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## My old Kentucky home, good night.

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TENTH EDITION

FOSTER'S PLANTATION MELODIES  
— No 20 —

My old Kentucky home, good night  
As Sung by

CHRISTY'S

MINSTRELS



No 18. FAREWELL MY LILLY DEAR.

No 19 MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Written & Composed by

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

PIANO

25 Cts net

GITAR

PUBLISHED BY FIRTH, POND & CO. 11 FRANKLIN SQUARE.  
NEW YORK

Pittsburgh H. KLEBER.

WAKELAM & UCHO St. Louis.

And at HOLBROOK & LONG.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1855 by Firth, Pond & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

Washington D.C.

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME GOOD-NIGHT

Words and Music by

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*POCO ADAGIO.*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major and common time. The tempo is marked 'POCO ADAGIO'.

Musical notation for the first line of the song. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "The sun shines bright in the". The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction.

Musical notation for the second line of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay, The". The piano accompaniment continues.

Entered according to Act of Congress AD 1853 by Firth Pond & Co in the Clerks office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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 lit-tle cabin floor, All

merry, all hap-py and bright: By'n by Hard Times comes a

knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Tenor.

Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to day! We will sing one song for the

1<sup>st</sup> Soprano.

2<sup>d</sup> Soprano.

Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to day! We will sing one song for the

Bass.

AIR.

old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home far a-way.

old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home far a-way.

2<sup>d</sup>. VERSE.

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 de-light: The  
time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home good-night! Chorus.

3<sup>d</sup>. VERSE.

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! Chorus.