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Western Railroad

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Western Railroad.



POOR
BESSY,
THE
SAILOR'S BRIDE.

Poor Bessy was a sailor's bride,
And he was off to sea :
Their only child was by her side,
And who so sad as she ?
Forget me not, forget me not,
When you are far from me ;
And whatso'er poor Bessy's lot,
She will remember thee.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd away,
As it was told to me ;
When Willy with a gladsome heart,
Came home again from sea.
He mounted up the craggy path,
And sought his cottage door ;
But ah ! his wife and lovely child
Poor Willy saw no more.

Forget me not, forget me not,
The words rang in his ear ;
He ask'd the neighbours, every one,
Each answered with a tear !
They pointed to the old church-yard,
And there his youthful bride
With the pretty child he loved so well,
Were sleeping side by side.

Oh, here's a pretty row, I ween,
All through the wonders done by Steam,
You'll now not want to drag along,
As I'll relate all in my song ;
For by this wondrous mode, you see,
You'll go four hundred miles per day,—
Aye, faster than an eagle flies,
For Steam all other things outvies.
You need not grieve from friends to part,—
From Falmouth you can take a start,
And be in London like a dart,
Along the Western Railroad.

CHORUS

Smoke'um, poke'um, feed'nm, fum,
Hot water Coaches now will run,
And strike the people nearly dumb,
Along the Western Railroad.

Now if to town you wish to go,
No matter whether high or low,
Your pocket it will not sink low,
If on the Western Railroad ;
No guards you now will have to pay,
Nor coachmen say, "Please sir, to-day,"
But then be booked, young, old, and gray,
To please your fancy on the way,
Although the game is very hot,
To go by the steam from a pot,
I would sooner buy a little cot,
Than a share in the Western Railway.

How different things are changed, you know,
To what they were some time ago,
For now you'll not have time to blow,
Along the Western Railroad.
You may transport your cows and hogs,
Your parrots, monkeys, or your dogs,
By steam as dense as any fog :
To market you'll convey them soon,
Without the light of any moon,
Start at eleven—in town by noon,
Along the Western Railroad.

If to travel, you have a mind,
You need not fear the rain or wind,
So fast you'll go that none you'll find
Along the Western Railroad.
Great coats then you need not wear,
Though it may be in winter drear,
For, oh, much swifter than the air,
You'll pass along, I do declare—
The publicans must shut up shop—
The waiters all will go to pot—
And coachmen will be wanted not—
Along the Western Railroad.