



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 staving iron.
 Upon the little end on't.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

And there I see a pumkin 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 plaguilly 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.