Engine 143-Traditional American

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G                          C                G
Along came the F.F.V., the swiftest on   the line,
G                               A7                D7
Running down the C&O road, just twenty   minutes behind.
G                          C                G
Running into Souville, headquarters on   the line,
  C                     G                 D7              G
Receiving their strict orders from the   station right behind.
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Georgie's mother came to him, a bucket on her arm.
Saying to her darling son, Be careful how you run,
Many a man that's lost his life trying to make lost time,
And if you run your engine right, you'll get there right on time.

Up the tracks she darted against a rock she crashed.
Upside down the engine turned and Georgie's head was smashed.
His head against the firebox door and the flames were rolling high.
I'm glad I was born for an engineer on the C. & O. Road to die.

The doctor said to Georgie, My darling boy be still.
Your life may yet be saved, if it is God's precious 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 on a railway 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 were,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.