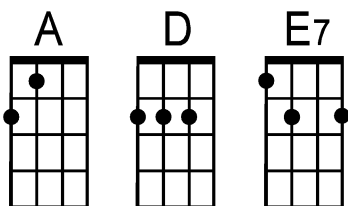


Wabash Cannonball

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



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

. | **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 combi-nation 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—

Instr: **A** . . . | **D** . . . | **E7** . . . | . . . | **A** . . . |

A . . . | **D** . . . | **E7** . . . | . . . | **A** . . .

. | **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—

Instr: A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | . . A . |

A . . . | D . . . | E7 . . . | . . | A . . . |

A . . . | D . . .
Listen to the jingle— the rumble and the roar—

| E7 . . . | . . A . .
As she glides a-long the woodlands— thru 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 thru the jungles on the Wabash Cannon-ball—

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3 - 4/4/22)