

The Great Railway Disaster

It was on the 22nd of May,
In the year Nineteen Fifteen,
The great railway catastrophe
Happened near Gretna Green,
A troop train speeding to the South,
With the Royal Scots aboard,
Ne'er reached their destination,
The holocaust- "Oh Lord."

A local to let the express pass,
Was slipp'd on the main up line,
O, fatal lapse of memory,
On that Saturday morning fine,
The Signaller, God forgive him,
To the troop train gave "all clear,"
Into the local train it crashed,
With a scrunching roaring tear,

From Carlisle, Longtown and Gretna,
To the rescue many rushed,
They fought like heroes in the flames,
To save the wounded- crushed,
Amidst the wreckage, groaning,
They lay in agony,
Each brave heart did his utmost,
To set the sufferers free.

This terrible disaster
Shall never be forgot,
All eyes on Quinton's Hill,
That dread historic spot,
A prayer breath'd on the heroes gone,
Those gallant soldiers brave,
All Britain gives with many a tear,
Which waters each quiet silent grave.

Harry Robinson