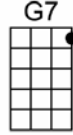
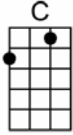
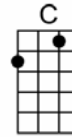
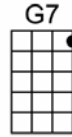
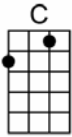


CAMPTOWN RACES(BAR) w.m. Stephen Collins Foster

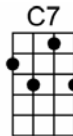
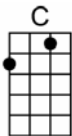


O the Camptown ladies sing this song, dooda dooda

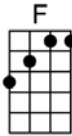


The Camptown race track's five miles long, oh dooda day

CHORUS :

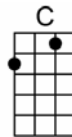
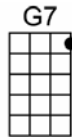


Goin' to run all night,



Goin' to run all day

I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag,



Somebody bet on the bay.

I went down South with my hat caved in, dooda dooda

I come back North with a pocket full of tin, oh dooda day

CHORUS