

J = 96

1. The sunshines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, Tis Sum-mer, the darkies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon O'er meadow, the hill and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark-ey may

gay, The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the
 shore, They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
 go; A Few more days, and the trou - ble all will end In the

birds make_ music all the day. The youngfolks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All
 bench by the old_ cab-in door. The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
 field where the su - gar - canes_ grow. A few more days for to tote the wear - y load, No

mer - ry, all happy and bright: By'n by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door, Then my
 sor - row where all was de - light: The time has come when the dark - ies have to part
 mat - ter 'twill nev - er be light, A few more days till we tot - ter up the road,

Chorus

old Kentucky Home, Good night! Weep no more my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to -

day! We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky home, far a -

1. 2. 3.

way. They way. Weep no more my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to -

day! We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky home, far a - way.