

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way.
 All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 2. All round the lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young,
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,

5 There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er There's where the old folks stay.
 Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
 Then ma - ny hap - py days I squan - dered, Ma - ny the songs I — sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind, old moth - er, There let me live and — die.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I — rove.

9 All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,

13 O dark - ies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.