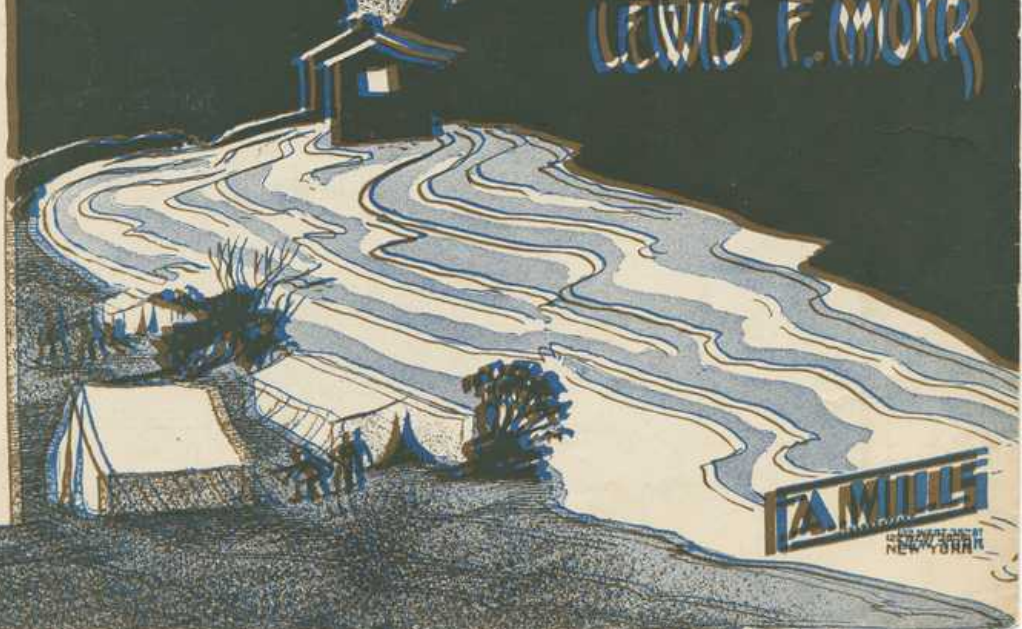


IN THE HEART OF THE KENTUCKY HILLS

WORDS BY
L. WOLFE GILBERT
MUSIC BY
LEWIS F. MOIR



FAMILES
NEW YORK

"Here Comes My Daddy Now"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

(Oh Pop..Oh Pop.. Oh Pop)

Music by
LEWIS F. MUTR

CHORUS

Here comes my dad dy now, (oh pop, oh pop, oh pop)

Here comes my dad dy now, (oh pop, oh pop, oh pop)

See that grip— in hand, It holds some - thing grand

That he brought for me From a - cross - the sea.

TC

Here Comes My Daddy Now

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"I've Been Through The Mill"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUTR

CHORUS

I've been through the mill, Bill I've been through the mill

I've seen all that there is to see I'll try an - y - thing

once, that's me. I've been through the mill, Bill,

I've met Jack and Jill. Say, I'm the mil - lers' daugh - ter.

TC

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"Oh What A Night."

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUTR
and
MAURICE ABRAHAMS

CHORUS

Marcia (Stately)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh what a night! Oh what a night!

marcato

Oh what a night! Thinking of it gives me de-light This night of mys-

ter-y goes down in his - to-ry Oh, oh, oh, oh, Old pal of mine.

Left home at nine. Oh what a time I love my wife but Oh, oh you kid,

TC

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"In The Heart Of The Kentucky Hills."

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUTR

CHORUS

In the heart of those Ken - tuck - y Hills, With its

f

pret - ty lit - tle lakes and rills, All the time is lov - ing

time, In that blue grass sun - ny clime Is go

look - ing for my moun - tain dear, I did - n't hunt for her, my dear was

TC

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"In The Heart Of The Kentucky Hills."

3

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR.

Moderato con moto.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Moderato con moto' and a forte 'f' dynamic. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a more active bass line. The vocal melody enters in the second system with a piano 'p' dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with some words split across lines. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The final system ends with a double bar line.

Oh, I of - ten wish that I were way down yon - der Right
Oh, I of - ten close my eyes in fond - est mem - 'ry How

un - der, those skies, — Is there an - y spot on earth that I hold
hap - py, was I Then be - fore me comes a ver - y pret - ty

fon - der, I won - der, I prize, — Where there
vis - ion When sweet - heart, was nigh. — Oh, her

beats a south-ern heart All for me though we're a - part.
sweet Ken-tuck-y smile How it haunts me all the while.

CHORUS.

In the heart of those Ken-tuck-y Hills, With its

pret-ty lit-tle lakes and rills; All the time is lov-ing

time, In that blue grass sun-ny clime. I'd go

look-ing for my moun-tain dear, I did-n't hunt for her, my dear was

near, The sun - set on the hills, up - on the

day we met, The fare - well look she gave, I nev - er

will for-get, In the heart of those Ken-tuck-y Hills. In the Hills.

"Mammy Jinny's Jubilee"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS
Come on and shake your feet— oh ho—ry, shake your feet—

This is Mam-my Jin-ny's Day, Just see that
meat birth-day cake— It took her peo-ple to bake—

How-ey, count the can-dies, there's just eighty-two— How'd you like to have one, come

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Take Me To That Swanee Shore.

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS
Oh, want you take— me to that Swan-ee shore—

so I can see— old Morn-ing glim-mer over— Old Black Joe—

How-ah— There's Dad-dy and Mam-my— There's Eph-rem and Sam-my—

Oh-ey mothers— to have a ja— bi-lou— The boys just ar-rived— up on the

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"Little Rag Baby Doll"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS, Slower
Lil - th rag ba - by, Lil - th rag ba - by,

Tod-dle a - long, just learn to tod-dle a - long, Out of the cra - die,

thro' with the cra - die, Wad-dle a - long, oh ha - by wad-dle a - long.

Made of old saw - dust, made of old rags Dress-us and tress-us

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"At The Yiddish Cabaret"

Words by
WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS
Ev - ry bod-y's at the Yid - dish Ca - ba - ret

If the place was a - pen they'd be there all day—

Back in Ekin and Ja - cob Stein Snags his fin-gers then he lin-gers

Giv - ing tips to all the sin - gers Just you hear him eat - ing soup to

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