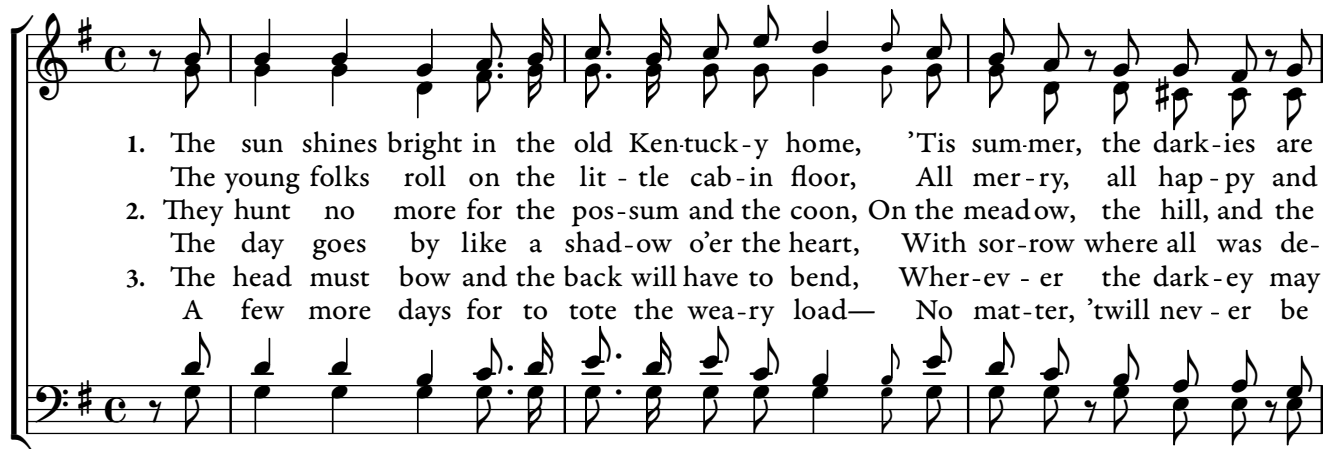


MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

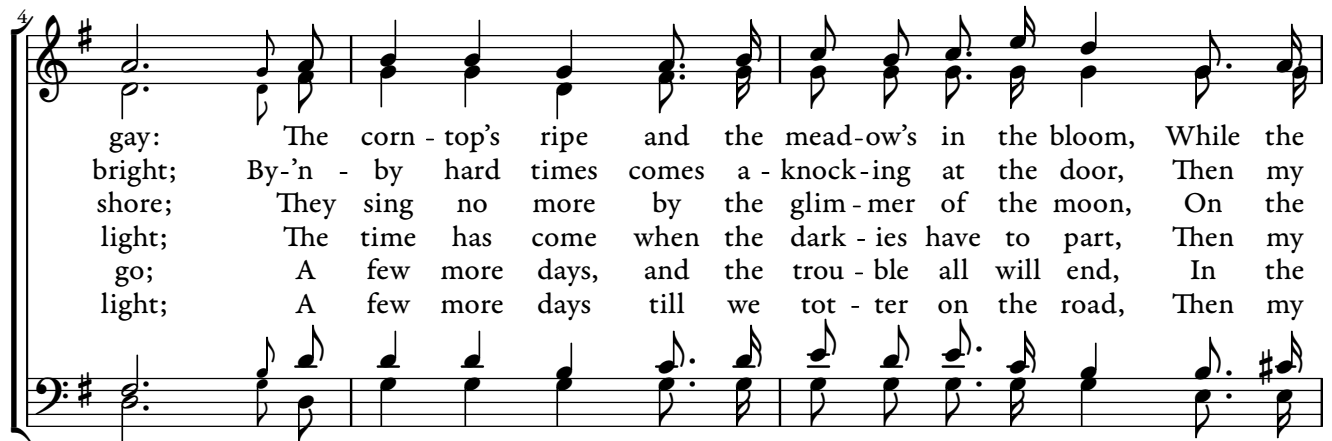
Stephen Foster (1826-1864)



