

SM6224

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

Chords: (C), (Ab7), (G7)

VOICE

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

Chords: (C), (Ab7), (G7)

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

Chords: (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

4

(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) (Ab7) (Dm7)(G7) (F) (Dm7)(G7) (C)

1. -tuck-y you're luck-y for me — 2. & last

Fine

Fine

PATTER (F) (Bb) (F) (Bb) (F) (C7) (F) (F+5) 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

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"

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

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-b-y has a horse-shoe in his mouth

D.S. al Fine