

THE LEVEL CROSSING 17

Out yonder's a level crossing, and it's part o'
my work, you know,

To watch here at night for the waggon a-
travellin' to and fro.

Been any accidents? Bless you! we're a boon
to the local Press;

The Company has me stop here just to try for
to make 'em less.

Why, only las. year a farmer—but haven't you
heard the tale

How old Farmer Burton o' Birley was killed
by the Limited Mail?

I thought as you must ha' heard it, for it made
a regular fuss,

And they held an inquiry on it, and they laid
the blame on us.

We ought to ha' seen and ha' warned him,
so the chaps on the paper said;

But we none of us knew as he'd got there,
not till we see him dead.

They brought it in accidental, the jury as tried
the case;

But it was no accident neither, though it's rather
a likely place.