

15.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber, far, far
away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I
roam,
Still longing for de old plantation, and for de
old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered, when I
was young,
Den many happy days I squandered, many
de songs I sung,
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy
was I,
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder. Dere
let me lib and die.

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I
love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter
where I rove.
When shall I see de bees a-humming, all
round de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo thrumming,
Down in my good old home?

REFRAIN.

All de world am sad and dreary, Eb'ry where
I roam,
O darkey, how my heart grows weary, Far
from the old folks at home.