

The Old Folks at Home

Stephen Foster

B \flat F7 B \flat E \flat B \flat F7

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,

B \flat F7 B \flat E \flat B \flat /F F7 B \flat

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;

F7 B \flat E \flat B \flat Edim F7

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!

B \flat F7 B \flat E \flat B \flat /F F7 B \flat

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 }

F7 B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat

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

F7 B \flat /F F \sharp dim7 Gm E \flat B \flat /F F7 B \flat

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