IN THE HILLS OF OLD KENTUCKY

MY MOUNTAIN ROSE

Lyrics by
J.R. Shannon

Music by
Chas. L. Johnson

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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 Kentucky,
She's the sweetest girl I know,

With eyes of blue and manner, too,

That have made me love her play;

They seem to call me back again To those hills so far a-

Where the lonely mountain trail is winding
'Round my way,

Where the winding trail is filled with sunshine, And the
old Kentucky home, To a simple old log
cabin, That is where I soon will roam

CHORUS
In the hills of old Kentucky Where the

birds sing merrily And the Southern breeze is
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 4
In the Hills of Old Kentucky

**MALE QUARTETTE**

**1st TENOR**

In the hills of old Kentucky, Where the birds sing merrily. And the Southern breeze is playing thru the trees, That is where I long to be; O'er the mount-auntrail I'm going Where my sweet wild flower grows.

**LEAD**

In the hills of old Kentucky, Where the birds sing merrily. And the Southern breeze is playing thru the trees, That is where I long to be; O'er the mount-auntrail I'm going Where my sweet wild flower grows.

**BARITONE**

In the hills of old Kentucky, Where the birds sing merrily. And the Southern breeze is playing thru the trees, That is where I long to be; O'er the mount-auntrail I'm going Where my sweet wild flower grows.

**BASS**

In the hills of old Kentucky, Where the birds sing merrily. And the Southern breeze is playing thru the trees, That is where I long to be; O'er the mount-auntrail I'm going Where my sweet wild flower grows.

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Ma Pickaninny Babe

**MA PICKANINNY BABE**

**CHORUS**

Go to sleep, ma pick a-nin' my baby,

Ma my's got her arms a round you:

Close your eyes, an' don't you dare to peep, Or do ya' got a song will get you if you do. Don't you cry, for

The Greatest "Croon" in Ten Years

TRY THE CHORUS

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Shadow Time

**(Song)**

**SHADOW-TIME**

Lyric by J.R. SHANNON

Music by CHARLIE JOHNSON

Moderate

Twilight is falling, the whole world is still,

Golden on the sun-set and sil-ent the still; Night-birds are call-ing from

branches a-bore, Each flow-er breathing a mes-sage of love.

A Song that will never grow old

Read the Words

Play it Over

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