

“Yankee Doodle”

. . .

CHORUS.

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

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

CHORUS

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And there was captain Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he’s grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without them.

CHORUS

And captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on’t,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on’t.

CHORUS