

# The Old Folks at Home

Stephen Foster

Eb
Bb7
Eb
Ab
Eb
Bb7

Way down up - on the Swan - ee riv - er, Far, far a - way  
 All round the lit - tle farm I wand - er'd, When I was young,  
 One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,

T 5 8 6 5 8 6 8 5 6 8  
 A  
 B

Eb
Bb7
Eb
Ab
Eb/Bb
Bb7
Eb

That's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, that's where the old folks stay;  
 Then man - y hap - py days I squand - er'd, Man - y the songs I sung;  
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove;

T 5 8 6 5 8 6 8 5 6 8 8 6  
 A  
 B

Bb7
Eb
Ab
Eb
Adim
Bb7

All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam  
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I  
 When will I see the bees a - hum - ming, All round the comb!

T 5 8 6 5 8 6 8 5 6 8  
 A  
 B

Eb
Bb7
Eb
Ab
Eb/Bb
Bb7
Eb

Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home }  
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die }  
 When will I hear the ban - jo strum - ming, Down in my good old home }

T 5 8 6 5 8 6 8 5 6 8 8 8 6  
 A  
 B

Bb7
Eb
Ab/Eb
Eb
Ab
Eb

All the world is sad and wea - ry Ev - 'ry - where I roam

T 7 8 10 8 8 5 8 8 8 5 6 5 8  
 A  
 B

**B♭7 E♭/B♭    Bdim7 Cm            A♭            E♭/B♭            B♭7            E♭**

Oh!    broth-ers, how my heart grows wea - ry,    Far from the old folks at home.

T	5	8	6	5	8	6	8	5	8	8	5	6	8	8	8	6	.
A	8	6	5	8	6	8	5	6	8	8	8	6	8	8	8	6	.
B	8	6	5	8	6	8	5	6	8	8	8	6	8	8	8	6	.