

IN THE HILLS OF OLD KENTUCKY

(MY MOUNTAIN ROSE)



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Lyrics by
J.R.Shannon
Music by
Chas.L.Johnson

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2

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Piano introduction musical notation in C major, 2/4 time. The right hand plays chords and the left hand plays a simple bass line.

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

Piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics, continuing from the introduction.

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-

Piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics.

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

Piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics.

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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

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

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. —

A Song You Should Have

Play the Chorus
Several Times
and Convince
Yourself that
it's the Logical
Successor to the
Famous "Gar-
land of Old Fash-
ioned Roses"

Another Very Pretty Ballad

By the writer of

"Dream Days"

"When I Dream of
You," etc.

"Dream Days."

CHAS. L. JOHNSON.

CHORUS.

Dream days, dream days, days gone by

days when we strolled in the gar-den of love, sweet-heart you and

I dream days, dream days,

ONLY A FADED ROSEBUD

Words by WILLIAM R. CLAY

Music by CHAS. L. JOHNSON

CHORUS

On-ly a fad-ed rose-bud, On-ly a with-ered

flow'r, Close to my heart it's cling-ing, Mem-ries of

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