

THE STAGE DRIVER

The Stage Driver climbed to the seat on the coach
and gathered the reins in his hands,
Allset, he called to those aboard
And down the trail he fans.

There are curves ahead but do not fear
The Iron Greys make it year by year,
A storm came up, it rained, it snowed:
But the old lead horses kept the road.

Passengers looked out the side
The horses keeping up the stride,
A traveler said, "Old Salt's on deck
He was never known to have a wreck."

The stage pulled into the barn once more
Fresh horses for the trip,
The driver never left his seat
To rest or even eat.

The horses changed, fresh steeds are gone
More creeks to cross before he's home,
Where wife and children wait to greet
When daddy comes home his loved to meet.

The only road the driver knew
Was winding trail o'er the hill
But time has changed, the trail is gone
And the driver's voice is still.

Many friends of the road
Have crossed that stream
Who faithfully worked
To accomplish our dream.
To those that have gone
For many there are,
We cherish their memory
For they have crossed the Bar.

Dedicated to*** N. B. Brooks
Sam Hill
Mr. Kiser
Mr. Baker
and others of Goldendale.

and to*****Bishop Lewis
W. L. Shearer
N. Patterson
L. J. Goodrich
and others of Toppenish

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