



Old Folks at Home.

Music, with Piano Forte Accompaniment, published by Messrs.
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Way down on the Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha 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.

CHORUS.—All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam;
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows
weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All around de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Dea 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 live and die,

CHORUS.—All de world am sad and dreary, &c.

Old little hut among de bashes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see th' bees a humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.—All de world am sad and dreary, &c.