

# IN THE HILLS OF OLD KENTUCKY

(MY MOUNTAIN ROSE)

5

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 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

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

5

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

## 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' dont you dare to peep, Or do.  
 gob - lins will get you if you do. Dont you cry, for

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# Shadow Time

(Song)

## SHADOW-TIME

Lyric by  
J.R. SHANNON

Music by  
CHAS. L. JOHNSON

Moderato

Twilight is fall-ing, the whole world is still,  
 Golden the sun-set and si-lent the mill; Night-birds are call-ing from  
 branches a - bove, Each flow-er breathing a mes-sage of love.

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A Song that will never grow old

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Play it Over

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