**WE TOOK CARE OF THE BOYS**

The Folk Alliance International invited Joe Crookston, our February 10 Second Saturday artist (see Page 1) to be the Artist in Residence at the 2016 Conference in Kansas City MO. Joe collaborated with the National World War I Museum in Kansas City, digging into their archives of letters, photographs, field recordings and objects from WWI. After reading hundreds of letters, Joe chose to tell the story of Florence Hemphill, a woman. A nurse of Scottish ancestry from Wilson County Kansas. A worker less honored in the history books. Florence was a courageous medical presence in France during some of the most intense fighting. This song is on Joe’s newest CD, *Joe Crookston 2017*, or you can hear it at the link below.

**THE LETTERS OF FLORENCE HEMPHILL**

 *By Joe Crookston*

**Bm**

I came back home to Wilson County

In the gold Kansas Plains

 **G**

From the gutted hills of France

 **A**

And the cold muddy rain

 **Bm**

I still think about the sisters Cigarettes and English tea

 **G**

And the barbed wire and trenches

 **A**

Things we never thought we'd see

**G A**

And in the rumbling battle noise

 **Bm**

We took care of the boys.

 **G**

So they wouldn't die alone

 **A**

And we could send them back home

**G A Bm**

When the midnight whistle blew I donned my boots and navy blue

 **G A**

But anyhow That's all over now

Jimmy Clellan was a piper

They brought him in from No Man's Land

And I fed him the ripest berries

And I saved his one good hand

And that red-head with the photograph

As I wrapped up his eyes

If he got home to West Virginia

I knew he'd never see his bride

And in the rumbling battle noise

We took care of the boys So they wouldn't die alone

And we could send them back home

When the midnight whistle blew I donned my boots and navy blue

But anyhow That's all over now

All the sleepless nights we spent

And all the letters came and went

And all the British girls and I

We lost some but we tried

We lay down in the bracken fern

To make it through we had to learn

About the broken and the torn

Mending lives and staying warm

Coming home to the prairie gold

With a story that I told

In the rumbling battle noise

We took care of the boys

I came back home to Wilson County

In the gold Kansas Plains

From the gutted hills of France

And the cold muddy rain