"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 Kentuck-y,
She's the sweet-est girl I know,
With eyes of blue and manner, too,
That have made me love her so.

In my dreams I see the blue-grass wav-ing,
They seem to call me back a-gain,
Where the lone-ly mount-ain trail is wind-ing,
Where the wind-ing trail is filled with sun-shine.

And the mead-ow larks at play:
To those hill so far a-way,
'Round my way,
And the
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

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playing thru the trees, That is where I long to be. O'er the mountain trail I'm going, Where my sweet wildflower grows, In the hills of old Kentucky To my

Mountain Rose. In the Rose.

Hill of Kentucky