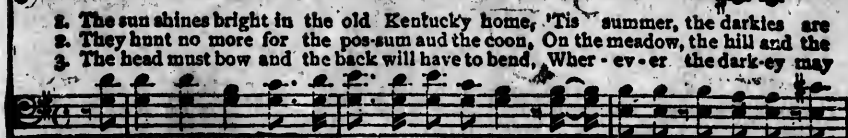
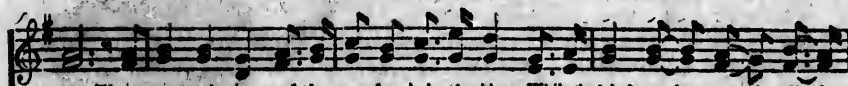


MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

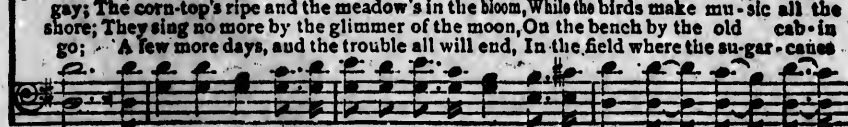
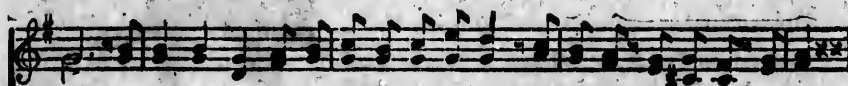
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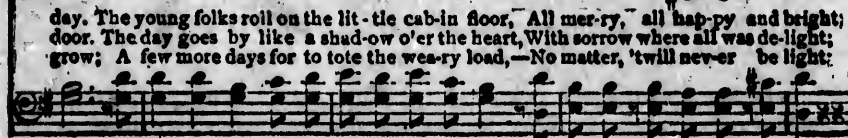
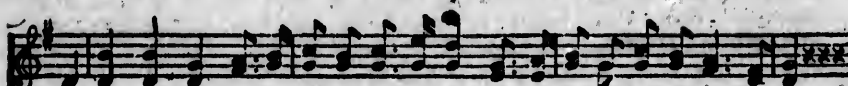
2. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may

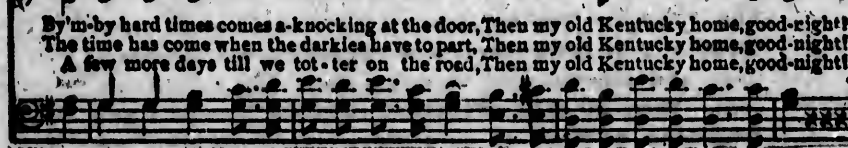
gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
 shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
 go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-ca-nes

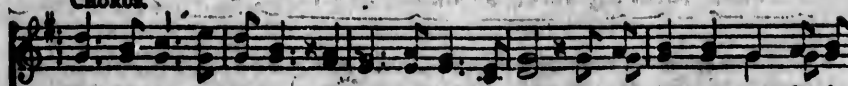
day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
 door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de-light;
 grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, -No matter, 'twill nev-er be light;

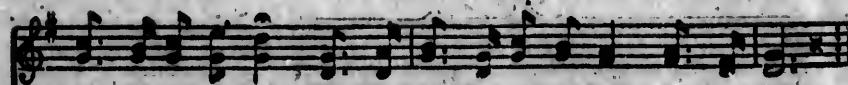
By'n-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!



CHORDS.



Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the

old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.



A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES--Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding--FAZO OINTMENT