

Angelina Baker

Stephen Collins Foster (1826 - 1864)

Allegretto

mf

1. Way down on de old plan-ta-tion, dah's where I was born; I
2. I've seen my An-ge li-na in de spring-time and de fall, I've

used to beat de whole cre-a-tion hoe-in' in the corn; Oh! den I work, and
seen her in de corn filed, and I've seen her at de ball; And eb-'ry time I

den I sing so hap-py all de day, Till An-ge-li-na Ba-ker came and
met her she was smil-ing like de sun, But now I'm left to weep a tear cayse

CHORUS
stole my heart a way. gone. 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 de old jaw-bone.