

My Old Kentucky Home - song lyrics

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis Summer, the darkies 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 old Kentucky home, good-night!

Chorus.
Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day;
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 beach by the old cabin door.
The day goes 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, good-night!-Chorus.

The head must bow, and the back will bend
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days we'll totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!- Chorus.