

Southern Melodies.



1—THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT IN MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay ;
The corn tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folk roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright ;
Bye and Bye, " Hard times " comes a-knocking at the
door,

Then my old Kentucky home, Good-night
Weep no more, my lady, Oh, weep no more to-day,
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home, far away.

2—GONE ARE THE DAYS.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, " Old Black Joe."

I'm coming, I'm coming for my head is bending low,
I hear those gentle voices calling, " Old Black Joe."