

My Old Kentucky Home

FOSTER
Arr. by Kamiki

Moderato

VOICE

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-tops 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-canes

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-ry load, No

UKULELE

G G G7(b) G G7(b)

G G A7(b) D7(b)

G G G7(b) G G D7(b)

G G G G7(b) G G



mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, Byn - by "Hard Times" comes a -
 sor-row where all was de - light, The time has come when the
 mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we



knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good - night.
 dark - les have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good - night.
 tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good - night.


CHORUS



Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh,



weep no more to - day; We will sing one song for the



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