

# The Folksong Collection



## The Old Folks at Home (Stephen Foster)

1 C F C G7  
 Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away;  
C F C G7 C  
 That's where my heart is turning ever, that's where the old folks stay.

**Ch** G7 C F C G7  
 All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam;  
C F C G7 C  
 Oh Lordy, how my heart grows weary far from the old folks at home.

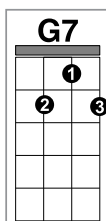
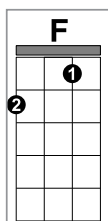
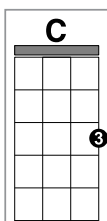
2 C F C G7  
 All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam;  
C F C G7 C  
 Still longing for the old plantation and for the old folks at home.

**Ch** G7 C F C G7  
 All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam;  
C F C G7 C  
 Oh Lordy, how my heart grows weary far from the old folks at home.

3 C F C G7  
 One little hut among the bushes, one that I love;  
C F C G7 C  
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where I rove.

4 C F C G7  
 When shall I see the bees a humming, all 'round the comb?  
C F  
 When shall I hear the banjo strumming,  
C G7 C  
 And see the good old folks at home?

**Ch** G7 C F C G7  
 All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam;  
C F C G7 C  
 Oh Lordy, how my heart grows weary far from the old folks at home.



A hugely popular song written by Stephen Foster in 1851. In spite of the fact that Foster had never seen the Suwannee river - or indeed never even visited Florida - it was chosen as Florida's state song in the 1930s. The setting above is based on the way Todd Baio sings the song on YouTube.



Old Folks At Home