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YANKEE DOODLE

An old song

1775

Illustrated by

HOWARD PYLE.

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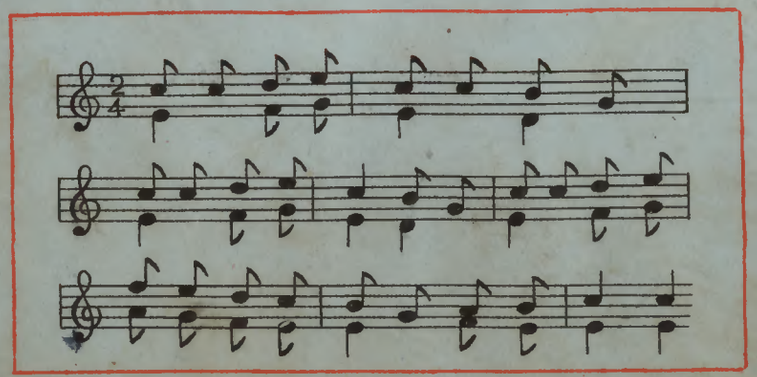

YANKEE DOODLE

an

Old Friend in a New Dress.

Pictured by
Howard Pyle

NEW YORK
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PZ 8
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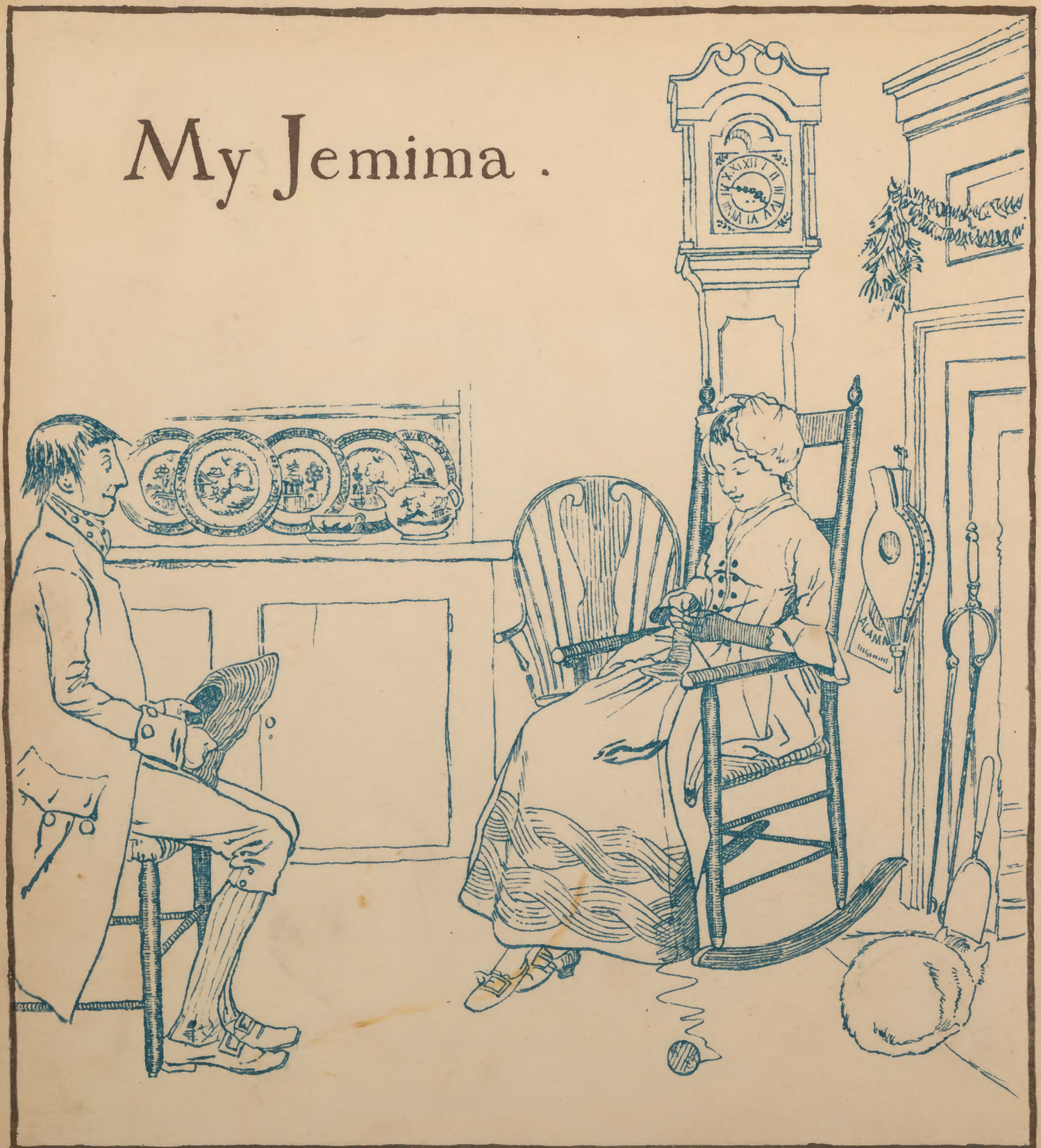
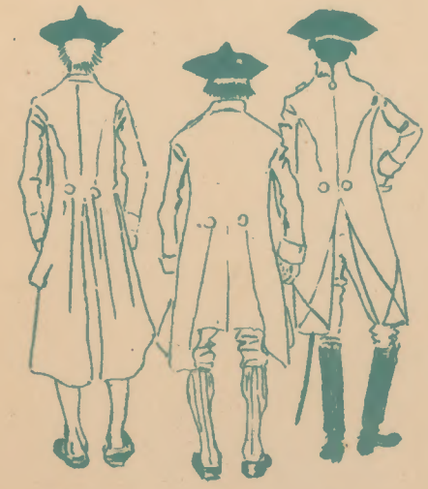
Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
Where we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty-puddin.

