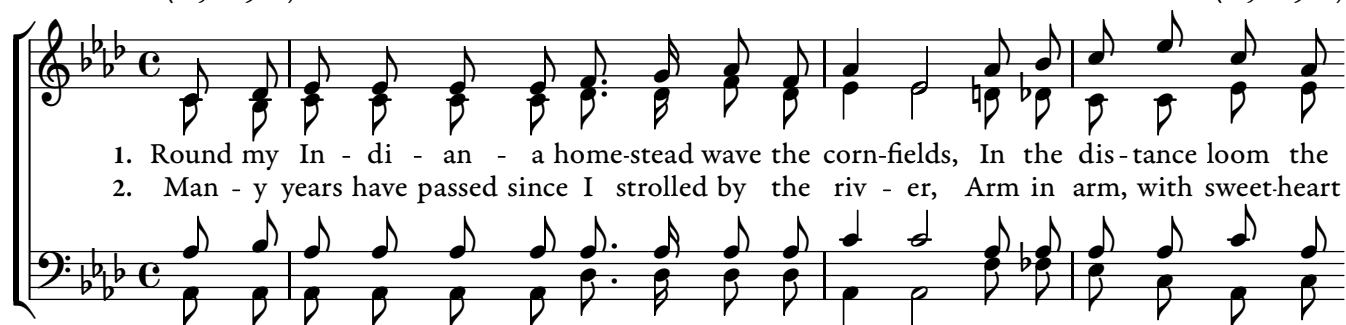


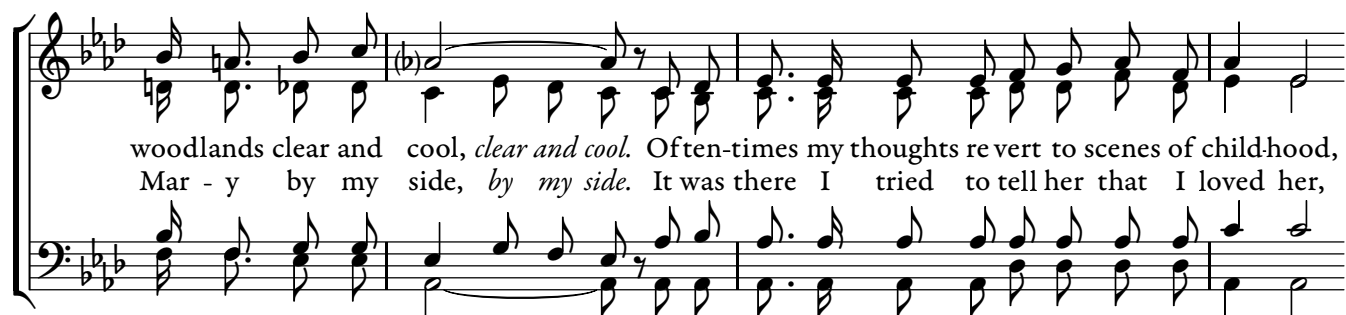
ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY

Paul Dresser (1858-1906)

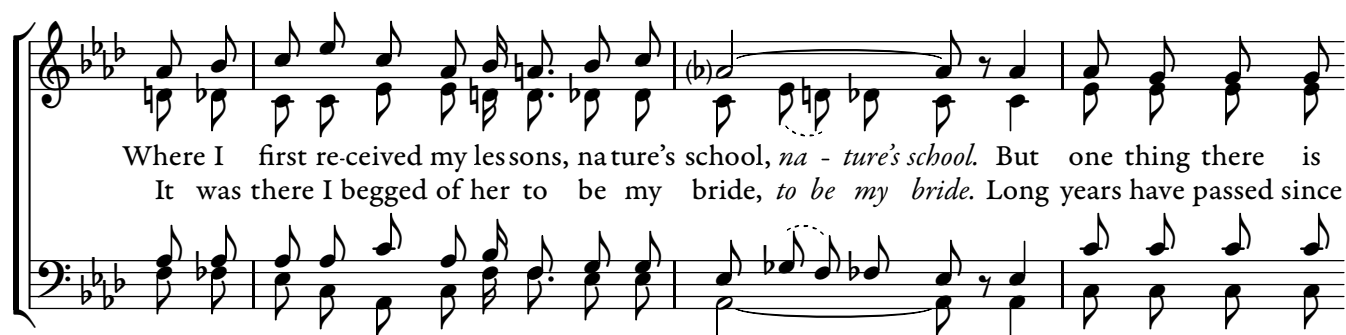
Paul Dresser (1858-1906)



