

# Wabash Cannonball

Traditional

lively (♩ = 140)



1. From the great Atlantic oc-ean, to the wide Pa - cific shore, she climbs  
2. Our eastern states are dan-dy, so the peo-ple always say. From  
**chorus** List - en to the jin-gle, the rum-ble and the roar. As she  
3. We rolled into Birm - ing-ham, one cold De-cem - ber day. As she

**chorus**



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  
glides a - long the wood - land, by hills and by the shore. Hear the  
pulled in - to the sta - tion, you could hear the people say: There's a



migh - ty rush of the en - gines, hear the lone - some ho - bo's call. We're  
hills of Min - ne so - ta, where the ripp - ling wat - ers fall, no  
migh - ty rush of the en - gine, hear that lone - some ho - bo's call, We're  
gal out there from Tex - as, she is long and she is tall. She's



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!  
rid - ing through the jung - le, on the Wab - ash Can - non - ball  
a reg - uler com - bin - ation on the Wab - ash Can - non - ball!