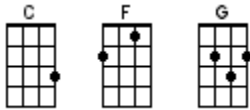


Wabash Cannonball

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

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



INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[C] Listen to the jingle, the [F] rumble and the roar
As she [G] glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the [C] shore
Hear the [C] mighty rush of the engine, hear those [F] lonesome hobos squall
While [G] travellin' through the jungle on the Wabash 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 the roar
As she [G] glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the [C] shore
Hear the [C] mighty rush of the engine, hear those [F] lonesome hobos squall
While [G] travellin' through the jungle on the Wabash Cannon-[C]ball

INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS:

[C] Listen to the jingle, the [F] rumble and the roar
As she [G] glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the [C] shore
Hear the [C] mighty rush of the engine, hear those [F] lonesome hobos squall
While [G] travellin' through the jungle on the Wabash 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

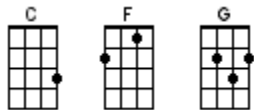
CHORUS:

[C] Listen to the jingle, the [F] rumble and the roar
As she [G] glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the [C] shore
Hear the [C] mighty rush of the engine, hear those [F] lonesome hobos squall
While [G] travellin' through the jungle on the Wabash 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 him fall
We'll [G] carry him home to victory on the Wabash Cannon-[C]ball

CHORUS:

[C] Listen to the jingle, the **[F]** rumble and the roar
As she **[G]** glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the **[C]** shore
Hear the **[C]** mighty rush of the engine, hear those **[F]** lonesome hobos squall
While **[G]** travellin' through the jungle
On the **[G]** Wabash Cannon-**[C]**↓ball **[G]**↓**[C]**↓**[G]**↓ / **[C]**↓



www.bytownukulele.ca