

**Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics**  
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**The wreck of the old 97**

Well, they gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia  
Saying Steve you are way behind time  
This is not thirty eight, but it's old ninety seven  
You must put her into Danville on time

He turned and said to his black greasy fireman  
Just shovel on a little more coal  
And when we cross the White Oak Mountain  
You can watch old ninety seven roll

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Daville  
On a line on a three mile grade  
It was on this grade that he lost his air-brakes  
You can see what a jump he made

He was going down the grade makin' ninety miles an hour  
When his whistle broke into a scream  
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle  
He was scalded to death by the steam

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