There was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers in his hat,
They look'd so tarnal fina,
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to ———

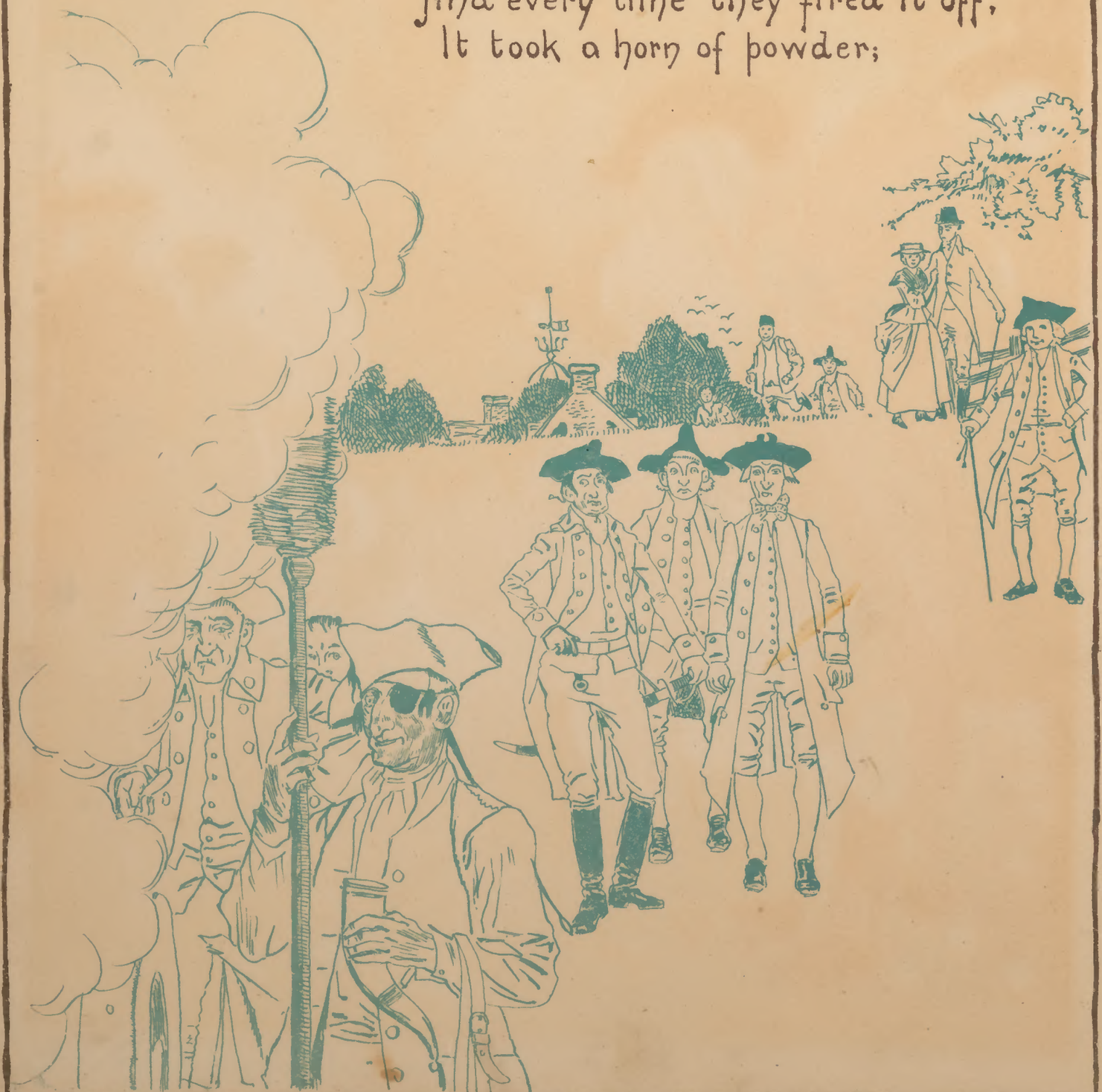
My Jemima .





