

Diesel and Coal

Black smoke on the horizon, white fire below
The smell of coal burning, the hiss and the roar
The song of a driver or an old fireman
Thunder from the stack of the Flying Scotsman

Here's to the labourer, finest you'll find
Gangs of men hammerin' layin' the line
The railman the driver, the wise and the bold
The steel and the steam and the diesel and coal.

If you are in Darlington, late on at night
Hear the racket of rocket and the sky is alight
Then Mallard comes flying like a bullet from a gun
This is the place where the railways begun

Timothy Hackworth and George Stephenson
Are heroes of Stockton and old Darlington
And that Locomotion, the bold number one
This is the place where the railway begun

As you sip your wine to those men of ideas
I'll drink up my beer to those bold labourers
Who made the dream true, by busting their backs
Toilin and Heavin' and linin' the tracks

Words & Music Richard Grainger 1999.