

Are You
Is Riding
The Hell
Bound
Train?

Tom Gray lay down on the barroom floor,
Having drunk so much he could drink no more.
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain
And dreamt he rode on the hell-bound train.

The engine with blood was red and damp,
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp.
For fuel an imp was shoveling bones.
While the furnace rang with a thousand groans.

The devil himself was the engineer.
The boiler was filled with lager beer.
The passengers made such a motley crew—
Church members, Atheists, Gentiles and Jews.

Rich men in broadcloth and beggars in rags.
Handsome young ladies and withered old hags.
Yellow and black men, red, brown, and white—
All chained together! What a terrible sight!

The train dashed on at an awful pace.
The hot wind scorched every hand and face.
Wilder and wilder the country grew,
And faster and faster the engineer flew.

Louder and louder the thunders crashed,
And brighter and brighter the lightning flashed.
Hotter and hotter the air became,
So clothes were burned off each quivering frame.

Now in the distance arose such a yell.
“Ha! ha!” croaked the devil. “We are now nearing
hell!”
Then, oh how the passengers shrieked in pain
And begged the devil to stop the train.

But he capered about and sang in his glee,
And laughed and joked at their agony.
“My faithful friends, you have done my work,
And the devil can never a pay day shirk.

“You have bullied the weak and robbed the poor,
And the starving brother turned from your door;
You have laid up gold where the canker rusts
And have given free vent to fleshly lusts.

“You have justice scorned and corruptions sown,
And have trampled the laws of nature down.
You have drunk and rioted, murdered and lied,
And mocked at God in your hell-born pride.

“You have paid full fare, so I’ll carry you through;
For it’s only just you should get your due.
Why the laborer always expects his hire,
So I’ll land you safe in the lake of fire

“Where your flesh shall roast in flames that roar
And my imps torment you forevermore.”
Then Tom awoke with an agonized cry,
Clothes soaked with sweat and hair standing high.

And prayed as he never prayed before
To be saved from drink's satanic power.
And his vows and prayers were not in vain,
For he never more rode on the hell-bound train.
Author Unknown

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but
the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 14:12

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of
God." Romans 3:23

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is
eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."
Romans 6:23

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to
forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all
unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord
Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God
hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.
For with heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with
the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Romans
10:9,10

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.
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