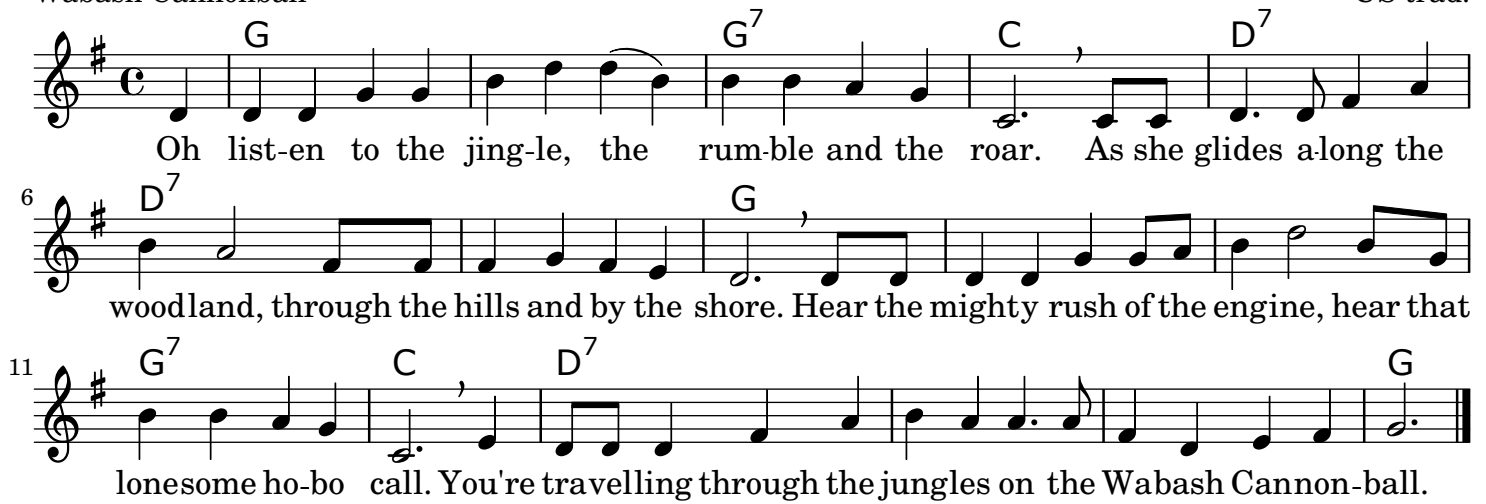


Wabash Cannonball

US trad.



Oh list-en to the jing-le, the rum-ble and the roar. As she glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the shore. Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear that lonesome ho-bo call. You're travelling through the jungles on the Wabash Cannon-ball.

Oh listen to the jingle,
The rumble and the roar.
As she glides along the woodland,
Through the hills and by the shore.
Hear the mighty rush of the engine,
Hear that lonesome hobo call.
You're travelling through the jungles
On the Wabash Cannonball.

She came down from Birmingham,
One cold December day
As she rolled into the station,
You could hear all the people say
There's a girl from Tennessee,
She's long and she's tall
She came down from Birmingham
On the Wabash Cannonball.

From the great Atlantic Ocean
To the wide Pacific shore
From the green and flowing mountains
To the south belt by the shore
She's mighty tall and handsome,
And known quite well by all
She's the combination
On the Wabash Cannonball.

Our Eastern states are dandy
So the people always say
From New York to St. Louis
And Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken
On that Wabash Cannonball.

Here's to daddy Claxton,
May his name forever stand
And always be remembered
'round the courts of Alabam'
His earthly race is over
And the curtains 'round him fall
We'll carry him home to victory
On the Wabash Cannonball.