

My old Kentucky home

Stephen Collins Foster (1826-1864)

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

5
gay;
bright;
The By'm con-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
By'm by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my

9
1. birds make mu-sic all the day.
2. old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!

13 CHORUS
Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will

18
sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, for the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

- 2 -

They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the beanch by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
Weep no more etc.

- 3 -

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugarcanes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load -
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we toter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
Weep no more etc.