

Old Folks at Home

State Song of Florida (revised 2008)

Words & Music:
Stephen Foster

Way down upon the Suwannee River
Far, far away
There's where my heart is turning ever
There's where the old folks stay

All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam
Still longing for my childhood station
And for the old folks at home

Chorus: All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam
O 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

Chorus

One little hut among the bushes
One that I love
Still sadly to my memory rushes
No matter where I rove

When will I see the bees a humming
All 'round the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo strumming
Down in my good old home?

Chorus