Old Folks At Home
(Suwanee River)

Stephen Foster 1851

DAd tuning

Way down upon the Swanee river,
far, far away;
All 'round the little farm I wan-der'd,
When I was young.

There's where my heart isturning ever;
There's where the old folks stay.

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

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D F# Bm G D Bm

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D F# Bm G D
roam. I, comb? still long ing for the
I, comb? Oh, take me to my
shall I hear the

old plan ta tion. And for the Old Folks At Home.
old kind old moth er, There let me live and die.
ban jo strum ming, Down in my good old home.

All the world is sad and dreary Ev ery where I roam,
O Lord y how my

heart grows weary Far from the Old Folks At Home.