

## RHAPSODY IN STEEL

Rhapsody in steel,  
Over a hundred years on,  
The colossal spirit of the age of Empire,  
With ghosts and whistles of trains long since spotted,  
Billowing swirling thundering in the mesh of girders, iron-clad  
Dark chargers champing through the buffeting winds and sepia mist,  
The Bridge enduring the dour tetchy Forth, an industrial diamond matchless in its prime.  
***Rare vision of the Victorian railway man, perfectly blending the art with the artisan.***  
A grand and eloquent showcase all spick and span before the inevitable grime,  
Its patched-up wounds a bell-toll for the many on the obituary list.  
A legend born of endeavour sacrifice and myriad  
Paint schemes endlessly plotted,  
Heaving to the last wire,  
Engine of creation,  
**Poetry in steel.**

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## **BILL OF MATERIALS**

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