

Old Folks at Home (Swanee River)

(Text & Melodie: Stephen Foster (1826–1864) 1851)

Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away.
There's where my heart is turning ever, there's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,
still longing for the old plantation and for the old folks at home.

All the world is sad and drea-ry ev-'ry-where I roam.
O dear ones, how my heart grows wea-ry,
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.

All the world is sad and drea-ry ev-'ry-where I roam.
O dear ones, how my heart grows wea-ry,
far from the old folks at home.

One little hut among the bushes, one that I love.
Still sadly to my mem'ry 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.

All the world is sad and drea-ry ev-'ry-where I roam.
O dear ones, how my heart grows wea-ry,
far from the old folks at home.