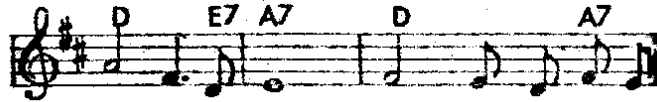


OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Moderate



'Way down up-on the Swa - nee 'Riv - er,



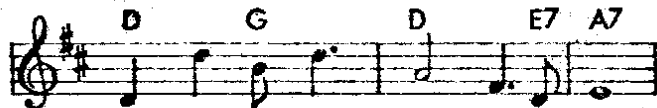
Far, far a-way, -- There's where my heart is



turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks



stay. — All up and down the



whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly i roam,

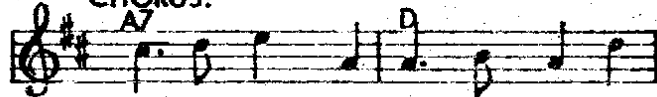


Still long-ing for the old plan - ta - tion,

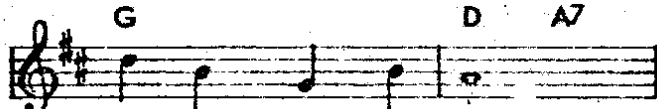


And for the old folks at home. —

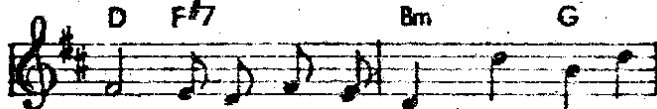
CHORUS:



All the world is sad and drea-ry,



Ev - 'ry - where I roam. —



Oh! dark-ies how my heart grows wea-ry,



Far from the old folks at home. —

