

The Hell-Bound Train

A **Texas Cowboy** on a barroom floor had drunk so much he could hold not more.

He went to sleep with a troubled brain to dream he rode on the Hell-Bound Train.

The **engine** with murderous blood was damp and the headlight was a brimstone lamp.

The imps for fuel were shoveling bones and the furnace rang with a thousand groans.

The boiler was filled with innocents' tears and the devil himself was the engineer.

The **passengers** were a mixed-up crew: church members, atheists, gentile, and Jews.

There were rich men in broadcloth, poor men in rags, beautiful girls, and wry scalawags.

With red men, yellow men, black-folks and white all chained together, 'twas a terrible sight.

The train rushed on at an awful pace, the sulfurous fumes scorched hands and face.

Faster and faster the engine flew, and wilder and wilder the country grew.

Brighter and brighter the lightning flashed, and louder and louder the thunder crashed.

Hotter and hotter the air became 'til the clothes were burned from each shrinking frame.

Then out in the distance there arose a yell- "Ha ha!" said the devil "The next stop is Hell!"

Then Oh! How the passengers shrieked with pain as they begged the devil to stop the train.

But he capered about and danced with glee as he laughed and mocked at their misery.

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“My friends, you’ve earned the seats on this road, and the train goes through with a full, complete load.

“The laborer always expects his hire, so I’ll land you safe in the lake of fire.

“You’ve bullied the weak, you’ve cheated the poor, the starving brother turned from your door.

“You’ve laid up gold ‘till your purses bust and given free play to your beastly lusts.

Guilty at a young age, your innocence lost but you wouldn’t take forgiveness by the Blood of the Cross.

You could have turned, but you chose not, so now your soul in Hell will rot.

“Your flesh will scorch in the flames that roar and my worms will torment you forevermore.”

Then the cowboy awoke with an anguished cry, his clothes were wet, and his hair stood high.

He prayed as he’d never prayed before to be saved by Christ from Hell’s front door.

His prayers and pleadings were not in vain for he never did ride that Hell-bound Train.

(From an old song. I didn’t like the theology, so I changed it)