

ANGELINE THE BAKER

Resonator Guitar

Words & Music by Stephen Foster, 1850
Transcribed for Dobro by Alan Anderson

1. Way down on the old plan- ta- tion, There's where I was born, I used to beat the
Then I work and then I sing, So hap- py all the day. An- ge- lin- a

Chorus

7 whole cre- a- tion and hoe- ing in the corn. An- gen- lin- a Bak- er,
Bak- er come and stole my heart a- way.

12 Ang- ge- lin- a Bak- er's gone. She left me here to weep a tear and beat on the old jaw- bone.
13 14 15 16 17

2.I've seen my An-ge-lin-a in the Spring-time and the Fall,
I've seen her in the cornfeild and I've seen her at the ball,
And every time I met her she was smil-ing like the sun,
But now I'm left to weep a tear cause An-ge-lina's gone.

3.Angelina is so tall, she never sees the groun.
She has to take a wellumscope to look down on the town.
Angelina likes the boys, as far as she can see 'em
She used to run old master 'round to ask him for to free 'em.

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

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