When life is bright and gay,
Where honey suckles twine,
the girlie then will do,
A feeling in my heart,

When sorrows far a-way,
An old sweetheart of mine, Is waiting where
the Wabash gently flows,
I hear the cow-bells ring,

Just any little
Is waiting where

But when the skies grow dark,
The whip-poor-wills still sing,

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Back in dear old Indiana far away, There's a shack that's Home Sweet Home,
Where the moon-beams kiss the fields of new mown hay,
There's a girl who waits alone, How I long to see her dear sweet smiling face,
Just a dear old fashioned girl so kind and true, When life's shadows hover round me every place,
Then my Indiana Mary I miss you. You.

My Indiana Mary