

THE LEVEL CROSSING

THE eight o'clock up's just gone, sir—the
Lunnon express, you mean?

There ain't not another as stops here, not till
the nine-fifteen.

Got any luggage a-comin'?—Oh, only been
here for the day.

Yes, it's a quietish village; never was over-gay.
We're glad of a stranger sometimes, and a bit
of the Lunnon news;

It's lonely up here at the station, and easy to
get the blues.

For I'm on till the early morning; and many
and many a night.

There's never a human being as comes to bless
my sight.

For the last of the trains as stops here is the
parly at 10 P.M.,

And then I'm alone with my thoughts like, and
I ain't always fond o' them.