



Way down upon the Swanee river
Far, far away.
There's where my heart is turning ever.
There'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 home.

Kor: **All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam.
Oh darkies how my heart grows weary.
Far from the old folks at home.**

All roun' the little farm I wander'd,
When I was young.
Then many happy days I squander'd
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother
Happy was I.
O take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

Kor: **All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam.
Oh darkies how my heart grows weary.
Far from the old folks at home.**

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 ahumming
All roun' the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo strumming
Down in the good old home?

Kor: **:/: All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam.
Oh darkies how my heart grows weary.
Far from the old folks at home.:/:**

(Sidste linje gentages 3 gange)