

Unknown

"Chatsworth Wreck"

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The Chatsworth Wreck

From city, town and hamlet there came a merry throng
To view the great Niagara, with joy they sped along.

The maiden and her lover, the husband and the wife,
The merry prattling children so full of joyous life.

With hand upon the lever and eye upon the track
The engineer is standing while the shades of night
grow black

To see the smouldering timbers that lay along the
ridge,
Oh God, in pity save them! It is the railway bridge.

A mighty crash of timbers, a sound of hissing steam;
The groans and cries of anguish, a woman's stifled
scream.

The dead and dying mingled with the broken beams
and bars;
An awful human carnage, a dreadful wreck of cars.
All honor to the brave ones who flame and fire fought
All through that night of horror, a glory dearly bought

Over land and o'er the water this thrilling message
crossed
The bridge was burned at Chatsworth, a hundred lives
were lost

But oh, how much of sorrow, and oh, how much of pain
Awaited those who journeyed on that fatal railway train.

From Folk Songs Out of Wisconsin, Peters
Collected from F. A. Fair, Grand Forks, ND, 1923

Note: The wreck occurred in 1881 in Chatworth, Illinois/
The
train was headed for Niagara Falls.
@train @wreck

filename[CHATWRCK
play.exe CHATWRCK
RG
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