

Lincoln's Funeral Train

Greg Graffin

On the 21st of April 18 and 65
331 left Washington for Lincoln's last train ride
Cannons boomed, the bonfires burned, the evergreens wore gray
331 in the morning sun, the hearse, that journey made

See that train coming boys rolling down the main
Draped in black, she won't be back, it's Lincoln's funeral train
With a portrait of the martyred man shot down by a traitor
Now toll the bell and bid farewell to the Great Emancipator

Crowds jammed the streets for a final look at the great man who
had stood
At the country's helm through the bitter war that seemed of little good
Felled by the bullet of John Wilkes Booth as the battle died away
His guiding spirit to reconcile by absence brought dismay

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