

From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific shore
From the queen of flowing mountains to the balmy southern shore
She's mighty tall and handsome and quite well known by all
For she's the combination of the Wabash Cannon Ball

Won't-cha listen to the jingle, and the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland through the hills and by the shore
Just hear the mighty engine and lonesome hobo's squall
While trav'lin' through the jungles on the Wabash Cannon Ball

Now the train it is a wonder and it travels mighty fast
It is made of shining silver and it takes off like a blast
You leave Mobile at seven, at eight you reach St. Paul
And there's a lonely whistle on the Wabash Cannon Ball

When she come on down from Memphis on a cold December day
As she rolled into the station you could hear the people say
"Why, there's a girl from Memphis, she's long and she is tall
And she came down from Memphis on the Wabash Cannon Ball"

Here's to hobo Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand
It'll always be remembered in the courts of Alabam'
His earthly race is over, the curtains 'round him fall
We'll take him home to vic'try on the Wabash Cannon Ball

Now the Eastern folks are dandies, so the Western folks will say
But they never saw the Wabash 'cause it never passed their way
We'll never take a hobo from Boston, big or small
No dandy can be taken on the Wabash Cannon Ball