

My Old Kentucky Home

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Rather slow

1. { The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
2. { They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore;
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;
3. { The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may go;
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load— No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;



The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my (*Omit*)
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my (*Omit*)
A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my (*Omit*)



old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day!



We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.

