

NEW YANKEE DOODLE

HAYES

& WHEELER

WAGON

A Republican Campaign
SONG & CHORUS

by Wm. M. Cook

AIR: "WAIT FOR THE WAGON"



"IN A FEW DAYS, A FEW DAYS."

Copyright, 1876, by Wm. M. Cook.

Tho. Hunter, lith. Phil.^a

PUBL. BY W^M M COOK 732 ARCH ST. PHIL.

THREE



SONGS.

IN A FEW DAYS, A FEW DAYS.

(Tune, "SHANGHAI CHICKEN.")

Words by WM. M. COOK.

Arranged by W. M. C.

4. Now what is all this noise a - bout, In a few days, a few days; Til - den and Hendricks
5. I am no proph - et, yet I know, In a few days, a few days; Old chant - i - cleer will

1. What name is heard on ev' - ry tongue? Why, 'tis Hayes! Hayes! 'tis Hayes! On ev' - ry breeze his
2. On this one thing we're ful - ly bent, In a few days, a few days; 'Tis to e - lect our
3. O won't it be a piece of fun In a few days, a few days; To see long Til - den

we will rout, And march a - long with Hayes.
loud - ly crow, And flap his wings for Hayes.

CHORUS.

praise is sung; And the Country's all a - blaze.
Pres - i - dent; The cho - sen, gal - lant Hayes. We'll send him right to Wash - ing - ton, In a
far out - run, By sol - id, lit - tle Hayes!

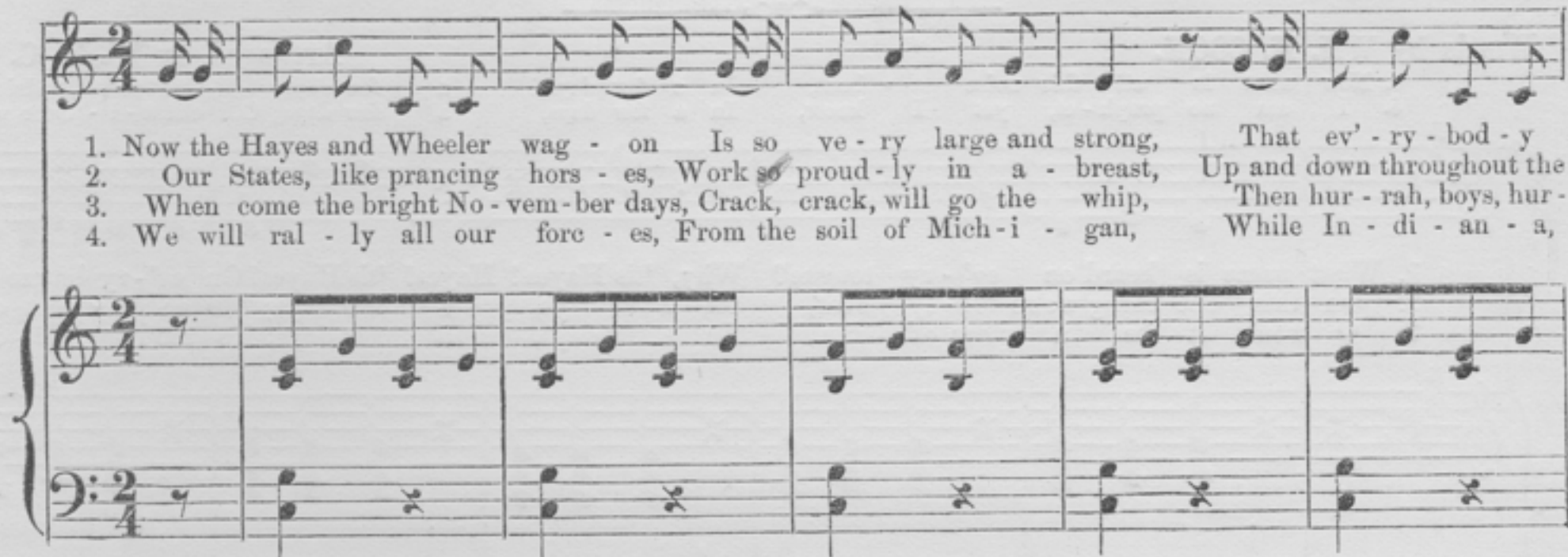
few days, a few days; We'll send him right to Washington, And let Til - den stay at home.

