



1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way, Dere'swha my heart is
 2. All 'roundde lit-tle farm I wan-dered When I was young Den man-y hap-py



turning eb-ber, Dere'swha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion,
 days I squandered, Man-y de songs I sung. When I was playing wid my brudder,



Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Happy was I. Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.



All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb-ry-where I roam, Oh! Darkies how my



heart grows wear-y, Far from de old folks at home. 3. One lit-tle hut-a-mong de bushes,



One dat I love, Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rushes, No matter where I



rove. When will I see de bees a hum-ming All roundde comb? When will I hear de



ban-jo tum-ming Down in my good old home? All de world am sad and dreary,



Eb-ry-where I roam, Oh! Darkies how my heart grows wear-y, Far from de old folks at home.