

Limited Train, 1893

Limited train, Chicago to Boston
In 1893
Rolling into a small valley town
And on to its destiny

It's the steepest point of the journey
into this valley town
But the bridge work wasn't finished
And 14 souls and the train went -- down

Making good time along the line
We'll be in Boston by one
This train stops for nothing
In rain or snow or sun

Now, big snowflakes in the valley
In 1922
Sweet dear boy "Red" McCoy
sledding, with me and you

We never heard it coming
We never heard its horn
Never heard nothing
But Red's mother scream and mourn

Making good time along the line
We'll be in Boston by one
This train stops for nothing
In rain or snow or sun