

# 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**  
 4. Here's to Dad - dy Clax-ton, may his name for - ever stand. And  
**chorus**

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  
 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!

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