

# LUCKY KENTUCKY

Song

With Ukulele Accompaniment



MADE  
IN  
U.S.A.

6




Wright & Bessinger  
"The Radio Franks"

Lyric by  
**BILLY ROSE**  
and  
**MORT DIXON**  
Music by  
**RAY HENDERSON**

**JEROME H. REMICK & CO.**  
NEW YORK      DETROIT

# LUCKY KENTUCKY

## SONG

Ukulele in D  
Tune Uke thus G C E A  
(C Tuning) 

Lyric by  
**BILLY ROSE**  
& **MORT DIXON**

when played with Piano. (Tenor Banjo, Mandola,  
Guitar etc. play chords marked over diagrams.)

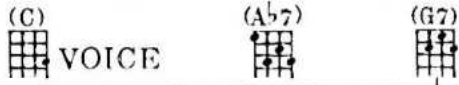
Music by  
**RAY HENDERSON**

Marcia Moderato

PIANO



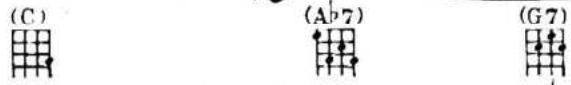
(C) VOICE (Ab7) (G7)



Good luck You're might-y hard  
Black cats Im not a - fraid



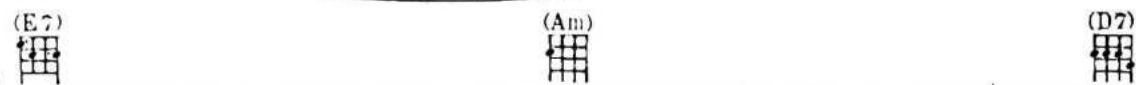
(C) (Ab7) (G7)



to find Good luck You have - nt been so kind  
of you Thir teen Ive got your num - ber too



(E7) (Am) (D7)



Ive been roam - ing all o - ver Hop -  
Fri - day Here's my best wish es Al -



(G7) (G#7) (C) (Ab7)

-ing I'd find a Four - leaf clo - ver Good - luck  
-though I'm ver - y su - per - sti - tious Here's - why

(G7) (D7) (G7) (Dm) (G#7)

I'm on your track — a - gain On my way back — a - gain I'll be sing - ing  
Jinx - es don't mean — a thing They're gon - na hear — me sing in the morn - ing

REFRAIN (C) (Am7) (C) (Em7) (C7) (F) (Dm7) (F) (C) (G7#5)

Good - bye Bad - luck Hel - lo Good - luck I'm go - ing to Ken -

(Am7) (Am) (C7) (D7) (G7) (C) (Am7) (C) (Em7) (C7)

-tuck - y To luck - y Ken - tuck - y Good - bye Black - bird

(F) (Dm7) (F) (F7+5) (G) (D7) (G7) (C#-7) (G7) (G7+5)

Hel - lo Blue - bird My old Ken tuck - y home Oh' what a luck - y home

(C) (Gm) (C7) (F) (Fm)

Here I'm no - bod - y There I'm some - bod - y Where ev - 'ry - bod - y

(Ab7) (G7) (C) (Am7) (C) (Em7)(C7) (F) (Dm7) (F) (Dm7)

loves me Good - bye new folks Hel - lo old folks Ken -

(D7) (G7) (C) 1. (Ab7) (Dm7)(G7) 2. & last (F) (Dm7)(G7) (C)

-tuck-y you're luck-y for me — *Fine*

PATTER (F) (Bb) (F) (Bb) (F) (C7) (F) (F-5)

If you are un-luck-y old Ken-tuck-y wel-comes you  
 Black cats are un-luck-y but they're scarce as they can be  
 Fri-day is un-luck-y so on Thurs-day night we say

(F) (Bb) (F) (Bb) (F) (C7) (F)

We've got so much luck down there we don't know what to do  
 All our dogs are trained to chase them in-to Ten-nes-see  
 "Well-the week is o-ver boys to-mor-row's Sat-ur-day"

(C7) (F) (C7) (F)

Once a fel-low in Ken-tuck-y fell in-to the mud  
 If you men-tion Thir-teen there they put you in a cage  
 We're not born with sil-ver spoons in that part of the South

(Bb) (F) (Bb) (C7) 1.2. (F) (C7) 3. (F) (G7-5)

But he came up smil-ing with a great big dia-mond stud  
 First a kid is twelve and then he's four-teen years of age  
 Ev-'ry lit-tle ba-by has a horse-shoe in his mouth

*D.S. al Fine*