"The Yankee Doodle Boy."

Tempo di Marcia.

I'm the kid that's all the candy,
Father's name was Hezkiiah,

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, I'm glad I am,
Mother's name was Ann Maria, Yanks through and through.

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(So's Uncle Sam.) I'm a real live Yankee Doodle,

(Red, White and Blue.) Father was so Yankee-hearted,

Made my name and fame and boodle, just like Mister Doodie did, by

When the Spanish war was started, He slipped on his uniform and

I'm a real live Yankee Doodle,

(Red, White and Blue.) Father was so Yankee-hearted,

Made my name and fame and boodle, just like Mister Doodie did, by

When the Spanish war was started, He slipped on his uniform and

riding on a pony. I love to listen to the

hopped up on a pony. My mother's mother was a

Dixey strain, "I long to see the girl I left behind me." And

Yankee true, My father's father was a Yankee too; And

Yankee Doodle Boy, 3
that ain't a josh. She's a Yankee, by gosh. Oh, that's going some, For the Yankees, by gum. Oh, say can you see Any-
thing about a Yankee that's a phon-ey?)

Yankee Doodle Boy.
CHORUS.

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, A

Yankee Doodle, do or die; A

real live nephew of my Uncle Sam's,

Born on the Fourth of July.

Yankee Doodle Boy, 5
She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
Yankee Doodle Boy.

came to London, just to ride the ponies; I am the

Yankee Doodle Boy.