

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The C. & O. Wreck

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It was on a New Year's morning,  
Nineteen hundred and thirteen,  
Engine Eight Hundred and Twenty  
Went down with fire and steam.

It was on this sad morning  
At about eleven o'clock,  
The C. & O. bridge at Guyandott (I)  
Began to tremble and rock.

When the train reached Guyandott  
The engineer was there;  
Ed Webber was his name,  
He had dark and wavy hair.

He pulled his engine to the bridge,  
But the flagman he was there;  
He held out the red as if to say,  
"You may cross her if you dare."

Ed sat in his cab window  
So peaceful and so fair;  
He did not know that on the bridge  
That death awaited him there.

Fireman Cook walked across the bridge  
And stopped on the other side;  
He did not know that Webber  
Was taking his last ride.

Rufe Medders was the hridge foreman,  
A kind good-hearted man;  
He stood there giving orders  
And signals with his hands.

His crew was working on the bridge,  
But this I think you know,  
A-working for their families,  
And for the C. & O.

Brakeman Williams gave the signal  
And the engine started on;

But when she hit that trestle  
He knew that Webber was gone.

The bridge rocked for a moment,  
And then went tumbling down;  
They heard the engine crash below  
With a sad and mournful sound. .

Conductor Lovelooked over the bridge  
Then turned and bowed his head;  
He knew that faithful Webber  
Was numbered with the dead.

Thirteen men were on the bridge,  
And when the bridge went down,  
Six of them were rescued,  
Whiie seven of them were drowned.

Ed Webber was the engineer,  
A brave and faithful man;  
He went down on his engine  
With the throttle in his hand.

His body was recovered  
And placed beneath the sod  
We trust that he is resting  
With our Savior and our God.

Ed Webber left a loving wife  
And eight little children dear;  
May God protect and comfort them  
While they remain down here.

Were those men religious?  
This I do not know;  
But when our Savior calls us  
We surely have to go

God bless their families  
Their dear old mothers, too;  
God bless their brothers and sisters  
As they journey onward through

Now all of us that see this song  
Be good and be true;  
For God has said in His own words  
That death will visit you.

From Coombs

collected from William Back, KY

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