





He's always out on training day,
Commencement or election;
At truck and trade he knows the way,
Of thriving to perfection.

Yankee doodle &c.

His door is always open found,

His cider of the best, sir,

His board with pumpkin pye is crown'd,

And welcome every guest, sir.

Yankee doodle &c.

Though rough and little is his farm,

That little is his own, sir,

His hand is strong, his heart is warm,

Tis truth and honor's throne, sir,

Yankee doodle &c.

His country is his pride and boast,

He'll ever prove true blue, sir,

When call'd upon to give his toast,

'Tis Yankee doodle, doo, sir.

Yankee doodle &c.

