

THE
TWO PICKETS



WORDS &
MUSIC BY

OSSIAN E. DODGE.

AND SANG BY HIM
AND

WM. HAYWARD.

*With immense success at their MONSTER CONCERT at Tremont
Temple, First Evening, Boston April 24 1863.*

H. F. Greene Eng.



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THE TWO PICKETS.

OSSIAN DODGE.

Very lively.

5. Y. Well neow my hon-est South'rn friend, since yeou have been con-ver-ted, Let's

Secesh. Hal-lo! you Yankee ren-e-gade, you mudsill of a cricket! Take

2. Y. Say heow's your marm, yeou South'rn sprig, and heow's your chro-nom-eter! Per-

3. S. Our country's suffered so from war 'tis past the re-u-ni-ting, And

4. S. Well af-ter all you must con-fess-al-tho' we're short of ra-tion, We

try eour hands on Noth-ern sneaks that treuth have long per-ver-ted! S. Don't.

off your hat, and make a bow to a con-fed'-rate picket. Yankee. So

haps yeou don't like Yankee guns, nor eour i-ron Monitor. S. Well

well ye know, ye menial hound, for Lib-er-ty we're fighting! Y. Well

have our ser-vants at our call, which gives us pride and station! Y. Well

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ask me, sir, to act with men whose love for truth has sour-ed,

yeou're one of the Sothern blood that's talking 'bout se-ces-sion, Yeou
 tho' for you I must con-fess, I have a hear-ty loathing. I
 neow, I don't know no such thing, jest cut down them ere figures, Yeou're
 yes yeou all for vit-tles wait, and so yeou've lots of waiters, But

hate the sneak who cries for peace be-cause he is a cow-ard! Y. Like a

look just like the fag end of a fu-ne-ral pro-ces-sion. S. O you
 wish we had more of your guns, and more of Yankee clothing. Y. Won't you
 figh-tin' that yeou're ris-to-crats may mul-ti-ply their nig-gers! S. Well its
 why should yeou be proud o' that, for where's your bread and ta-ters! S. O my

joke of Un-cle Abe's S. We will treat 'em all as babes, Y. And we'll

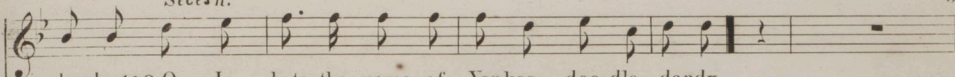
weazen hatch-et face, How I hate the Yankee race! Y. Yes you'd
 please to state to me, Heow's your su-gar in your tea! Y. Dont yeou
 worth my weight in gold, To be standing here in cold, Y. While yeou're
 gnaw-ing ap-pe-tite, Proves to me that you are right Y. Then

give to each a lit - tle stick of can - dy! S. Their di - sease is grow - ing
 bu - ry me to day if it was han - dy! S. It will surely be your
 find it rath - er trou - ble - some and san - dy! S. It is vain for you to
 of - fi - cers are drinking up the bran - dy. S. Ah! I'm yearning now for
 fly to A - bram's bo - som neow so han - dy, S. Well I'll raise the na - tion's

worse, Then we'll put 'em out to nurse, And we'll make 'em sing old
 doom, 'Less you now ske - dad - dle home, For I hate the name of
 brag, For I'll nev - er raise your flag, For I hate the name of
 bread 'Tis so long since I was fed, Y. Well then come and eat with
 flag And I'll drop the reb - el rag, And I'll shout a - loud for

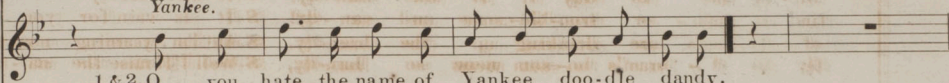
Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy! Y. Yes we'll make them sing old Yan - kee doo - dle
 Yankee doo - dle dan - dy! Y. Yes you hate the name of Yankee doo - dle
 Yankee doo - dle &c.
 Yankee doo - dle dan - dy, S. Yes you've food enough in Yankee doo - dle
 Yankee doo - dle dan - dy! Y. Yes - come shout a - loud for Yankee doo - dle

Sicesh.



dandy. 1&2.0 I hate the name of Yankee doo-dle dandy.
dandy. 3.0 you've food e-nough in Yankee doo-dle dandy.
dandy. 4.0 we'll shout a-loud for Yankee doo-dle dandy.
dandy. 5.0 we'll make 'em sing old Yankee doo-dle dandy.

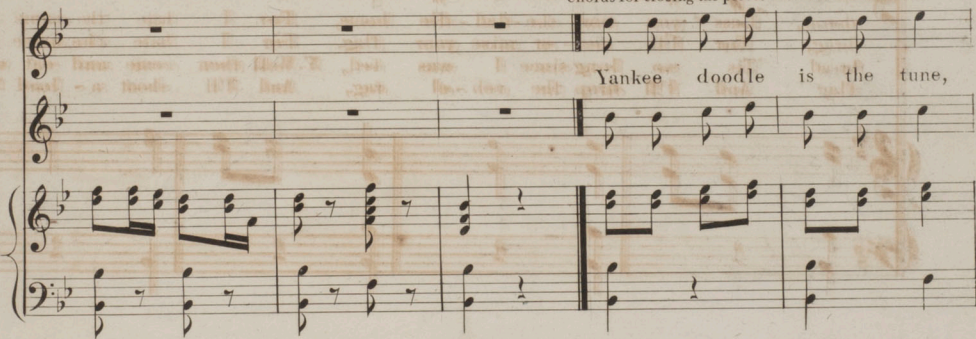
Yankee.



1.&2.0 you hate the name of Yankee doo-dle dandy.
3.0 we've food e-nough in Yankee doo-dle dandy.
4.0 we'll shout a-loud for Yankee doo-dle dandy.
5.0 we'll make 'em sing old Yankee doo-dle dandy.



Chorus for closing the piece. After the last verse.



Yankee doodle is the tune,

Tis so slick and handy. Yankee doodle doodle doo Yankee doodle dandy!

