

# THE DEVIL'S HELL-BOUND TRAIN

A sinner staggered home from the ball-room floor,  
Having drunk so much he could drink no more;  
He went to bed with a troubled brain,  
And dreamed that he rode on a hell-bound train.  
The engine with blood was red and damp,  
And dismally lit with a brimstone lamp;  
An imp, for fuel, was shoveling bones,  
While the furnace roared with a thousand groans.  
A boiler was filled with lager beer,  
And the devil himself was the engineer.  
The passengers made such a motley crew,  
Church members, Atheists, Gentile and Jew;  
Rich men in broadcloth and beggars in rags,  
Beautiful young ladies and withered old hags;  
Yellow men and black men, red and white,  
Chained all together – what a horrible sight.  
Faster and faster the engine flew,  
Wilder and wilder the country grew;  
Louder and louder the thunder crashed,  
Brighter and brighter the lightning flashed.  
Hotter and hotter the air became,  
Till the clothes were burned from every frame.  
In the distance was heard a hideous yell –  
“Ha, Ha,” cried the devil, “we’re nearing Hell.”  
And, oh, how the passengers shrieked with pain,  
And begged the devil to stop the train.

He capered about and danced with glee,  
And laughed and joked at their agony.  
My faithful friends, you’ve done my work,  
And the devil can never a pay-day shirk.  
You have bullied the weak and robbed the poor (country pronunciation),  
The hungry brother you turned away from your door,  
You amused yourself at the picture show,  
And with the theater gadders did go.  
You played and gambled with the devil’s Bible;  
You danced and mixed with the sinful idle.  
You hoarded up gold till it cankers and rusts,  
You have given free vent to your hellish lusts;  
You have drunken and rioted and murdered and lied,  
And mocked at God in your hell-born pride.  
You’ve paid full fare, so I’ll carry you through,  
For it’s only right that you get your due;  
And every laborer is worthy of his hire,  
So I’ll land you safe in my lake of fire;  
My faithful subjects you will always be,  
and dwell in hell eternally.  
Mr. Sinner awoke with an awful cry.  
With clothes soaking wet and hair standing high;  
And he prayed to God and prayed as well,  
To be saved from sin and a devil’s hell.  
Faith and obedience were not in vain,  
For he nevermore rode on the devil’s train!

**REPENT and be BAPTIZED!**