Yankee Doodle
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arr: Gilbert DeBenedetti

Yan-kee Doo-dle went to town a-riding on a po-ny,

Stuck a fea-ther in his hat and called it Mac-a-ro-ni.

CHORUS: Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,

Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.

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Yankee Doodle

1. Yankee Doodle went to town
   A-riding on a pony,
   Stuck a feather in his cap
   And called it macaroni.

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

2. Fath'r and I went down to camp,
   Along with Captain Gooding,
   And there we saw the men and boys
   As thick as hasty puddin'.

   CHORUS

3. And there we saw a thousand men
   As rich as Squire David,
   And what they wasted every day,
   I wish it could be saved.

   CHORUS

4. The 'lasses they eat it every day,
   Would keep a house a winter;
   They have so much, that I'll be bound,
   They eat it when they've mind ter.

   CHORUS

5. And there I see a swamp gun
   Large as a log of maple,
   Upon a deuced little cart,
   A load for father's cattle.

   CHORUS

6. And every time they shoot it off,
   It takes a horn of powder,
   And makes a noise like father's gun,
   Only a nation louder.

   CHORUS

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

   CHORUS

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

   CHORUS

9. And Cap'n 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

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

   CHORUS

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

   CHORUS

12. And there was Cap'n Washington,
    And gentle folks about him;
    They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
    He will not ride without em'.

   CHORUS

13. He got him on his meeting clothes,
    Upon a slapping stallion;
    He sat the world along in rows,
    In hundreds and in millions.

   CHORUS

14. The flaming ribbons in his hat,
    They looked so tearing fine, ah,
    I wanted dreadfully to get
    To give to my Jemima.

   CHORUS

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

   CHORUS

16. It scared me so, I hooked it off,
    Nor stopped, as I remember,
    Nor turned about till I got home,
    Locked up in mother's chamber.

   CHORUS

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