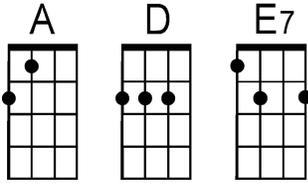


Wabash Cannonball

by J. A. Roff (1882)
as sung by Roy Acuff (1936)



A. D.
From the great At-lantic Ocean, to the wide Pa-cific shore
E7. A.
From the queen of flowing mountains to the south belt by the shore
D.
She's mighty tall and handsome and known quite well by all
E7. A.
She's the combin-ation on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

A. D.
She came down from Birming-ham one cold De-cember day
E7. A.
As she rolled in-to the station, you could hear all the people say
D.
There's a girl from Tennes-see, she's long and she's tall
E7. A.
She came down from Birming-ham on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

A. D.
Our Eastern states are dandy, so the people always say
E7. A.
From New York to St. Louis, and Chi-cago by the way
D.
From the hills of Minne-sota where the rippling waters fall
E7. A.
No changes can be taken on that Wabash Cannon-ball

A. D.
Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name for-ever stand
E7. A.
And always be re-mem-bered round the courts of Ala-bam'
D.
His earthly race is over and curtains round him fall
E7. A.
We'll carry him home to vict'ry on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

A. D.
Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
E7. A.
As she glides a-long the woodlands, through the hills and by the shore.
A. D.
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear that lonesome hobo squall,
E7. A / E7 / A /
You are trav'lin through the jungles on the Wabash Cannon-ball.