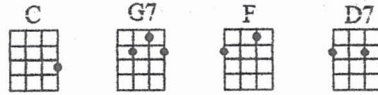


# Old Folks At Home

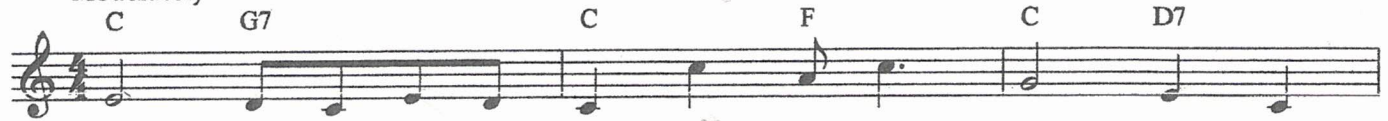
(Swanee River)

Words and Music by  
STEPHEN FOSTER

FIRST NOTE



Moderately



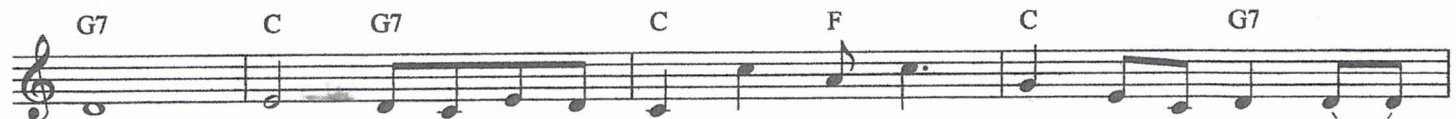
1. Way down up - on the Swan - ee Riv - er, far, far a -  
2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan - der'd, when I was  
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, one that I



way, there's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er; there's where the old folks  
young. Then man - y hap - py days I squan - der'd, man - y the songs I  
love. Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, no mat - ter where I



stay. All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, sad - ly I  
sung. When I was play - ing with my broth - er, hap - py was  
rove. When shall I see the bees a - hum - ming, all 'round the



roam; still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, and for the old folks at  
I. Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, there let me live and  
comb? When shall I hear the ban - jo strum - ming, down in my good old



home. }  
die. }  
home. } All the world is sad and drear - y ev - 'ry - where I



roam; oh, how my lone - ly heart grows wear - y; far from the old folks at home.