

# Old Folks At Home (Swanee River)

Stephen Foster (1851)

A                      D                      A                      E  
Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away.  
A                      D                      A                      E                      A  
That's where my heart is turning ever, that's where the old folks stay.  
                                 D                      A                      E  
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,  
A                      D                      A                      E                      A  
Still longing for the old plantation, and for the old folks at home.

E                      A                      D                      A  
All the world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam.  
                                 D  
Oh, darlin', how my heart grows weary,  
A                      E                      A  
Far from the old folks at home.

                                 D                      A                      E  
All 'round the little farm I wandered, when I was young.  
A                      D                      A                      E                      A  
Then many happy days I squandered, many the songs I sung.  
                                 D                      A                      E  
When I was playing with my brother, happy was I.  
A                      D                      A                      E                      A  
Oh, take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die.

## (Chorus)

                                 D                      A                      E  
One little hut among the bushes, one that I love.  
A                      D                      A                      E                      A  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where I rove,  
                                 D                      A                      E  
When shall I see the bees a humming, all 'round the comb,  
A                      D                      A                      E                      A  
When shall I hear the banjo strumming, down by my good old home.

## (Chorus)