

My Old Kentucky Home

By: Paul Robeson

composed by Stephen Collins Foster

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn tops 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, all bright;
By'n bye, hard times come a-knocking at the door;
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight.

Weep no more my lady; oh, weep no more today;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The days go by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part;
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight.

Weep no more my lady; oh, weep no more today;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In a field where sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to drop the weary load,
No matter 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter down the road;
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight.

Weep no more my lady; oh, weep no more today;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.