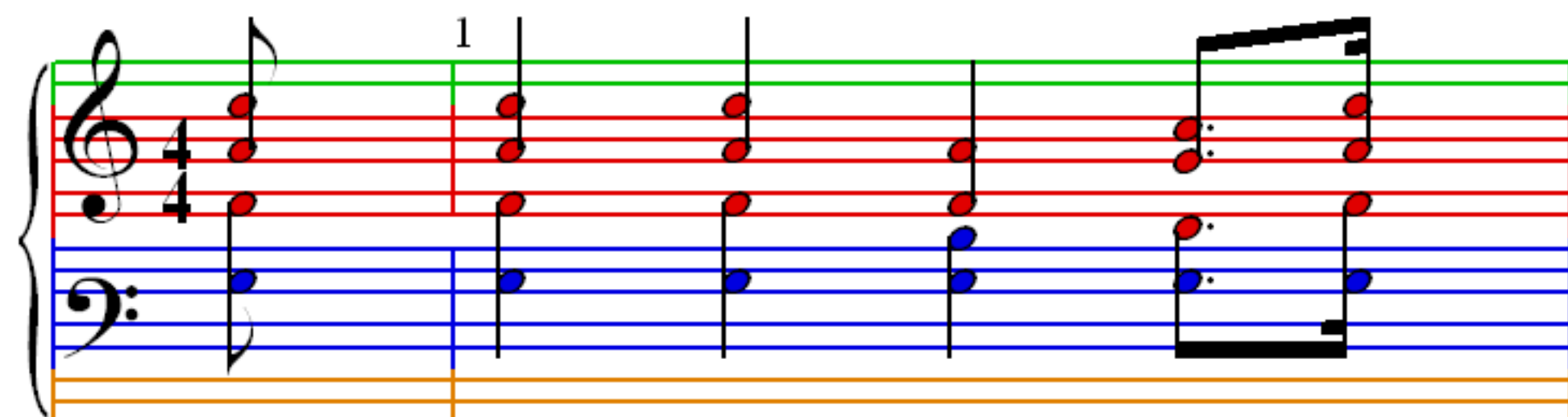
 = 120

My Old Kentucky Home

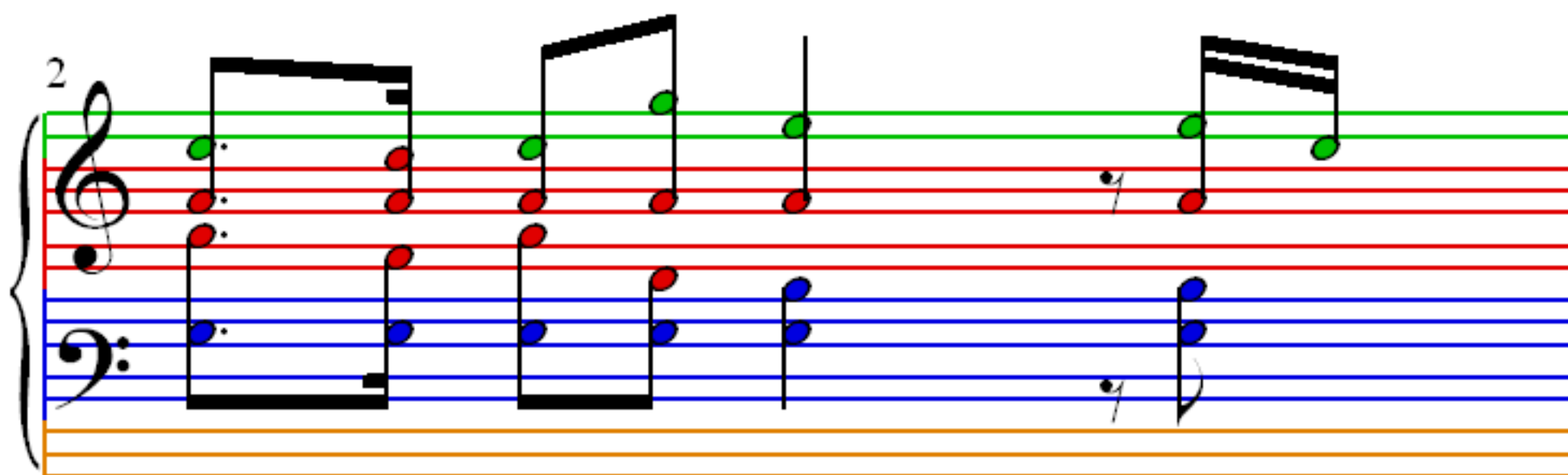
Stephen Foster

1



