

## Marty Robbins "The Wreck Of The"

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On a cold day and dark cloudy ev'nin'  
Just before the close of day  
There came Harry Lyle and Dillard  
And with Anderson they rode away.

From Clifton Forge they started  
And their spirits were runnin' high  
And they stopped at Iron Gate and waited  
'Til Old Number 9 went by.

On the main line once more they started  
Down the James River cold, dark and drear  
And they gave no thought to the danger  
Or the death that was waiting so near.

They were gay and they joked with each other  
As they sped on their way side by side  
And the old engine rocked as she travelled  
Thru the night on that last fatal ride.

In an instant the story was ended  
On here side in that cold river bed  
With poor Harry Lyle in the cabin  
With a deep, fatal wound in his head.

Railroad men you should all take a warnin'  
From the fate that befell this young man  
Don't forget that the step is a short one  
From this earth to that sweet, promised land.

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