

OLD FOLKS AT HOME (Spiritual) STEPHEN C. FOSTER (1826-1884)

S. A. T. B.

Way down up-on the Swa-nee Ri-ver, far, far a-way,
 All up and down the whole cre-a-tion, sad-ly I roam,

Way down up-on the Swa-nee Ri-ver, far, far a-way,
 All up and down the whole cre-a-tion, sad-ly I roam,

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

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

*) Oh, dark-ies, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home. *Fine*

All the world is sad and drear-y, evr-y-where I roam;

All the world is sad and drear-y, evr-y-where I roam;

*) Při opakování D.S. se zpívá tento text

Dal Segno al Fine

2. All round the little farm. I wandered when I was young,
 When I was playing with my brother, happy was I!
 then many happy days I squandered, many the songs I sung!
 Oh, take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die!

SPIRITUÁLY - duchovní písně amerických černochů a jejich sborové úpravy patří k velmi oblíbeným skladbám zvláště mladé generace. Obě uvedené úpravy jsou jednoduché a přitom působivé.