

# Wabash Cannonball

W M Kindt

Key of D

**D**

**v1:**

From the <sup>D</sup>great Atlantic ocean to, the wide <sup>G</sup>Pacific shore  
From the <sup>A7</sup>queen of the flowing mountains to, the south-bells by the <sup>D</sup>shore  
She's <sup>A7</sup>mighty tall and handsome and, known quite well by all  
She's a regular combination on, the Wabash Cannonball

**chorus:**

Listen to the <sup>G</sup>jingle to, the rumble and the roar  
As she <sup>A7</sup>glides along the woodland through, the hills and by the <sup>D</sup>shore  
Hear the <sup>A7</sup>mighty rush of the engine hear, that lonesome hobo's <sup>G</sup>call  
You're <sup>A7</sup>traveling through the jungle on, the Wabash Cannonball <sup>D</sup>

**v2:**

She came down from Birmingham one, cold December day <sup>G</sup>  
As she <sup>A7</sup>rolled into the station you, could hear all the people <sup>D</sup>say  
Now there's a gal from Tennessee she's, long and she's tall <sup>G</sup>  
She came down from Birmingham on, the Wabash Cannonball <sup>D</sup>

**v3:**

Our eastern states are dandy so, the people always <sup>G</sup>say  
From New York to St Louis and, Chicago by the way <sup>D</sup>  
From the hills of Minnesota where, the rippling waters <sup>G</sup>fall  
No changes can be taken on, the Wabash Cannonball <sup>D</sup>

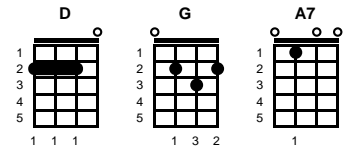
**v4:**

Here's to Daddy Claxton may, his name forever stand <sup>G</sup>  
And long to be remembered round, the ports of Alabam <sup>D</sup>  
His earthly race is over and, the curtains round him fall <sup>G</sup>  
We'll <sup>A7</sup>carry him home to Dixie on, the Wabash Cannonball -- **CHORUS** <sup>D</sup>

**ending:**

On the <sup>A7</sup>Wabash Cannonball <sup>D</sup>

## STANDARD



## BARITONE

