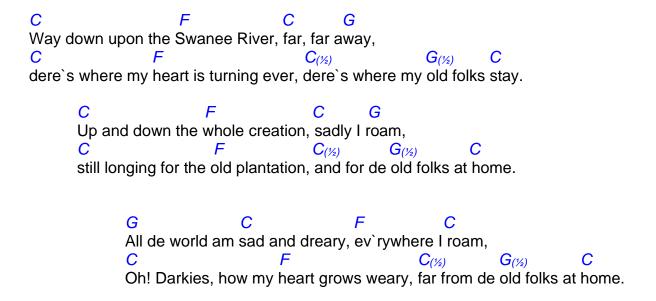
Old Folks at Home by Stephen Collins Foster (1851)



All round de little farm I wandered, when I was young, den many happy days I squander'd, many de 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 de world am sad and dreary, ev`rywhere I roam, Oh! Darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de 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 will I see de bees a-humming, all round de comb? When will I hear de banjo tumming, down in my good old home.

All de world am sad and dreary, ev`rywhere I roam, Oh! Darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.