Camptown Folsom Prison Blues Mix-Up
Folsom Prison Blues, lyrics variation by Mark Forsman (April 2016)
Mix-Up Medley arranged/performed by Dogwood Dulcimer Association

[A1-CH-B1-A2-CH-B2-CH]

Key: D

A1. The Camp-town ladies sing this song, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! De
   Oh see the horses 'round the bend, Doo dah! Doo-dah! I
A2. I went down south wid my hat caved in, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! I
   The blind horse sticking in a big mud hole, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Couldn't

D

A

D

G

D

Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day! I'll

D

D

A

D

bet my mo-ney on a bob-tailed nag; Some-bo-dy bet on the bay.

D
B1. I hear those horses comin', They're rollin' round the bend but
B2. When I was just a young boy, My mom-ma told me "Son, __

I ain't seen that horse of mine since I don't know when, Them horses keep a
always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns." But I shot my horse at

runnin', But where's my bob-tailed nag? There's a
Camp-town Just____ to watch him die.____ If he'd

horse on the horizon, Go-in' the other way! >> [A2]
run a little faster, He might still be alive! >> [CHORUS]