The sun shines bright in the

2



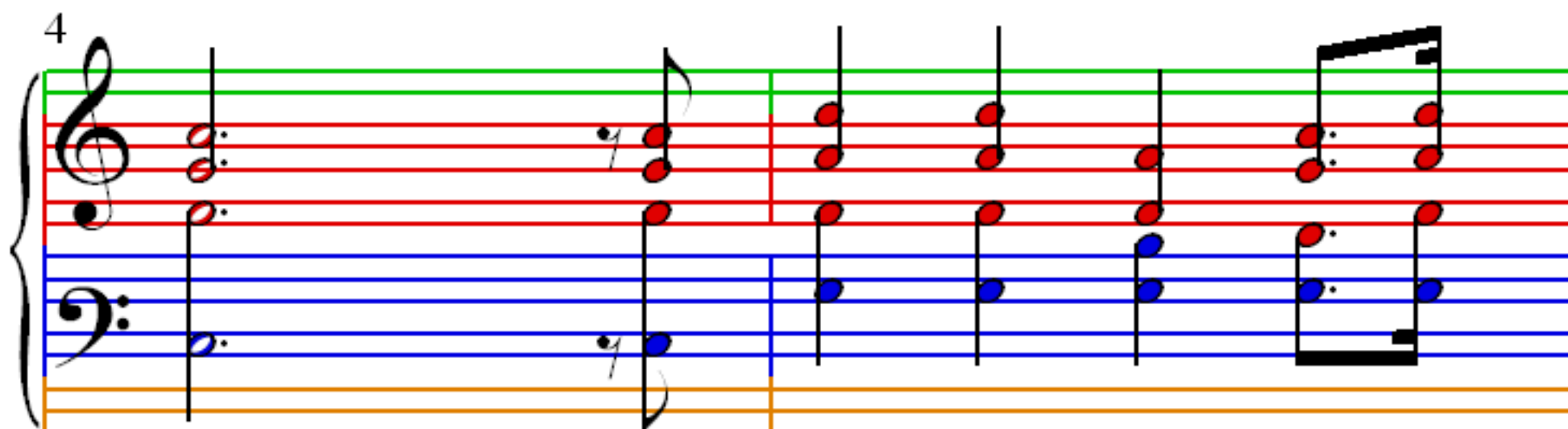
old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis -

