

The Wreck of the Number Nine

Hank Snow

THE WRECK OF THE NO. 9

(Writer Carson J. Robison)

'60 MCA Music
On a cold winter's night not a star was in sight
And the north wind came howling down the line
With his sweetheart so dear stood a brave engineer
With his orders to pull old No 9
She kissed him goodbye with a tear in her eye
But the joy in his heart he could not hide
Oh the whole world seemed bright when she told him that night
That tomorrow she'd be his blushing bride
Oh the wheels hummed a song as the train rolled along
And the black smoke came pouring from the stack
And the headlight a gleam seemed to brighten his dream
Of tomorrow when he'd be coming back
He steered around the hill and his brave heart stood still
For a headlight was shining in his face
And he whispered a prayer as he drew on the air
or he knew this would be his final grace
In the wreck he was found lying there on the ground
And he asked them to raise his weary head
As his breath slowly went this the message he sent
To the maiden who thought she would be wed
There's a little white home that I built for our own
Where I dreamed we'd be happy by and by
But I leave it to you for I know you'll be true
Till we meet at the golden gate goodbye

Songwriters

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