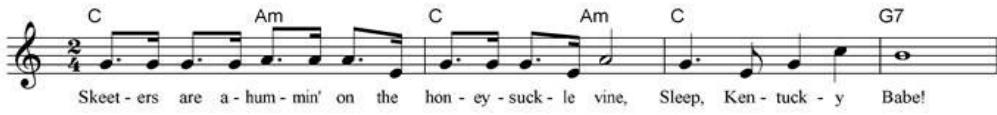


Kentucky Babe

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

*One I remember from my childhood played on my mother's well-worn gramophone – the vinyl LP got quite scratched from being played.
Words by Richard Henry Buck, music by Adam Geibel.*



Skeet - ers are a - hum - min' on the hon - ey - suck - le vine, Sleep, Ken - tuck - y Babe!



Sand - man is a - com - in' to this lit - tle babe of mine, Sleep, Ken - tuck - y Babe!



Sil - v'ry moon is shin - in' in the heav - ens up a - bove, Bob - o - link is pin - in' for his lit - tle lady love, You are might - y luck - y, Babe of old Ken - tuck - y,



Close your eyes in sleep, Fly a - way, Fly a - way, Ken - tuck - y Babe,



fly a - way to rest, Fly a - way, Lay your lit - tle sleepy head on your mom - my's breast,



Mmm, Mmm, Close your eyes in sleep.

Skeeters are a hummin' on the honeysuckle vine,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

Sandman is a-comin' to this little babe of mine,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

Silv'ry moon is shinin' in the heavens up above,
Bobolink is pinin' for his little lady love,
You are mighty lucky, Babe of old Kentucky,
Close your eyes in sleep,

Fly away.

Fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
Fly away.

Lay your little sleepy head on your mommy's breast,
Mmm..Mmm..Close your eyes in sleep.
Close your eyes and sleep.

Best be gettin' shady, my lovely little lady,
Close your eyes in sleep.

