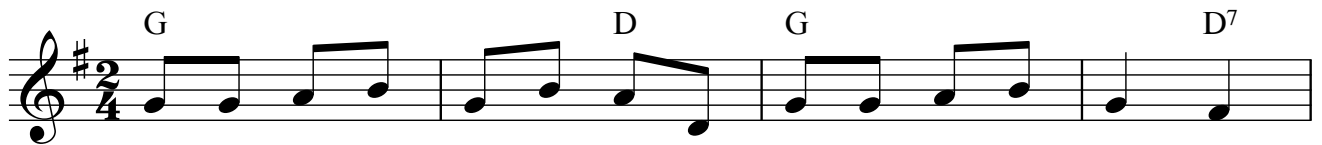


Yankee Doodle

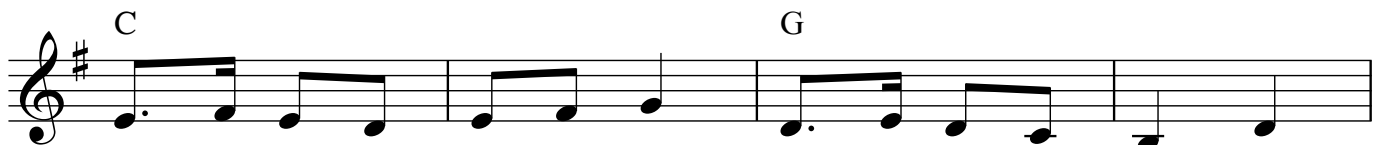


Yank - ee doo - dle went to town to ride up - on a pon - y.



Stuck a feath - er in his cap and called it mac - a - ro - ni.

Chorus:



Yank - ee doo - dle keep it up. Yank - ee doo - dle dan - dy.



Mind the mus - ic and the steps and with the girls be hand - y.

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

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion
Giving orders to his men
I guess there was a million.

And then we saw a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple
Upon a deuced little cart
A load for father's cattle.

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.

We saw a little barrel, too
The heads were made of leather
They knocked upon it with some sticks
To call the folks together.

And there they'd fife away like fun
And play on cornstalk fiddles
And some had ribbons red as blood
All bound around their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces
It scared me almost to death
To see them run such races.

But I can't tell half I saw
They kept up such a smother
I took my hat off, made a bow
And scampered home to mother.