

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

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!

Chorus:

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. (over)

My Old Kentucky Home is an historic site in Bardstown, Kentucky and is open for tours, daily. Learn more about the song and historic plantation at www.visitmyoldkyhome.com

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They hunt no more for the possum and the coon;
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon;
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart;
With sorrow where all was delight.
The time has come when the people have to part;
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

(Chorus)

The head must bow and the back will have to bend;
Wherever the people may go.
A few more days and the trouble all will end;
In the field where the sugar canes grow.

A few more days for to tote the weary load;
No matter, 'twill never be light.
A few more days till we totter on the road;
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

This version of My Old Kentucky Home was established in 1986
by resolution of the Kentucky House & Senate.

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