

The Brakeman - song lyrics

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THE BRAKEMAN.

By T. B. Tooker.

In the pleasant summer weather, standing on the car-tops high,
He views the changing landscape as the train rushes swiftly by.
While he notes the beautiful pictures, which the lovely landscape makes,
Suddenly across his dreaming comes the quick, shrill cry for brakes!

But when winter's icy fingers cover earth with snowy shroud,
And the north wind, like a madman, rushes on with shrieking, loud,
Then behold the gallant brakeman spring to heed the engine's call,
Running o'er the icy car-tops-death awaits him should he fall.

He may have a dear, old mother, he may be her greatest joy;
Perhaps, at home, she's praying for the safety of her boy.
Daily facing death and danger, toiling for her day by day,
Always bringing her some present, every time he draws his pay.

In a little cottage, far away, dwells an honest brakeman's family-
His home it is a paradise- hear the children shout with glee!
Suddenly a stranger enters this happy home so bright;
He trembles like an aspen leaf, his face is ashy white.

The wife, as if by instinct taught, cries. "Is my husband dead?"
The stranger stands there speechless, and in silence bows his head.
The mother calls her children, and whilst the teardrops start,
Kisses them and says "Good bye"-then dies of broken heart.

Oh, pity the little orphans left to battle with life alone,
Without a mother's care or love, and no place to call a home.
Then scan your evening paper and note what its columns say:
The story is in one brief line: "Another brakeman killed to-day."