

Yankee Doodle

The version most people sing today, "Yankee Doodle went to town riding on a pony; Stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni," was sung by the British to taunt the patriots. In eighteenth-century England, a "macaroni" was a gentleman who overly fancy clothes in what he thought was the "Italian style," to try to make himself look more important than he really was. From the British point of view, the patriots were getting "all dressed up" and putting on airs.

The familiar melody was taken up by the Americans and sung right back at the British with new words. The entire song is a light-hearted description of a boy's impressions of the soldiers, captains, and arms. Supposedly, "Yankee Doodle" was played and sung at British General Charles Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown.

Guitar

G D7 G D7 G D7 G D7

Patriot Verse 1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - ing, And
 British Verse Yan - kee Doo - dle went to town A - rid - ing on a po - ny

5

G D7 C A7 D7 G C

there we saw the men and boys As thick as ha - sty pud - ding Yan - kee Doo - dle
 Stuck a fea - ther in his cap and called it mac - a - ron - i.

10

G C A7

Chorus

keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy; Mind the mu - sic and the step, And

15

G D7 G

with the girls be han - - - dy

2. There we see a thousand men
 As rich as Squire David
 And what they wasted every day
 I wish it could be saved.

3. The 'lasses they eat every day
 Would keep a house a winter
 They have as much that I'll be bound
 They eat it when they're a mind to.

4. And there we see a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple,
 Upon a deuced little cart,
 A load for father's cattle.

5. 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.

6. And Captain Davis had a gun,
 He kind of clapped his hand on't
 And stuck a crooked stapping iron
 Upon the little end on't

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

8. And there was Captain Washington,
 And gentle folks about him;
 They say he's grown so tarnal proud
 He will not ride without them.

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

10. The flaming ribbons in his hat,
 They looked so taring fine, ah,
 I wanted pockily to get
 To give to my Jerimah.