3



sum mer, the dark-ies are

4



gay; The corn-top's ripe and the

6

mea dow's in the bloom, While the

7

birds make mu- sic all the day. The

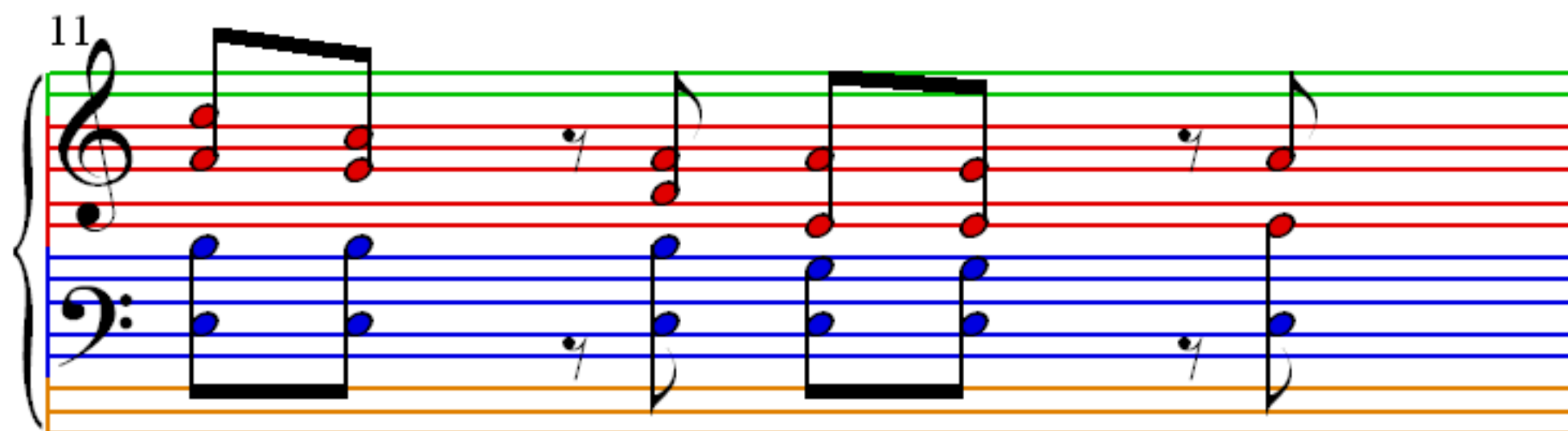
9

young folks roll on the

10

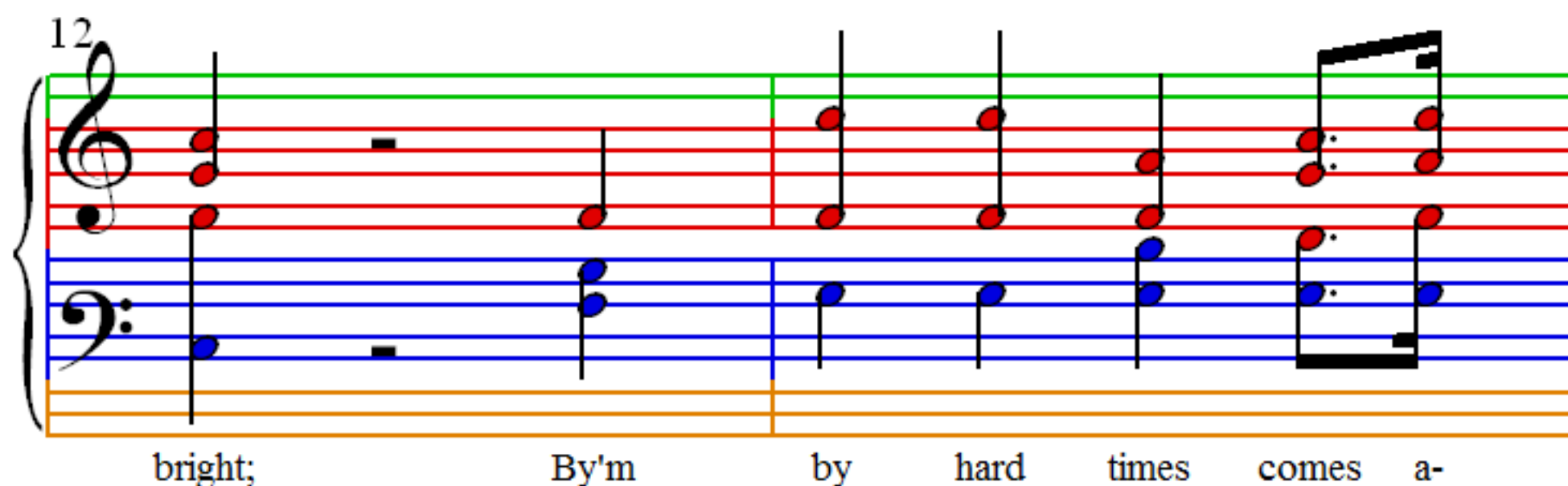
lit- tle cab- in floor, All

11



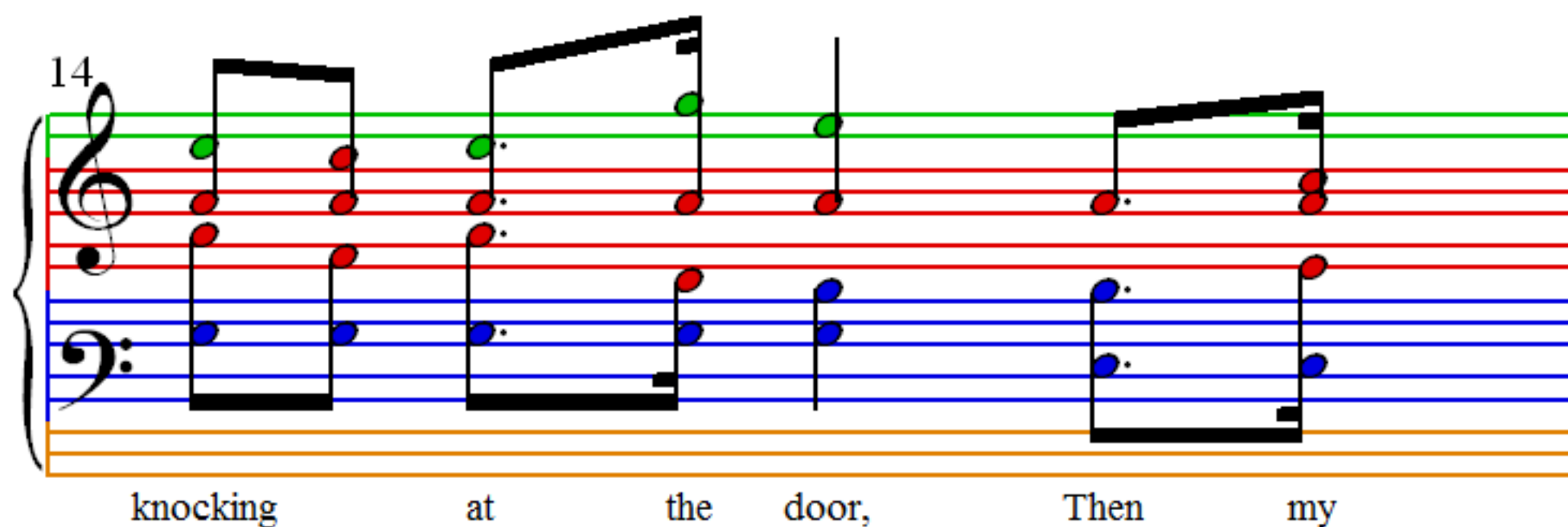
