

# Old Folks at Home

by Stephen Collins Foster (1851)

$C$   $F$   $C$   $G$   
Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away,  
 $C$   $F$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $G(\frac{1}{2})$   $C$   
dere`s where my heart is turning ever, dere`s where my old folks stay.

$C$   $F$   $C$   $G$   
Up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,  
 $C$   $F$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $G(\frac{1}{2})$   $C$   
still longing for the old plantation, and for de old folks at home.

$G$   $C$   $F$   $C$   
All de world am sad and dreary, ev`rywhere I roam,  
 $C$   $F$   $C(\frac{1}{2})$   $G(\frac{1}{2})$   $C$   
Oh! Darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.

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.