10. My Old Kentucky Home

Foster

Rather Slow

The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, Tis' summer, the people are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day; The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all happy and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knocking at the door, Then my

CHORUS.

old Ken-tuck-y home, good night! Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more to
day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far away.