

Wabash Cannonball – Traditional

From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific

C
shore,

D7

From the green and flowing mountains, To the

G

Southland by the shore,

G

She's mighty tall and handsome; She's known

C

quite well by all,

D7

She's the regular combination of the Wabash

G

Cannonball.

Chorus:

G

C

Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar,

D7

As she glides along the woodlands, over hills and by

G

the shore.

G

Hear the rushing of the engine, hear the lonesome

C

hobos call.

D7

G

No changes need be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Oh, the eastern states are dandy, so the western people
say,

Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way.

To the hills of Minnesota, where the rippling waters fall,

No changes need be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.

Now here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever
stand,

And always be remembered through the courts
throughout the land.

His earthly race is over, now the curtains round him fall.

We'll carry him home to Dixie on the Wabash
Cannonball.

Orange Blossom Special

A

Well look a-yonder comin'
Comin down that railroad track

D

Well look a-yonder comin'

A

Comin down that railroad track

E7

It's that Orange Blossom Special

A

Bringin' my baby back

Well talk about her ramblin',
She's the fastest train on the line.
Well talk about her travelin',
She's the fastest train on the line.
She's the Orange Blossom Special,
Rollin' down the Seaboard line

Well, I'm going down to Florida,
Get some sand in my shoes,
Or maybe California,
Get some sand in my shoes.
I'll ride the Orange Blossom Special
And lose those New York blues.

Casey Jones (Wallace Saunders, Traditional)

Play in A (G chords with capo on the second fret)

G
Come all you rounders if you want to hear
 A7 D7
The story of a brave engineer.
G
Casey Jones was the rounder's name.
 D7 G
On a big ten-wheeler, oys, he won his fame.
 G
The caller called Casey at half past four.
 A7 D7
The foreman met him at the roundhouse door;
 G
He said "Joe Lewis can't be make his run,
 D7 G
So you'll have to catch up on the Cannonball Run."

Chorus:
G
Casey Jones—climbed into the cabin,
G A7 D7
Casey Jones---orders in his hand,
G
Casey Jones—lookin' out the window,
D7 G
Taking a trip to the promis'd land.

They pulled out of Memphis two hours late,
They knew they'd driving at a terrible rate.
He called to the fireman, "Shovel your coal,
Stick your head out the window, see the drivers roll."

Through south Memphis yard on the fly,
Rain been falling and the water was high.
Everybody knew by the whistle's moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

Chorus:
Casey Jones—layin' on the throttle,
Casey Jones—whistle in his hand,
Casey Jones---lookin' out the window,
Taking a trip to the promis'd land.

On a high speed run on a rainy morn,
Down in Mississippi near the town of Vaughan,
Came the Cannonball Special only two minutes late
Eighty miles an hour when they saw a freight.

Caboose eighty-three was on the main line,
"Jump, Sim, while you have the time"
Casey pulled the brake with the whistle in his hand,
Took his trip to the promised land.

Casey Jones, stayin' at the throttle,
Casey Jones, whistle in his hand,
Casey Jones, stayin' at the throttle,
Taking a trip to the promised land.

Wreck of the Old 97 (Traditional)

Play in A (G chords with capo on the second fret)

G C
They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
G D7
Saying, "Steve, you're way behind time.
G C
This is not 38, but it's Old 97,
G D7 G
You must put her into Spencer on time."

He turned and he said to his black greasy
fireman,
"Shovel in a little more coal,
And when we cross that old White Oak
Mountain
You can watch Old 97 roll."

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to
Danville,
And it lies on a three-mile grade,
It was on that grade that he lost his air brakes,
See what a jump that she made.

A telegram came from Birmingham station;
This is what it said:
That nice young man who drove old ninety-
seven
Is lyin' down in Danville dead.

He was going down the grade making 90
miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream,
He was found in that wreck with his hand on
the throttle,
Scalded to death by the steam.

Now, ladies, you must take warning,
From this time now and on.
Never speak harsh words to your true loving
husband.
He may leave you and never return.

