

# On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away

Paul Dresser • 1897

'Round my In-di-an-a home-stead wave the corn-fields, in the dis-tance loom the wood-land clear and cool, Oft-en - times my thoughts re - vert to scenes of child - hood, where I first re - ceived my lessons, Na - ture's school, But one thing there is miss - ing in the pic - ture, with - out her face, it seems so in - com - plete, I long to see my moth-er in the door-way, as she stood there years a - go, her boy to greet. Oh, the moon - light's fair to - night a - long the Wa - bash, from the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay, Through the syc - a-mores, the can - dle-lights are gleam - ing, on the banks of the Wa-bash, far a - way.

**Chords:** G, C, G, C#7, G, A7, D7, G, C, G, C#7, G, A7, D7, G, B7, Em, A7, D7, G, C, G, C#7, G, A7, D7, G, G, B7, Em, C, E7, A7, D7, G, B7, Em, C, G, A7, D7, G