

The Wreck of the Old 97

M: C; F: F or G, capo 5 or 7
CD 2-Track 97, medley pt. 2

Traditional

1. Oh, they gave him his or-ders down at Mon-roe, Vir - gin - ia, Say - ing, "Steve, you're way be-hind time, -
2. He__ turned 'round and said__ to his black filth - y fire - man, - "Hey, shovel on a lit - tle more coal, -

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_ This is not Thirty - Eight, but it's old Ninety - Sev - en, You must put her in - to Spen - cer on time." -
_ And_ when we_ cross that_ white oak_ moun - tain, Just_ watch old Nine - ty - Sev - en roll." -

3. It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,
And lying on a three mile grade,
It was on that grade that he lost his average,
You see what a jump he made.

4. He was going down the grade making ninety miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream,
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,
And scalded to death by the steam.

5. Well, a telegram came to Washington City,
And this is how it read:
"The brave engineer that run old Ninety-Seven,
Is lying in old Danville dead."

6. Now all you ladies, heed, take warning,
From this time on and learn,
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband,
He may leave you and never return.