

Marty Robbins

"The Wreck Of The Number Nine"

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One cold winter's night not a star was in sight
Then the North wind came howling down the line
With his sweetheart so dear stood a brave engineer
With his orders to pull old Number Nine.

She kissed him goodbye with a tear in her eye
And the joy in his heart he could not hide
For the whole world was bright as 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 goin' back.

He sped 'round the hill and his brave heart stood still
A headlight was shining in his face
As he whispered a prayer as he threw on the air
For he knew this would be his final race.

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 message he sent
To the maiden he knew he could not wed

"There's a little white home that I bought for our own
Where I dreamed we'd be happy, bye and bye
But I'll leave it to you for I know you'll be true
Til we meet at those Golden Gates, goodbye."

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