

WABASH CANNONBALL

(A.P. Carter - William Kindt)

From the ^Ggreat Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific ^Cshore
From the ^Gqueen of flowing mountains to the southbells by the ^Gshore
She's ^Glong, and tall, and handsome, and known quite well by all
She's a regular combination of the Wabash Cannonball

Ch: Listen to the jingle, the rumble, and the roar
Gliding through the woodlands, through the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of engines, hear the lonesome hoboos call
You're travelin' through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball

She came ^Gdown from Birmingham one cold December ^Cday
As she rolled into the station you could hear all the people ^Gsay
Now there's a gal from Tennessee she's long and she's tall
She came down from Birmingham on the Wabash Cannonball

Our eastern states are dandy so the Western folks all say
From New York to St Louis and Chicago by the bay
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Here's to daddy Claxton may his name forever stand
He'll always be remembered in the ports throughout the land
When his earthly race is over and the curtains round him fall
We'll carry him home to glory on the Wabash Cannonball