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1914

In The Hills Of Old Kentucky : My Mountain Rose

Chas. L Johnson
Composer

J. R Shannon
Lyricist

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IN THE HILLS OF OLD KENTUCKY

(MY MOUNTAIN ROSE)



5

Lyrics by
J.R.Shannon

Music by

L. Johnson

F.J.A.FORSTER-Music Publisher-CHICAGO, ILL.

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1914
IN

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"IN THE HILLS OF OLD KENTUCKY"

Lyric by
J. 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 Ken - tuck - y home, To a sim - ple old log
 Rho - do - den - dron grows, Where the birds are ev - er

cab - in, That is where I soon will roam.
 sing - ing To my own dear Mount - ain Rose.

CHORUS

In the hills of old Ken - tuck - y Where the

birds sing mer - ri - ly, And the South - ern breeze is

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play - ing thru the trees, That is where I long to be. O'er the

mount - ain trail I'm go - ing, Where my sweet wild flow - er

grows, In the hills of old Ken - tuck - y To my

Mount - ain Rose. In the Rose.

In the Hills of Old Kentucky

MALE QUARTETTE

Don't Fail To Send For My Complete Catalogue. FORSTER, Music Publisher, 529 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

1st TENOR LEAD BARITONE BASS

In the hills of old Ken-tuck-y, Where the birds sing mer-ri-

ly, (mer-ri-ly,) - And the South-ern breeze is play-ing thru the trees, That is

where I long to be; - O'er the mount-ain trail I'm go-ing Where my sweet wild flow-er

grows, - In the hills of old Ken-tuck-y To my Mount-ain Rose. -

Ma Pickaninny Babe

Shadow Time

(Song)

MA PICKANINNY BABE

CHAS. L. JOHNSON

CHORUS

Go to sleep, ma pick a - nin ny babe,
 Mam my's got her arms a - round you,
 Close your eyes, an' don't you dare to peep, Or de
 gib - lies will get you if you do. Don't you cry, for

The Greatest "Croon" in Ten
Years

TRY THE CHORUS

SHADOW-TIME

Lyric by
J. R. SHANNON

Music by
CHAS. L. JOHNSON

Moderato

Twi-ght is - fall-ing, the whole world is still,
 Gold-en the sun-set and sil-ent the mill; Night-birds are call-ing from
 branches a - bove, Each flow-er breathing a mes-sage of love.

pp *ppp rall.*

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A Song that will never grow old

Read the Words

Play it Over

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