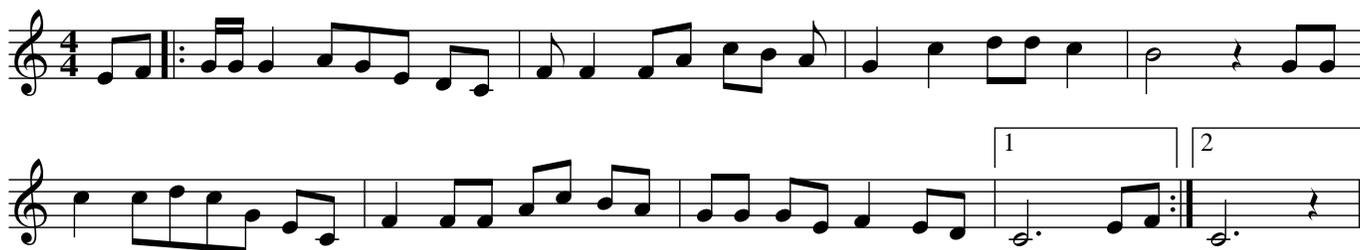


Wreck of the Old 97

G. B. Grayson and Henry Whitter 1924



Notes:

Lyrics

Steve Brady kissed his lovin' wife, by the rising of the sun
And he said to his children, 'May God bless you, for your dad must now go on his run'

'Twas the twenty-second day of that November, and the clouds were hanging low
He took old 97 out of Washington station, like an arrow shot from a bow

I was standing on the mountain that cold and frosty morning, and I watched curling smoke below.
It was smoke from old 97's smokestack, way down on that southern road

97 was the fastest mail train, ever run the southern line
But when she reached into Richmond, Virginia, she was twenty-seven minutes behind

He received his orders at the Richmond station, saying, Steve you're far behind
Now this isn't 38 but it's old 97, you must put her into Spencer on time

When he read his orders, he said to his fireman, do not obey the whistle or the bell
And we'll put old 97 into Spencer on time, or we'll sink her in the bottom pits of hell

He saw the brakeman signal and threw back his throttle, although his air was bad
And his signalman said when he passed Franklin Junction, 'You could not see the man in the cab'

Steve looked at his watch and said to his fireman, 'Just throw in a little more coal
And when we reach those Cumberland Mountains, you can watch old 97 roll

He went over the grade, making 90 miles an hour, and his whistle broke into a scream
He was found when dead with his hand on the throttle, and was scalded to death by steam

When the news went in oe'r the telegraph wires, this is what the Western said,
'That brave, brave man that was drivin' 97, is laying in North Danville dead

The people waited at the depot, till the setting of the sun
It was hours and hours the dispatch was waiting, for the fastest train ever run

So come all you ladies, you must take warnin', from this time on and learn
Never speak harsh words to your true lovin' husbands, they may leave you and never return.