

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 Kent-u-cky home for the old Kent-u-cky home, far a-way.

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.