

When The Master Calls The Jive

Rosanne Cash

Girl with hair of flaming red
Seeking perfect lover
For to lie down on her feathered bed
Soft secrets to uncover

Must be gentle, must be strong
With disposition sunny
Just as faithful as the day is long
And careful with his money

And so the open letter read
The newsboy did deliver
Three months later plans were made to wed
Down by the King James River

Lo! The season may come
Lo! The season may go
What love has joined together
Will forever be made whole
When The Master calls the roll

Oh, my darling William Lee
Take me to the altar
I don't have strength to watch you as you leave
But my love will never falter

Oh, my darling Mary Ann
The march to war is calling
Somewhere far across these southern lands
Are bands of brothers falling

My tender bride the tides demand
That I leave you with your mother
With my father's rifle in one hand
And your locket in the other

Lo! The season may come
Lo! The season may go
Beware the storm clouds gathered
Take heed dear mortal soul
When The Master calls the roll

But can this union be preserved
The soldier boy was crying
I will never travel back to her
But not for lack of trying

It's the love of one true hearted lass
That made the boy a hero
But a rifle ball and a cannon blast
Cut him down to zero

Oh, Virginia whence I came
I'll see you when I'm younger
And I'll know you by your hills again
This time from six feet under

Lo! The season may come
Lo! The season may go
What man has torn asunder
Will someday be made whole
When The Master calls the roll

Though the storm clouds gather
Let the union be made whole
When the master calls the roll