

P9336

43

C. I.

WEEF IN PEGGY-OATINGS

A Song for the times.



Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 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 Belts*, "It's all up in Dixie," &c &c.

Litho'd by H.C. Engr. 37 Park Row N.Y.

NEW YORK,

Published by W^M A POND & C^O. 547 Broadway.

Boston,
O. Ditson & Co

Rochester,
Joseph P. Shaw.

Chicago,
Root & Cady.

Buffalo,
J. R. Blodgett.

Milwaukee,
H. N. Hempsted.

JEFF IN PETTICOATS.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the VOICE, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The bottom staff is for the PIANO, with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The vocal part begins with a rest followed by a melodic line. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing below the staff. The score concludes with a page number 6131 in the bottom right corner.

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

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

4

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 band-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.

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.

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.

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.

