

Old Folks At Home

Stephen Foster, 1851

$\text{♩} = 110$

Way down up - on the Swan - ee ri - ver, Far, far a - way,
There's where my heart is tur - ning e - ver, There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
All the world is sad and drea - ry, Ev - ry where I roam,
Oh! dar - keys how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.