

Old Folks at home

Bew. M. Van Aken



Way down up - on the Swa - nee ri - ver, far, far a - way,
There's where my heart is turn - ing ever
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, sad - ly I roam,
Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion,
O dar - keys, how my heart grows wea - ry;



there's where the old folks — stay
and for the old folks at home
far from the old folks at home.

All the world is sad and drea - ry,



e - very - where O roam;