

The Markethill – Newry Railway Line

Here once beneath this old stone bridge
the busy trains came down,
Puffing along with their passengers
and stopping at every town.
With rushing steam the engines roar
like thunder in the air,
Cause tremors in this old stone bridge
as I often watched them there.
But the scene has changed with passing years,
time with it brings decay;
The sound of those rushing wheels is gone,
there's silence here today.
The lines are gone, the sleepers too,
we know they won't return
To chum along beneath the old stone bridge
or span across the burn.

Here graze the goats on tranquil ground
and the wild rabbit feeds,
Trees spring up with the passing years
and the way is lost in weeds.
Here buried lie the aims of men,
dreams of a better day
For this old railroad, derelict now,
once the permanent way.
But we'll return to the old stone bridge
that spanned the iron way of long ago.
In pensive mood we'll dream of yesterday;
We'll see again beneath this arch
the rush of steam emerge
And, in dreaming, let us hope
we'll lose the meaning of this dirge.

DAVID HAMILL (Killycapple)



Markethill railway station in the early years of the twentieth century