

The Song of the Engine
by H Worsley-Benison

With snort and pant the engine dragged
Its heavy train uphill,
And puffed these words the while she puffed
And laboured with a will:

“I think – I can – I think – I can,
I’ve got – to reach – the top,
I’m sure – I can – I will - get there,
I sim – ply must – not stop!”

At last the top was reached and passed,
And then – how changed the song!
The wheels all joined in the engine’s joy,
As quickly she tore along!

“I knew I could do it, I knew I could win,
Oh, rickety rickety rack!
And now for a roaring rushing race
On my smooth and shining track!”

