

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

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

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



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



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!