

Camptown Races

Steven Foster (1850)

G D7
The Camptown ladies sing this song, doo-da, doo-da.

G C D7 G
The Camptown racetrack's five miles long, Oh, de doo-da day.

D7
The long-tail filly and the big black horse, Doo-dah, doo-dah.

G C D7 G
They fly the track and they both cut across, Oh, de doo-dah day.

C G
Goin' to run all night, goin' to run all day.

C D7 G
I bet my money on the bob-tailed nag. Somebody bet on the bay

D7
I come down with my hat caved in, doo-dah, doo-dah.

G C D7 G
I go back home with a pocket full of tin. Oh, de doo-dah day.

D7
The blind horse stickin' in a big mud hole, doo-dah, doo-dah.

G C D7 G
Can't touch the bottom with a ten foot pole, oh, de doo-dah day. (Chorus)

D7
Old brown cow came on to the track, doo-dah, doo-dah.

G C D7 G
The bob-tail fling her over his back, oh, de doo-dah day.

D7
Then fly along like a rail-road car, doo-dah, doo-dah.

G C D7 G
Runnin' a race with a shootin' star, oh, de doo-dah day. (Chorus)

D7
See them flyin' on a ten mile heat, doo-dah, doo-dah.

G C D7 G
Round the racetrack, then repeat, oh, doo-dah day.

D7
I win my money on the bob-tail nag, doo-dah, oh doo-dah.

G C D7 G
I keep my money in an old tow-bag, oh, de doo-dah day. (Chorus x2)