The time has come when the darkies have to part,
They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
Bright; By'm by - hard times comes a knock - ing - at the door, Then my
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
1. The
The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y home, Tis
young folks roll on the lit - tle can - in floor, All
sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay; By'in - by hard times comes a -
mead - ow's in the bloom, While the
bright; The con - top's ripe and the
knock - ing at the door, Then my
The con - top's ripe and the mead - ow's in the bloom, While the
While the
The young folks roll on the lit - tle - can - in floor, All mer - ry - and
The young folks roll on the lit - tle - can - in floor, All mer - ry - and
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