



C G<sup>7</sup> Am F C G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup>




Way down up - on the Swa-nee River, far, far a - way. That's where my heart is  
All up and down the whole cre - ation, sad - ly I roam, still long-ing for the

Am F C G<sup>7</sup> C G C



turn-ing ev-er, that's where the old folks stay.  
old plantation and for the old folks at home. All the world is sad and dreary

F G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> Am F C G<sup>7</sup> C



ev'rywhere I roam. Oh dear ones, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home.

Way down upon the Swanee River,  
Far, far away.  
That's where my heart is turning ever  
That's where the old folks stay  
All up and down the whole creation,  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for the old plantation  
And for the old folks at home.  
All the world is sad and dreary  
ev'rywhere I roam.  
Oh dear ones, how my heart grows weary  
Far from the old folks at home.

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

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