

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'tis summer, the people are  
The young folks roll on the lit - tle ca-bin floor, all mer-ry, all hap-py and

gay; the corn- top's ripe and the mea-dow's in the bloom while the  
bright; by'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door. Then my

birds make mu-sic all the day.

old Ken-tu-cky home, good- night!

Weep no more my la-dy. Oh! Weep no more to-day! We will

sing one song for my old Ken-tu-cky home for the old Ken-tu-cky home, far a-way.

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The sun shines bright  
in the old Kentucky 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 old Kentucky home,  
Good- night! Weep no more my lady. Oh!  
Weep no more today!  
We will sing one song  
for my old Kentucky home  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.