

The Old Folks at Home

S. C. FOSTER

Moderato

1. Way down up - on the Swan - ee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, . .
 2. All round the lit - tle farm I wander'd, When I was young, . .
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love, . .



Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay; .
 Den man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung; .
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove; .



All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, . .
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I. . . .
 When will I see de bees a - hum - ming, All round de comb! . .



Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. .
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and . die. . .
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming Down in my good old . home. .

First, SOLO; then CHORUS

mp
 All de world am sad and wea - ry, Eb' - ry-where I roam,
mp

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.
p