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My old Kentucky home, good night.

New York: McKinley Music Co., 1897

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SONGS THE PEOPLE LOVE

Ah, I Have Sighed to Rest Me . . .	<i>Verdi</i>	40
Annie Laurie	<i>Dunn</i>	30
Ben Bolt	<i>Kneass</i>	40
Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls	<i>Moore</i>	30
Heart Bowed Down	<i>Balfe</i>	30
Home, Sweet Home	<i>Bishop</i>	30
Juanita	<i>Mrs. Norton</i>	30
Kathleen Mavourneen	<i>Crouch</i>	40
Last Rose of Summer	<i>Moore</i>	40
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground . .	<i>Foster</i>	40
My Old Kentucky Home	<i>Foster</i>	40
Old Folks at Home	<i>Foster</i>	40
Then You'll Remember Me	<i>Balfe</i>	35
Sweet Little Phyllis Moran	<i>Armstrong</i>	50

McKinley Music Co.

CHICAGO.
NEW YORK.

WHEN MY GOLDEN HAIR HAS TURNED TO SILVER GRAY

Words & Music by EDWARD STANLEY

REFRAIN

When my gold - en hair has turned to sil - ver gray. When the
years have come and quickly rolled a way Will you love me then as now, Will you
kiss my fur - rowed brow When my gold - en hair has turn'd to sil - ver gray?

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TWO SONGS of the heart and the home

Every note of this beautiful song

When My Golden Hair Has Turned to Silver Gray

is bound to linger in your memory. It will come back to you and you will find yourself singing it again and again. The words are beautiful—they tell a pretty story and help to complete the sweetest song you can find.

This Song is published by Frank K. Root & Co.

If your dealer does not keep it, send 25c (regular price 50c) to **McKinley Music Co.**, and have a copy, postpaid.

(Address either office)

355-361 Wabash Ave.
Chicago.

74 Fifth Ave.
New York.

Rather pathetic but wonderfully sweet
is this song,

In the Dells of Old Wisconsin

You cannot hear it without being greatly entertained, and you cannot sing it without at once feeling its beauty.

This Song is published by Frank K. Root & Co.

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(Address either office)

355-361 Wabash Ave.
Chicago.

74 Fifth Ave.
New York.

**Every Home Should
Have These Songs**

In the Dells of Old Wisconsin.

In the dells of old Wis - con - sin, where the sweet - est flow - ers grow, There they
laid my sweet-heart las - sie, in the dear old long a - go; And my
life is sad and lone - ly, for I lov'd her, and her on - ly, In the
dells of old Wis - con - sin, man - y years a - go.

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My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dar-kies are gay, The
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore, They
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dar-key may go, A



corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day; The
sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door; The
few more days and the troub - le all will end, In the field where the su - gar canes grow; A



young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n-
 day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light; The
 few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light, A

by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night!
 time has come when the dar - kies have to part, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night!
 few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

1st. Soprano. Air.

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will

2nd. Soprano.

Tenor.

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will

Bass.



sing one song for the old Ken-tuck - y Home, For the old Ken-tuck-y Home far a - way.



sing one song for the old Ken-tuck - y Home, For the old Ken-tuck-y Home far a - way.



A SONG FOR EVERY HOME

Composed by EDWARD STANLEY.

Author of "When My Golden Hair Has Turned to Silver Gray."

WHERE IS MY BOY TONIGHT

TRY THIS BEAUTIFUL REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.

"Where is my boy to - night?" — Ten - der - ly low and sweet, —

Came the low voice of the sing - er Pass - ing a - long the street, —

Ev - 'ry one's voice was hushed, — Tears in each eye you could see, — "Oh,

f where is my wan - der - ing boy to - night? Come back, my boy, to me!" —

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If your music dealer does not keep it, send 25 cents to

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CHICAGO

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