






Old Folks at Home






(Way Down Upon the Swanee River)

Stephen C. Foster

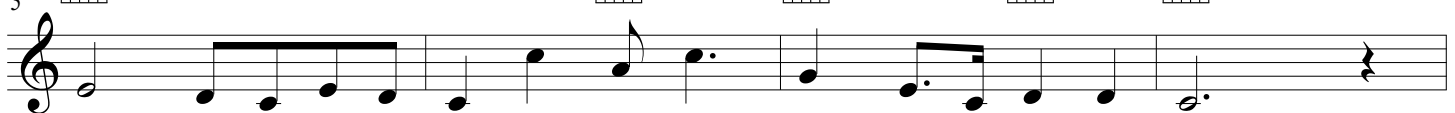
C  F  C  G7 







1.Way down up - on the Suwan - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 2.All 'round the lit - tle farm I wand - er'd, When I was young;
 3.One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love.

C  F  C  G7  C 

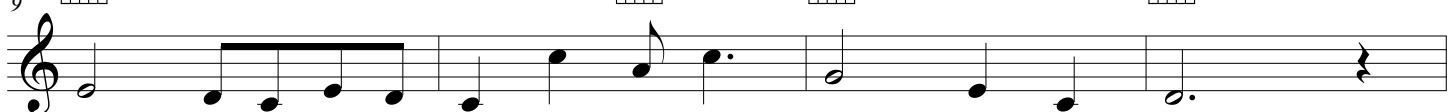
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




There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
 Then man - y hap - py days I squand - er'd, Man - y the songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

C  F  C  G7 

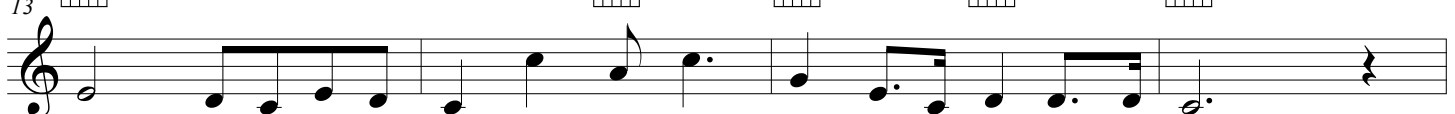
9



All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I.
 When will I see the bees a hum - ming, All 'round the comb?

C  F  C  G7  C 

13

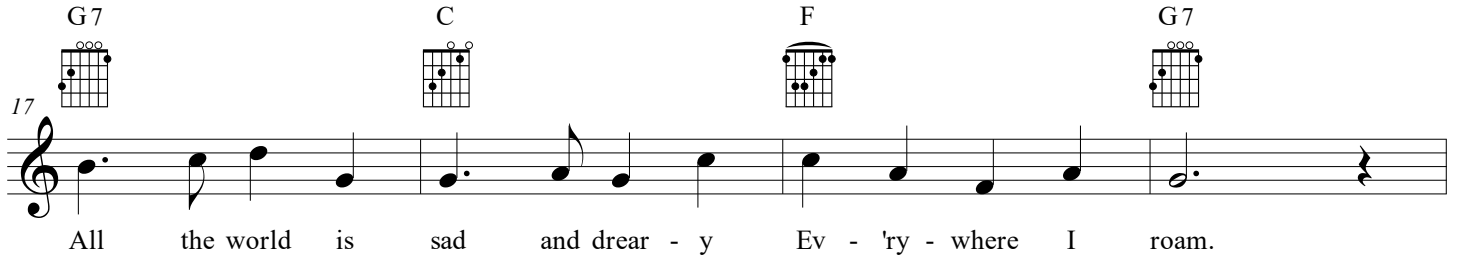


Still long - ing for my child - hood sta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
 Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and ___ die.
 When shall I hear the banj - o strum - ming, Down in my good old ___ home.

