

WEET IN PETTICOATS

A Song for the times.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in 1865, by W. A. Pond & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of N.Y.

WORDS BY

GEORGE COOPER.

MUSIC BY

HENRY TUCKER.

Author of "Memory Bells," "It's all up in Dixie," &c. &c.

Lith of H. S. No. 37 Park Row, N.Y.

NEW YORK,
Published by **W^m A POND & C^o** 541 Broadway.

Boston,
O. Ditson & C^o

Rochester,
Joseph P. Shaw.

Chicago,
Root & Cady

Buffalo,
J. R. Blodgett.

Milwaukee,
H. A. Hempsted.

JEFF IN PETTICOATS.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Jeff Da - vis was a he - ro bold, you've heard of him, I
2. This Da - vis, he was al - ways full of blus - ter and of

know, He tried to make him - self a King where south - ern bree - zes
brag, He swore, on all our North - ern walls he'd plant his re - bel

6131

Entered according to act of Congress A. D. 1865, by WM. A. FOND. in the Clerk's office of the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Tempo.

blow ; But "Un - cle Sam," he laid the youth a - cross his might - y knee, And
rag ; But when to bat - tle he did go, he said, "I'm not so green, To

spanked him well, and that's the end of brave old Jef - fy D.
dodge the bul - lets, I will wear my tin - clad crin - o - line."

CHORUS.

AIR.

Oh ! Jef - fy D ! you "flow'r of chi - val - ree," Oh roy - al Jef - fy D ! your

ALTO.

TENOR.

Oh ! Jef - fy D ! you "flow'r of chi - val - ree," Oh roy - al Jef - fy D ! your

BASE.

Em - pire's but a tin - clad skirt, oh, charming Jef - fy D .

Em - pire's but a tin - clad skirt, oh, charming Jef - fy D .

3.

Now when he saw the game was up, he started for the woods,
His hand-box hung upon his arm quite full of fancy goods :
Said Jeff, "They'll never take me now, I'm sure I'll not be seen,"
"They'd never think to look for me beneath my Crinoline."

Chorus. Jeffy D! &c.

4.

Jeff took with him, the people say, a mine of golden coin,
Which he from banks and other places, managed to purloin :
But while he ran, like every thief, he had to drop the spoons,
And may-be that's the reason why he dropped his pantaloons !

Chorus. Jeffy D! &c.

5.

Our Union boys were on his track for many nights and days,
His palpitating heart it beat, enough to burst his stays,
O! what a dash he must have cut with form so tall and lean ;
Just fancy now the "What is it," dressed up in Crinoline!

Chorus. Jeffy D! &c.

6.

The Ditch that Jeff was hunting for, he found was very near ;
He tried to "shift" his base again, his neck felt rather queer :
Just on the out-"skirts" of a wood his dainty shape was seen,
His boots stuck out, and now they'll hang old Jeff in Crinoline,

Chorus. Jeffy D! &c.

