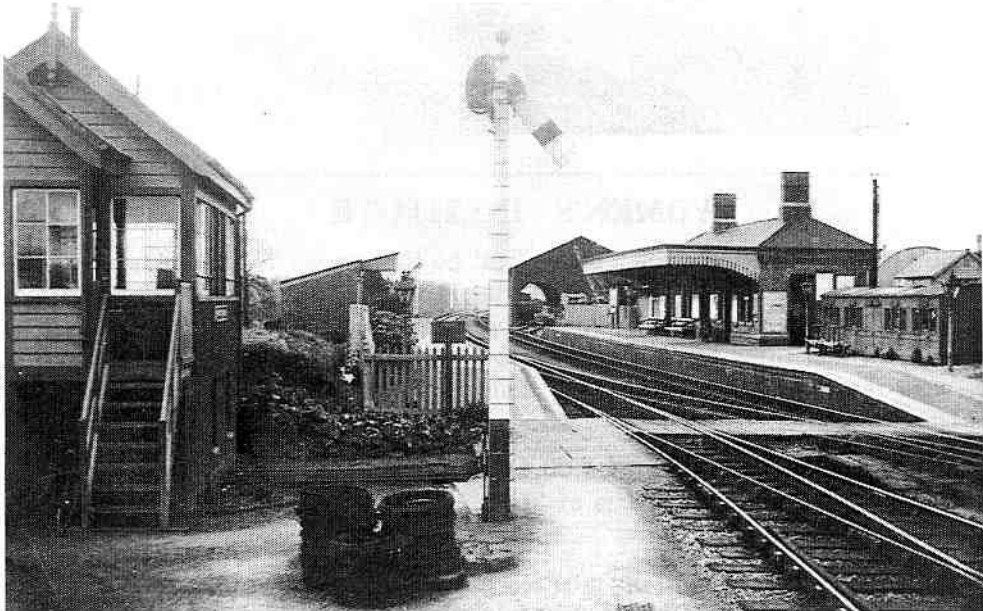


A Disappearance

A disappearance in Shipton, when, where, you may wonder,
Up there behind Matthews Mill over yonder,
We took it for granted it would always be there
And now it has gone it all looks so bare.
Alas Shipton-for-Burford a full station no more,
British Rail has destroyed a lot more than the war.
A full staff was needed with so much to do
Station Master, clerks, porters, and lorry drivers too
A signal man too with all the trains to control,
Trucks of fertiliser for Matthews, and Pratt and Haynes coal
Shunting into the sidings and down to the goods shed
And then off up to Kingham, full steam ahead.
The platform flower beds made the station so bright,
And the heavy goods rumbled on all through the night,
The "Cities" and "Castles" of Great Western fame
All well known names in the train spotting game,
Were regular sights on this stretch of line.
The track walkers passed come hail rain or shine.
Now it's all gone just the platform's still there
And a little glass shelter to remind us of where
They called "Shipton-for-Burford" for many a year. .

Jack W.



Photograph courtesy of the Oxfordshire Photographic Archive, O.C.C.