ *also* haven't ~~got~~ *got*
~~Got~~ /Something to eat.

For ~~x~~Yesterday
Was not today.~~x~~
Sometimes he had *corn*
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~~ *is* not rooted
In solid ground.
He said, Train your *head,*
Your head, *and your*

~~Train your~~ *heart*
Your head, and your hand--
For Booker T.
Was a practical man.

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.

by
Langston Hughes

2nd draft
May 31, 1941

~~the~~ 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 ~~some~~
 Promise 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
~~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,
~~You'll find a star.~~
~~You might find a star.~~ He said, ~~look~~ star.
~~Let down your buckets~~
 Where you are.

Said he, seek
and

got
at Tuskegee
with

Com

Can

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

is yours

4th draft,
June 1, 1941.

BALLAD OF BOOKER T.

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.

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Where you are.

Langston Hughes
Final Draft,
1110 Hill Farm,
Monterey, California,
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