

# 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									
A	5	3	1	5	3	1	6	3	6
B						1		5	1
									3

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									
A	5	3	1	5	3	1	6	3	6
B						1		5	1
								3	3
									1

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									
A	5	3	1	5	3	1	6	3	6
B						1		5	1
									3

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									
A	5	3	1	5	3	1	6	3	6
B						1		5	1
								3	3
									3

Bb7
Eb
Ab/Eb
Eb
Ab
Eb

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

T									
A	5	6	1	1	1	3	1	6	6
B						6		3	3
									1

**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	5	3	1	5	3	1	6	3	6	1	5	1	3	3	3	1
A																
B																