

THE BALLAD OF DARD HUNTER

(based on John Henry)

by Peter Thomas

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When Dard Hunter was a little feller

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Sitting in old Elbert's reverie

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He picked up a book with a floppy leather cover

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Said paper's goina be the death of me lord,

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Paper's goina be the death of me.

Roycrofters said to Dard Hunter

Handmade paper's costs are too high

Goina bring commercial paper out on the job

We'll use commercial paper that's no lie lord,

Use commercial paper that's no lie.

Dard Hunter said to Elbert Hubbard

A man ain't nothing but a man.

Before I let a book of mine be made like that

Goina die with a deckle in my hand lord

Die with a deckle in my hand.

Dard Hunter learned how to make paper,

To make type and to print, that's no lie.

He made a lot of books. He worked real hard.

Then he laid down his deckle and he died lord,

Laid down his deckle and he died.

They buried him in Chillicothe.

They buried him under the sand.

Whenever a book lover comes wandering round.

They say there lies a papermakin' man lord,

There lies a papermaking man.

Now folks they made an organization:

The Friends of Dard Hunter, that's no lie.

They all love paper, got moulds and deckles too.

Now paper makin' will not die lord,

Hand paper making will not die.

End: We love paper they all sigh lord.

Hand paper making will not die.)