

Description of the Taylor Race

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As my mind is sound , and my heart beats true
And realizing what I do
I take my trusty pen in hand
To describe these Taylors, the best in I can.

They were people of good renown
And as truthful and honest as could be found
They would live in the valley or in the cove
They was easy lead, but couldn't be drove.

And if they was it was seldom found
And it was under a gun or they had them bound
They was very industrious and didn't mind work
Best occasionally one would want to leark

And when one did take a notion to stray
He would ramble all night and by 'ly up all day.
He would ramble a while and then he'd leark
And would pearish to death before he'd work.

But that don't to this Taylor race
There is a cross somewhere and hits (it's) out of place
A Taylor will work where ever he's found
In an office job or he will till the ground.

They were musically talented, a mastered gift
They could sing and play, both slow and swift
Till it seamed to reach the heavenly choir
Where a lot of other good singers are.

But their voices we can not hear
So we sing on in the best of cheer
And wait for the call to join our friends
In the heavenly choir that never ends

They were mechanical minded in a lot of ways
And they made many things that are busy these days.
They made the plows and plow stocks too
And they plowed the land while it was new.

They would forage the iron into useful things.
As the bellows roared and the anvil rings
As the hammer came down with a powerful swing
The Iron would mould into a big gait hinge.

And the blacksmith would wipe his sweat and grin
While the boy blowed the bellows that gathered the wind
And if the boy was short and low
He would stand on a block and the bellows blow.

But later on, as more they learned
They got on blowers that handles turned
And that was better, it was lower down
He could turn the crank and stand on the ground

They made the horseshoes and the nails
And had to walk five miles to get their mail
They would tan the leather and make the shoes
And by a little brass lamp they read the news.

They would shear the sheep and wash the wool
And then sat down by a big sack full
They would cord the rolls and spin the thread
And a lot of that was done before they went to bed.

They would get up next morning bring in the loom
And that was generally done in a little room.
They would thread up the loom and weave the jeans
Then cut of the garments and sew the seams.

It was all hard work as a few of us know,
But had to have blankets and had to have clothes
And when we got them they were cozy and warm
And we didn't freeze to death while working on a farm.

They would do their work first and then they'd play
And would go to church on the Sabbath day
They would visit their neighbors and have a lot of fun
And tell big yarns about the things they'd done

They would go back home and feeling relieved
They would grab their had and was off to the field
And this went on from year to year
And they would always in the best of cheer.

And there is the fruit trees they didn't forget
They grafted them and in the ground they went.
They would set out a few, let it rain or snow
And with the help of the Lord, they would most grow.

And when a big job had to be done
They would ask in the neighbors old and young
And they would come in the early morn
And would roll the logs or shuck the corn.

They would tell big yarns and have a lot of fun
But by the time it was night they had it all done.
They would first build a fire that was good and hot
And then bring in the big wash pot.

The housewives would cook and the girls would sew.
And that is the way they made things go.
And the girls they'd quilt and have their fun
And by the time it was night they had that done.

They would take the quilt out and hold it in hand
To see who could capture(?) the first young man.
They would tell when he'd marry or would seek a girl
Or something like that, I almost forget.

Now this is old stuff and all out of date
But it shows how people did cooperate
And if we had more of that now, I think it would be best
We would get along better and all would be blessed.

They had many other trails, too numerous to tell
But the least of them all they wished everyone well
They would use there energy and all of their skill
To help the less fortunate climb the hill.

So, this is the description of the Taylor race
Other ones have lived here in this place
But as to what they do or where they go
Ask someone else, I do not know.