

Camptown Races

(Written by Stephen Foster. Published 1850.)

(C) The Camptown ladies sing this song,

(G7) Doo-da, Doo-da

The (C) Camptown racetrack's five miles long

(G7) Oh, de doo-da (C) day

(C) Goin' to run all (C7) night

(F) Goin' to run all (C) day

I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag

(G7) Somebody bet on the (C) gray

(C) Oh, the long tailed filly and the big black horse,

(G7) Doo-da, doo-da

(C) Come to a mud hole and they all cut across,

(G7) Oh, de doo-da (C) day

(chorus)

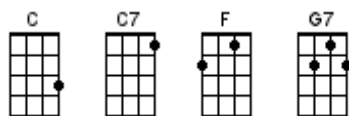
(C) I went down there with my hat caved in,

(G7) Doo-da, doo-da

I (C) came back home with a pocket full of tin

(G7) Oh, de doo-da (C) day

(chorus)



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(Written by Stephen Foster. Published 1850.)

(G) The Camptown ladies sing this song,

(D7) Doo-da, Doo-da

The **(G)** Camptown racetrack's five miles long

(D7) Oh, de doo-da **(G)** day

(G) Goin' to run all **(G7)** night

(C) Goin' to run all **(G)** day

I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag

(D7) Somebody bet on the **(G)** gray

(G) Oh, the long tailed filly and the big black horse,

(D7) Doo-da, doo-da

(G) Come to a mud hole and they all cut across,

(D7) Oh, de doo-da **(G)** day

(chorus)

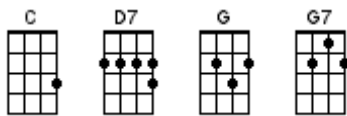
(G) I went down there with my hat caved in,

(D7) Doo-da, doo-da

I **(G)** came back home with a pocket full of tin

(D7) Oh, de doo-da **(G)** day

(chorus)



Camptown Races

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(D) The Camptown ladies sing this song,

(A7) Doo-da, Doo-da

The **(D)** Camptown racetrack's five miles long

(A7) Oh, de doo-da **(D)** day

(D) Goin' to run all **(D7)** night

(G) Goin' to run all **(D)** day

I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag

(A7) Somebody bet on the **(D)** gray

(D) Oh, the long tailed filly and the big black horse,

(A7) Doo-da, doo-da

(D) Come to a mud hole and they all cut across,

(A7) Oh, de doo-da **(D)** day

(chorus)

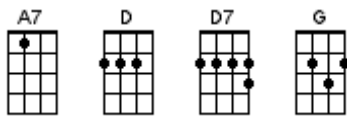
(D) I went down there with my hat caved in,

(A7) Doo-da, doo-da

I **(D)** came back home with a pocket full of tin

(A7) Oh, de doo-da **(D)** day

(chorus)



Camptown Races

(Written by Stephen Foster. Published 1850.)

(A) The Camptown ladies sing this song,

(E7) Doo-da, Doo-da

The (A) Camptown racetrack's five miles long

(E7) Oh, de doo-da (A) day

(A) Goin' to run all (A7) night

(D) Goin' to run all (A) day

I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag

(E7) Somebody bet on the (A) gray

(A) Oh, the long tailed filly and the big black horse,

(E7) Doo-da, doo-da

(A) Come to a mud hole and they all cut across,

(E7) Oh, de doo-da (A) day

(chorus)

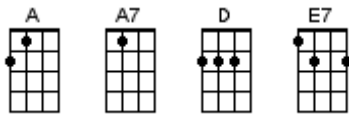
(A) I went down there with my hat caved in,

(E7) Doo-da, doo-da

I (A) came back home with a pocket full of tin

(E7) Oh, de doo-da (A) day

(chorus)



Camptown Races

(Written by Stephen Foster. Published 1850.)

(F) The Camptown ladies sing this song,
(C7) Doo-da, Doo-da
The **(F)** Camptown racetrack's five miles long
(C7) Oh, de doo-da **(F)** day

(F) Goin' to run all **(F7)** night
(Bb) Goin' to run all **(F)** day
I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag
(C7) Somebody bet on the **(F)** gray

(F) Oh, the long tailed filly and the big black horse,
(C7) Doo-da, doo-da
(F) Come to a mud hole and they all cut across,
(C7) Oh, de doo-da **(F)** day

(chorus)

(F) I went down there with my hat caved in,
(C7) Doo-da, doo-da
I **(F)** came back home with a pocket full of tin
(C7) Oh, de doo-da **(F)** day

(chorus)