And then they had a swampin gun,
As big as log of maple,
On a deuced little cart—
A load for fathers cattle.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;



It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as near to it myself
As Jacob's underpinnin.
And father went as near again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;

It scared me so I shrinked off,
And hung by father's pocket.

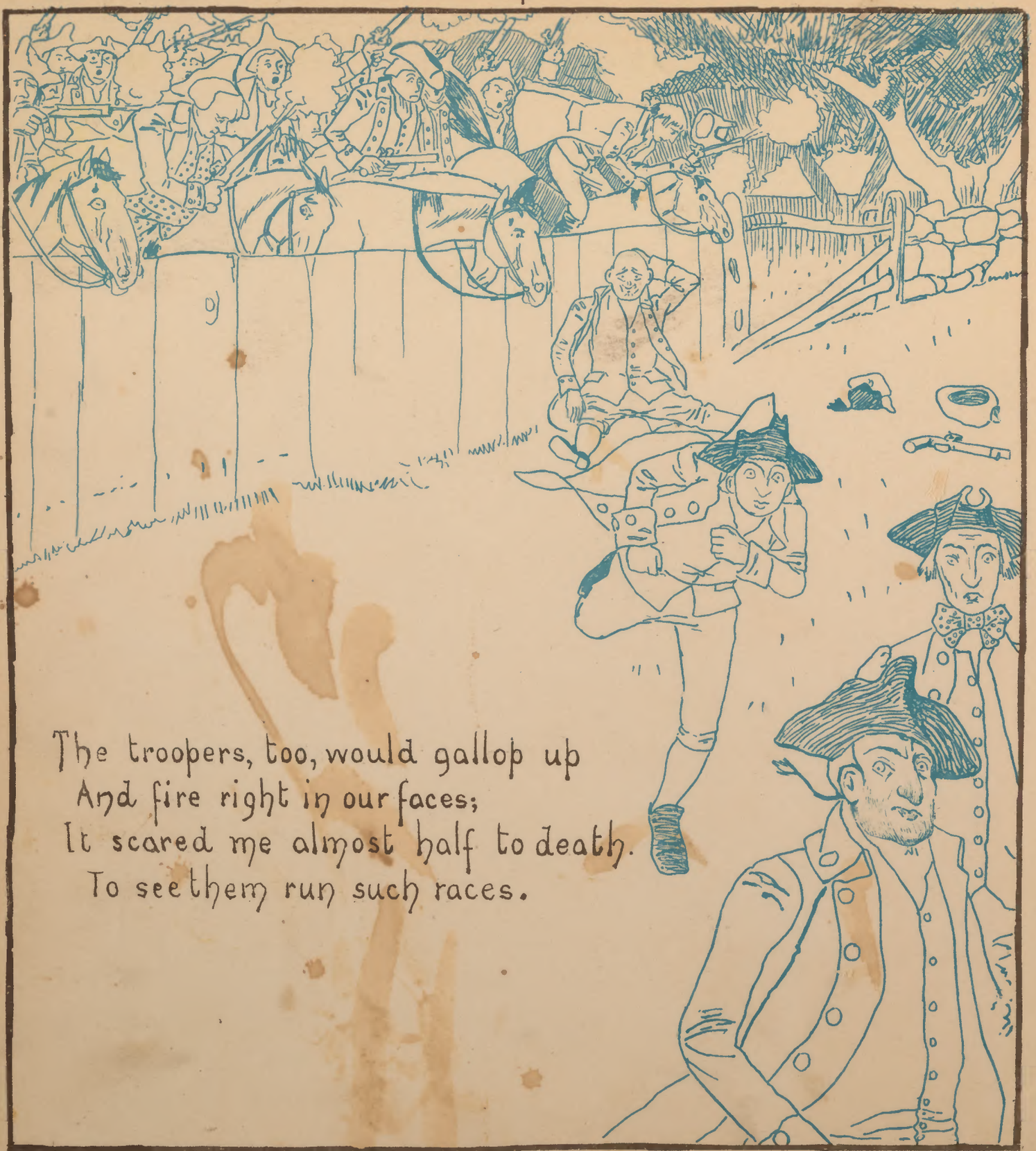
And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;

