

Angelina Baker

Stephen Foster, 1850

Oh, Way down on the old plan-ta-tion that's where I was born; I
then I work and then I sing so hap-py all the day, Till
used to beat the whole cre-a-tion hoe-ing in the corn.
An-ge-li-na Ba-ker came and stole my heart a-way.
An-ge-li-na Ba-ker! An-ge-li-na Ba-ker's gone; She
left me here to weep a tear, and beat on the old jaw-bone.

2.

I've seen my Angelina in the springtime and the fall,
I've seen her in the cornfield, and I've seen her at the ball;
And every time I meet her she was smiling like the sun,
But now I'm left to weep a tear cause Angelina's gone.

3.

Early in the morning of a lovely summer day,
I ax for Angelina and they say she's gone away.
I don't know where to find her cause I don't know where she's gone,
She left me here to weep a tear and beat on the old jawbone.