

The Old Folks at Home

Stephen Foster

E♭
B♭7
E♭
A♭
E♭
B♭7

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	0	3	1	0	3	1	4	1	4	3	0	1	3
A													
B													

E♭
B♭7
E♭
A♭
E♭/B♭
B♭7
E♭

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	0	3	1	0	3	1	4	1	4	3	0	1	3	3	1
A															
B															

B♭7
E♭
A♭
E♭
Adim
B♭7

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	0	3	1	0	3	1	4	1	4	3	0	1	3
A													
B													

E♭
B♭7
E♭
A♭
E♭/B♭
B♭7
E♭

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	0	3	1	0	3	1	4	1	4	3	0	1	3	3	3	1
A																
B																

B \flat 7 E \flat A \flat /E \flat E \flat A \flat E \flat

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

T 3 4 1 3 3 1 3 4 4 1 1 1 3

A

B

B \flat 7 E \flat /B \flat Bdim7 Cm A \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat 7 E \flat

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

T 0 3 1 0 3 4 1 4 3 0 1 3 3 3 1

A

B