And every time they touched it off
They scamper'd like the nation.

And there I see a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather:
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

And then they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,

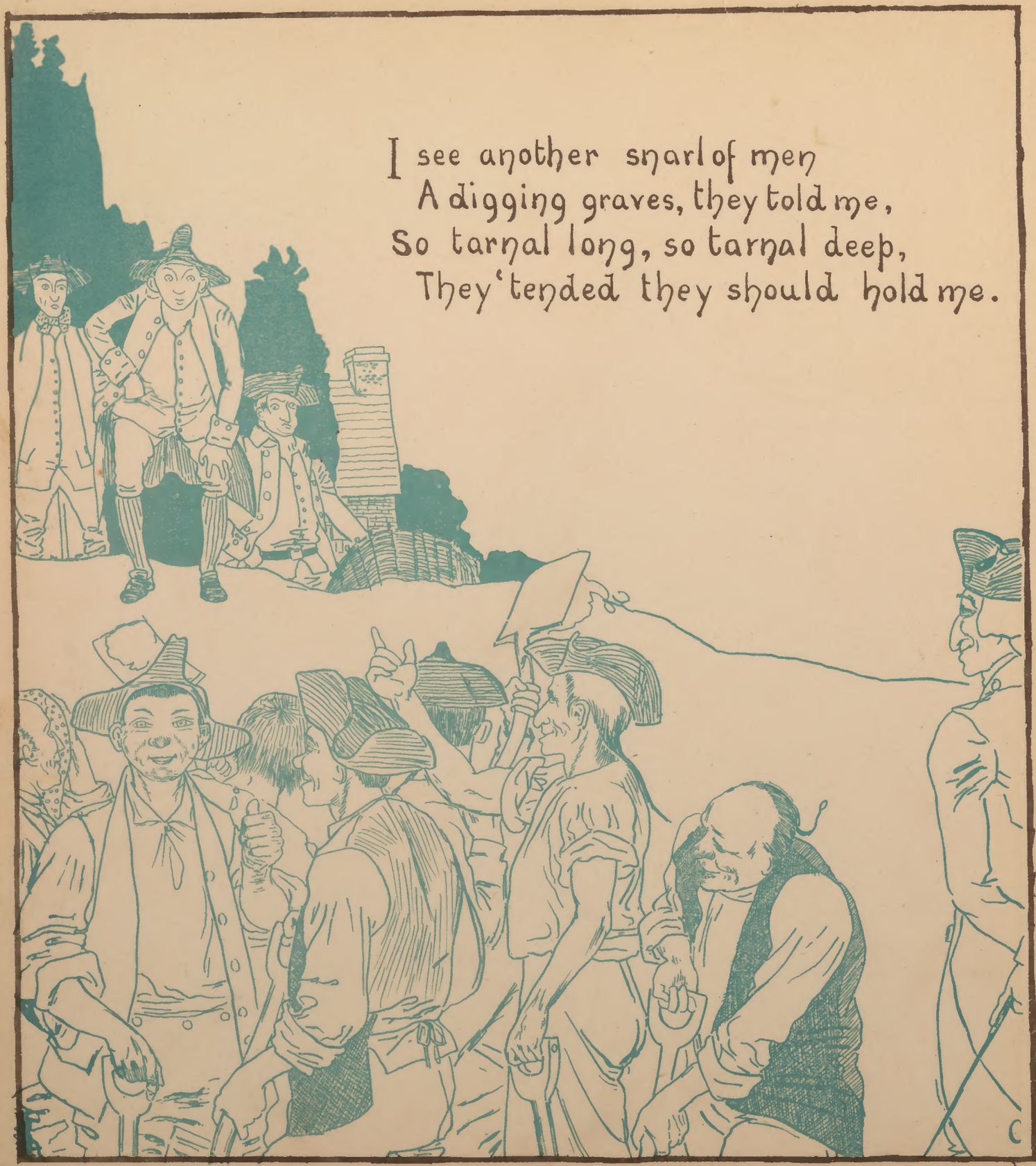
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All wound about their middles.



