

The G. I. P.* Railway Magazine läßt eine Lokomotive sprechen:

Number „Five one two“ speaks.

„I'm only a Loco?“ well!
 Why shouldn't I proudly scream?
 For through me works a mighty force
 Man's trusty servant, steam.
 And wherever the white steam strives
 To use its strength aright.
 Up in the van of a mighty clan
 Is the locomotive bright.

Give me a drop of pance
 Pile on the glist'ning coal.
 Three hundred miles between us stretch
 And the junction, Rajapole.
 There goes the bell! Once more
 Now watch me skim the rail,
 I am bound my best to do with zest
 For I'm hauling the English Mail.

What a swinging, rollicking life,
 What a jovial life is mine;
 How people stare as we rush and tear
 And thunder along the line.
 The drooping signal greets us,
 We cannot, may not, fail;
 There is work to do and we swing right through
 For we carry the English Mail.

It may be I bring you letters
 Behind; in the postal van
 A line from the wife and the kiddies dear
 Away in a far-off land.
 What of the message I bring you?
 The message that may not fail;
 What of home and the thoughts of home?
 I bring you the English Mail.

Quick thoughts of the English hedgerows,
 A message of pleasure and pain,
 I bring you thoughts of long past days
 'Neath the sun or summer rain.
 Of the girl you left behind you,
 Of the girl you will meet again;
 Why, now; perhaps, here's the girl herself
 I bring with the English Mail.

Oft in the stilly darkness,
 As you sit and cogitate;
 Sweet, yet strong, predestined,
 Like the beat of an iron fate,
 Away in the deep soft blackness
 With the thrash of an iron flail,
 You hear the song of the Loco,
 The song of the iron rail.

My furnace door is open,
 The fierce light beats the air,
 It climbs through the inky blackness
 In a golden terraced stair.
 And it's oh for the hand of a Titian,

Alas for a Rembrandt dead,
 To paint us a Railway picture,
 The glow of the furnace red.
 The steep-sloped cutting echoes,
 The tune of my rhythmic beat,
 The mileposts spin behind me
 With ever-hurrying feet.
 You sit in your cool verandahs
 And you say „There goes the Mail“.
 Yes; my driver and I are out to-night
 For the message that may not fail.

We come to the end at last,
 The home lights flash ahead.
 „Well, I declare, a minute to spare,“
 Is what my driver said.
 And leaving he glances backward
 As though to a bonny bride,
 When he's quitting the shed where we proudly sped
 Well pleased with our long night ride.

* * *

Ah well! I am feeling sad, boys,
 It is said I am growing old;
 Perchance I'll be laid on the shelf away,
 And e'en for the scrap-heap sold.
 Yet though I say it as shouldn't,
 A few more runs, just a few,
 And I'll make the record—a million miles
 The mileage of „five one two“.

„Stitch, stitch, stitch,“
 Is the well-known song of the shirt,
 But it's „patch, patch, patch,
 And good-bye to Driver Shirt.
 They've put me into hospital,
 They've been and marked me „Sick“.
 Ugh! the hands of these footling fitters
 Is more than I can stick.

* * *

Well, well—here's luck to the boss,
 Long life to the G. I. P.*
 An order at last has now been passed,
 That brings new life to me.
 „For excellent service,“ Mr. Sarjant says,
 I've read it through and through;
 „Out of the shops and back to the mail,“
 Goes faithful „five one two“.

Of course. Now that's all right,
 Far better wear out than rust;
 Far better, say I, in harness to die,
 Than slowly to fall to dust.
 But whenever the end of my days does come
 This thought my comfort be
 I tried right through my duty to do—
 God prosper the G. I. P.

(Aus „The G. I. P. Railway Magazine“ 1914, S. 54)

* G. I. P. ist die Abkürzung für die Great Indian Peninsular-Bahn.