

[C] From the great Atlantic ocean, to the wide Pacific [F] shore,
To the [G7] queen of flowing mountains, for the hills and by the [C]
shore,
She's mighty tall and handsome, and known quite well by [F] all,
She's a [G7] regular combination, on the Wabash Cannon [C] ball.

Chorus

[C] Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the [F] roar,
As she [G7] glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the [C]
shore,
Hear the mighty rush of engine, hear the lonesome hoboos [F] call,
You're [G7] travelling through the jungle on the Wabash cannon [C] ball.

[C] She came down from Birmingham one cold December [F] day,
As she [G7] rolled into the station you could hear the people [C] say,
Now there's a gal from Tennessee she's long and she is [F] tall,
She [G7] came down from Birmingham on the Wabash cannon [C] ball,

[C] Our eastern states are dandy so the people always [F] say,
From [G7] New York to St Louis and Chicago by the [C] way,
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters [F] fall,
No [G7] changes can be taken on the Wabash cannon [C] ball.

[C] Here's to daddy Claxton may his name forever [F] stand,
He'll [G7] always be remembered in the ports through out the [C] land,
His earthly race is over and the curtains round him [F] fall,
We'll carry him home to Glory on the Wabash cannon [C] ball,

Chorus X2

[C] Listen to the jingle the rumble and the [F]roar,
As she [G7] glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the [C]
shore,
Hear the mighty rush of engine hear the lonesome hoboos [F] call,
You're [G7] travelling through the jungle on the Wabash cannon [C] ball.