

Where *The* Dreamy Wabash Flows

A FOX TROT SONG

Words & Music by
**ABEL BAER and
CLIFF FRIEND**
Writers of
"MAMMA LOVES PAPA,
PAPA LOVES MAMMA"



POPULAR EDITION
LEO. FEIST INC. NEW YORK
CANADA, LEO. FEIST, LIMITED, 193 YONGE ST., TORONTO
FRANCIS & TAYLOR, 130-140 CHURCH ST. (2ND FL.) LONDON, ENG.

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Lyric by
CLIFF FRIEND

(With Ukulele Accompaniment*)
by MAY SINGHI BREEN

Music by
ABEL BAER

Moderato

The musical score is arranged in systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features guitar chords indicated by diagrams above the staff. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. The lyrics are as follows:

Where the yellow sun-flow'r grows, — There is where my blue heart goes, —
In my mem-o-ry I find, — Hap-pi-ness I left be-hind, —

Back to In-di - an-a where the dream - y Wa-bash flows; —
Friends true blue my old home true no won - der that I pine; —

I can see the can-dle light — Shin-ing in my dreams so bright,
Why I left there, I don't know — But I'm sor-ry now and so,

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My heart is sick and sore, To see the sy-ca-more And so to-mor-row night.
 I'm pack-in' up my grip, I'm gon-na take a trip Back where the sun-flow'rs grow.

CHORUS

I'm go-in' back, back where the dream-y Wa-bash flows, — yes

sir, — I could-nt stay 'way from the place that I love so, — no sir, In

dreams I see that lit-tle lane, By the fields of gold-en grain, Where ev-'ry

ev-ning Mother Na-ture croons her tune, — The crick-ets, the thic-k-ets, the moon, — I miss the

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plows, cows, chick-ens, and the new-mown hay, — hey, hey, — The o - pen

air, there's where I wan-na work and play, — I'll say — I'm gon-na

live, love, lin-ger, where the world is happy, goodness knows, — I'm go-in' back, back

where the dreamy Wa-bash flows. — I'm go-in' flows. —

PATTER

Glad to see ya, say, how be ya? Tick-led to death to meet ya, That's the way they greet ya, way back home

And you feel that life is real, the beau-ti-ful sky's a-bove ya', And the

peo-ple love ya' like their own, I'm tired of all this mak-in' be-lieve,

Patt-in' the back, shak-in' the sleeve, Say nev-er more will I roam. I miss the

D. S. al.