

# Swanee River

C C7 F Co C a

Way down up - on the Swa - nee Ri - ver, far, far a -  
See up and down the old cre - a - tion, sad - ly I

G C C7 F Co C G7

way. There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, there's where the old folks'  
room still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion and for the old folks at

C G G7 C C7

stay. home. All the world is sad and drea - ry

F d G C C7

ev' - ry where I roam. Oh, dar - kies how my

F Co C G7 C

heart grows wea - ry far from the old folks at home.

2. All 'round the little farm I wandered when I was young.  
The many happy day I squandered, many the songs I sung.  
When i was playing with my brothers happy was I.  
Oh, take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die.
3. One little hut among the bushes, one that I love.  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes no matter where I rove.  
When will I see the bees a-humming all around the comb?  
When will I hear the banjo tumming down in my good old home.

**D** **D7**

1 und 2 und 3 und 4 und

**G** **h**

1 und 2 und 3 und 4 und