# Wabash Cannonball

J. A. Roff 1882; lyrics rewritten by William Kindt 1904

(as recorded by Roy Acuff and his Crazy Tennesseeans 1936, released 1938)

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**INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS: / 1 2 / 1 2 /**

**[C]** Listen to the jingle, the **[F]** rumble and theroar

As she **[G]** glides along the woodland, through thehills and by the **[C]** shore

Hear the **[C]** mighty rush of the engine, hear those **[F]** lonesome hobossquall

While **[G]** travellin’ through the jungle on theWabash Cannon-**[C]**ball

From the **[C]** great Atlantic Ocean to the **[F]** wide Pacific shore

From the **[G]** sweet ol’ flowin’ mountains, to the Southbelt Balti-**[C]**more

She’s **[C]** mighty tall and handsome, she’s **[F]** known quite well by all

**[G]** She’s the combination on the Wabash Cannon-**[C]**ball

**CHORUS:**

**[C]** Listen to the jingle, the **[F]** rumble and theroar

As she **[G]** glides along the woodland, through thehills and by the **[C]** shore

Hear the **[C]** mighty rush of the engine, hear those **[F]** lonesome hobossquall

While **[G]** travellin’ through the jungle on theWabash Cannon-**[C]**ball

**INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS:**

**[C]** Listen to the jingle, the **[F]** rumble and theroar

As she **[G]** glides along the woodland, through thehills and by the **[C]** shore

Hear the **[C]** mighty rush of the engine, hear those **[F]** lonesome hobossquall

While **[G]** travellin’ through the jungle on theWabash Cannon-**[C]**ball

**[C]** She came down to Birmingham one **[F]** cold December day

As she **[G]** pulled into the station, you could hear all the people **[C]** say

There’s a **[C]** gal from Tennessee, she’s **[F]** long and she’s tall

**[G]** She came down to Birmingham on the Wabash Cannon-**[C]**ball

Our **[C]** Eastern states are dandy, so the **[F]** people always say

From **[G]** New York to St. Louis and Chicago by the **[C]** way

From the **[C]** hills of Minnesota, where the **[F]** rippling waters fall

No **[G]** changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannon-**[C]**ball

**CHORUS:**

**[C]** Listen to the jingle, the **[F]** rumble and theroar

As she **[G]** glides along the woodland, through thehills and by the **[C]** shore

Hear the **[C]** mighty rush of the engine, hear those **[F]** lonesome hobossquall

While **[G]** travellin’ through the jungle on theWabash Cannon-**[C]**ball

Now **[C]** here's to Daddy Claxton may his **[F]** name forever stand

And **[G]** always be remembered in the courts throughout the **[C]** land

His **[C]** earthly race is over, and the **[F]** curtains round himfall

We’ll **[G]** carry him home to victory on the Wabash Cannon-**[C]**ball

**CHORUS:**

**[C]** Listen to the jingle, the **[F]** rumble and theroar

As she **[G]** glides along the woodland, through thehills and by the **[C]** shore

Hear the **[C]** mighty rush of the engine, hear those **[F]** lonesome hobossquall

While **[G]** travellin’ through the jungle

On the **[G]** Wabash Cannon-**[C]↓**ball **[G]↓[C]↓[G]↓ / [C]↓**

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