

A Toast to Old Kentucky

By Prof. Charles H. Richardson, Ass't Geologist of the Kentucky Geological Survey.

Down where the mountains are just a little lower,
Down where the natives move just a little slower,
Down where the bluegrass waves just a little bluer,
Down where the girls' hearts are just a little truer,
That's where Kentuck comes in.

Down where the coal seams are just a little thicker,
Down where the Morgan mares are just a little slicker,
Down where the blackest man is just a coal miner,
Down where the moonshine is just a little finer,
That's where Kentuck comes in.

Down where the oil pools rise a little higher,
Down where most men take a little flier,
Down where the leases come a little dearer,
Down where the howdy draws a little nearer,
That's where Kentuck comes in.

Down where tobacco covers all the plain,
Down where the corn bread comes again and again,
Down where the chiggers bite just a little harder,
Down where the chickens fill the old home larder,
That's where Kentuck comes in.

Down where the song-birds sing just a little sweeter,
Down where the lassies dress just a little neater,
Down where the home fires burn just a little brighter,
Down where life's burden seems just a little lighter,
That's where Kentuck comes in.

Down where woman's virtue is just a little purer,
Down where heaven seems just a little surer,
Down where Lincoln's boyhood feet once trod,
Down where the human heart is just a little nearer God,
That's where Kentuck comes in.

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