

Joan Baez, Engine 143

Engine 143

Along came the F15 the swiftest on the line
Running o'er the C&amp;O road just twenty minutes behind
Running into Cevile head porters on the line
Receiving their strict orders from a station just behind

Georgie's mother came to him with a bucket on her arm
Saying my darling son be careful how you run
For many a man has lost his life in trying to make lost time
And if you run your engine right you'll get there just on time

Up the road he darted against the rocks he crushed
Upside down the engine turned and Georgie's breast did smash
His head was against the firebox door the flames are rolling high
I'm glad I was born for an engineer to die on the C&amp;O road

The doctor said to Georgie my darling boy be still
Your life may yet be saved if it is God's blessed will
Oh no said George that will not do I want to die so free
I want to die for the engine I love one hundred and forty three

The doctor said to Georgie your life cannot be saved
Murdered upon a railroad and laid in a lonesome grave
His face was covered up with blood his eyes they could not see
And the very last words poor Georgie said was nearer my God to thee