

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Old Folks at Home

Old Folks at Home
(Stephen Foster)

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

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

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

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

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