

The sun shines

bright in the

old Kentucky home

'tis summer,

the people

are gay;

The corn top's

ripe and the meadows

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 the old

Kentucky home,

For the old

Kentucky home

far away.