

# OLD FOLKS AT HOME

*moderato espressivo*

Music & Lyrics: Stephen Foster

$\text{♩} = 100$   
*p*

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee ri - ver. Far, far a - way.  
 2. All round the lit - tle farm I wan - der'd, When I was young:  
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,

5

There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er; There's where the old folks stay.  
 Then ma - ny hap - py days I squan - der'd, Ma - ny the songs I sung.  
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es. No mat - ter where I rove.

9 *pp*

All up and down the whole cre - a - tion. Sad - ly I roam.  
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er Hap - py was I.  
 When shall I see the bees a - hum - ming, All 'round the comb?

13

Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion. And for the olf folks at home -  
 Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.  
 When shall I hear the ban - jo strum - ming. Down in my good old home.

17

*p*

-All the world is sad and drea - ry. Ev - 'ry where I roam. O! dar - kies how my

22

heart grows wea - ry. Far from the old folks at home.