

My Old Kentucky Home

by Stephen Collins Foster (1853)

Inspired by the loveliness of the Kentucky countryside, Foster is said to have written this famous song there in 1852 at Federal Hill in Bardstown, which was the home of Foster's relatives, the Rowans. It was made the state song of Kentucky in 1928.

D *D* *G* *D* (*A7*)
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'tis
D *Bm* *E7* *A7*
Summer, the darkies are gay.
D *D7* *G* *D* (*A7*)
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom while the
D *A7* *D* *D*
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!

D *G* (*A7*) *D*($\frac{1}{2}$) *F#7*($\frac{1}{2}$) *Bm* *G* *D*
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to-day!
D *D7* *G* (*A7*) *D*($\frac{1}{2}$) *Bm*($\frac{1}{4}$) *Em7*($\frac{1}{4}$)
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home, for that
D *A7* *D* *D*
old Kentucky Home, far away.

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 darkies have to part,
then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
wherever the darkey 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!