

"IN KENTUCKY"

(As the Kurnel sees it.)

Howdy, stranger, put her thar,
That's the place fur friendly han',
Want ter know about the folks—
An' things down in Kentucky-lan'?

Lan? Thar ain't anuther such;
It's God's Country—up ter date,
An' when He made it perfect-lik',
He jest broke the pattern plate.

Bluegrass Farms? Have yer seen 'em?
There's Castleton, Kentucky's pride—
Her pastures stretching fur as eye can see,
'Tis er home, fit fer Kings to abide.

Girls? Lord thar ain't no girls,
But the Beauties grown down thar
Slim an' fine an' thorbred
'Mindin' yoh of flowers or star.



Hosses? Man, we've got 'em all,
Racers, trotters, saddle, show,
War-horses, "breeders," roadsters, too,
Satin-coated, how they go!

Tobacco? Suh, the weed grows wil',
Sometimes hoed with careless stroke
An' Kentucky-lan' jest smiles
Thru er haze of Burley Smoke.

Friends? I thank the Lord fur these,
Moah than any gift I know,
Staunch an' true, er welcome waits
From mansion fin' an' cabin-doah.

Paradise? It ain't up thar,
Whar cloud-ships sail er stately ban',
Heaven lies down heah below—
RIGHT IN OL' KENTUCKY-LAN'!

Meredith A. Johnston,
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