My Old Kentucky Home

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

Key of A, capo 2 and play in G

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

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
'Tis summer the darkies are gay.

The corn top's ripe and the meadow is in
They sing no more by the glimmer of the

Arrangement by Jay Buckey

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bloom,
moon,
end,

While the birds make music all the day,
On the bench by that old cabin door,
In the field where sugar canes may grow.

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

All merriness, all happiness and bright.
With sorrow, where all was delight.

By'n' bye hard times comes a knocking at the time
The time has come when the darkies have to come.
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.
My Old Kentucky Home

Key of A, capo 2 and play in G

Guitar Rhythm Backup:

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

(etc.)

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

The corn top's ripe and the meadow is in
They sing no more by the glimmer of the
A few more days and the trouble will
bloom,
moon,
end,
While the birds make music all the day.
On the bench by that old cabin door.
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,
heart,
load,
All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright.
With sor - row where all was de - light.
No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light.

By'n bye hard times comes a knocking at the door,
The time has come when the dark - ies have to part,
A few more days till we totter on the road,

Then my
Then my
Then my
Kentucky home, good night.
Kentucky home, good night.
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.