

# WABASH CANNONBALL

C F  
 From the great Atlantic ocean, to the wide Pacific shore,  
 G G7 C  
 Heard the queen of flowing mountains and the South Belle by the door,  
 F  
 She's long, tall and handsome, she's loved by one and all.  
 G G7 C  
 She's a modern combination called the Wabash Cannonball.

**CHORUS:** Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar,

G G7 C  
 As she glides along the woodlands, through the hills and by the shore.  
 F  
 Hear the mighty rush of the engines, hear the lonesome hobo squall,  
 G G7 C  
 Riding through the jungles on the Wabash Cannonball.

Now, the eastern states are dandies, so the western people say,

G G7 C  
 From New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the way,  
 F  
 Through the hills of Minnesota, where the rippling waters fall,  
 G G7 C  
 No chances can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

**CHORUS**

Now, here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand,

G G7 C  
 And will he be remembered by the 'boes throughout the land.

When his earthly race is over, and the curtain round him falls,

G G7 C  
 We'll carry him on to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

**CHORUS**