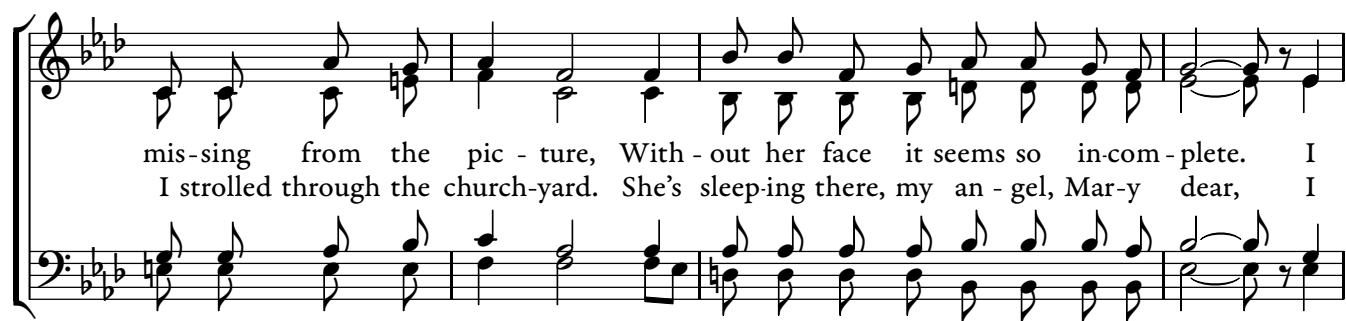
1. Round my In - di - an - a home-stead wave the corn-fields, In the dis-tance loom the
2. Man - y years have passed since I strolled by the riv - er, Arm in arm, with sweet-heart



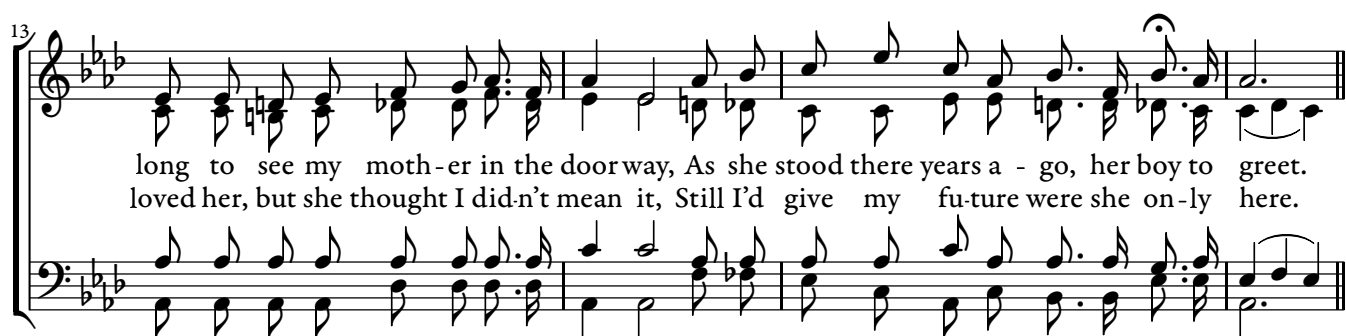
woodlands clear and cool, *clear and cool*. Often-times my thoughts re-vert to scenes of child-hood,
Mar - y by my side, *by my side*. It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,



Where I first re-ceived my lessons, na-ture's school, *na - ture's school*. But one thing there is
It was there I begged of her to be my bride, *to be my bride*. Long years have passed since



mis-sing from the pic - ture, With - out her face it seems so in-com-plete. I
I strolled through the church-yard. She's sleep-ing there, my an - gel, Mar-y dear, I



13
long to see my moth-er in the doorway, As she stood there years a - go, her boy to greet.
loved her, but she thought I did-n't mean it, Still I'd give my fu-ture were she on-ly here.

Oh, the moon-light's fair to-night along 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.