

Wabash Cannonbal

Traditional

lively (♩ = 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, 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
Here's to Dad-dy Clax-ton, may his name for-ever stand. And
chorus

5 D⁷ 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
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
al-ways be re-mem-bered in the courts throughout the land. His

9 G C

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
earth-ly race is o-ver and we'll bear him to the pall. We'll

2
13

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!
 carry him up to hea - ven, on the Wa - bash Can - non - ball!

G