

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.

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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.

