

YANKEE DOODLE.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding:
There we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty-pudding.

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep a house a winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a duced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder:
It makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder,
Yankee doodle, &c.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As' Siah's under-pinning;
And father went as nigh again.
I thought the dence was in him.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It scared me so I streak'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.
Yankee doodle, &c.

But Captain Davis has a gun,
He kind of clap'd his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked staving iron.
Upon the little end on't.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee doodle, &c.

And there I see a pumpkin shell,
As big as mother's bason.
And every time they thouch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.
Yankee doodle, &c.

I see a little barrel too.
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon it with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And there was captain Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The flaming ribbons in their hats,
They look'd so tearing fine, ah;
I wanted plaguily to get,
To give to my Jemima
Yankee doodle, &c.

I see another snarl of men,
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.
Yankee doodle, &c.

It scar'd me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stopp'd, as I remember;
Nor turn'd about till I got home.
Lock'd up in mother's chamber:
Yankee doodle, &c.