

# The Wreck Of The Old '97

## The Seekers

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,  
Sayin' "Steve, you're way behind time;  
It's 8:38, and it's the Old '97;  
Gotta put her into Danville on time."

Well, it's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg down to Danville,  
On a line with a three-mile grade;  
It was down that line where he lost his air-brakes;  
You can see what a jump he made.  
Steve Brady he said to his black, greasy fireman,  
"Shovel on a little more coal;  
I'm waitin' to pass them wide-open mountains;  
Gonna see the Old '97 roll."

He's comin' down that line makin' ninety miles an hour;  
The whistle broke into a scream;  
They found him in the wreck with his hand upon the throttle;  
He'd been scalded to death by steam.

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Well, come on now, all you ladies;  
From this time on, now learn;  
Don't you ever say harsh words to your true-lovin' husband;  
He'll leave you and never return.

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