## **Camptown Races**

(Stephen Foster, 1850)

The camptown ladies sing this song

Doo da doo da

The Camptown racetrack five miles long A7 D

Oh de doo da day

Went there with my hat caved in A7

Doo da doo da

Came back with a pocket full of tin

Oh de doo da day

Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day D
Bet my money on the bob-tailed nag
A7 D
Somebody bet on the gray

The long tailed filly and the big black horse
A7
Doo da doo da
D
They fly the track, they both cut across
A7
D
Oh de doo da day
D
The black horse stuck in a big mud hole
A7
Doo da doo da
D
Can't touch the bottom with a ten foot pole
A7
D
Oh de doo da day

D G D
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day
D
Bet my money on the bob-tailed nag
A7 D
Somebody bet on the gray

Sport A7





Chorus

Old muley cow came on to the track

A7

Doo dah doo dah

D

The bob-tailed throwed her over his back

A7

D

Oh de doo dah day

D

They fly along like a railroad car

A7

Doo dah doo dah

D

Running a race with a shooting star

A7

D

Oh de doo dah day

Chorus

D G D
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day
D
Bet my money on the bob-tailed nag
A7 D
Somebody bet on the gray

See them flying on a ten mile heat
A7
Doo da doo da
D
Round the race track then repeat
A7
D h de doo da day
D
I win my money on the bob-tailed nag
A7
Doo da doo da
D
I keep my money in an old tow-bag
A7
D h de doo da day

D G D
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day
D
Bet my money on the bob-tailed nag
A7 D
Somebody bet on the gray

c Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave C C7 F C
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door
F C G G7 C C Sus4 C
Oh hard times, come again no more
F C G G7 C C Sus4 C
Oh hard times, come again no more Many days you have lingered around my cabin door F C G G7 C Csus4 C Oh hard times, come again no more C F C Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave Hard times, hard times come again no more c Hard times, hard times come again no more F C GSus4 Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore Oh hard times, come again no more c Tis the song, the sigh of the weary C Tis the song, the sigh of the weary 7 (x ×) gnibn∃ Chorus Chords Though her voice it would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day F C C Sus4 C Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say F C G G G7 C C Sus4 C Oh hard times, come again no more Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears C There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away F C G G7 C Csus4 C With a worn out heart, whose better days are o'er רומים בייייי בייייי אומים C7 F C Many days you have lingered around my cabin door ה G7 C Sus4 C There's a song that will linger forever in our ears F C G G7 C Csus4 C Oh hard times, come again no more There are frail forms fainting at the door Hard times, hard times come again no more F C G G7 C C Csus While we all sup sorrow with the poor Oh hard times, come again no more Oh hard times, come again no more C F C Tis the song, the sigh of the weary C F C D7  $\,$ 

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Chorus

3

7

 $\mathbf{F}^{(1)}$  $\mathsf{F}^{\ (1)}$ **C7** Way down upon the Swanee River All the world is sad and dreary F <sup>(1)</sup> C7 **C7** Far, far away Everywhere I roam That's where my heart is turning ever Oh, Lordy, how my heart grows weary That's where the old folks stay Far from the old folks at home ВЬ One little hut among the bushes All up and down the whole creation **C7** One that I love Sadly I roam Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes Still longing for the old plantation **C7** 2 No matter where I rove And for the old folks at home  $\mathbf{F}^{(1)}$ **C7** When shall I see the bees a humming All the world is sad and dreary F <sup>(1)</sup> C7 All 'round the comb Everywhere I roam ВЬ When shall I hear the banjo strumming Oh, Lordy, how my heart grows weary **C7** Down by my good old home Far from the old folks at home  $F^{(1)}$  $\mathbf{F}^{(2)}$ **C7**  $\mathbf{F}^{(1)}$ All the world is sad and dreary All 'round the little farm I wandered F <sup>(1)</sup> C7 Everywhere I roam When I was young  $\mathbf{F}^{(1)}$ Βþ Oh, Lordy, how my heart grows weary Then many happy days I squandered  $\mathbf{F}^{(1)}$ **C7** က Far from the old folks at home Many the songs I sung  $\mathbf{F}^{(1)}$ Way down upon the Swanee River When I was playing with my brother  $\mathbf{F}^{(2)}$ **C7** Far, far away Happy was I В That's where my heart is turning ever Oh, take me to my kind old mother **C7**  $\mathbf{F}^{(1)}$ **C7** That's where the old folks stay There let me live and die **C7** 

Stephen Foster Songs

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly Bring the broom along We'll sweep the kitchen clean my dear And have a little song Poke the wood my lady love And make the fire burn And while I take the banjo down Give the mush a turn

Nelly Bly shuts her eye When she goes to sleep When she wakes up again Her eyeballs 'gin to peep The way she walks she lifts her foot And then she brings it down And when it lights there's music In that part of the town







Hey Nelly, ho Nelly Listen love to me I'll sing for you, play for you A dulcet melody

Chorus ( imes 2)

Hey Nelly, ho Nelly Listen love to me I'll sing for you, play for you A dulcet melody

Nelly Bly has a voice Like a turtle dove I hear it in the meadow And I hear it in the grove Nelly Bly has a heart warm As a cup of tea And bigger than the sweet potatoe Down in Tennessee

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly Never never sigh Never bring a tear drop To the corner of your eye For the pie is made of pumpkins And the mush is made of corn And there's corn and pumpkins plenty Love a lying in the barn

Hey Nelly, ho Nelly Listen love to me I'll sing for you, play for you A dulcet melody

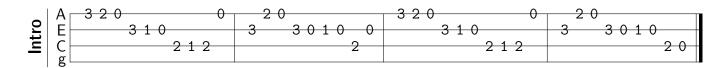
Chorus ( imes 2)

Hey Nelly, ho Nelly Listen love to me I'll sing for you, play for you A dulcet melody

I came from Alabama I had a dream the other night With a banjo on my knee When everything was still I'm going to Louisiana I thought I saw Susanna My true love for to see A coming down the hill It rained all night the day I left A buckwheat cake was in her mouth The weather it was dry A tear was in her eye Says I "I'm coming from the South The sun so hot I froze to death Susanna don't you cry Susanna don't you cry" Oh Susanna Oh Susanna Oh don't you cry for me Oh don't you cry for me For I come from Alabama For I come from Alabama With a banjo on my knee With a banjo on my knee I jumped aboard the telegraph I soon will be in New Orleans And traveled down the river And then I'll look all round The lectric fluid magnified And when I find Susanna And killed five hundred men I'll fall upon the ground But if I do not find her The bull goin' bust, the horse run off Then I will surely die I really thought I'd die And when I'm dead and buried I shut my eyes to hold my breath Susanna don't you cry Susanna don't you cry Oh Susanna Oh Susanna Oh don't you cry for me Oh don't you cry for me For I come from Alabama For I come from Alabama With a banjo on my knee With a banjo on my knee

## **Beautiful Dreamer**

(Stephen Foster, 1864)



C Dm
Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me
G7 C
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee
C Dm
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day
G7 C
Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd away
G7 C
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song
Am D7 G7
List while I woo thee with soft melody
C Dm
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng
G7 C E7 Am
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me
F C G7 C
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me













Instrumental break (or just hum and strum)

Chords

G7			
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