

Wreck of Old 97, The

A

A Well, they handed him his orders in D Monroe, Virginia,
Sayin', A "Steve, you're way behind E time.

E This is A not 38, it is D Old 97

D You must A put her into E Spencer on A time."

A Well, the engineer he said to his D black, greasy fireman

D Just A Shovel on a little more E coal

E And A when we cross that D White Oak Mountain

You can A watch E Old 97 A roll."

It's a mighty hard road from Lynchburg to Danville

A road with a three-mile grade.

It was on that grade that he lost his airbrake,

You can see what a jump she made.

He was goin' down the grade making 90 miles an hour,

When his whistle broke into a scream,

He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,

He was scalded to death by the steam.

Now the telegram came into Washington Station

And this is what it said

That brave engineer that drove old 97

Is layin' down in Danville, dead.

Now listen, all you ladies, you must all take a warning,

From this story a lesson learn:

Never speak harsh words to your true lovin' husband,

He may leave you and never return.

He was goin' down the grade making 90 miles an hour

When his whistle broke into a scream,

He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,
Tag: He was scalded to death by the steam.