

Rufus Wainwright "Banks Of The Wabash"

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On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away
Written by Paul Dresser
Composed by Paul Dresser

'Round my Indiana homesteads wave the cornfields,
In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool.
Oftentimes my thoughts revert to scenes of childhood,
Where I first received my lessons, nature's school.
But one thing there is missing in the picture,
Without her face it seems so incomplete.
I long to see my mother in the doorway,
As she stood there years ago, her boy to greet.

[CHORUS]

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new mown
hay.
Through the sycamores the candle lights are
gleaming,

On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

Many years have passed since I strolled by the river,
Arm in arm, with sweetheart Mary by my side,
It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,
It was there I begged of her to be my bride.
Long years have passed since I strolled thro' there
churchyard.
She's sleeping there, my angel, Mary dear,
I loved her, but she thought I didn't mean it,
Still I'd give my future were she only here.

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