THE HAYES AND WHEELER WAGON.

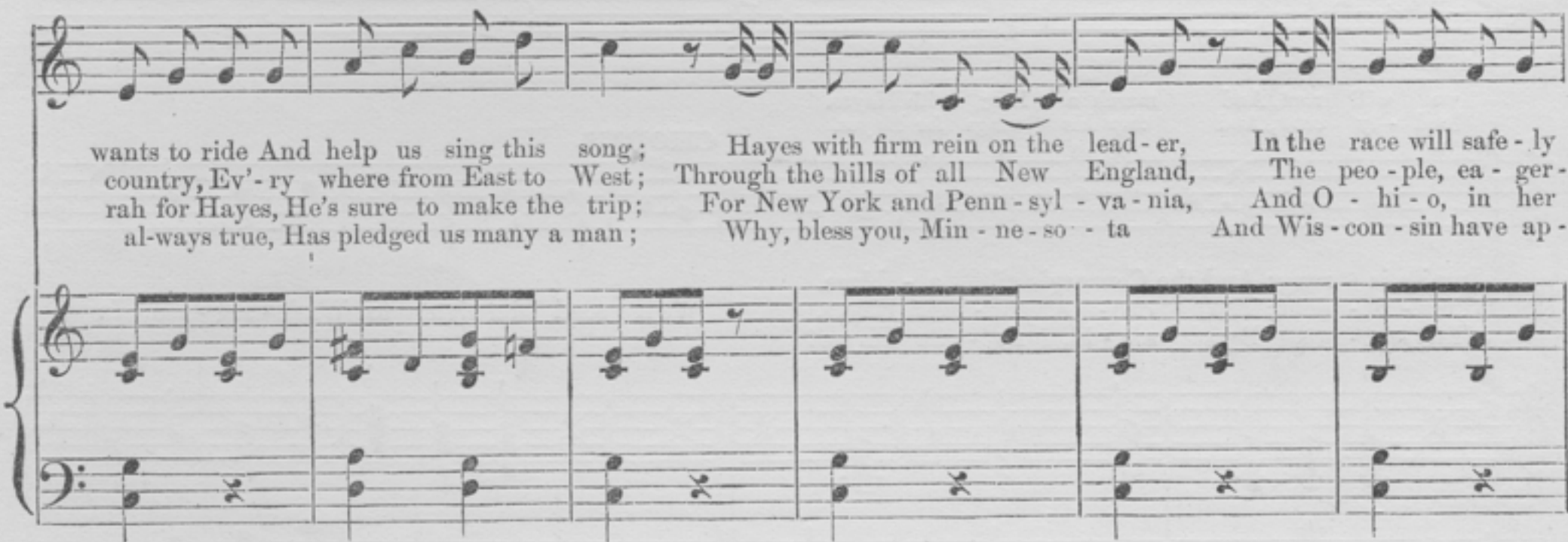
(Tune, "WAIT FOR THE WAGON.")

Words by WM. M. COOK.

Arranged by W. M. C.

