

Old Folks at Home

Stephen C. Foster



Way down up-on de Sewa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a - way.

5 Dere's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks

8 stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I

12 roam, Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at

16 home. All de world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I

20 roam; Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wear - y

23 Far from the Old Folks at Home.

All roun' de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de 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 de bushes,
One that I love;
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All roun' de comb?
When will I hear de banjo strumming
Down in my good old home?