

My Old Kentucky Home

Stephen C. Foster

E A E F#7

1. The sun shines bright on my old Ken - tuc - ky home Tis sum - mer, the dark - ies are
 (2.) They hunt no more for the 'pos - sum and the coon, On mea - dow, the hill and the
 (3.) The head must bow and the back will have to bend Where ev - er the poor folks may

4 B7 E A E F#7

gay shore, The corn top's ripe and the mea - dow's in bloom While the
 go They sing no more days by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
 A few more and the trou - ble will end, In the

7 E B7 E E

birds make mu - sic all the day. The young folks roll on the
 bench by that old cab - in door. The day goes by like a
 field where su - gar - canes may grow. A few more days for to

10 A E E F#7 B7

lit - tle cab - in floor All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright By'n
 sha - dow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light. The
 tote the wear - y load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light. A

My Old Kentucky Home

13

E A E F#7 E B7

by hard times come a - knock - ing at the door
time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good
few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my

16

E E A E

night. Weep no more, my la - dy Oh,

19

C#m A E

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

22

A E F#7 E B7 E

old Ken-tuc - ky home For the old Ken-tuc - ky home far a - way.

2.They
3.The

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 field where su-gar-canes may grow. A few more days for to

lit-tle cab-in floor All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright By'n
 sha-dow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light. The
 tote the wear-y load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light A

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 time has come when the dark - ies have to part,
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 tote the wear - y load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light A

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D G D E7 D A7

by hard times come a - knock - ing at the door
 time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good
 few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my

16

D D G D

night. Weep no more, my la - dy Oh,

19

Bm G D

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

22

G D E7 D A7 D

old Ken-tuc - ky home For the old Ken-tuc - ky home far a - way. 2.They
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gay shore, go The corn top's ripe and the mea-dow's in bloom While the
 They sing no more days and the glim-mer of the moon, On the
 A few more days and the trou-ble will end, In the



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G C G A7 G D7

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time has come when the dark - ies have to part,
few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good

16

G G C G

night. Weep no more, my la - dy Oh,

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Em C G

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C G A7 G D7 G

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 tote the wear-y load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light A

13
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 time has People use when you study and have a private study please don't put my name on it
 few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my

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16

F F B \flat F

night. Weep no more, my la - dy Oh,

19

Dm B \flat F

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

22

B \flat F G7 F C7 F

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