

Way Down Upon The Swanee River

1. Way down upon the Swanee river, far, far away,
 There is where my heart is turning over, there is 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'ry where I roam,
 Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home.

2. All 'round the little farm I wander'd when I was young,
 Then many happy days I squander'd, 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 my live and die.
 All the world is sad and dreary...

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 have the banjo strumming, down in my good old home?
 All the world is sad and dreary...