My Old Kentucky Home

www.jaybuckey.com

Arrangement by Jay Buckey

By Stephen Foster (July 4, 1826 - January 13, 1864)

Key of A

Melody line:

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky
They hunt no more for the possum and the

Melody line:
The head must bow and the back will have to

A

home
coon,

B7

Tis summer the darkies are gay.
On meadow, the hill and the shore.
Where ever the poor folks may go.

E7

A

The corn top's ripe and the meadow in
They sing no more by the glimmer of the
A few more days and the trouble will

D

A

bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
moon,
On the bench by that old cabin door.
end,
In the field where sugar canes may grow.
The young folks roll on the little cabin
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the
A few more days for to tote the weary

floor, All merr[y], all happy and bright.
heart, With sorrow where all was delight.
load, No matter, 'twill never be light.

By'n by hard times comes a knocks at the
The time has come when the darkies have to
A few more days till we totter on the

door, Then my old Kentucky home good night.
part, Then my old Kentucky home, good night.
road, Then my old Kentucky home, good night.
Weep no more my lady,

Oh! weep no more today.

We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,

For my old Kentucky home far away.
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Key of A

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky
They hunt no more for the possum and the
The head must bow and the back will have to

'Tis summer the darkies are gay.
On meadow, the hill and the shore.
Wherever the poor folks may go.

The corn tops ripe and the meadow in
They sing no more by the glimmer of the
A few more days and the trouble will
bloom, While the birds make

moon, On the bench by that

end, In the field where

The young folks roll on the little cabin
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the
A few more days for to tote the weary

floor, All merrily, all happy and bright.
heart, With sorrow where all was delight.
load, No matter, 'twill never be light.
By'n' bye hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Weep no more my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day.

We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home, For my old Kentucky home far away.