

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon de Swanee River
 Far, far away,
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ever,
 Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Everywhere I roam;
 Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All roun' de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young;
 Den many happy days I squander'd,
 Many de 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:***11 BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
 YOUNG CHARMS**

Believe me if all those endearing young charms
 Which I gaze on so fondly today,
 Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy gifts, fading away;
 Thou would'st still be adored as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
 And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear!
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
 As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when he rose!