

"Juanita"

"Swanee River"

Now down upon the Lawrence's place far far away
Since the day I met the Lawrence's.

Here where the old folks stay

Chorus

All do moved and sad and lonely

Since where I am

I have been so long and far

Far from the old folks' home

All up and down the river creek

Sadly I am

Still looking for the old folks' home

And for the old folks' home

All round the old folks' home

Where I was young

For many years I have been

Here in the old folks' home

Where I was young with my friends

And my friends

Oh how I wish to see my friends

And how I wish to see my friends

And how I wish to see my friends

And how I wish to see my friends

And how I wish to see my friends

And how I wish to see my friends

And how I wish to see my friends

And how I wish to see my friends

And how I wish to see my friends

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And how I wish to see my friends

March.

Softly in the southern sky
Far from the moon low hangs the southern cross
In the dark night
The stars appear as if
Never to appear ever good fare well

When in the dreaming moons like these shall shine
And daylight beams show the dreams are vain
Will not be so patient for the absent lover's sign
In the heart presenting the a prayer gone by