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We'll Have A Jubilee In My Old Kentucky Home

Lyric by
COLEMAN GOETZ

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Moderato

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music starts with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of chords and melodic lines in both hands. The right hand has a more active melody, while the left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord marked with a forte (fz) dynamic and an accent (^).

§ Voice

I've lost my ap - pe - tite,
The South - ern at - mos - phere

§ *Till ready*

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic and includes a section marked 'Till ready' with a repeat sign. The music is in 2/4 time and continues with a piano accompaniment for the first line of the verse.

Can't sleep a wink at night, There's some-thing haunt-ing me, In all my
Will find me full of cheer. I'll ram-ble here and there, And nev-er

The piano accompaniment continues for the second line of the first verse, providing harmonic support for the vocal line. It features a variety of chordal textures and melodic fragments in both hands.

dreams I see A quaint old bun-ga - low, Where sweet mag-no-lias grow,
have a care. I'll have some pigs in pens, Al - so some lay-ing hens,

The piano accompaniment continues for the second line of the second verse, providing harmonic support for the vocal line. It features a variety of chordal textures and melodic fragments in both hands.

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And south-ern breez-es blow, I want you to know,
That lay by fives and tens, Let me tell you, friends,

CHORUS

I've got a sneak-y feel-ing 'round my heart That I want to set-tle

p-f

down I guess I'll pack my grip and take a trip To a good old south-ern

town. You can have your high-brow airs, Just give me

three good squares with the corn and 'las-ses, served by Ras-tus; I'll be

tick-led to death to know, that I can stay right there, And I'll

nev-er care to roam; ——— Come on a-long with me and have a

ju-bi-lee, In my old Ken-tuck-y Home. I've got a Home. —