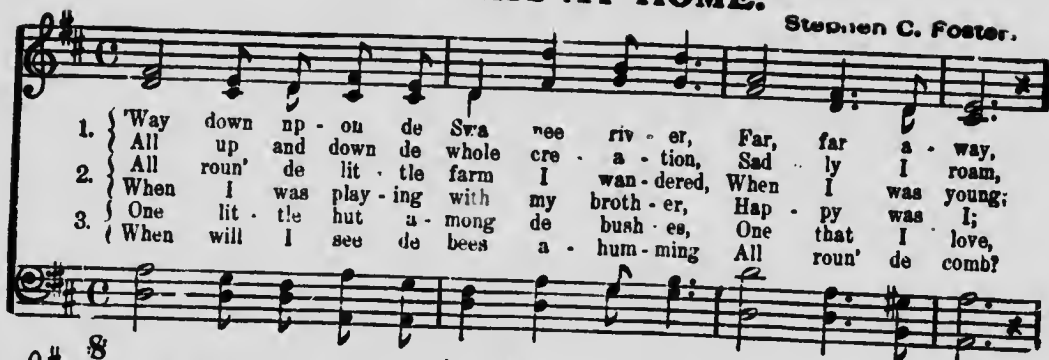
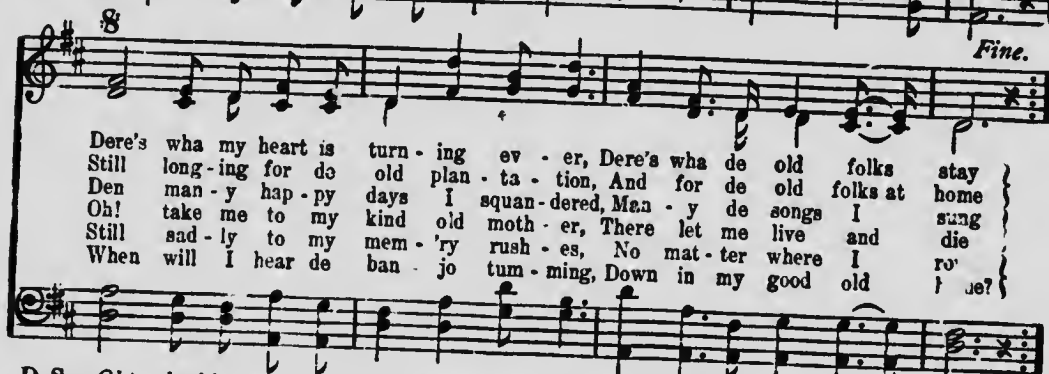


OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Stephen C. Foster.

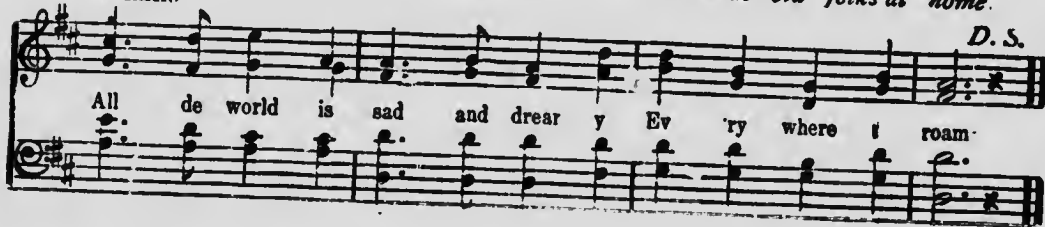


1. Way down upon the Swanee river, Far, far away,
 All up and down the whole cre- a- tion, Sad- ly I roam,
 2. All roun' de lit- tle farm I wan- dered, When I was young;
 When I was play- ing with my broth- er, Hap- py was I;
 3. One lit- tle hut a- mong de bush- es, One that I love,
 When will I see de bees a- hum- ming All roun' de comb?



8 *Fine.*
 Dere's wha my heart is turn- ing ev- er, Dere's wha de old folks stay
 Still long- ing for de old plan- ta- tion, And for de old folks at home
 Den man- y hap- py days I squan- dered, Man- y de songs I sung
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth- er, There let me live and die
 Still sad- ly to my mem- 'ry rush- es, No mat- ter where I ro-
 When will I hear de ban- jo tum- ming, Down in my good old ro-
 je?

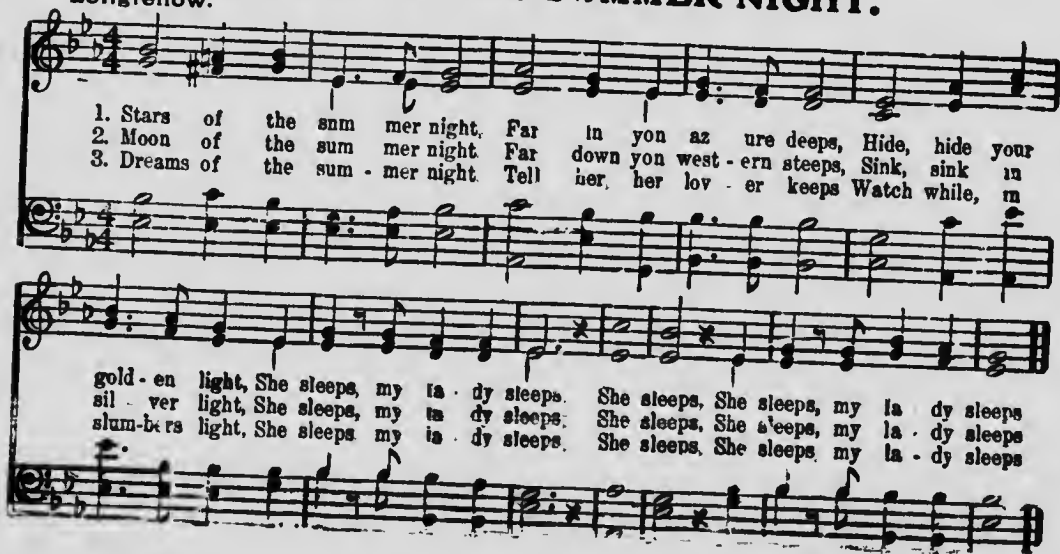
D. S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear- y, Far from de old folks at home.
 REFRAIN.



D. S.
 All de world is sad and drear y Ev 'ry where I roam.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Longfellow.



1. Stars of the sum mer night, Far in yon az ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum mer night, Far down yon west- ern steep, Sink, sink in
 3. Dreams of the sum- mer night, Tell her, her lov- er keeps Watch while, in
 gold- en light, She sleeps, my ta- dy sleeps. She sleeps, She sleeps, my ta- dy sleeps
 sil- ver light, She sleeps, my ta- dy sleeps. She sleeps, She sleeps, my ta- dy sleeps
 slum- ber light, She sleeps, my ta- dy sleeps. She sleeps, She sleeps, my ta- dy sleeps