

De Camptown Races

by Stephen Collins Foster (1850)

D *D* *A* *A*
De Camptown ladies sing dis song, doo-dah! doo-dah!
D *D* *A* *D*
De Camp-town race-track five miles long, oh! doo-dah day!
D *D* *A* *A*
I come down dah wid my hat caved in, doo-dah! doo-dah!
D *D* *A* *D*
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin, oh! doo-dah day!

D *G* *G* *D*
Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day!
D *D* *A7* *D*
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag, somebody bet on de bay.

De long tail filly and de big black hoss, doo-dah! doo-dah!
dey fly de track and dey both cut across, oh! doo-dah-day!
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole, doo-dah! doo-dah!
can't touch bottom wid a ten foot pole, oh! doo-dah-day!

Old muley cow come on to de track, doo-dah! doo-dah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back, oh! doo-dah-day!
Den fly along like a rail-road car, doo-dah! doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star, oh! doo-dah-day!

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat, doo-dah doo-dah!
Round de race track, den repeat, oh! doo-dah-day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag, doo-dah! doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow-bag, oh! doo-dah-day!