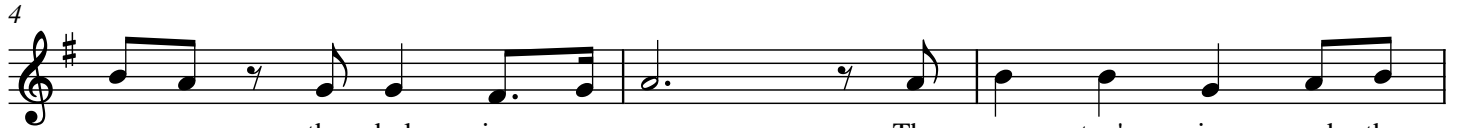


My Old Kentucky Home

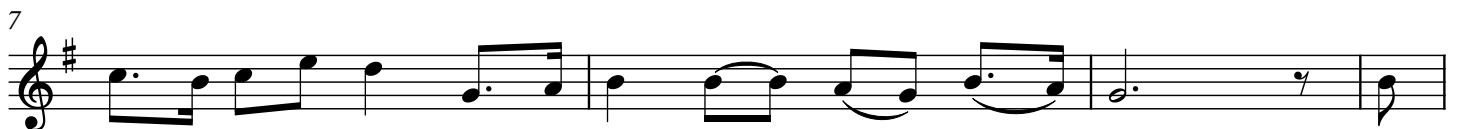
Stephen C. Foster.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Where -



sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay; The core - top's ripe and the
mead - ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the
-ev - er the dark - ey may go; A few more days, and the



mead - ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day; The
glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door; The
troub - le all will end, In the field where the sug - ar - canes grow; A



young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n-
day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load,-- No mat-ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A



-by hard times comes a - knock - ing at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck - y home, good -
time has come when the dark - ies have to part,
few more days till we tot - ter on the road,



-night! Chorus: Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the



old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home, far a - way. rit.