

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, the peo - ple al - ways 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 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