

Old Folks At Home

Stephen Foster

C F
Way down upon the Swanee River,
C G7
Far, far away,
C F
There's where my heart is turning ever,
C G7 C
There's where the old folks stay.
C F
All up and down the whole creation,
C G7
Sadly I roam,
C F
Still longing for the old plantation,
C G7 C
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus:

G7 C
All the world is sad and dreary
F G7
Everywhere I roam;
C F
Oh, brothers, how my heart grows weary,
C G7 C
Far from the old folks at home.

All roun' the little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming
All roun' the comb ?
When will I hear the banjo strumming,
Down in my good old home ?