**Old Folks At Home**  
(Swanee River)

D          G
1. Way down upon the Swanee River,
D          A7
Far, far a-way
D          G
That's where my heart is turning ever
D          A7          D
That's where the old folks stay
D          G
All up and down the whole creation,
D          A7
Sadly I roam
D          G
Still longing for the old plantation
D          A7          D
And for the old folks at home

Chorus-
A7          D          G          D
All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam
D          G
Oh Lordy, how my heart grows weary
D          A7          D
Far from the old folks at home

D          G
2. All 'round the little farm I wandered,
D          A7
When I was young
D          G
Then many happy days I squandered,
D          A7          D
Many the songs I sung
D          G
When I was playing with my brother,
D          A7
Happy was I
D          G
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,
D          A7          D
There let me live and die (Chorus)

D          G
3. One little hut among the bushes,
D          A7
One that I love
D          G
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
D          A7          D
No matter where I rove
D          G
When shall I see the bees a humming,
D          A7
All 'round the comb
D          G
When shall I hear the banjo strumming,
D          A7          D
Down by my good old home (Chorus)