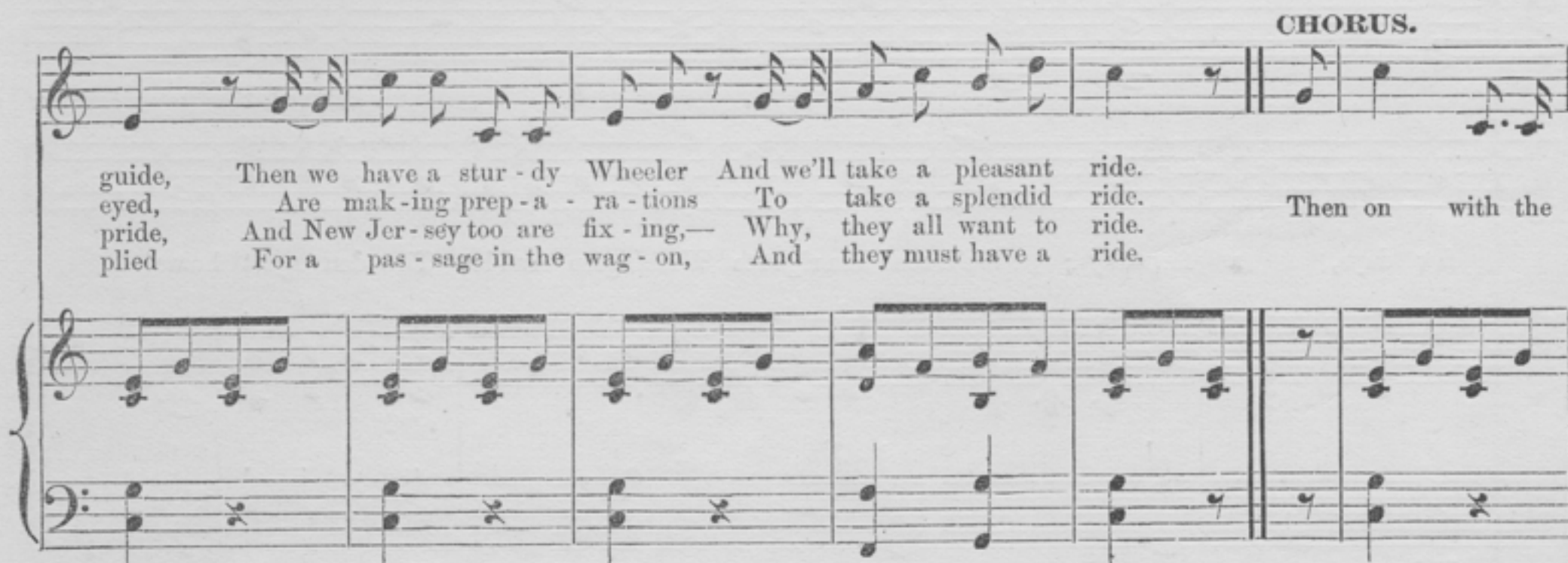


1. Now the Hayes and Wheeler wag - on Is so ve - ry large and strong, That ev' - ry - bod - y
2. Our States, like prancing hors - es, Work so proud - ly in a - breast, Up and down throughout the
3. When come the bright No - vem - ber days, Crack, crack, will go the whip, Then hur - rah, boys, hur -
4. We will ral - ly all our fore - es, From the soil of Mich - i - gan, While In - di - an - a,

