

Hero's death

'Twas on an autumn evening, an old man bent with age
He landed in a city from off of the dusty sage
Is this the express office sir ? I've come to meet my son
They told me that the train was due at this place at half past one

You've made a slight mistake, sir, I'd like for you to know
This is the express office, and not the town deport
You do not understand me, sir, with trembling lips his said
He's not coming to me as a passenger, but he's coming to me dead

Just then a whistle pierced the air, "the express", some one cried
And with a feeble tremblihg step, the old man passed outside
Just then a casket in a box was lowered to the ground
It was an eager, anxious crowd that quickly gathered 'round

Don't handle it so roughly boys, for that's our darling Jack
He left us just as you are now, Look how he's coming back
It's broken his poor mother's heart as partings always do
Think God he died a hero's death while with the boys in blue