

Blue Hoosier Blues

A Real Homesick "BLUES" Song



"You can't go wrong
With any **FEIST** song"

Written by
Cliff Friend
Jack Meskill
Abel Baer



Successfully Introduced
by
Victor Graff

To that dear old State - INDIANA

Blue Hoosier Blues

A Real Homesick "Blues" Song

By CLIFF FRIEND,
JACK MESKILL
and ABEL BAER

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords and single notes.

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand has a complex texture with many chords and moving lines, while the left hand continues with a bass line. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *v* (accents).

Ind-i-
Ind-i-

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The right hand continues with a complex texture, and the left hand provides a bass line. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

-an - a, I miss you, ————— You're the Hoos - ier State that's true, ————— But
 -an - a, can't you see, ————— Just how much you mean to me, ————— The

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The right hand continues with a complex texture, and the left hand provides a bass line.

like a Hoos - ier, I must choose yer, 'Cause I'm feel - ing blue. ————— Ci - ty
 corn a - wav - ing, sets me crav - ing, For your com - pan - y. ————— I have

Copyright MCMXXIII by LEO. FEIST, Inc., Feist Building, New York
 International Copyright Secured and Reserved
 London - England, Francis, Day & Hunter, 138-140 Charing Cross Road
 Toronto - Canada, Leo. Feist Limited, 193 Yonge Street

folks say I'm a jay, But I don't care an - y - way, I'm
trav - elled East and West, But I'm just like all the rest, And

might - y proud, to be al - lowed, To stand right up and say:-
as I roam, I long for home, And those who love me best:-

CHORUS

I've got those Blue Hoos - ier Blues;

There's just one place that I choose, I know that

I will be in, if I ev - er get in Ind - i - an - a, Where af - ter

sup-per each night, In the par-lor so bright, At that Pi - an - ner, I'll start a-play-ing,

Songs for the old folks at home,
(They like Ken-tuck-y too) (And Swa-nee Riv-er too)

Oh! Wa-bash, why did I roam?
(My heart is sick and sore) (To see the Sy-ca-more)

Oh, how I pine for that place I call mine, Where I'll soon lose those Blue-

Hoos - ier Blues. Blues.

PATTER

Who's your Pal? who's your Friend? When you're sad and lone-ly, Your folks at home,

no-bod-y but them on - ly. Say, what could be sweet-er, than the new mown hay,

Where I'll lay, and watch the brook a - flow-ing, And ev'-ry morn, I'll hear the roos-ter

crow-ing, — You can take the boy from the coun-try, But you can't take the coun-try from the

cres - en - do

boy, — And when I get back to that lit-tle old shack, My heart will beat with joy, 'Cause I'll be sing-ing:

D.S.