Oh The sun shines bright on My Old Ken-tuck-y Home 'Tis summer the workers are gay.
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in 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' hard times comes a knocking at the door. Then My Old Ken-tuck-y Home good-
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On meadow, the hill and the shore
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by that 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 poor folks may go
A few more days and the trouble will end
In the field where sugar-canes may grow
A few more days for to tote the weary load
No matter, 'twill never by light
A few more days till we totter on the road
Then My Old Kentucky Home, good night.