

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Rather slow.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may

gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
 go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-canes

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

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