

HIS EDUCATION WAS ON THE ROAD

This song goes out to our good member in Nashville, John A. Lomax III. In 2017, John III, his sister Anna and his son John Nova Lomax worked with the University of Texas Press to bring out a new edition of John Avery Lomax, Sr.'s book, *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter*, chronicling his decades-long quest to find and record literally thousands of our ballads, blues, cowboy songs, and folk music of all types. It is an important book and a very enjoyable read. John Lomax, Jr, together with his brother Alan, were founders of the Houston Folklore Society in 1950. So this song waited too long to get written, but here it is and I hope you all like it.

G Ten thousand songs this man collected, and he gave them free of charge. **C** **G**
Em He rode across our singing country – John A. Lomax, a man at large **A** **D**
G He listened to the convicts holler their work songs and moan their blues at night **G7** **C** **B7**
C And he gave us a legacy of stories and songs that we sing with all our might **G** **E7** **A7** **D7** **G**
Goodnight Irene, it's time I'm leavin' down the Chisholm Trail at dawn.
In her Home on the Range Sweet Betsy's grievin' for the Buffalo Hunter that's gone
When we hear the whistle of the Midnight Special or the old Rock Island Line
Echoes of our country's story that take us back in time.

CHORUS:

Thank you, Mr. Lomax, for saving up our stories and songs.
We got really busy and we almost lost 'em but they're back where they belong
On the porch, in the parlor, at the ice cream social, in the concert hall they ring –
The Ballad Hunter listens when America sings.

Now the ballad hunter had a questing heart and a thirst for knowledge that showed
He went to Texas and he went to Harvard, but his education was on the road
With a 1930's record machine that weighed four hundred pounds
With a loaded up Ford and his son aboard they made their musical rounds

CHORUS

Oh, the Ballad Hunter listens when America sings.