

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

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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.