

The national air of yankee doodle [lyrics]

Verse

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding,
And 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.

Verse

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

Verse

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.

Verse

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the duce was in him.

Verse

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I streaked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

Verse

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

Verse

And there I see a pumpkin shell,
As big as mother's basin,
And every time they touched it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.

Verse

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon it with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

Verse

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him:
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.