

My Old Kentucky Home

FOSTER
Arr. by Kamiki

Moderato

VOICE

UKULELE

1. The sun shines bright in the
2. They hunt no more for the
3. The head must bow and the

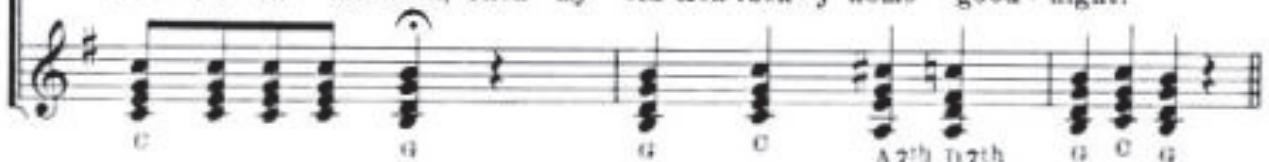
old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore; They back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark-y may go; A

corn-top's ripe and the mead-ows in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the fields where the su-gar-can

day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No



By'n - by "Hard Times" comes a -
The time has come when the
A few more days will we



CHORUS

