

Swanee

Al Jolson

I've been away from you a long time.
I never thought I'd miss you so.
Somehow I feel
Your love is real.
Near you I want to be.
The birds are singing it is song time.
The banjo's strumming soft and low.
I know that you
Yearn for me too.
Swanee, you're calling me.

Swanee, how I love you, how I love you
My dear old Swanee.
I give the world to be
Among the folks in D-I-X-I-
Even though my mammy's
Waiting for me,
Praying for me
Down by the Swanee.
The folks up north will see me no more
When I get to that Swanee shore.

(whistling)
I miss the old folks at home.

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