

The Wreck of 297

Lyrics by: **Tom Berry**

Arranged by: **Dan Sylvester**

(Sung to the tune of: "The Wreck of Old 97")

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They gave him orders at Wiscona Tower,
Saying, "Steve, you're a' way behind time,
This is not 298, it's 297,
You must get her to North Fond du Lac on time."

Now, he looked around and said to his black greasy fireman,
"Just shovel on a little more coal,
And when we top that White House Mountain,
You just watch 297 roll!"

Now, it's a mighty rough road between Granville and Rockfield,
It's a line on a seven mile grade.
It was on this grade that he lost his average,
You see what a job he had made.

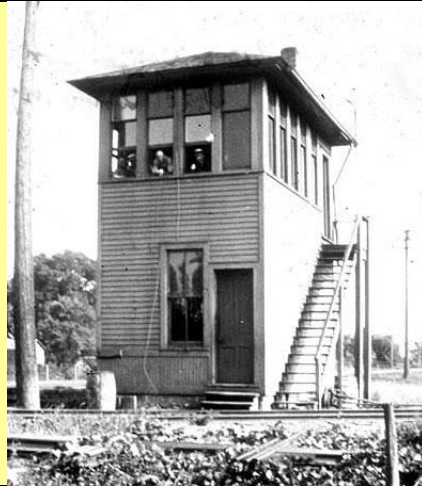
He was rollin' down Eden Hill makin' 90 miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream.
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,
Scalded to death by the steam.

Now, a telegram came into Milwaukee Station,
And this is how it read,
"That brave engineer of Number 297,
Is lying at NW dead."

So ladies, you must all heed this warning,
From this time on and learn,
Never speak harsh words to your railroadin' husband,
He may leave you and never return.



Wiscona



Tower NW

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