

Paul Robeson

"Old Folks At Home"

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1. 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

Chorus:

All the world is sad and dreary everywhere I roam
Oh Lordy, how my heart grows weary
Far from the old folks at home

2. 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

Chorus:

3. 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

Chorus:

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