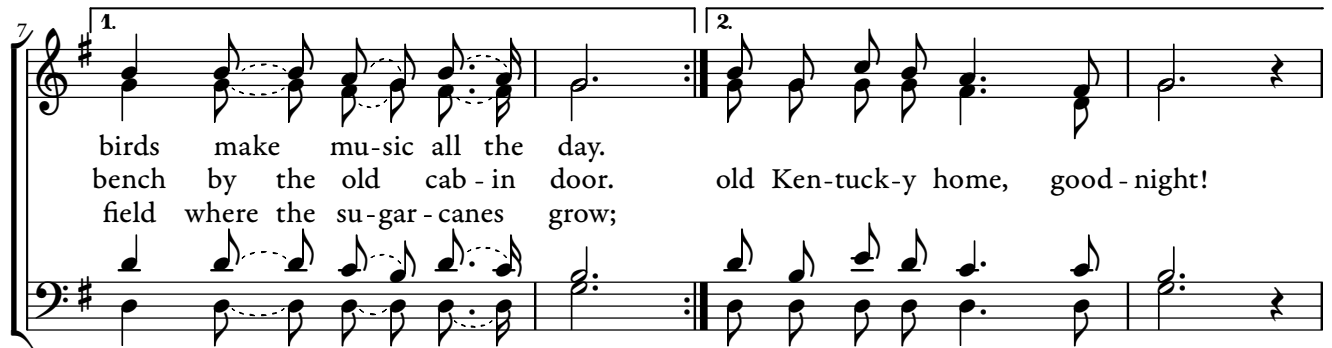
1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load— No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be

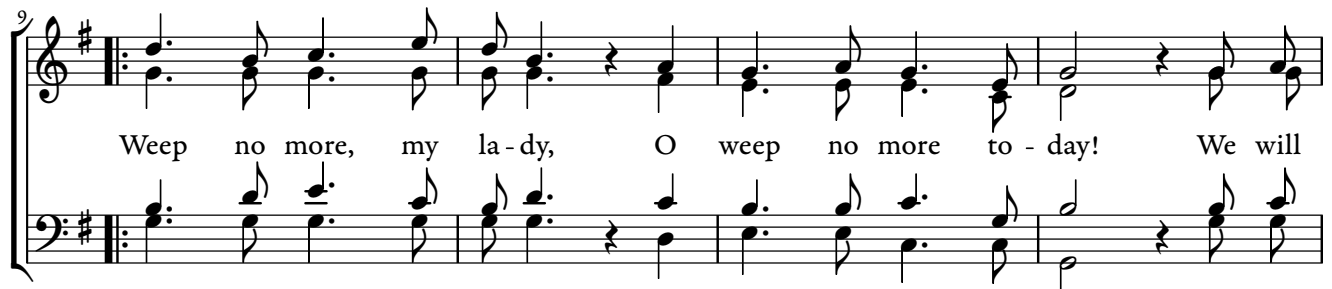


gay: The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
bright; By-'n - by hard times comes a - knock-ing at the door, Then my
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the
light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my

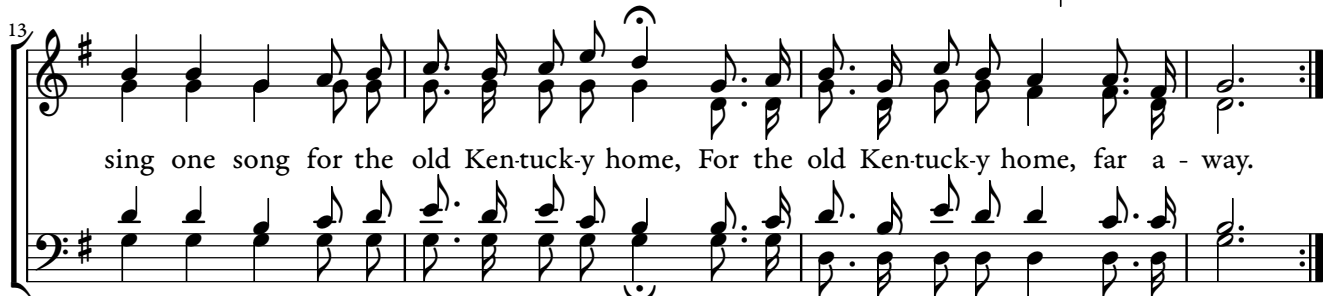


1. birds make mu-sic all the day.
bench by the old cab-in door. old Ken-tuck-y home, good - night!
field where the su-gar-canes grow;

2.



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.