

BURNT CINDERS

Eighty years passed and still you run,
From the wild field I see
Cutting, severing the level crossing
The glorious Sir Nigel Gresley.

Cuffs of black and shell of blue
Liveries have come and gone
Cloaks of smoke and blackened footplate
Your firebox remaining strong.

LNER from Doncaster works
Stokers shoveling the hack
Running furiously at 112
At Stone Bank descending track.

Bishopstone west, Risborough east,
The single track governs the way
The Chiltern Bubble a diesel plume
Electrified winning today.

But still you come and still you find
A majestic roaring growl,
A blazing heart an engine crowned
Burnt cinders mopping your brow.

I have aged but you have not
You mark your time and on
Back in service on the Severn Valley Railway
Pressure valves singing their song.