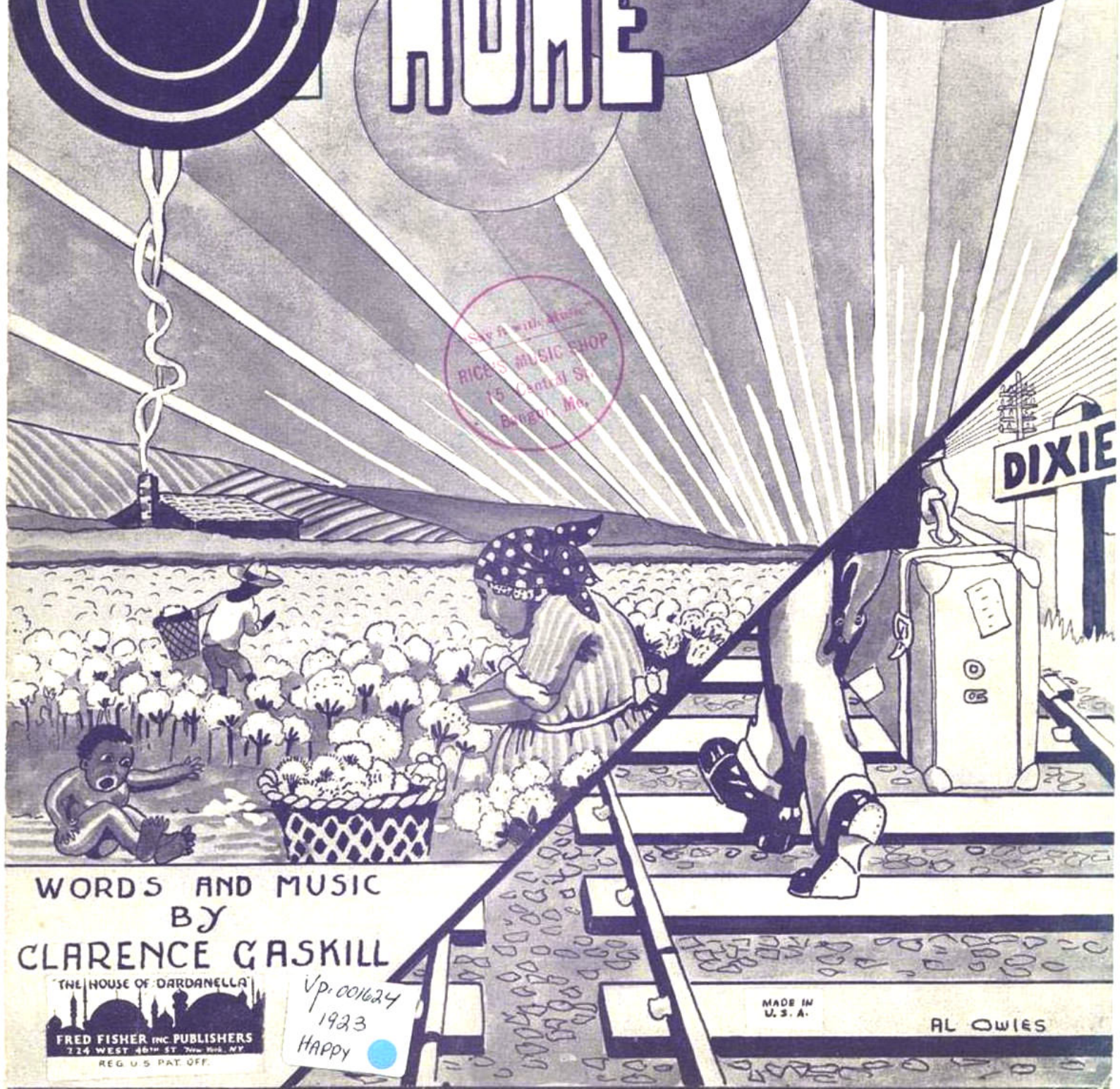


HAPPY AND GO-LUCKY IN MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Say it with Music
RICE'S MUSIC SHOP
15 Central St.
Beverly, Ma.



WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
CLARENCE GASKILL

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Happy

MADE IN
U. S. A.

AL OWIES

Happy And Go-Lucky In My Old Kentucky Home

Novelty Fox Trot Song

With Special Arrangement of My Old Kentucky Home for Obligato

By CLARENCE GASKILL
Writer of "Kentucky Blues"

Moderato

ff

I used to have the blues,—
Kentuck-y grass is blue,—

But now they've gone a-way.—
The cot-ton fields am white.—

p

I'll tell you all the news,—
And I'm a-tell-in' you,—

I'm a-go-in' home to day.—
I'll be there to-mor-row night.—

I've found that roam-in' round,—
I'm trav-ling mighty far,—

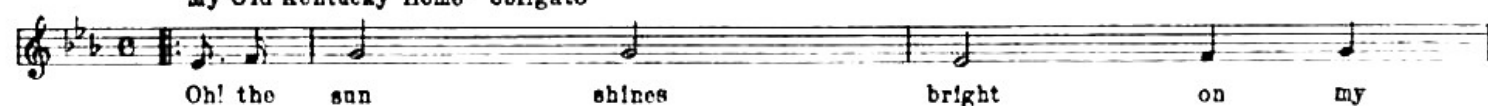
Was never meant for me —
But I don't need no fare,—

So that's 'Cause a

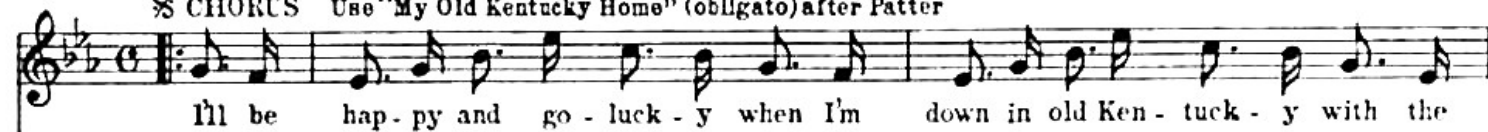
why I'm home-ward bound —
side door pull-man car —

Back to D-I-X-I-E.
Is a goin' to take me there.

"My Old Kentucky Home" obligato



§ CHORUS Use "My Old Kentucky Home" (obligato) after Patter



byo hard times comes a

What's the use of kick - in' soon I'll be a cot - ton pick - in' in the

knock - in' at the door — Of my old Ken - tuck - y

land I call my own — I'll be hap - py and go - luck - y

home far a - way. — 1. — 2. — way.

In my old Ken-tuck-y home. —

ff
Fine

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in both treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, half notes, and rests. There are also triplets and dynamic markings like *ff* (fortissimo) and *Fine*. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

PATTER

When the cows are in the meadows and the chicks are in the corn, It's then I start to think a-bout the

p staccato

land where I was born. I can hear the darkies sing-ing when the cot-ton pick-in's done, They

don't make lots of mon-ey but they sure have fun. On ev-'ry Sun-day morn-ing you can

legato

hear the vil-lage choir, Their sing-ing is so hot it set the town on fire. When my

mammy cooks a chickendinner gra-vy runs ga-lore, The ptekaninnies wipe their bread on mam-my's ca-bin door.

staccato

rit. D.S. al Fine