

OLD FOLKS AT HOME (SWANEE RIVER) (STEPHEN FOSTER, 1851)

C F C G
Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away

C F C G C
That's where my heart is turning ever. That's where the old folks stay

F C G
All up and down the whole creation, Sadly I roam.

C F C G C
Still longing for the old plantation, and for the old folks at home

Chorus:

G C F C G
All the world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam

C F C G C
Oh, Lordy, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home

All 'round 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 (Chorus)

One little hut among the bushes, one that I love
Still sadly to my memory rushes, no matter where I rove
When shall I see the bees a humming, all 'round the comb
When shall I hear the banjo strumming, down by my good old home (Chorus)
