

Train Trilogy (C) (2-14-19)

(Wabash Cannonball)

C F
From the great Atlantic ocean to the wide Pacific shore
G C
From the queen of the flowing mountains to the south hills by the shore
C F
She's mighty tall and handsome and known quite well by all
G C
She's a regular combination on the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus:

C F
Listen to the jingle to the rumble and the roar
G C
As she glides along the woodland O'er the hills and by the shore
C F
Hear the mighty rush of the engine hear the lonesome hobos call
G C
You're traveling through the jungle on the Wabash Cannonball

(C chord for 4 beats)

(Wreck of the Old 97)

C F C G
They give him his orders at Monroe Virginia saying Steve you're way behind time
C F C G C
It's not the 38 but the Old 97 Got to put her into Spencer on time
C F
Then he looked around and said to his big greasy fireman
C G
Just shovel on a little more coal
C F C G C
And when we cross that White Oak Mountain You can watch Old 97 roll

(train whistle)

C F
He was going down grade making 90 miles an hour
C G
when his whistle broke into a scream
C F
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
C G C
scalded to death by the steam

(C chord for 4 beats)

(This Train)

C C G
This train is bound for glory this train This train is bound for glory this train
C F
This train is bound for glory nobody rides it but the righteous and the holy
C G C
This train is bound for glory this train

C C
 Well this train don't carry no liars this train
 G
 This train don't carry no liars this train
 C F
 This train don't carry no liars Knee-high dresses and home-brew buyers
 C G C
 This train don't carry no liars this train

(C chord for 4 beats)

(Wabash Cannonball Reprise)

Chorus:

C
 Listen to the jingle
 F
 To the rumble and the roar
 G
 As she glides along the woodland
 C
 O'er the hills and by the shore
 C
 Hear the mighty rush of the engine
 C F
 Hear the lonesome hobos call
 G
 You're traveling through the jungle
 C
 On the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus:

C
 Oh listen to the jingle
 C F
 To the rumble and the roar
 G
 As she glides along the woodland
 G C
 O'er the hills and by the shore
 C
 Hear the mighty rush of the engine
 F
 Hear the lonesome hobos call
 G
 You're riding through to glory
 C
 On the Wabash Cannonball
 G
 We're riding through to glory
 G C
 On the Wa-bash Can-non-ball