

Old Folks At Home - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

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"Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dar's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam.
Still longing for the old plantation.
And for de old folks at home

Chorus.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh! darkles, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home

All 'round de little farm I wander'd.
When I was young;
Den many happy days I sqandered-
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dar let me live and die.-Chorus.

One little hut among de bushes-
One dat I love-
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?-Chorus.