mer- ry, all hap- py and

12



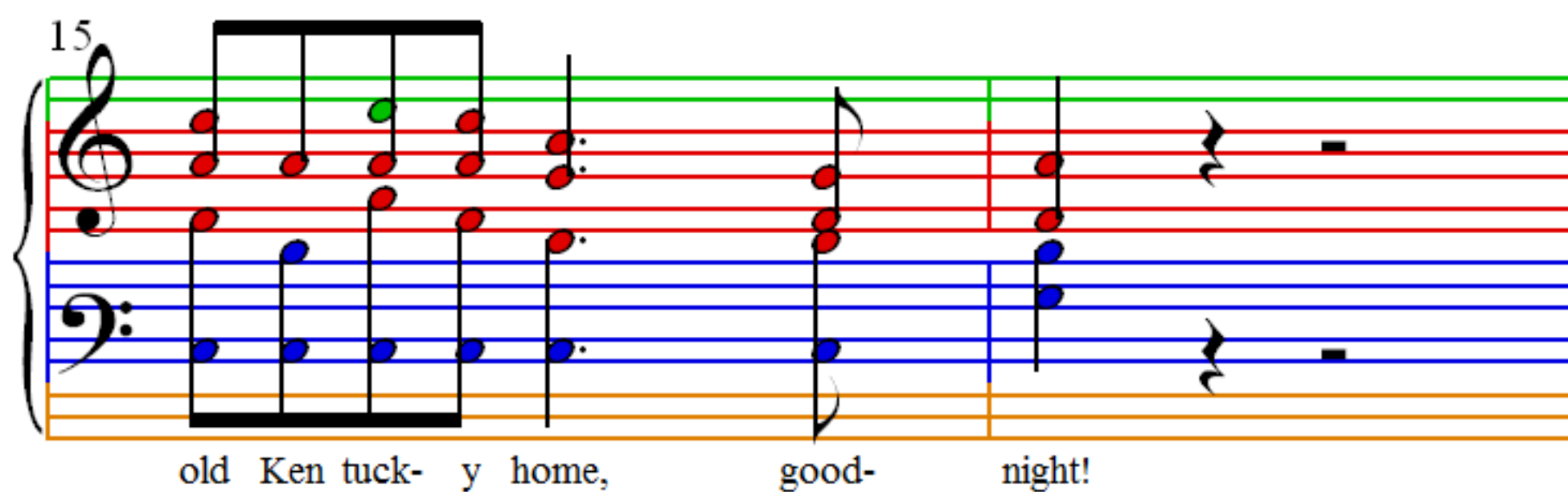
bright; By'm by hard times comes a-

14



knocking at the door, Then my

15



old Ken tuck- y home, good- night!

17

Weep no more, my la- dy, O

19

weep no more to- day! We will

21

sing one song for the old Ken-tuck- y home, For the

23

old Ken- tuck- y home, far a- way.