

# Wabash Cannonball

US trad.

Oh list - en to the jing - le, the rum - ble and the roar. As she  
glides a - long the wood - land, through the hills and by the shore. Hear the  
migh - ty rush of the en - gine, hear that lone - some ho - bo call. You're  
tra - vel - ling through the jung - les on the Wa - bash Can - non ball.

Listen to the jingle,  
the rumble and the roar,  
as she rolls along the woodlands  
by the hills and by the shore.  
She's the mighty tall and handsome,  
she knows quite well by all,  
She's the modern combination  
called the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Hear the bells and whistle calling,  
hear the wheels that go "clack clack",  
Hear the roaring of the engine  
as she rolls along the track.  
The magic of the railroad wins  
hearts of one and all,  
as we reach our destination on the  
Wabash Canon Ball.

From the great Atlantic ocean  
to the wide Pacific shore  
The green old flowing mountains  
to the south down by the moor  
She's mighty tall and handsome  
she's know quite well by all  
Regular combination on the  
Wabash Cannonball

I went down from Birmingham one  
cold December day  
When she pulled into that station  
you could hear them people say  
There's a fellow from Tennessee, boys,  
he's long and he's tall  
He came down from Birmingham  
the Wabash Cannonball

Oh listen to the jingle,  
The rumble and the roar.  
As she glides along the woodland,  
Through the hills and by the shore.  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine,  
Hear that lonesome hobo call.  
You're travelling through the jungles  
On the Wabash Cannonball.

From the great Atlantic Ocean  
To the wide Pacific shore  
From the green and flowing mountains  
To the south belt by the shore  
She's mighty tall and handsome,  
And known quite well by all  
She's the combination  
On the Wabash Cannonball.

She came down from Birmingham,  
One cold December day  
As she rolled into the station,  
You could hear all the people say  
There's a girl from Tennessee,  
She's long and she's tall  
She came down from Birmingham  
On the Wabash Cannonball.

Our Eastern states are dandy  
So the people always say  
From New York to St. Louis  
And Chicago by the way  
From the hills of Minnesota  
Where the rippling waters fall  
No changes can be taken  
On that Wabash Cannonball.

Here's to daddy Claxton,  
May his name forever stand  
And always be remembered  
'round the courts of Alabam'  
His earthly race is over  
And the curtains 'round him fall  
We'll carry him home to victory  
On the Wabash Cannonball.