Old Folks at Home

17

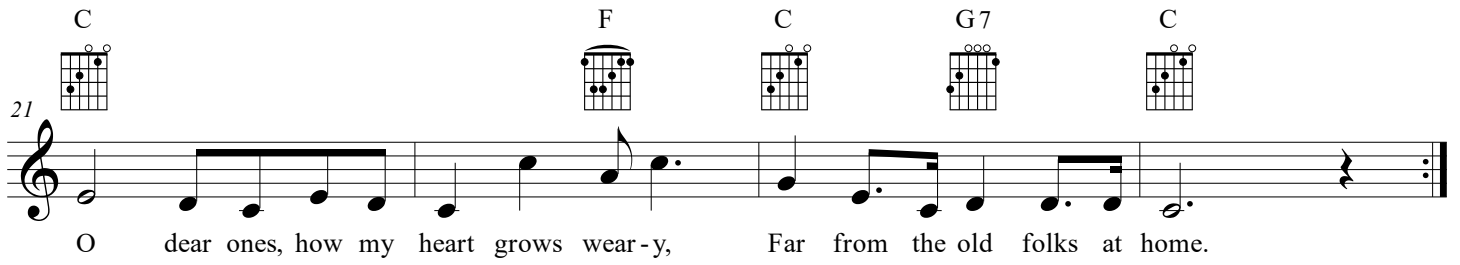
G7 C F G7



All the world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I roam.

21

C F C G7 C








O dear ones, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

Old Folks at Home






(Way Down Upon the Swanee River)

Stephen C. Foster


D  G  D  A7 







1.Way down up - on the Suwan - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 2.All 'round the lit - tle farm I wand-er'd, When I was young;
 3.One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love.

D  G  D  A7  D 


5








There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
 Then man - y hap - py days I squand-er'd, Man - y thesongs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - terwhere I rove.

D  G  D  A7 


9



All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I.
 When will I see the bees a hum - ming, All 'round the comb?

D  G  D  A7  D 

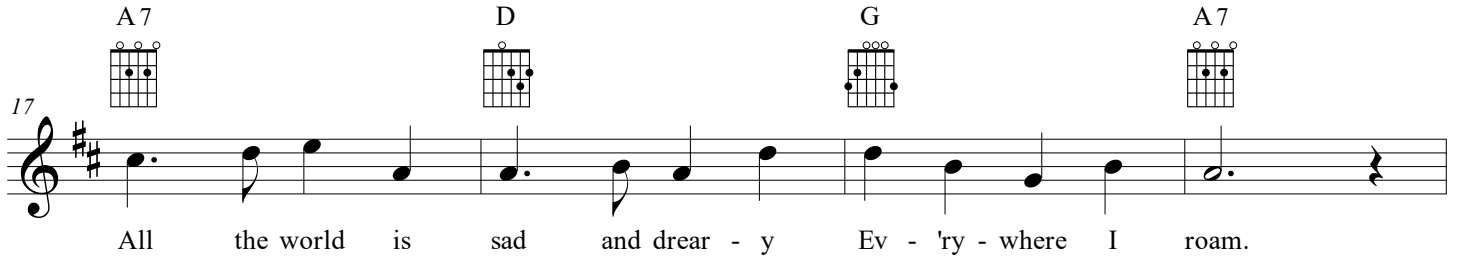
13



Still long-ing for my child - hood sta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
 Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and ___ die.
 When shall I hear the banj - o strum-ming, Down in my good old ___ home.

Old Folks at Home

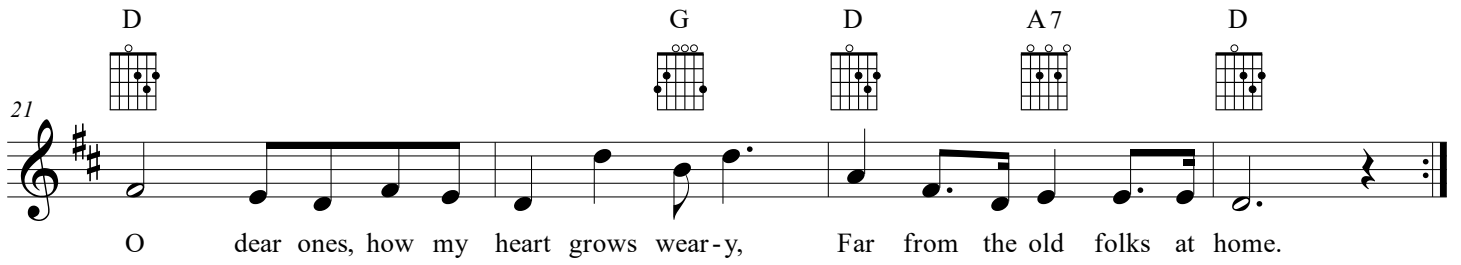
17



A7 D G A7

All the world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I roam.

