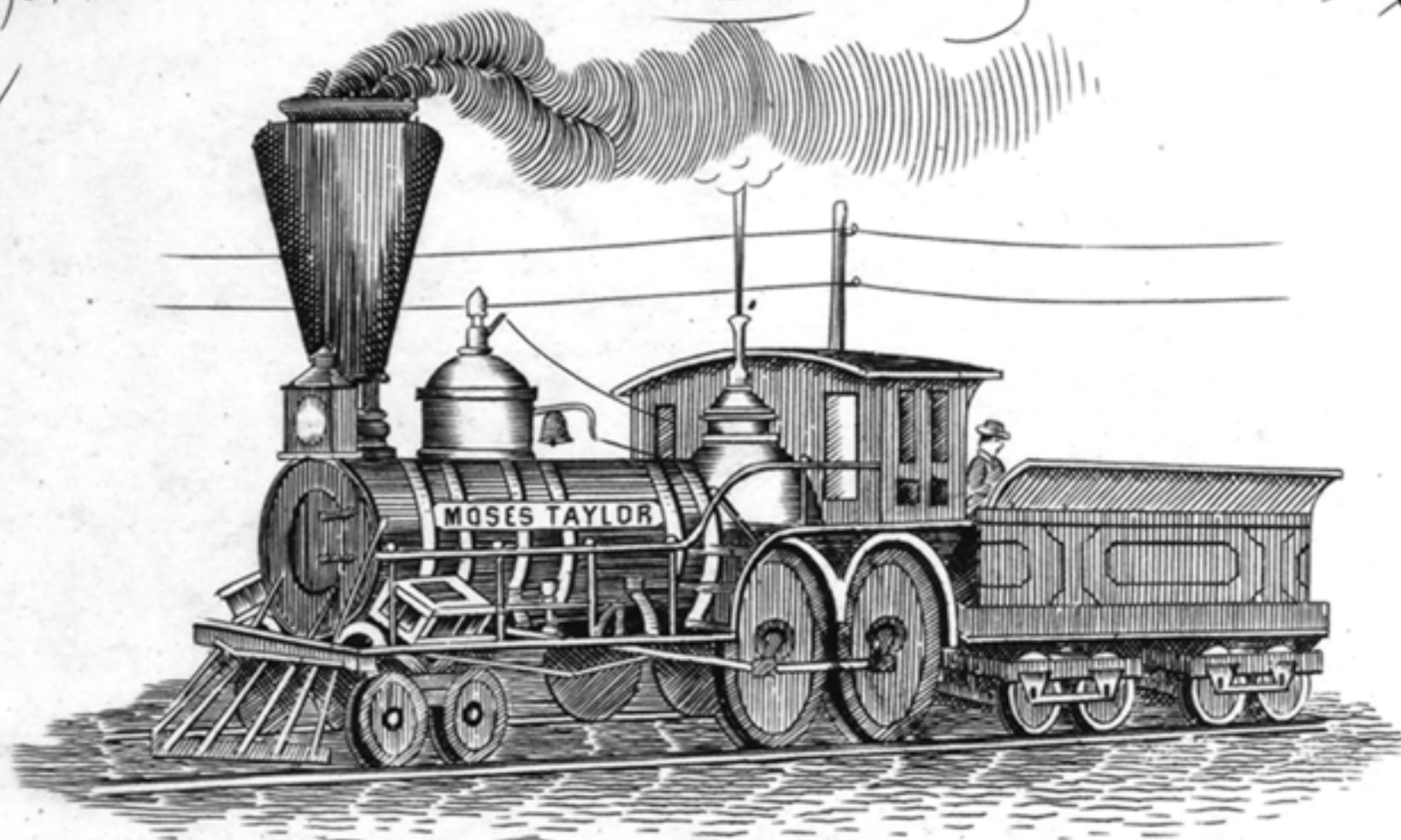


Respectfully Dedicated to the
Brotherhood of the Locomotive Engineers.

THE IRON HORSE



Words by
HARRY FRANCES

Music by

ALFRED VON ROCHOW.

G.F. Swain



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Allegretto con spiritoso.

The musical score is written for piano. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegretto con spiritoso'. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system introduces the vocal melody in the right hand, with three verses of lyrics underneath. The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment. The score concludes with a double bar line.

1. I love, oh! how I love to ride, The I - ron Horse with fire - r y
 2. His stamp - ing shakes the so - lid ground, He scat - ters fire flakes all a
 3. Hur - rah! the I - ron Horse for me, The ea - gle scarce flies fast as

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pride, all o - ther joys seem dull and vain, When my hand grasps his mis - ty
 round, Yet "gentle as gannet in la - dies rein," When my hand grasps his mis - ty
 he, He skims the val - ley, scours the plain, And shakes like clouds his mis - ty

mane. Fear him not with his nerve of steel;
 mane. But when I'm mount - ed on his back,
 mane. He tracks the prairie, climbs the hill

His flam - ing throat and flash - ing wheel;
 You see me come then clear the track;
 The woods re - sound his neigh - ing shrill;

His smok' - y crest so black and tall, Like a pil - lar
 As noth - ing checks him in his course, When thund'ring
 I pat his mane with love and pride, E'er I leave the



deck'd with a fu - ne - ral pall, Like a pil - lar deck'd with a fu - ne - ral pall.
 on my I - ron Horse, When thun'dring on my I - ron Horse.
 foot - board af - ter a ride, E'er I leave the foot - board af - ter a ride.

Tempo di Valse.



4 I turn and whisper soft "good night"
 E'er the hostler backs him out of sight;
 It may be fancy — yet, he seems
 To say "good night and happy dreams." —
 I love, oh! how I love to ride,
 The *Iron Horse* with fiery pride,
 All other joys seem dull and vain,
 When my hand grasps his misty mane.