The brakeman's appeal / J. M. Paterson.

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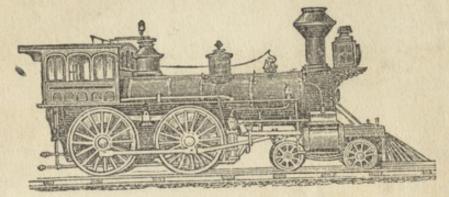
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The Brakeman's Appeal.



"Poor, helpless and alone am I,"
How sad the words do seem.

As through this life I journey on,

A cripple maimed and lame; With parents dead these many year's

And none to care for me,

I'm forced to offer you my song, With a cripple's prayerful plea.

I little thought, as time flew by. That troubles thick and fast

Would o'er me fall, and make me go A cripple to the last.

But here I am, as you can see,

Drawn out of shape by pain—
A sad reminder of the night
I fell beneath the train.

"Do unto others as you'd have them do to you."

Is an adage old as time;

Think how, my friend, if in my place, You'd bless the giver of a dime.

Reach in your pocket for your change.

And help the cripple on;

'Tis but a mite to you, I know— But to me 'tis quite a sum.

J. M. PATERSON.

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ca. 1875