

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 myse
lf
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 lear
ned 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 o
ld man

You've gotta walk that lonesome valley...
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