

SM 3318

Way Down In Iowa I'm Going To Hide Away.

Lyric by
SAM M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER.

Moderato.

f

Voice

I found a horse shoe yes-ter - day; _____ It brought me
My palm was itch-ing all last night, _____ That means I'll

Till ready

p

good-luck right a - way. _____ Now I'm not su - per - sti-tious, But my wish-es all came
get my fare all - right. _____ I found a four-leaf clo-ver, Hard luck's o - ver, me for

true. _____ I went and rubbed a rus-ty nail, _____ And then I made a wish for
home! _____ My ear is ring - ing like a bell, _____ That means the folks all wish me

mail. _____ Next day a let-ter said "you'd bet-ter come home with - out fail"
well. _____ Now I'm de - light-ed, so ex - cit - ed, I could fair - ly yell.

Chorus.

I'm gon-na hide a-way, on a lit-tle farm in I-o-o-wa; I'm gon-na
ride a-way, on the road that leads to yes-ter-day. Why, I can al-most pic-ture
dear old mother, Sprinkling sug-ar on my bread and butter, Way down in that town in I-o-o-wa.
Two heads are crowned with gray; Oh! I owe them more than I can pay, The fields of new mown hay
just moan and say: "Go home and stay," And when I get back with them both, I'll nev-er leave, I'll
take an oath, I'll hide a-way, way down in I-o-o-wa. I'm gon-na