

# OLD FOLK AT HOME

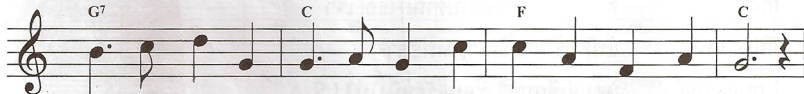
Stephen C. Foster



1. Way down up - on the Swa-nee Ri-ver Far, far a - way.
2. All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam



There's where my heart is turn-ing e - ver. There's where the old folks stay.  
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, dark-ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.