OLD FOLKS AT HOME

STEPHEN FOSTER
- 1851 -

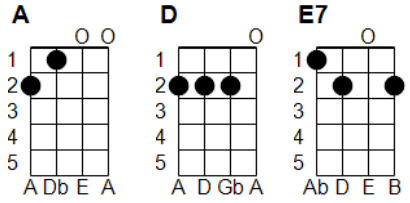
[A] Way **[E7]** down upon the **[A]** Swanee **[D]** River, **[A]** Far, far **[E7]** away
[A] That's **[E7]** where my heart is **[A]** turning **[D]** ever
[A] That's where the **[E7]** old folks **[A]** stay

[E7] All the world is **[A]** sad and dreary, **[D]** everywhere I **[A]** roam **[E7]**
[A] Oh, **[E7]** brother, how my **[A]** heart grows **[D]** weary,
[A] far from the **[E7]** old folks at **[A]** home

[A] All **[E7]** up and down the **[A]** whole cre**[D]**ation, **[A]** Sadly I **[E7]** roam
[A] Still **[E7]** longing for the **[A]** old plan**[D]**tation
[A] And for the **[E7]** old folks at **[A]** home

[A] All **[E7]** 'round the little **[A]** farm I **[D]** wandered, **[A]** When I was **[E7]** young
[A] Then **[E7]** many happy **[A]** days I **[D]** squandered, **[A]** Many the **[E7]** songs I **[A]** sung

[A] One **[E7]** little hut **[A]** among the **[D]** bushes, **[A]** One that I **[E7]** love
[A] Still **[E7]** sadly to my **[A]** memory **[D]** rushes, **[A]** No matter **[E7]** where I **[A]** rove

[A] When **[E7]** shall I see the **[A]** bees a **[D]** humming, **[A]** All 'round the **[E7]** comb
[A] When **[E7]** shall I hear the **[A]** banjo **[D]** strumming,
[A] Down by my **[E7]** good old **[A]** home

[E7] All the world is **[A]** sad and dreary, **[D]** everywhere I **[A]** roam **[E7]**
[A] Oh, **[E7]** brother, how my **[A]** heart grows **[D]** weary,
[A] far from the **[E7]** old folks at **[A]** home