

Train Number 9

This is the story of train Number Nine,
Racing alone down that long northern line.
Cruising with ease goes the steam-driven giant,
Power to spare and to wind defiant.

Pleasant the whistle at first it appears,
Soon though the harmonies strain with the gears.
Increasing speed now the urgent iron horse
Pushes the limits and adds still more force.

Brisk now the pace with abandon she streaks,
Adding more fuel to her well-known mystique.
Solo she gallops, without engineer,
Out of control but with no sign of fear.

Headless and headlong she flies down the track
Trailing her black smoke and not looking back.
Faster and faster she eats up the rails,
This her undoing and tipping the scales.

Danger awaits her, though she'll not concede,
Coals for her hunger she yearns for more speed.
Reckless and heedless it's now plain to see
Others may suffer from her hasty spree.

Nightfall now darkens the unfolding scene,
Fortune or failure could not be foreseen.
Brazen the unbridled steed charges on,
Driven by daring and her mighty brawn.

Terror grips each town as she races by,
Sparks from her engine illumine the night sky.
Nothing to stop her, the power too great,
Soon in the valley below lies her fate.

Straight down descent but for one lonely bend,
Destined this journey her untimely end.
Known as the deadliest curve on the course,
Number Nine presses on without remorse.

Whist 'ling a warning as she nears the turn,
Too late, Alas!, there's no point of return.
Dreadful the sounds now in darkness we hear,
Screeching and screaming of wheels so severe.

Suddenly silence! An unearthly still,
Matched by an eerie and unnat'ral chill.
Sounds of her whistle, perhaps far away,
As if she's chosen the rails to betray.

Fateful a dark night for this her last flight,
Free from her reins and vanished from sight.
So goes the story of train Number Nine,
Racing alone down that long northern line.

Some say she still rides, the legend prevails,
Down in the valley where she left the rails.