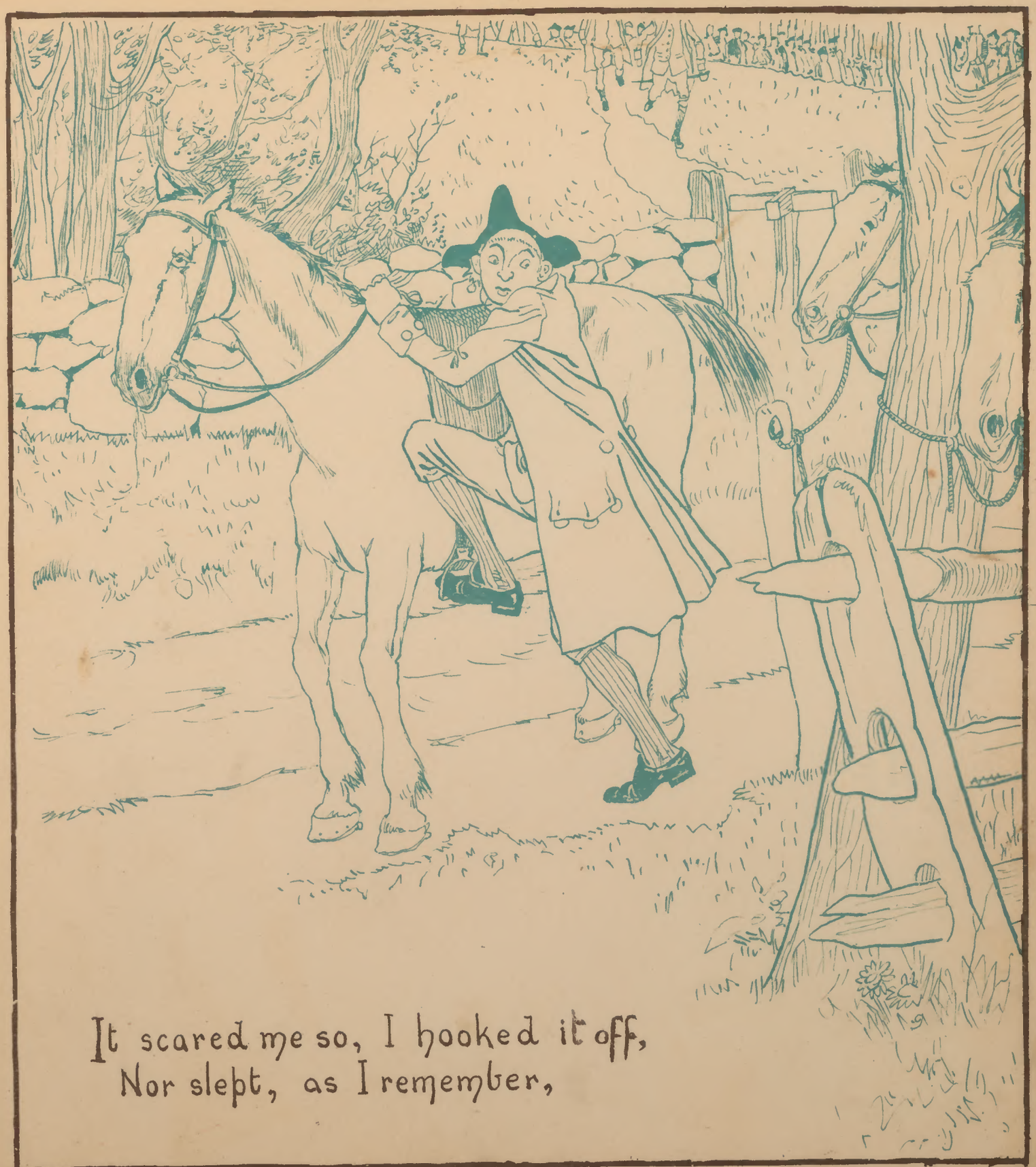
The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death.
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam come then to change
Some pancakes and some onions,

For 'lasses cake, to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.



I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.



It scared me so, I hooked it off,
Nor slept, as I remember,

Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.
The End

PZ8
.3
.P988
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