

# 10. My Old Kentucky Home

Foster

*Rather Slow*

The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer. the dark-ies are gay; The

5 corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the

10 lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my

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

20 day! We will 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 possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench 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!  
Chorus

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



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Transcribed By Jennifer Lee