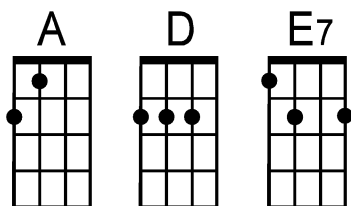


# Wabash Cannonball

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



**Intro:** . | A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | . . | A . . . | . . .  
(sing e)

From the great At-lan-tic Ocean to the wide Pa-cific shore—

From the queen of flowing mountains— to the south belt by the shore—

She's mighty tall and handsome— and known quite well by all—

She's the combi-nation on the Wabash Cannon-ball—

She came down from Bir-ming-ham one cold De-cember day—

As she rolled in-to the station— you could hear all the people say—

There's a girl from Tennes-see— she's long and she's tall—

She came down from Bir-ming-ham on the Wabash Cannon-ball—

Our Eastern states are dandy so the people always say—

From New York to St. Louis— and Chi-cago by the way—

From the hills of Minne-sota where the rippling waters fall—

No changes can be taken on that Wabash Cannon-ball—

Here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name for-ever stand—

And always be re-mem-bered round the courts of Ala-bam—

His earthly race is over and curtains round him fall—

We'll carry him home to vict'ry on the Wabash Cannon-ball—

Listen to the jingle— the rumble and the roar—

As she glides a-long the woodlands— thru the hills and by the shore—

Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear that lonesome hobo squall—

You are trav'lin thru the jungles on the Wabash Cannon-ball—