



## THAT WHISTLE IN THE NIGHT

Oh diesel queen of the glittering rail,  
Pride of the streamlined train,  
Your throbbing pistons rule the grade  
Where once was Steam's Domain.  
The iron horse has spent his day,  
Now fades his thundering might;  
But diesel, diesel save for me  
That whistle in the night.

Silence forever — if you must —  
The roar of steam and fire.  
Let soulless men be satisfied  
With the growl of a diesel flier.  
The clanking rod and roaring stack  
Forever fades from sight;  
But diesel, diesel save for me  
That whistle in the night.

Oh, let me hear that plaintive wail  
Across the lonely plains,  
Or hear the snow-clad peaks fling back  
The voice of thundering trains.  
Then in my soul there stirs a peace  
That tells me all is right;  
So diesel, diesel save for me  
That whistle in the night.

Robert E. Swanson  
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