

MY INDIANA HOME

WORDS & MUSIC BY
FRANK C. HUSTON



BE SURE YOU GET THE REAL
"My Indiana Home"
ASK TO HAVE IT PLAYED

FRANK C. HUSTON
NEW YORK & INDIANAPOLIS

G. D. Winkler

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MY INDIANA HOME

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Andante PLEASE do not play this number too fast

f *sva* *fz* *8*

With the eve-ning bell, and shad-ows fall - ing, And the
In my fan - cy once a - gain comes float - ing O'er the

lit - tle birds gone home to rest — My heart goes wan-d'ring back the home-ward track, And
fra-grant fields of new-mown hay — The sound I loved so well, — the old farm bell, — I've

vis - ions come to me of those I love the best, A gain I see the quaint old fash - ioned
heard no sweet - er mu - sic since I came a - way; A gain I hear my dear old moth - er

cot - tage, And the fields of green I used to roam. — And in
sing - ing, As she trimmed the vines a - bout the door; — And I

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"I TRIED TO RAISE MY BOY TO BE A HERO"

"AMERICA, THE LAND OF LIBERTY"

"WRITE A LETTER HOME TO MOTHER"
America's Greatest New "Mother Song"

HUS
PUTS
BUY
F
IT'
GOOD

F
STON
IT OUT
IT,
OR
S A
ONE"

fan-cy once a-gain I am stand-ing In my dear old In-di-an-a home. —
seem to see the friends of my child-hood In my dear old Hoos-ier home once more. —

CHORUS *p-f* Not too fast

When the gold-en sun is sink-ing Be-neath the heav-ens of blue, — Of my

dear old home I'm think-ing — My In-di-an-a, of you, — With the

eve-'ning shad-ows'round me fall-ing, And your sa-cred mem-o-ries en-thrall-ing, I can

hear my In-di-an-a call-ing, — And I am com-ing back to you. When the you, —

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