

# Wreck of the Old '97

## Pathfinders Bluegrass

Bluegrass ♩ = 200

G

C



Oh they gave him his or- ders down in Mon- roe, Vir-  
 Then He turned 'round and said to his tired, greasy  
 It's a migh- ty rough road from Lynch- burg to  
 He was comin' down the grade, do- ing ninety miles an  
 Oh now, all you lad ies, you had bet- ter take this

G

D



ginia, Say- ing, "Steve, you're way be- hind time; This is  
 fire man, "Just sho vel in a little more coal; And  
 Dan- ville, With a climb on a three mile grade; It was  
 hour, When his whis tle broke into a scream; He was  
 warn ing, From this time now and learn: Nev er

G

C

G



not Thir ty- Eight, but it's Old Nine ty Sev en, You must put her in to  
 when we reach that White Oak Moun- tain, You just watch Old Nine ty  
 on that grade that he lost his air brakes, You can see what a  
 found in the wreck, with his hand on the throttle. He was scalded to  
 speak harsh words to your true love or husband, He may leave you

1.2.3.4. || 5.

D

G



Spen- cer on time." (Then He)  
 Se ven roll." (It's a)  
 jump he made. (He was)  
 death by the steam. (Oh now)  
 and never return.