



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.