



THE
Kentucky Gentleman.
S. Ballads.
Written, Composed, & Respectfully Dedicated to
HENRY CLAY,
THE FARMER OF ASHLAND,
by
John H. Hewitt.

Dear Sir

Ashland 5.th Dec. 1843

In reply to your favor, requesting my permission to inscribe a ballad to me, with the music adapted to it which you have composed, I take pleasure in expressing my consent; and I should have been perfectly satisfied if you had made the proposed dedication, without troubling yourself with any application to me. I tender my cordial thanks for the friendly sentiments towards me, which you do me the honor to entertain.

With great respect

I am Your obed^t Servant

Mr. John H. Hewitt

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H. Clay

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THE KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN.

Words and Music by JOHN H. HEWITT.

ANIMATO.

f *p*

They've sung of Eng-lish gen - - tle - men, Who

liv'd in old - - en times, When ti - - tles loud and coats of arms, Hid mul - - ti - tudes of

crimes. My theme shall be a gen - - tleman, The far - mer of the West A

mf

Refrain.

man of in - - tel - lect and soul, With a kind heart in his breast. The fine Kentuc - - ky

gen - - tleman, Whose heart is in his hand; The rare Kentuc - ky gen - - tleman, The

noblest in the land.

2d. Verse.

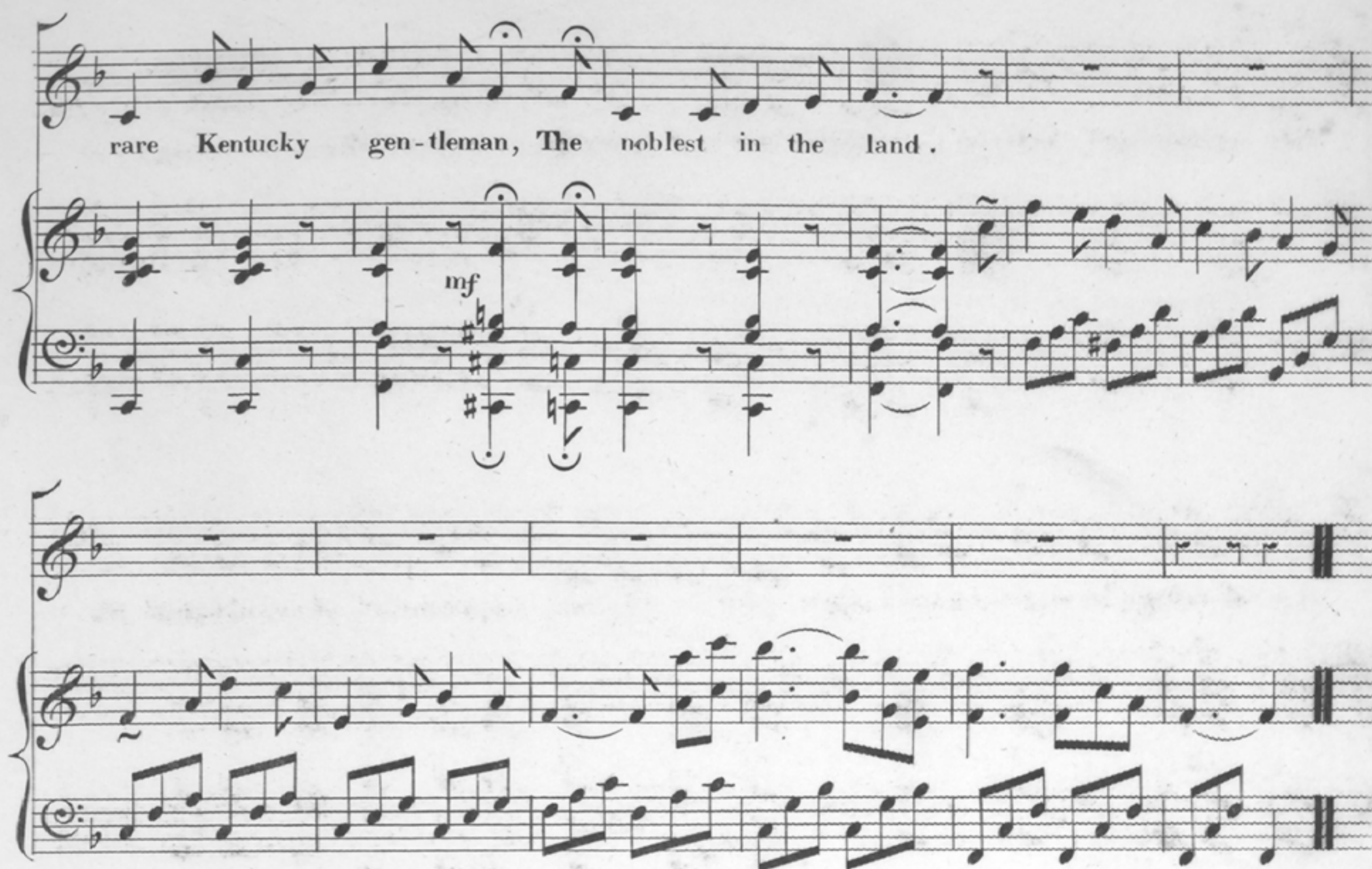
The minstrels of long by - gone days, Whene'er they tuned their lyres, Were sure to sing of

war - like deeds, Young he - roes and their sires : I sing in praise of him who stood E -

rect in Se - nate hall — A - mid the proudest of the land, The proudest of them

Refrain.

all! The fine Kentuc - - ky gen - tle-man, Whose heart is in his hand; The



3

He spoke! and forth came words of fire!
 His country, right or wrong,
 Was just as much his idol made
 As love the poet's song!
 His giant intellect subdued
 The malice of his foes;
 And when they strove to drag him down,
 The higher still he rose!
 The fine Kentucky, &c.

4

The North, the South, the East, the West,
 This gentleman beheld;
 While beauty cheer'd him with her smiles,
 The breast of manhood swell'd.
 His honesty and principles
 Had nobly stood the test;
 And every patriot's bosom glow'd
 For the good man of the West!
 The fine Kentucky, &c.

5

The frost of age fell on his brow,
 And care bent down his form;
 But still his mighty voice was raised
 Amid the angry storm.
 The master spirits quail'd when he
 Stood up his country's friend;
 For such a monarch oak as he
 To tempests would not bend!
 The fine Kentucky, &c.

6

And now, retired from noise and strife,
 He calmly tills the soil,
 And, by his peaceful fireside,
 Bids sweet contentment smile;
 But there's a murmur in the land,
 A glow in every breast —
 The People will their highest gift
 To the Farmer of the West!
 The fine Kentucky, &c.