

# Swanee River (Old Folks At Home)

*(Lyrics: Stephen Foster)*

I.

Way down upon the Swanee River,  
Far, far away  
That's where my heart is turning ever  
That's where the old folks stay  
All up and down the whole creation,  
Sadly I roam  
Still longing for the old plantation  
And for the old folks at home

## Chorus

All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam  
Oh darkies, how my heart grows weary  
Far from the old folks at home

II.

All 'round the little farm I wandered,  
When I was young  
Then many happy days I squandered,  
Many the songs I sung  
When I was playing with my brother,  
Happy was I  
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,  
There let me live and die

## Chorus

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III.

One little hut among the bushes,  
One that I love  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
No matter where I rove  
When shall I see the bees a humming,  
All 'round the comb  
When shall I hear the banjo strumming,  
Down by my good old home

## Chorus

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