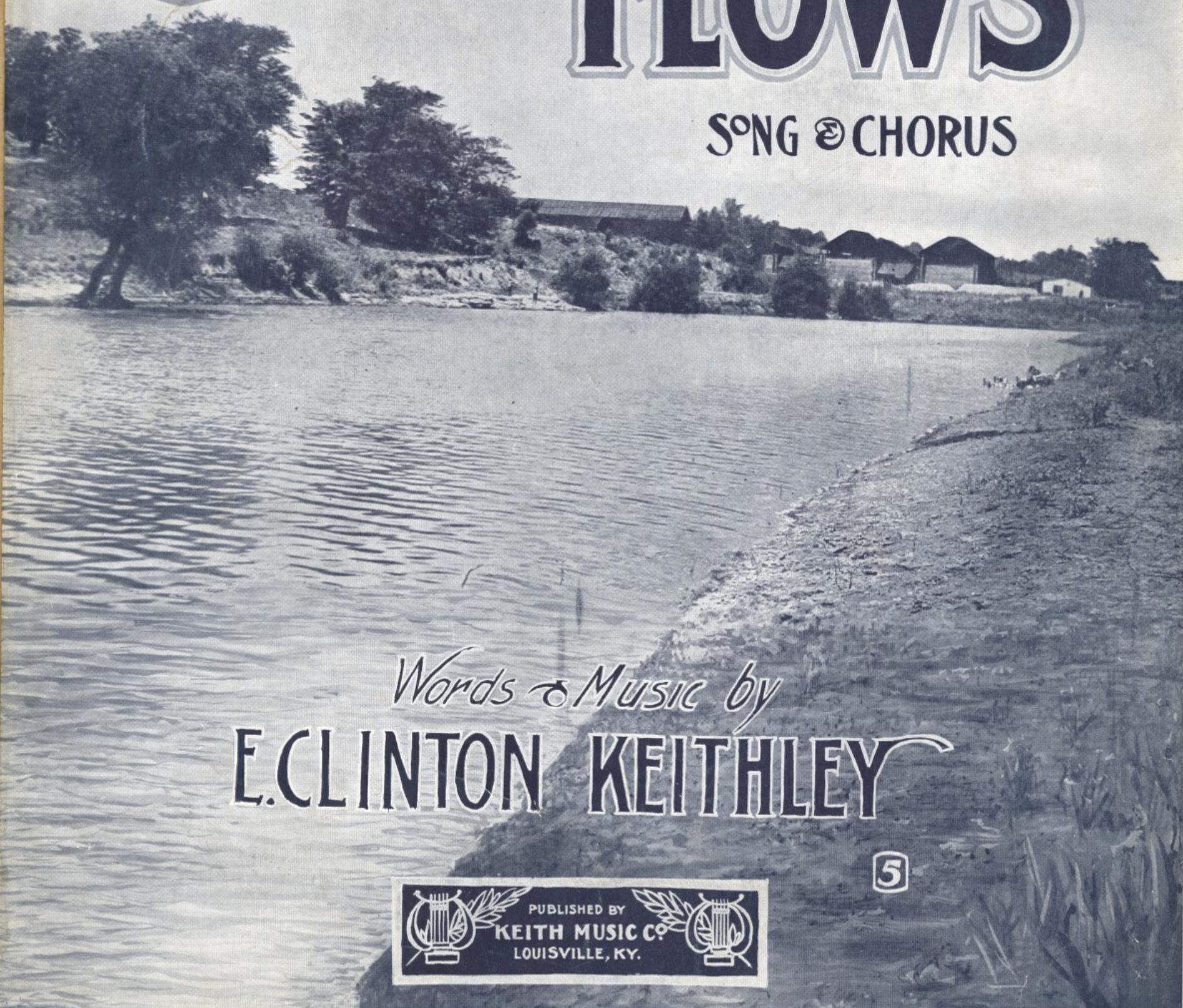


# IN THE VALLEY WHERE THE OLD OHIO FLOWS

SONG & CHORUS



*Words & Music by*  
**E. CLINTON KEITHLEY**



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# In the Valley Where the Old Ohio Flows.

Words & Music by

E. CLINTON KEITHLEY.

When the gol - den sun has set and na - ture's  
By the stream with sweet heart Nel - lie I am

sleep - ing, and the whip - poor-will has sung its last sad lay. There's a  
roam - ing, oft' we wan - dered hand in hand a - long the shore. Through the



pic-ture that in fan - cy oft ap - pear - ing of my old Ken-tuc - ky home so far a -  
syc-a-mores the bright sunlight is stream - ing as I kiss once more the girl that I a -



way, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis a summer's day and birds are sweet-ly sing ing In the  
dore, \_\_\_\_\_ In the meadows waves the old Ken-tuc - ky blue grass On the



trees a-long the old O - hi - o shore, \_\_\_\_\_ And my dear old mother's stand-ing in the  
hill - side fair-est ros-es are in bloom, \_\_\_\_\_ And the dark - ies in the fields are soft-ly

door - way as we par - ted by the old log cab - in door. \_\_\_\_\_  
sing - ing songs of dear old Dix - ie land my home sweet home.

## CHORUS.

Down where the old O-hi-o flows, \_\_\_\_\_ In the val-ley where the blue grass

grows. \_\_\_\_\_ There's where I long to be, for it's home sweet home to me, In the

val - ley where the old O - hi - o flows. \_\_\_\_\_