

CIRCLED
JUN 1900
10000 M



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

GUITAR

PUBLISHED BY FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 BROADWAY,

PRINTED BY A. KLEBER.

WILLIAM & WOOD, NEW YORK.

HOLBROOK & LONG.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Stephen C. Foster, in the name of the Author, at the Copyright Office of the Library of Congress.

Copyright 1881 by Mrs. Nellie S. Wiley and Mrs. Marion Foster Welch.

2

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME GOOD-NIGHT.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

POCO

ADAGIO.

The sun shines bright in the
old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay, The

Ent'd according to Act of Congress A.D. 1853 by Firth, Pond & Co in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern Dist of N.Y.

1892

Copyrighted by Mrs. Matthew D. Webb, and Mrs. Marion Foster Welch.

A musical score for a piano-vocal piece. The music is in common time and G major. The vocal part uses a treble clef, and the piano part uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes.

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 cab-in floor. All

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

knock ing 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 old Kentucky Home, Far the old Kentucky Home far a way.

old Kentucky Home, Far the old Kentucky Home far a way.

1892



II. VERSE.

They hunt no more for the pos-sum 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! Chorus.

III. 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-canies 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.