

INDIANA

1917

Words & Music By: BALLARD MACDONALD & JAMES F. HANLEY

Back home a - gain In In - di - an - a, And it
seems that I can see The gleam - ing
can - dle light still shin - ing bright Thru the
syc - a - mores for me, The new mown
hay sends all its fra - grance From the
fields I used to roam, When I
dream a - bout the moon - light on the Wa - bash, Then I
long for my In - di - an - a home.