

Traditional,
from Grandpa Jones

Rosalee (D)

E
H
A
B
A

Verse (D)

Way down in old Kentucky stateso ma-ny years-a-go, I

used to hunt the pos-sum and the coon — (D7)

The old folks they would gather round and

have a merry day, — while the fiddler and the

bayos were in tune. —

Chorus

So-o-^(S) hang up the fid-dle and the bawgo on the

will — Lay away the lone some tam-bo-

rine — God called away my

Ros-a-lee, the sweetest flower of all from my

lit-tle old log ca-bin by the stream. —

Way down in old Kentucky state, so many years ago
 I used to hunt the possum and the coon.
 The old folks they would gather 'round and have a merry day
 while the fiddles and the bawjos were in tune.

I'll never, never see again those happy days of yore
 And the little children 'roaming 'round the green.
 The old folks and my Rosalee 'a-sittin' 'round the door
 of my little old log cabin by the stream.
 ... the fiddle and the bawjo on the wall, Lay away the lone some tamborine
 the sweetest flower of all ... the