

Wilston Samuel Jackson: The trailblazing train driver

By Jasmine Gillard

In 1952, you answered a call
Destination set,
Your determination unmet
Wind rush, wind rush, see landfall
The wheels of progress turning.

You chose to work, on the trains
Kept them running, on the track
Hard work, didn't break your back
Wind rush, wind rush, pain and small gains
The wheels of progress turning.

Shovelling tons, of coal all day
Studying for your Driver's examine, at night
But driving trains, they reserved for the whites
Wind rush, wind rush, change came your way
The wheels of progress turning.

Steaming along disaster struck
A signal green, when it should have been red
The train crash broke, both your legs
Wind rush, wind rush, sent Lady Luck,
The wheels of progress turning.

When your days, in Britain ended
To Zambia you went, and passed on your knowledge
Basked in the sun, with your stories of courage

Wind rush, wind rush, a life unprecedented
The wheels of progress, turn on.

So, when you ride the train, just think
Of Wilston Samuel Jackson
Great Britain's first, black train driver
May his legacy, never become extinct.