



# Dizkis Nursery Songs



## Yankee Doodle

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

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

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

And then the feathers on his hat  
They looked so' tarnal fin-a  
I wanted pockily to get  
To give to my Jemima.

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.

I went as nigh to one myself  
As' Siah's underpinning  
And father went as nigh agin  
I thought the deuce was in him.

We saw a little barrel, too  
The heads were made of leather  
They knocked upon it with little clubs  
And called 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.

Uncle Sam came there to change  
Some pancakes and some onions  
For' lasses cake to carry home  
To give his wife and young ones.

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

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.

And there I saw a pumpkin shell  
As big as mother's basin.