The Engineer

Ian Anderson

All along the new straight track we
plough the old fields under.
Seven good feet and a quarter inch,
broad rails to steal the thunder.
100 picks in '36 sent navvies to meet their maker
as black Box Tunnel worms its way
past the Company undertaker.Hard, cast in iron, that engineer:
God bless Isambard!
Piston-scraping, furnace-busting,
(he) plays the winning card.Rain, Steam, Speed at Maidenhead -
Turner's vision wide.
Over bridges, girders, hot-driven
rivets safely guide
passenger wagons from Paddington
to Bristol's briny blue.
On to break the waves, with a thousand
horses, turn the churning screw.
Hard, cast in iron, that engineer:
God bless Isambard!
Piston-scraping, furnace-busting,
(he) plays the winning card.But those bonnie lads from way 'oop
North, had to have the final laugh:
the ripe new age was the standard
gauge, four foot, eight and a half.
And rolling out across all Europe,
across the mad, bad Empire world
came the age of steam and the engines
roaring, bold brazen Jack unfurled.
Arching palaces at Praed Street,
stand lofty and serene;
home to their maker and his last two
miles to sleepy Kensal Green.
Hard, cast in iron, that engineer:
God bless Isambard!
Piston-scraping, furnace-busting,
(he) plays the winning card.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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