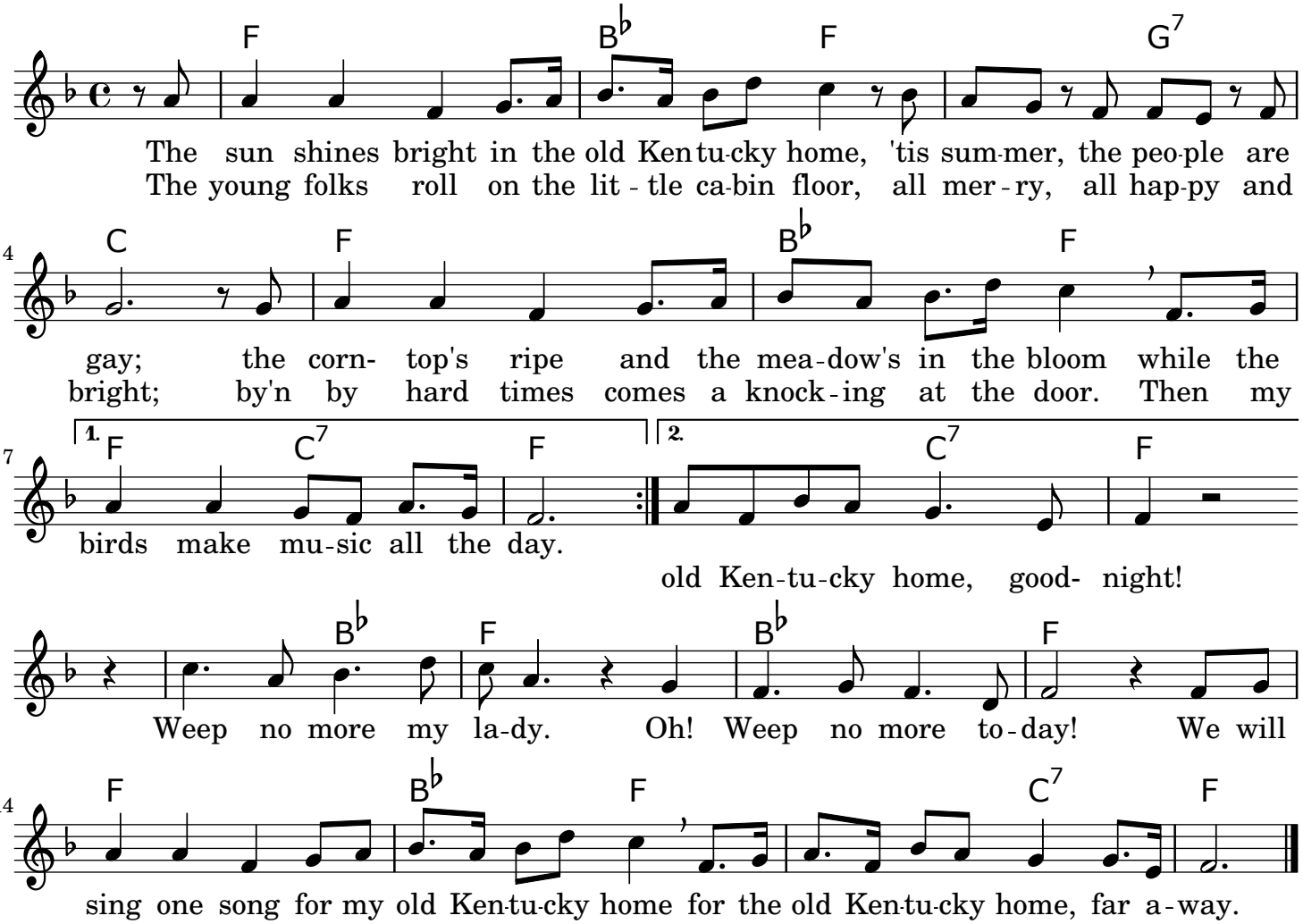
My Old Kentucky Home — Stephen Foster




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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.