

Respectfully inscribed to Miss Mary E. South, Terre Haute, Indiana.

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY.

SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER.

Introduction.
Andante moderato.

The introduction is written for piano in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes a *rall.* (rallentando) section. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, with a steady accompaniment in the left hand.

1. 'Round my In - di - an - a home - stead wave the corn - fields, In the
2. Ma - ny years have passed since I strolled by the riv - er, Arm in

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song is written in the same key signature and time signature as the introduction. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a simple, harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

dis - tance loom the wood-lands clear and cool, Oft - en
arm, with sweet - heart Ma - ry by my side, It was

The piano accompaniment for the last two lines of the song continues the harmonic accompaniment from the previous section, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

times my tho'ts re - vert to scenes of child - hood, Where I
there I tried to tell her that I loved her, It was

first re - ceived my les - sons - Na - ture's school, But
there I begged of her to be my bride, Long

one thing there is miss - ing in the pict - ure, With
years have passed since I strolled thro' the church - yard, She's

rall.

out her face it seems so in - com - plete, I
 sleep - ing there my an - gel Ma - ry dear, I

long to see my moth - er in the door - way, As she
 loved her but she thought I did - 'nt mean it, Still I'd

a tempo.

rall. - - - *p*

stood there years a - go, her boy to greet,
 give my fu - ture were she on - ly here.

rall. - - - *p*

CHORUS.

mp Espressivo.

Oh, the moon-light's fair to - night a - long the Wa - bash, From the

mp

fields there comes the breath of new - mown hay, Through the

sync - a-mores the can - dle lights are gleam - ing, On the

banks of the Wa-bash, far a - way.

pp *D.C.*

pp *D.C.*