

Wabash Cannonball

Traditional - Old hobo song II-125

I stood on the Atlantic Ocean on the wide Pacific Shore
Heard the Queen of flowing mountains to the South Belle by the door
She's long and tall and handsome, loved by one and all
She's a modern combination called the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus:

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
Riding through the woodlands through the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of engines, hear the lonesome hobo squall
Ride the rods and brakesprings on the Wabash Cannonball

Now the eastern states are dandies so the western people say
From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way _
Through the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand
"And he will be remembered through parts of all our land
When his earthly race is over and the curtain round him falls
We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannonball