

Old Folks at Home (Swanee River)

by Stephen C. Foster

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Way down upon the Suwannee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for my childhood station,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus:

*All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam;
Oh darkies, how my heart grows weary
Far from the old folks at home!*

All 'round the little farm I wander'd,
When I was young;
Then many happy days I squander'd,
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 memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a humming,
All 'round the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo strumming,
Down in my good old home.