21



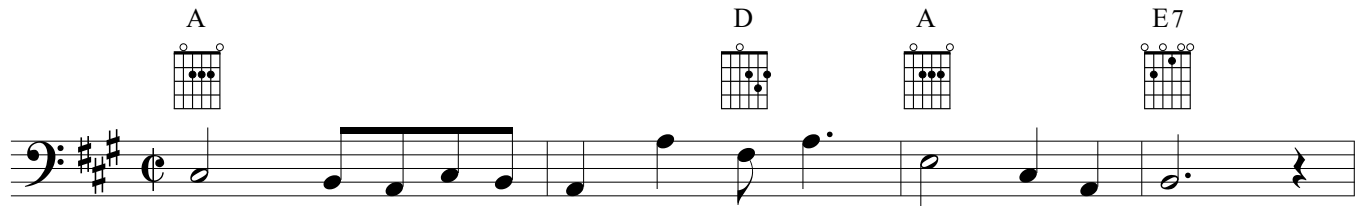
D G D A7 D

O dear ones, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

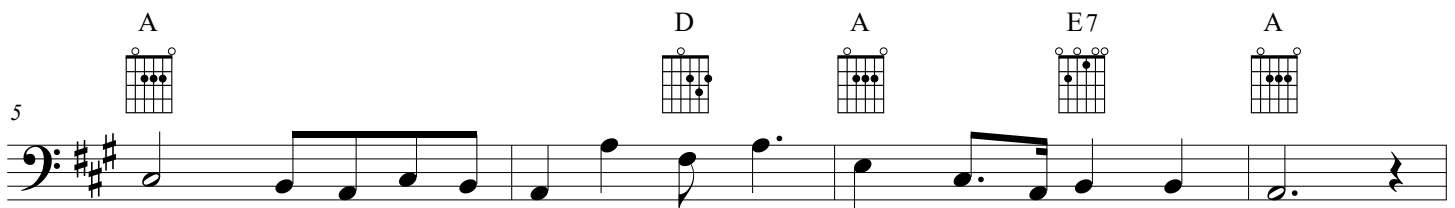
Old Folks at Home

(Way Down Upon the Swanee River)

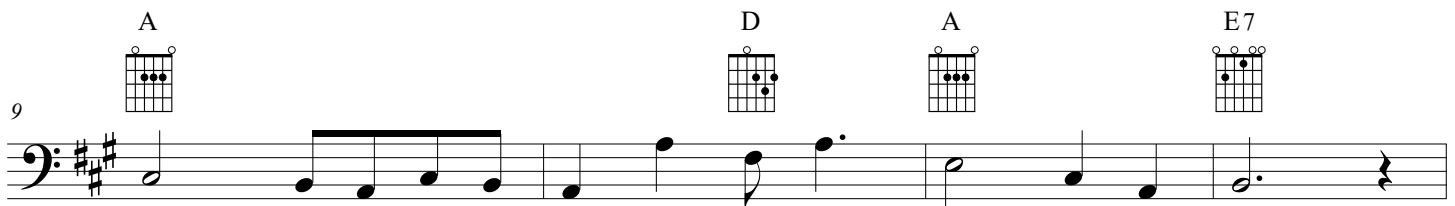
Stephen C. Foster



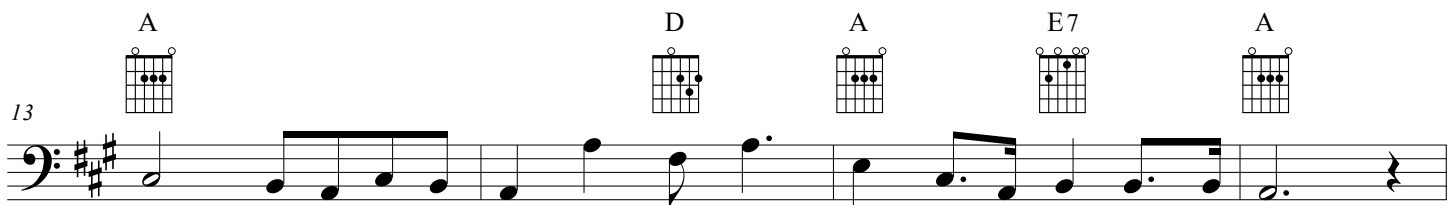
1. Way down up - on the Suwan - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wand - er'd, When I was young;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love.



