

# Hank Snow, The Wreck Of The Number Nine

THE WRECK OF THE NO. 9

(Writer Carson J. Robison)

'60 MCA Music

On a cold winter's night not a star was in sight  
And the north wind came howling down the line  
With his sweetheart so dear stood a brave engineer  
With his orders to pull old No 9  
She kissed him goodbye with a tear in her eye  
But the joy in his heart he could not hide  
Oh the whole world seemed bright when she told him that night  
That tomorrow she'd be his blushing bride  
Oh the wheels hummed a song as the train rolled along  
And the black smoke came pouring from the stack  
And the headlight a gleam seemed to brighten his dream  
Of tomorrow when he'd be coming back  
He steered around the hill and his brave heart stood still  
For a headlight was shining in his face  
And he whispered a prayer as he drew on the air  
or he knew this would be his final grace  
In the wreck he was found lying there on the ground  
And he asked them to raise his weary head  
As his breath slowly went this the message he sent  
To the maiden who thought she would be wed  
There's a little white home that I built for our own  
Where I dreamed we'd be happy by and by  
But I leave it to you for I know you'll be true  
Till we meet at the golden gate goodbye