

Wabash Cannonball
By:Utah Phillips
an American folk song

Listen to the jingle,
The rumble, and the roar,
As she glides along the woodlands
Through the hills and by the shore;
Hear the mighty rush to the engine;
Hear the lonesome hobo call;
You're trav'lin' through the jungles
On the Wabash Cannonball.

From the Great Atlantic Ocean
To the wide Pacific shore,
From the green and growing mountains
To the South Belt by the shore,
She's mighty tall and handsome,
And she's quite well-known by all;
She's a modern combination
On the Wabash Cannonball.

Our eastern states are dandy,
So the people always say,
From New York to Chicago
And Rock Island by the way,
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall,
No changes can be taken
On the Wabash Cannonball.

Now here's to Daddy Claxton!
May his name forever stand
And always be remembered
In the courts throughout the land;
His earthly race is over;
Now the curtains 'round him fall;
We'll carry him home to vict'ry
On the Wabash Cannonball.

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