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In Memoriam of George Tomlinson; Who was accidentally killed whilst in the execution of his duty at Kentish Town Sidings, October 19th, 1885

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In Memoriam of
GEORGE TOMLINSON;

Who was accidentally killed whilst in the execution of his
duty at Kentish Town Sidings, October 19th, 1885.

On the nineteenth of October,
A dreadful thing befell,
To a Midland Engine Driver,
A man you may know well,
It is of Driver Tomlinson,
These few remarks I make,
For on Engine 1720,
Poor George he met his fate.

When standing in the Sidings,
Preparing for his mate,
His duty called him underneath,
His pride to lubricate,
Then busy with the motions,
And thinking all was safe,
The sting of Death it was at hand,
And sealed poor George's fate.

The world it says, speak as you find,
And I think we all can say,
As man to man there never was,
A better in his day;
But now he's lying in his grave,
From mates and friends so dear,
A Widow also mourns her loss,
And his two children dear.

Now around that home in Lismore Road,
The scene I'll ne'er forget,
For old and young assemble there,
With sighs of deep regret,
And many a time the little ones,
Around were heard to say,
It is poor Mister Tomlinson,
He was killed the other day.

The Boys' Home Band from Chalk Farm Road
In numbers thirty-four,
Conducted by an able man,
Were waiting at the door;
And then our men came flowing in,
From every rank and grade,
A token of respect to pay,
To our late lamented mate.

And now all's ready for the start,
And hundreds flock the road,
The Midget Band strikes up the tune,
So we slowly wind our road,
And well they play that solemn piece,
I think is known by all,
For heavy hearts before have trod,
To the, Dead March in Saul.

But now we reach his resting place.
And the cold clay grave surround,
Its there he's borne by six old mates,
And lowered beneath the ground,
Then Holy, Holy, plays the Band,
In splendid style and taste,
And the late George Tomlinson is gone,
At the age of thirty-eight.

So Homeward now we turn our heads,
For each had played his part,
So far as this world would permit,
With hands and right good heart,
So let us one and all unite,
And do our very best,
To help the three who are now left,
A widow and fatherless.

H STILL,
Kentish Town.