Rock Island Line (Traditional)

G
Oh, the Rock Island line is a might good road
G A7 D7
Oh the Rock Island line is the road to ride
G
The Rock Island line is a mighty good road
C G
If you want to ride, you gotta ride it like you find it
C D7 G
Get your ticket at the station for the Rock Island line

G
A, B, C, double-X, Y, Z,
D7 G
Cat's in the cupboard, but she can't see me.

The engineer said "Before I die,
There's two more drinks I'd like to try."
Fireman said, "What could they be?"
"Hot cup of coffee and a cold glass of tea."

It was cloudy in the west, looked like rain,
But round the corner come-a passenger train.
North-bound train on the south-bound track,
You were all right a-leavin' but you won't be
back

I may be right and I may be wrong
But you're gonna miss me when I'm gone.

This Train Don't Carry No Gamblers (Traditional)

D
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.
Asus4 A7

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

D
This train don't carry no gamblers -

G
No crap shooters, no midnight ramblers.

D A7 D
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

This train don't carry no jokers, this train.

This train don't carry no jokers, this train.

This train don't carry no jokers,
No high-toed women, no seegar smokers.

This train don't carry no jokers, this train.

This train done carried my mother, this train.

This train done carried my mother, this train.

This train done carried my mother -
My mother, my father, my sister, and my
brother.

This train done carried my mother, this train.

This train is leavin' in the morning' this train.
This train is leavin' in the morning, this train.
This train is leavin' in the morning -
Great God Almighty, a new day's a-dawning.
This train is leavin'n in the morning, this train.

This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train is bound for glory -

Don't carry nothin'; but the righteous and the
holy.

This train is bound for glory, this train.

Alternative (inspired by Noel Stookey's version)

Em Am, E,
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.
Em Bsus4 B7

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

Em

This train don't carry no gamblers -

Am

No crap shooters, no midnight ramblers.

Em B7 Em
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

I've Been Working on the Railroad (Traditional)

D
I've been working on the railroad
G D
All the live-long day.
D
I've been working on the railroad
E7 A7
Just to pass the time away.
A7 D
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
G B7
Rise up so early in the morn;
G D
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
D A7 D
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

D
Dinah, won't you blow,
G
Dinah, won't you blow,
A7 D
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

D
Dinah, won't you blow,
G
Dinah, won't you blow,
A7 D
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

D
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
D A7
Someone's in the kitchen I know
D G
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
D A7 D
Strummin' on the old banjo!

D
Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
D A7
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
D G
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
D A7 D
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Down By the Station (Traditional)

D

Down by the station early in the morning,

D

See the little puffer bellies all in a row

D

See the station master turn the little handle,

D

Chug, chug, toot, toot, off we go.

Down by the station early in the morning,
Grab a cup of coffee while a-waitin' for
the train.

Change another quarter, gotta pay the
porter,

Chug, chug, toot, toot, looks like rain.

Down by the station, shinin' up the brass
plate,

All the gandy dancers on the main line.

See the diamond cracker warmin' up the
big jack,

Chug, chug, toot, toot, off we go.

Down by the station early in the morning,

See the little puffer bellies all in a row

See the station master turn the little handle,

Chug, chug, toot, toot, off we go.

Life is like Mountain Railway (Railroad to Heaven) (M.E. Abbey and Charles D. Tillman)

G G7
Life is like a mountain railway,
C G
With an engineer that's brave
G
We must make the run successful,
A7 D7
From the cradle to the grave,
G G7
Watch the curves and hills and tunnels,
C G
Never falter never fail,
G
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
D7 G
And your eye upon the rail.

Chorus:

C G
Blessed Savior, thou will guide us,
G D7
Till we reach that blessed shore,
G C
Where the angels stand beside us,
G D7 G
In God's praise for evermore.

As we roll along the mainline,
There'll be storms and there'll be night,
There'll be sidetracks unexpected,
On the left and on the right,
But with the straight-away before us,
And our hearts upon the prize,
There'll be no disembarkation
Until we reach paradise.

As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide;
You'll behold the Union Depot,
Into which your train will glide;
There you'll meet the Sup'rintendent,
God the Father, God the Son,
With a hand of joyous greeting:
"Weary pilgrim, welcome home."