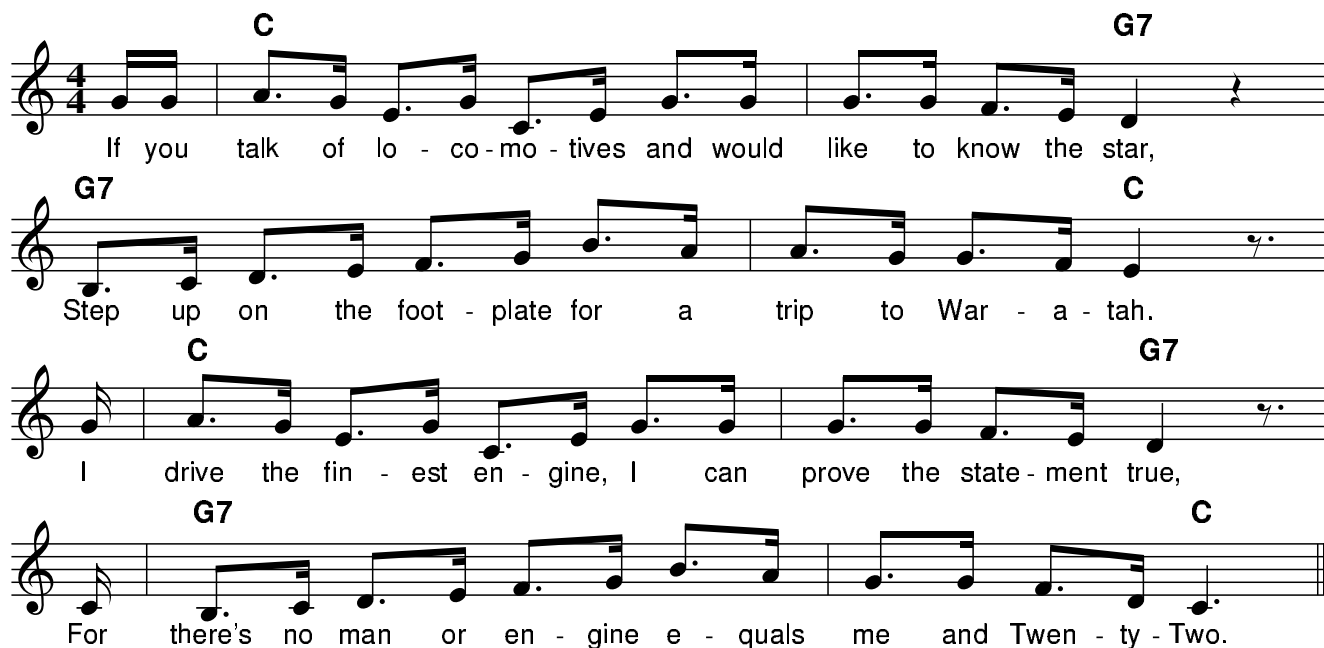


Number Twenty-Two

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 Widgegoara Joe.



C G7

If you talk of lo - co - mo - tives and would like to know the star,

G7 C

Step up on the foot - plate for a trip to War - a - tah.

C G7

I drive the fin - est en - gine, I can prove the state - ment true,

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.