

WRECK OF THE OLD 97

G **C**
They gave him his orders down at Monroe, Virginia,
G **D7**
Saying, "Steve, you're way behind time;
G **C**
This is not 38, but it's Old 97,
G **D7** **G**
You must set her into Spencer on time."

He turned around, saying to his black, greasy fireman,
"Just heave in a little more coal,
And when we reach that White Oak Mountain,
You just watch Old 97 roll."

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,
And Lima's on a three-mile grade;
It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes,
You can see what a jump he made.

He was going down grade, doing ninety miles an hour,
When his whistle began to scream;
They found him in the wreck, with his hand on the throttle.
He was scalded to death by the steam.

A message arrived at Washington Station,
And this is what it read:
Those two brave men who pulled Old 97
Are lying in Danville, dead."

Oh, ladies, you must take warning,
From this time on and learn:
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband,
He may leave you and never return.