

Dolly Day

Stephen Collins Foster (1826 - 1864)

Not too fast
mf

1. I've told you' bout de ban-jo, de fid-dle and de bow, Like wise a-bout de cot-ton field, de
2. I like to see the clo-ver, dat grows a-bout de lane, I like to see de 'bac-co plant, I

shub-ble and de hoe; I've sung a-bout de bul-gine, dat blew de folks a-way, And
like de su-gar cane; But on the old plan-ta-tion, der's noth-ing half so gay, Der's

now I'll sing a lit-tle song, a-bout my Dol-ly Day. Oh, Dol-ly Day, look so gay, I
noth-ing dat I love so much, as my sweet Dol-ly Day.

run all round and round, To hear her fai-ry foot steps play, As she comes o'er the ground.