

Unknown

"Cowboy Fireman"

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COWBOY FIREMAN
or TRUSTY LARIAT
by Harry A. McClintock

Through the high Sierra Mountains tune A
Came an S P passenger train
The hoboes tried to ride her
But found 'twas all in vain

The fireman was a cowboy tune B
But do not think that strange
He could make more money shoveling coal
Than riding on the range

So though he was a cowboy tune C
And though he had to sweat
He still remained a western guy
And kept his lariat

The train was way behind time tune B
When suddenly ahead
A little child strolled on the track
And filled them all with dread

"My gosh" the hog head shouted tune C
As he slammed on all the brakes
"I'll never stop this SP train
I ain't got what it takes"

Up sprang that cowboy fireman tune B
And a gallant lad was he
"Now I will save that baby
If I wreck the whole SP"

He climbed upon the boiler tune A
As the train sped on its course
And swung his trusty lariat
As though he rode a horse

He dropped his loop around a pole tune B
That stood beside the track

And tied the other end of it
Around the big smokestack

He jerked the train right off the rails tune A
And caused an awful wreck
And our hero lay there in a ditch
With the engine on his neck

Oh we will all remember tune C
That forty-fifth of May
For there were many gallant hearts
All filled with fear that day

They buried that poor fireman tune B
Where the prairie wind blows wild
He killed two hundred passengers
But, Thank God, He saved the child

Recorded by Sam Hinton
@train @death @work
filename[COWFIRE
play.exe COWFIRE
SF
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY

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