Nine Pound Hammer, Wreck Of The Old 97

Flatt & Scruggs version

Well they gave him his orders at Monroe Virginia
Saying Steve you're way behind time
This is not 38 but it's old 97 you must put her into Spencer on time
Well he turned around and said to his fireman shovel in a little more coal
And when we cross this big White Mountain we'll watch old 97 roll
(dobro)
It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville and a line on a three mile grade
It's on that grade that he lost his airbrakes you see what a jump he made
They were goin' down the grade makin' 90 miles an hour
When his whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
A scalded to death by the steam
(fiddle)
Then the telegram come from Washington station and this is how it read
The brave engineer that run old 97 he's a laying in old Danville dead
Now all you ladies we take a warning from this time now and learn
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband
He may leave and never return