

Words adapted

Old Folks at Home

Stephen C. Foster
(1826-1864)

Andante espressivo

1. Way down up-on the Swan-ee Ri - ver, far, far a - way, there's where my heart is
 2. All round the lit-tle farm I wan-dered, when I was young, then ma - ny hap-py
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, one that I love. Still sad - ly to my

turn-ing e - ver, there's where the old folks stay. All up and down the
 days I squan-dered, ma - ny the songs I sung. When I was play-ing
 mem'-ry rush - es, no mat - ter where I rove. When will I see the

whole cre - a - tion, sad - ly I roam, still long-ing for my child-hood stat - ion,
 with my broth - er, hap - py was I; Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er,
 bees a - hum-ming, all round the comb? When shall I hear the ban - jo strum-ming,

and for the old folks at home. All the world is sad and drea-ry ev'-ry-where I
 there let me live and die. down in my good old home?

roam, O dear ones, how my heart grows wea-ry, far from the old folks at home.