

George Formby

"American Medley"

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The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home
tis summer, the darkies are gay.
The corn tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day

The Camptown ladies sing this song, Oh a do da, oh a
do da
The Camptown racetrack five miles long, Oh a do da,
oh a do da
Going to run all night, going to run all day,
I bet my money on a bobtail nag, somebody bet on the
bay.

Shell be coming round the mountain when she comes,
Shell be coming round the mountain when she comes
Shell be coming round the mountain, coming round the
mountain
Coming round the mountain when she comes.

Way down upon the Swanee river, far far away
Theres where my heart is turning ever,
Theres where the old folk stay

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee
Im going to Louisiana, my true love for to see
Oh, Susanna, dont you cry for me,
Im going to Louisiana, my true love for to see

Over there, over there, send a word, send a word to
beware
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming
The drums rum tumming everywhere
Over there, say a prayer, send the word, send the word
to beware
Well be over, were coming over,
and we wont be back till its over, over there.

Anchors Aweigh my boys, anchors aweigh, farewell to
college boys
We sail at break of day, day, day, day,
Through out last night on shore,

Drink to the foam, until we meet again
Heres wishing you a happy voyage home.

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