

Camptown Races

Stephen C. Foster

C G⁷ C



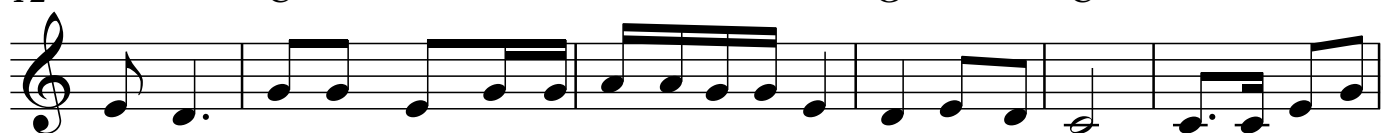
Camp-town la-dies sing this song, doo-dah, doo-dah, Camp-town race-track

6 G⁷ C G⁷



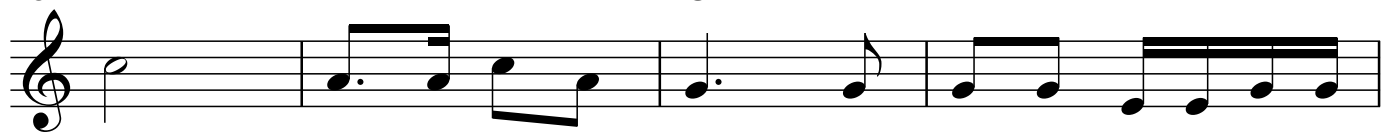
five miles long, oh, doo-dah day. Come down there with my hat caved in, doo-dah,

12 C G⁷ C



doo-dah; go back home with my pock-et full of tin, oh, doo-dah day. Goin' to run all

18 F C



night, goin' to run all day. I bet my mon-ey on the

22 G⁷ C



bob - tail nag; some - bod - y bet on the bay.