My Old Kentucky Home

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Arrangement by Jay Buckey

Key of A

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

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

A

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

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

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 mer - ry, all hap - py and bright.
heart, With sor - row where all was de - light.
load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light.

By'n' bye hard times comes a - knock - ing at the
The time has come when the dark - ies have to
A few more days till we tot - ter on the

door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home good night.
part, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good night.
road, Then my old Ken - tuck - y 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.