

**Old Folks At Home**  
**Stephen Foster**

**D A7 Bm D/G D Bm A/A7**

Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away

**D A7 Bm D/G**

That s where my heart is turning ever

**D Bm A7 D**

That s where the old folks stay

All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam

Still longing for the old plantation

And for the old folks at home

**A7 D D7 G A/A7**

All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam

**D A7 Bm D G**

Oh darkies, how my heart grows weary

**D A7 D**

Far from the old folks at home

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

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 round the comb

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