There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
Then man - y hap - py days I squand - er'd, Man - y the songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.



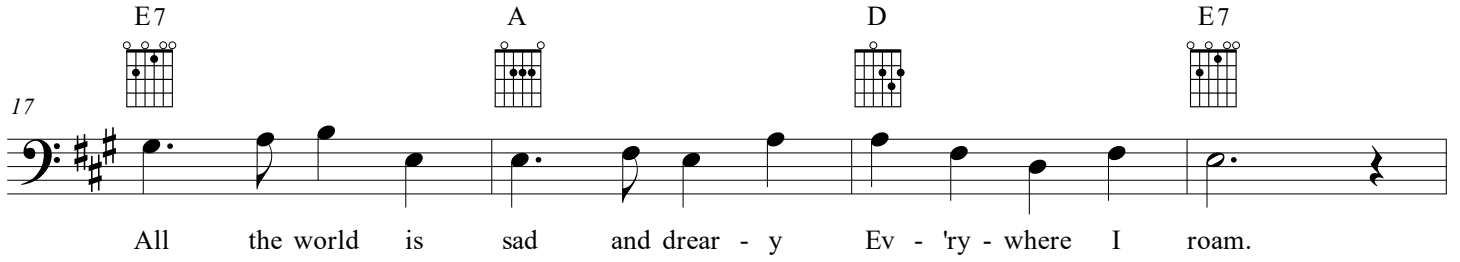
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I.
When will I see the bees a hum - ming, All 'round the comb?



Still long - ing for my child - hood sta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and ___ die.
When shall I hear the banj - o strum - ming, Down in my good old ___ home.

Old Folks at Home

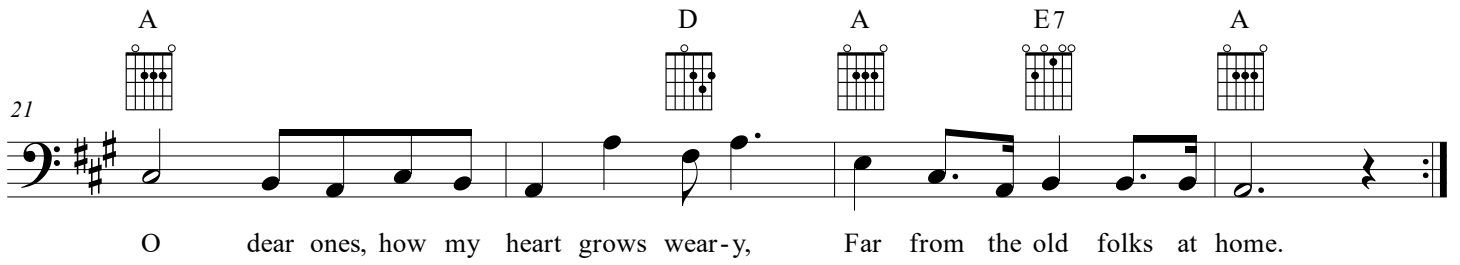
17



E7 A D E7

All the world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I roam.

21



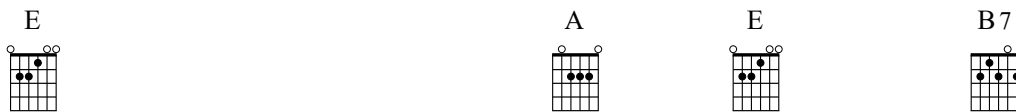
A D A E7 A

O dear ones, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

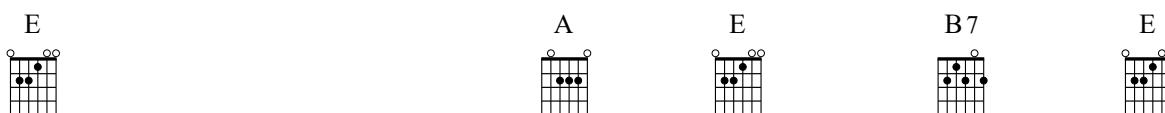
Old Folks at Home

(Way Down Upon the Swanee River)

