

The Wreck on the Somerset Road

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On a dark stormy mornin' when the snow was a-fallin'
Through the smoke from the old, straight stack,
The train pulled out for old St. Louis
With her crew that will never come back.

cho: Sad farewell when we heard the signal
And the brakeman dropped that pin,
And for hours and hours, well, that brakeman waited
For a train that will never pull in.

"Just one more trip," said the sleepy brakeman
As he tumbled out of his bed,
"For tomorrow night the panthers are coming
For to paint old Somerset red."

"Just one more trip," said the sleepy conductor
As he kissed his lovin' wife,
"For we've stole enough of money from the railroad company
To last us all through life."

Well five young men had broken the railing
And robbed them of their load,
'Twas the worst old wreck that we ever did see
On the old, old Somerset Road.

We will settle down in some lonely forest
And live there all alone,
But the last man found was the dead conductor
On the old, old Somerset Road.

Alternate chorus:

Was a sad farewell when we heard the signal
As the brakeman dropped the pin,
He come out and give us the signal
As he backed the old train in.

From Our Singing Country, Lomax

Note: Lomax felt that this predated Old 97