

When The Master Calls The Roll

Rosanne Cash

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

Must be gentile, 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 news boy did deliver
Three months later plans were made to wed
Down by the King James river

Know the season may come
Know the season may go
When love is joined together
With whoever be made whole
When the master calls the roll

Oh my darling will you leave?
Take me to the altar
I don't have strength to watch you as you leave
But my love will never fault her

Oh my darling Marry Anne
The march to war is calling
Somewhere far across these southern lands
The 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
Your locket in the other

Know the season may come
Know the season may go
Beware the storm clouds gather
Take heat in warm of 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 a love of one true heart at last
That made the boy a hero
But a riffle ball and a cannon blast
Cut him down to zero

Oh Virginia once I came
I'll see you when I'm younger
And I'll know you by your hills again
This town from 6 feet under

Know the season may come
Know the season may go
A man is torn asunder
But someday we may know
When the master calls the roll

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