

Old Folks at Home

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D A7 Bm D G D Bm A A7

D A7 Bm D G D Bm A7 D

A7 D D7 G A A7

D A7 Bm D G D A7 D

1. 'Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way,
All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam;
2. All roun' de lit-tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
When I was play-ing with my broth-er, Hap-py was I;
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One that I love,
When will I see de bees a-hum-ming, All roun' de comb?
Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks* stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-dered,* Man-y de songs I* sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and* die.
Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I* roam.
When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old* home?

All de world is sad and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam;

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from de old folks at home.