"IN THE HILLS OF OLD KENTUCKY"

Lyric by
R. SHANNON

(MY MOUNTAIN ROSE) Music by
CHAS. L. JOHNSON

There's a rose that grows in 'old Ken-tuck-y, She's the sweet-est girl I
In my dreams I see the blue-grass wav-ing, And the mead-ow larks at

know, With eyes of blue and man-ner, too, That have made me love her
play; They seem to call me back a-gain To those hill so far a-

so. Where the lone-ly mount-ain trail is wind-ing 'Round my
way, Where the wind-ing trail is filled with sun- shine, And the

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old Kentucky home, To a simple old log
Rhododendron grows, Where the birds are ever

cabin, That is where I soon will roam.
singing To my own dear Mountain Rose.

CHORUS

In the hills of old Kentucky Where the

birds sing merrily, And the Southern breeze is

Hill of Kentucky 4
playing thru the trees, That is where I long to be. O'er the

mountain trail I'm going, Where my sweet wild flower grows,

In the hills of old Kentucky To my

Mountain Rose. In the Rose.

Hill of Kentucky
In the Hills of Old Kentucky

MALE QUARTETTE

1st TENOR

In the hills of old Kentucky, Where the birds sing merrily, (merrily,)

LEAD

And the Southern breeze is playing thru the trees, That is

BARITONE

ly, (merrily,)

In the hills of old Kentucky, Where the birds sing merrily, (merrily,)

BASS

And the Southern breeze is playing thru the trees, That is

where I long to be; O'er the mount ain trail I'm going Where my sweet wild flower grows,

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