

# Steam Again in Goathland

Up from Pickering to Whitby,  
Across forty miles of moor,  
Cuts the old T2 to Grosmont,  
Newtondale has peace no more.

Steam again in Goathland  
Why don't you come and take a ride  
Feel the power and life before you  
Understand the railman's pride.

Higher flies the morning heron,  
New to him the hurried sound  
Smoke and steam now rise towards him  
From the mist that hides the ground.

## CHORUS

Now the hazy sun's reflecting,  
Lighting up that telltale sign.  
Catching now a glint of silver  
Where the rust once dulled the line.

## CHORUS.

And now somehow the isolation  
Is shattered by the old railway  
Even Fylingdale's bleak beauty's  
Dwarfed by ghosts from Gresley's day.