

# Wabash Cannonball

Traditional - Gratefulfrog

country (♩ = 140)

G C

1. From the great Atlantic oc-ean, to the wide Pa-cific shore, she climbs  
2. Our eastern states are dan-dy, the peo-ple al-ways say. From  
chorus  
3. We rolled into Birm-ing-ham, one cold De-cem-ber day. As she  
chorus  
4. Here's to Dad-dy Clax-ton, may his name for-ever stand. And  
chorus List-en to the jin-gle, the rum-ble and the roar. As she

5 D<sup>7</sup> G

ov-er flow-ery moun-tains, over hills and by the shore. Hear the  
New York to St. Lou-is, and Chic-ago by the way, from the  
pulled in-to the sta-tion, you could hear the people say: There's a  
al-ways be re-mem-bered in the courts throughout the land. His  
glides a-long the wood-land, by hills and by the shore. Hear the

9 G C

might-y rush of the en-gine, hear the lone-some ho-bo's call. We're  
hills of Min-ne so-ta, where the ripp-ling wat-ers fall, No  
gal out there from Tex-as, she is long and she is tall. She's  
earth-ly race is o-ver and we'll bear him to the pall. We'll  
migh-ty rush of the en-gine, hear that lone-some ho-bo's call, We're

13 D<sup>7</sup> G

rid-ing thru to Di-xie, on the Wab-ash Can-non-ball!  
chang-es can be tak-en, on the Wab-ash Can-non-ball!  
a reg-uler com-bin-ation, on the Wab-ash Can-non-ball!  
carry him up to hea-ven, on the Wa-bash Can-non-ball!  
rid-ing through the jung-le, on the Wab-ash Can-non-ball