

Title:	Yankee Doodle. H. De Marsan, Publisher, 38 & 60 Chatham Street, N. Y
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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 deuce 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 stabbing iron,
Upon the little end on't.

Yankee doodle, &c.

And there I see a pumpkin shell,
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touch'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 gentlefolks 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.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher.
Songs, ballads, toy books, &c.
38 & 60 Chatham Street, N. Y.