

# Number Twenty-Two

*This poem was published in the Australian Federated Union of Enginemen "The Locomotive Journal" in 1880 under the penname of "Javey" of Murrurundi. Shortened and set here to Widgeoara Joe.*

1 C G7  
If you talk of lo - co - mo - tives and would like to know the star,  
3 G7 C  
Step up on the foot - plate for a trip to War - - a - tah.  
4 C G7  
I drive the fin - est en - gine, I can prove the state - ment true,  
6 G7 C  
For there's no man or en - gine e - - quals me and Twen - ty - Two.

There's the four-wheeled coupled Fairburns, One, & Two, & Three  
They're as fleet as Flying Dutchmen, but you can plainly see  
For speed and strength and steaming, and likewise for running true,  
I'm a happy combination with old Number Twenty-Two.

Look at Billy Martin again he's running late,  
A-ripping and a-whipping – Doctor is his mate;  
Drive, Billy, drive, but no matter what you do  
You couldn't hold a candle to old Number Twenty-Two.

There's the Thirties and the Forties, they are Beyer Peacock's make,  
They're easy on the lever, they're handy with the brake,  
With improvements and inventions, and with everything that's new;  
But the bully engine of them all is Number Twenty-Two.

Take a trip with Wrightson on number Thirty Eight,  
Always on the knocker, not a minute late.  
Drive Geordie drive, but no matter what you do,  
The darling of the Northern Line, is Number Twenty-Two.

Cabby runs to Maitland, little Seventeen,  
Dancin' and a prancin', like a ballet queen.  
Drive, Cabby, drive, but no matter what you do,  
You know you couldn't foot it, with old Number Twenty-Two.

I can work the staff and ticket and keep time with any train,  
I can pull the best amongst them and I'll tell you once again,  
If you want a driver that is sure to pull you through,  
Just ask for Thomas Plunkett and old Number Twenty-Two.