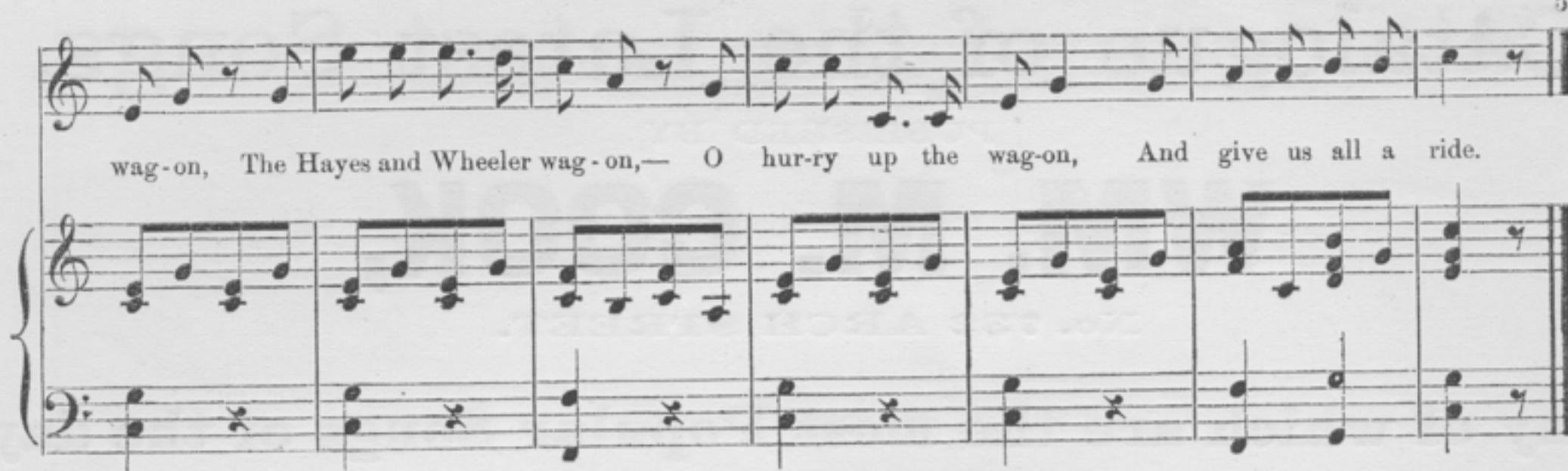


wants to ride And help us sing this song; Hayes with firm rein on the lead - er, In the race will safe - ly
country, Ev' - ry where from East to West; Through the hills of all New England, The peo - ple, ea - ger -
rah for Hayes, He's sure to make the trip; For New York and Penn - syl - va - nia, And O - hi - o, in her
al - ways true, Has pledged us many a man; Why, bless you, Min - ne - so - ta And Wis - con - sin have ap -

CHORUS.



guide, Then we have a stur - dy Wheeler And we'll take a pleasant ride.
eyed, Are mak - ing prep - a - ra - tions To take a splendid ride. Then on with the
pride, And New Jer - sey too are fix - ing, — Why, they all want to ride.
plied For a pas - sage in the wag - on, And they must have a ride.



4.
And when we sweep through Iowa,
And down through Illinois,
We'll find a host in waiting
Of the true soldier boys;
There are many in fair Kansas,
And Nebraska too beside;
Who now anxiously are waiting
With us to take a ride.

5.
In the far and Western country,
O'er those broad Pacific States,
In valley, plain and mountain,
How anxiously they wait!
And millions in the Sunny South
Who have been so true and tried,
How breathless they are waiting,
With us to take a ride!

NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

To JOHN DICKINSON.

(Tune, "YANKEE DOODLE.")

Yankee Doodle was'nt slow
In stirring up the people,
Just one hundred years ago,
With bells in every steeple;
He can show as big a gun
As ever burnt good powder,
Count as many victories won,
When never noise was louder.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle is in town
With his Exhibition,
He invites the nations 'round
To come and take a look in.

Yankee Doodle has a show—
The biggest in creation,
He invites the high and low,
Of every tongue and nation;
Come along from every land,
From every hill and valley,
In one circle joining hands,
Round freedom's shrine to rally.—*Chorus.*

By WM. M. COOK

Yankee Doodle he can guess
As none else can begin it,
Papers ten times ten his press
Will print in just one minute;
He can whittle out a leg,
Arms that will fit your shoulder
None can quicker drive a peg
To shoe a thousand soldiers.—*Chorus.*

Yankee Doodle is the man
Who knows himself quite able,
Any Ocean wide to span,
With his great wire cable;
Once into his head it seems,
He took a funny notion,
That a little puffing steam
Would set his boat in motion.—*Chorus.*

He brought out the Telegraph,
A thing he did so grandly;
On his westward Golden path,
He struck a Big Bonanza;
Silver chunks so big he found,
That every pocket jingles;
One big tree he walked around,
Would load a ship with shingles.—*Chorus.*