

They were dreaming of the pint pots,
Of foaming Terry's Ale,
Before they turned into their cots,
Ah — that bar room in the Vale.

When the Newnes Hotel was ringing
With the miners' lusty roars,
And the dingoes lonely singing,
Echoed through the gaps and draws.

They've all gone from the Valley,
Even the rusty, silent Shays,
So there's no need now to dally,
We've only memories these days.

But still on clear, cold nights,
When the moon is bright, they say,
You can hear her whistle for the lights,
Just a lonely, ghostly Shay.



The derelict Shay locomotives at Newnes works, 1937. From left, Nos. 3, 2 and 4.

E.M. Stephens.