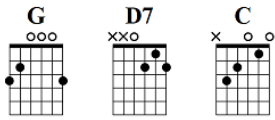


Yankee Doodle

Amerikanisches Volkslied, Kinderlied,

Text: wurde im Laufe der Zeit mehrfach verändert, Melodie: traditionell



G G D7 G G D7

1 2 3 4

Yan- kee Doo- dle went to town, a- rid- ing on a po- ny, he

G C D7 G

5 6 7 8

stuck a fea- ther in his cap and called it mac- a- ro- ni.

C C G G

9 10 11 12

Yan- kee doo- dle, keep it up Yan- kee doo- dle dan- dy.

C C G D7 G

13 14 15 16

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

Refrain:

Yankee doodle, keep it up

Yankee doodle dandy

Mind the music and the step

And with the girls be handy.

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

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

www.liederkiste.com

PDF frei zum Gebrauch für private oder gemeinnützige Zwecke (z.B. Chöre, Kindergärten, Schulen etc), nicht jedoch zur anderweitigen Veröffentlichung.

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

Then we saw a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple
Upon a deuced little cart
A load for father's cattle.

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.

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 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.

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

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

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.

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

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,

I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my Jemima.

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 stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

(alternativ:
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.)