

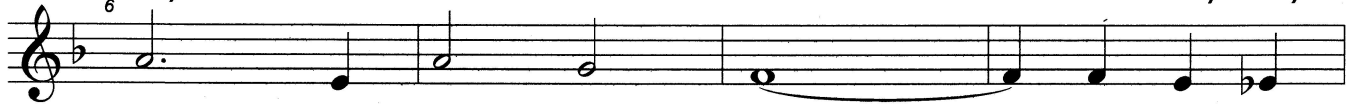
Indiana

1917

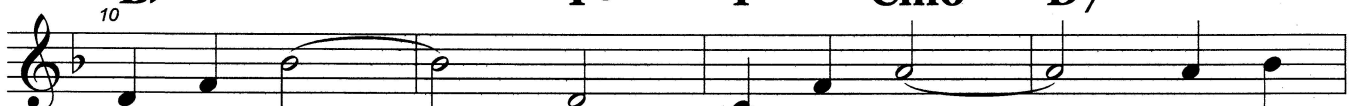
Track 1



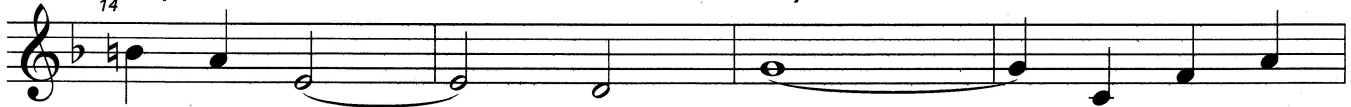
1. Back home a - gain in In - di - a - na, and it



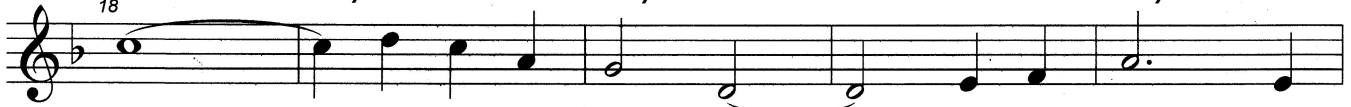
seems that I can see, the gleam - ing



can - dle - light still shin - ing bright thru the



sy - ca - 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 - a - na home.