

ENGINE 143

Traditional Old-Time and Bluegrass Ballad; **DATE:** late 1800's; **CATEGORY:** Fiddle and Instrumental Tunes; **RECORDING INFO:** Carter Family; Johnny Cash; Flatt and Scruggs; **OTHER NAMES:** George Allen's Engine 143; The F.F.V.; George Allen; George Alley's F.F.V.; **NOTES:** George Alley was killed on Oct. 23, 1890 near Hilton, W. Va., when his engine overturned from a landslide.

G **C**
 A - long came the F. F. V. The swift - est
G
 on the line o'er the C'n O
A7 **D7**
 Road just twen - ty min - utes be - hind.
G **C**
 Run - ning in - to Se - ville head - quar - ters
G **C**
 on the line Re - ceiv - ing their strict
G **D7** **G**
 or - ders from a sta - tion just be - hind.

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G **C** **G**
 Along came the FFV, the swiftest on the line
A7 **D7**
 Running o'er the C&O road just 20 minutes behind
G **C** **G**
 Running into Seville headquarters on the line
C **G** **D7** **G**
 Receiving their strict orders from a station just behind.

ENGINE 143 (ADDITIONAL VERSES)

Running into Hampton, the engineer was there
George Allen was his name, with curling golden hair
His fireman, Jack Dixon, was standing by his side
Awaiting for strict orders while in the cab to ride

Georgie's mother came to him with a bucket on her arm
Saying, my darling son, be careful how you run
For many a man has lost his life in trying to make lost time
And if you run your engine right you'll get there just on time

Mother, I know your advice is good and later I'll take heed
I think my engine is all right, I'm sure that she will speed
O'er this road I need to go at the rate of a cannonball
And when I blow for the stockyard gate I'm sure they'll hear my call

Up the road she darted, against the rocks she crashed
Upside-down the engine turned, poor Georgie's breast it smashed
His head was against the firebox door, 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 blessed will
Oh, no, said Georgie, 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 upon the railroad and laid in a lonesome grave
His face was covered up with blood, his eyes you could not see
And the very last words poor Georgie said was nearer, my God, to Thee