

# Wreck of the Old 97

TUNE: The Ship That Never Returned

Charles W. Noell / Fred J. Lewey /  
Henry Whitter

D A D

D							G								
Oh they han-ded him his or - ders in							Mon - roe Vir - gin - ia say - ing								
0	0	2	2	2	2	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
0	0	3	3	3	3	3	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
2	3	4	4	4	5	4	2	1	0	3	3	3	5	7	6+ 5

  

D					A				D					
Steve, you're way be - hind					time				This is not Thir - ty Eight but it's					
0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	0	0
4	7	8	8	7	6+	4	4	7	7	8	7	4	2	0

  

G							D				A		D	
Old Nine - ty Se - ven, you must							get her in - to Spen - cer on				time.			
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	2	2	2	0	1	1	1	0
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0
3	3	3	5	7	6+	5	4	4	4	2	3	2	1	0

Dulcimer Arr. S. Stevens

He looked round an' said  
To his black, greasy fireman  
Jus' shove on in a lil' more coal  
And when we cross that wide old mountain  
You can watch old '97 roll

It's a mighty rough road  
From Lynchburg to Danville  
In a line on a three mile grade  
It was on that grade  
That he lost his airbrake  
And you see what a jump he made

He was goin' down the grade  
Makin' ninety miles an hour  
When his whistle broke into a scream  
He was found in the wreck  
With his hand on the throttle  
And a scalded to death by the steam

Now ladies you must take warnin'  
From this time now and on  
Never speak harsh words  
To your true love and husband  
He may leave you and never return