

# The Railway Guard - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE RAILWAY GUARD.

At the terminus at Euston, of the North Western rail,  
A buxom wench, fair, fat, and forty, was seated in the mail;  
She showed her ticket to me, and asked if slie was right,  
I told her " yes," and hoped she'd pass a very pleasant night;  
I shut the door, my whistle blew, the engine gave a scream ;  
We slowly left the platform, propelled along by steam;  
Into my break I quickly jumped ; "all right" the word was given,  
And at a rattling pace along the Euston-Line was driven.

Chorus.

In the mail-train to the North, let it rain, hail, or snow,  
Along the iron railway, like lightning on we go;  
I care not for the weather, and my break I'll not discard;  
For as happy as a king am I, altho' a railway-guard.

We stopped at Rugby, when the lady called me to her side,  
She said she'd been insulted by a gentleman inside,  
Who had never ceased annoying her, she was in such a fright,  
And begged that I would quickly take the ruffian from her sight;  
I said, oh, yes-but first tell me the crime he has committed!  
Committed? echoed she, so fierce, I thought she was half-witted,  
Go fetch me a polioeman, and as sure as eggs is eggs.  
I will give him into custody for tickling of my legs.  
In the mail-train to the North, &c.

The gentleman he said, 'twas false, the woman must be mad.  
Or would not charge him wrongfully, it really was too bad.  
He had not once been near her, her story was untrue,  
He kept apart, for " distance lent enchantment to the view."  
Into the carriage I immediately did go,  
To try And find the culprit who had teased the lady so,  
When underneath the seat, where she sat-how very shocking !  
Was a basket of game fowls that had been pecking at her stocking.  
In the mail-train to the North, &c

An apology she quickly made to him, ere he departed,  
And grieved to think that she had been so very chicken-heatred ;  
The gentleman accepted it, and loudly laughed outright,  
And advised her to put " gaiters " on if there she stayed that night.  
A warning this to young men be, the danger here is shown  
Of riding in a train at night with a female all alone ;  
Look out for baskets 'neath the seat, before you start away,  
Or you perhaps may be accused, one day, of some foul play.  
In the mail-train to the North, &c.