Train To Glasgow

The Singing Kettle

And here is the driver Mr McIvor who drove the train to Glasgow

And here is the guard from Donibristle, who waved his flag and blew his whistle

To tell the driver Mr McIvor to start the train to Glasgow

And here is a boy called Donald McBrain who came to the station to catch the train

And saw the guard from Donibristle, wave his flag and blow his whistle

To tell the driver Mr McIvor to start the train to Glasgow.

And here is the guard, a kindly man, who at the last moment hauled into the van

That fortunate boy called Donald McBrain who came to the station to catch the train

And saw the guard from Donibristle, wave his flag and blow his whistle

To tell the driver Mr McIvor to start the train to Glasgow.

And here are the hens and here are the cocks, clucking and crowing inside a box

In charge of the guard a kindly man, who at the last moment hauled into the van

That fortunate boy called Donald McBrain who came to the station to catch the train

And saw the guard from Donibristle, wave his flag and blow his whistle

To tell the driver Mr McIvor to start the train to Glasgow.

And here is the train which gave a jolt, and loosened a catch and loosened a bolt

Which let out the hens and let out the cocks, clucking and crowing out of their box

In charge of the guard a kindly man, who at the last moment hauled into the van

That fortunate boy called Donald McBrain who came to the station to catch the train

And saw the guard from Donibristle, wave his flag and blow his whistle

To tell the driver Mr McIvor to start the train to Glasgow.

The guard chased a hen and missing it, fell, the hens were clucking the cocks as well

Unless you were there you havenâ€™t a notion the flurry the fuss the noise, the commotion

Caused by the train which gave a jolt, and loosened a catch and loosened a bolt

Let out the hens and let out the cocks, clucking and crowing out of their box

In the charge of the guard a kindly man, who at the last moment hauled into the van

That fortunate boy called Donald McBrain who came to the station to catch the train

And saw the guard from Donibristle, wave his flag and blow his whistle

To tell the driver Mr McIvor to start the train to Glasgow.

Now Donald was quick and Donald was neat and Donald was nimble on his feet

He caught the hens and he caught the cocks and he put them back in their great big box

The guard was pleased, as pleased could be he invited Donald to come to tea

On Saturday, at Donibristle, and he let him blow his lovely whistle

And said that in all his life heâ€™d never, seen a boy so quick and clever

And so did the driver Mr McIvor who drove the train to Glasgow.

Lyrics Submitted by William Turner

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