

## Reverend Mr. Black

Faron Young

He rode easy in the saddle he was tall and lean  
At first you thought nothing but a streak of mean  
Could make a man look so downright strong  
But one look in his eyes and you know what you was wrong  
He was a mountain of a man and I want you to know  
He could preach hot hell of freezin' snow  
He carried a Bible in a canvas sack  
The folks just called him the Reverend Mr Black  
He was poor as a beggar but he rode like a king  
And sometimes in the evening you could hear him sing

I've gotta walk that lonesome valley I've gotta walk it by myself  
Oh nobody else can make it for me I've gotta walk it by myself

If ever I could have through this man in black  
Was sort or had any yellow up his back  
I gave that nation up the day  
A lumberjack came in and it want to pray  
And he kicked open that meetin' house door  
He cussed everybody up and down the floor  
Then when things get quiet in the place  
Walked up and cussed in the preacher's face  
And he hit that reverend like the kick of a mule  
To my way of thinking it took a pure fool  
To turn the other cheek to that lumberjack  
But that's what he did the Reverend Mr Black  
Wellhe stood like a rock a man among men  
And he let that lumberjack hit him again  
Then with a voice as kind as could be  
He cut him down like a big oak tree

When he said you've gotta walk that lonesome valley  
You've gotta walk it by yourself  
Oh nobody else can make it for you  
You've gotta walk it by yourself

It's been many years since we had to part and I guess I've learned his ways by heart  
I can still hear his sermons ring down in the valley where he used to sing  
I followed his yes sir and I don't regret it and I hope that I can be of credit  
To his memory for you understand the Reverend Mr Black was my old man

You've gotta walk that lonesome valley...