

The old folks at home

Words & Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante Key D $\frac{3}{4}$ m :- l r : d : m . r

1. Way down up - on the
 2. All round the lit - tle
 3. One lit - tle hut a -

Swan-ee riv-er, Far, far a - way, — There's where my heart is turn-ing ev-er,
 farm I wan-der'd When I was young, — Then ma-ny hap-py days I squander'd,
 mong the bush-es, One that I love — Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es,

There's where the old folks stay. — All up and down the whole cre-a-tion, Sad - ly I roam, —
 Man - ny the songs I sung. — When I was playing with my brother, Hap - py was I, —
 No mat-ter where I rove. — When shall I see the bees a - humming, All round the comb, —

Still longing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home. —
 Oh! take me to my kind old mother There let me live and die. — All the world is sad and dreary,
 When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming Down in my good old home. —

Ev-'ry where I roam, — Oh, dark-ies how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home. —