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“Old Folks at Home,” the last negro melody, is on everybody’s tongue, and consequently in everybody’s mouth. Pianos and guitars groan with it, night and day; sentimental young ladies sing it; sentimental young gentlemen warble it in midnight serenades; volatile young “bucks” hum it in the midst of their business and pleasures; boatmen roar it out stentorially at all times; all the bands play it; amateur flute blowers agonize over it at every spare moment; the street organs grind it out at every hour; the “singing stars” carol it on the theatrical boards, and at concerts; the chamber maid sweeps and dusts to the measured cadence of Old Folks at Home; the butcher’s boy treats you to a strain or two of it as he hands in the steaks for dinner; the milkman mixes it up strangely with the harsh ding-dong accompaniment of his tireless bell; there is not a “live darkey,” young or old, but can whistle, sing, dance, and play it... indeed at every hour, at every turn, we are forcibly impressed with the interesting fact, that—

*“Way down upon de Swanee ribber Far, far away,
Dere’s whar my heart is turnin ebber
Dere’s whar de old folks stay;”*