

Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er, far, far a - way.
 All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, sad - ly I roam,
 5 That's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, that's where the old folks stay.
 still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion and for the old folks at home.
 9 All the world is sad and drea - ry ev - 'ry - where I roam.
 13 Oh dear ones, how my heart grows wea - ry, 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 ...