THE MESSAGE OF A DYING ENGINEER

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
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THE ALBRIGHT MUSIC CO.,
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THE MESSAGE OF A DYING ENGINEER.

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Music by 
MAUDE ANITA HART.

Moderato.

Once a child with sunny face, Full of sweet and tender grace,
Wandered from the track his form was borne, He was mangled, bruised and torn, But he

from her home and faithful mother's care glanced at all around and sweetly smiled;

To a railroad crossing near, And without a thought of fear, Never comrades standing near, On his face could trace a tear, As his

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dreaming of the danger lurking there. Soon there
gaze a moment rested on the child. With a

came the western mail, Almost flying from the rail, And the
farewell thought of life, Of his home and darling wife, With a

engineer now saw the child ahead; While the warning whistle rang, Quickly
sigh he gently stroked the golden head, Gave to all a last goodbye, Knowing

to her side he sprang, Gave his life for her, and dying, softly said:
well that he must die, Then in broken accents to his comrades said:

The Message of a B.E. 3
REFRAIN.

Just tell my wife, when you break the news, I died for a child so fair; So like our own dear one at home, With ringlets of golden hair. Just

tell her not to weep for me, But let her eyes be dry; And rem-

member I gave my life for one Too tender and young to die.