

Old Folks At Home (Swanee River)

Traditional

^CWay down upon the ^FSwanee River, ^Cfar, ^Gfar away,
^CThat's where my heart is turning ever. ^CThat's where the old folks ^Gstay. ^C
^CAll up and down the ^Fwhole creation, ^Csadly I ^Groam,
^CStill longing for the ^Fold plantation, ^Cand for the ^Gold folks ^Cat home.

Chorus

^GAll the world is ^Csad and ^Fdreary, ^Ceverywhere I ^Groam.
^COh, darkies, how my ^Fheart grows ^Cwearry, ^Gfar from the ^Cold folks ^Gat ^Chome.

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.

Repeat Chorus

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 around the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo strumming, down by my good old home?

Repeat Chorus