

# Camptown Races

Words & Music:  
Stephen Foster

G C D7  
Camptown ladies sing this song, "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"  
G C D7 G  
Camptown racetrack five miles long. "Oh, doo-dah-day!"  
I come down there with my hat caved in. "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"  
I go back home with a pocketful of tin. "Oh, doo-dah-day!"

CHORUS:

G C G  
Goin' to run all night! Goin' to run all day!  
G  
I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,  
C D G  
Somebody bet on the bay!

The long-tailed filly and the big, black hoss. "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"  
They fly the track and they both cut across. "Oh, doo-dah-day!"  
The blind horse stuck in a big mud hole. "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"  
I can't touch bottom with a ten-foot pole. "Oh, doo-dah-day!"

CHORUS:

Old muley cow come onto the track. "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"  
The bobtail fling her out over his back. "Oh, doo-dah-day!"  
They fly along like a railroad car, "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"  
Runnin' a race with a shooting star. "Oh, doo-dah-day!"

CHORUS:

See them flying on a ten-mile heat. "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"  
'Round the racetrack, then repeat. "Oh, doo-dah-day!"  
I win my money on the bobtailed nag. "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"  
I keep my money in an old towbag. "Oh, doo-dah-day!"

CHORUS: