

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

As Sung by E. P. CHRISTY.

Written and Composed by S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way, Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber,
 2. All round de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py days I squan-der'd
 3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love, Still sad-ly to my mem-ry rush-es

Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam,
 Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I,
 No mat-ter where I rove, When will I see de bees a hum-ming, All round de comb?

CHORUS.

Still longing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home. } All de world am sad and dre-a-ry,
 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?

Eb-ry where I roam, Oh! darkeys how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.