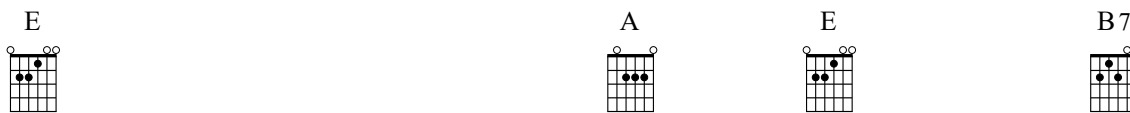
Stephen C. Foster



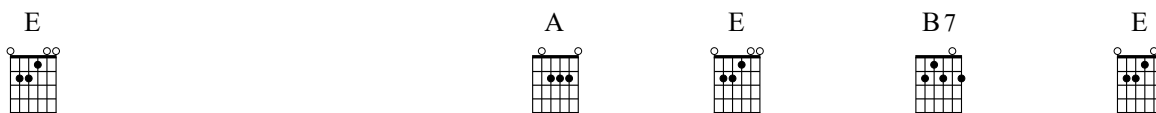
1.Way down up - on the Suwan - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 2.All 'round the lit - tle farm I wand - er'd, When I was young;
 3.One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love.



There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
 Then man - y hap - py days I squand - er'd, Man - y the songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.



All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I.
 When will I see the bees a hum - ming, All 'round the comb?



Still long - ing for my child - hood sta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
 Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and ___ die.
 When shall I hear the banj - o strum - ming, Down in my good old ___ home.

Old Folks at Home

17

B7 E A B7

All the world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I roam.

21

E A E B7 E

O dear ones, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

Old Folks at Home

(Way Down Upon the Swanee River)

Stephen C. Foster

D G D A7

1.Way down up - on the Suwan - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 2.All 'round the lit - tle farm I wand-er'd, When I was young;
 3.One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love.

5 D G D A7 D

There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
 Then man - y hap - py days I squand-er'd, Man - y the songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

9 D G D A7

All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I.
 When will I see the bees a hum - ming, All 'round the comb?

13 D G D A7 D

Still long-ing for my child - hood sta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
 Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and ___ die.
 When shall I hear the banj - o strum-ming, Down in my good old ___ home.

Old Folks at Home

17

A7 D G A7

All the world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I roam.

21

D G D A7 D

O dear ones, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

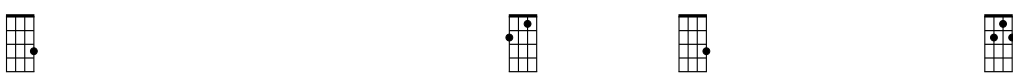
Old Folks at Home

(Way Down Upon the Swanee River)

Stephen C. Foster

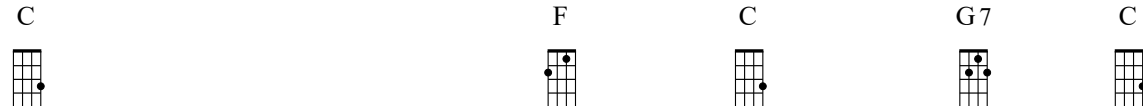
Ukulele

C F C G7



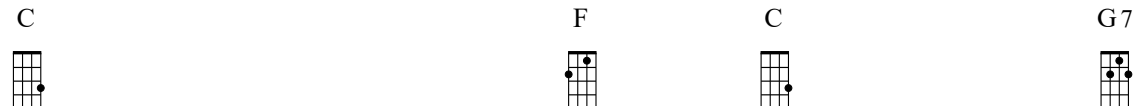
1. Way down up - on the Suwan - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wand - er'd, When I was young;
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love.

5 C F C G7 C



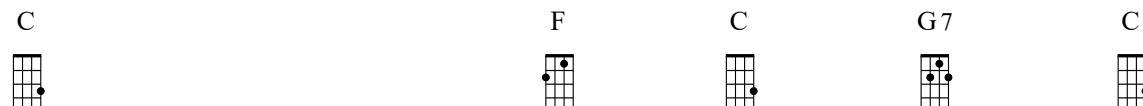
There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
 Then man - y hap - py days I squand - er'd, Man - y the songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

9 C F C G7



All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I.
 When will I see the bees a hum - ming, All 'round the comb?

13 C F C G7 C



Still long - ing for my child - hood sta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
 Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and ___ die.
 When shall I hear the banj - o strum - ming, Down in my good old ___ home.

Old Folks at Home

17

G7 C F G7

All the world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I roam.

21

C F C G7 C

O dear ones, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.