

My Old Kentucky Home

Stephen Foster

The sun shines bright in the old Kentu-cky home, 'tis sum-mer, the peo-ple are
The young folks roll on the lit-tle ca-bin floor, all mer-ry, all hap-py and

4 gay; the corn-top's ripe and the mea-dow's in the bloom while the
bright; by'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door. Then my

7 ^{1.} birds make mu-sic all the day. ^{2.} old Ken-tu-cky home, good- night!

Weep no more my la-dy. Oh! Weep no more to-day! We will

14 sing one song for my old Ken-tu-cky home for the old Ken-tu-cky home, far a-way.

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