

Old Folks at Home

By:Paul Robeson

composed by Stephen Collins Foster

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
That's where my heart is turning ever:
There'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 song 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.

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

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

All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I rove;
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.