

OR  
YANKEE  
WONDERS



A man gink in absence of mind,  
Took his boots off and laid them in bed sir  
And not dreaming of aught of the kind  
With the bootjack pull'd clean off his head sir



A man tied himself up for the clothes  
And was sent to the washwoman's daughter  
And neer know it until his poor nose  
Was fill'd full of soap-suds and water

Comic Song

sung by

MR. **BUCKINGHAM**

Written by

HENRY COLEMAN ESQ

(The American "Boz")

The Music  
Composed by

J. BLEWITT



A man there grew fifteen feet high  
Tho' as thin and as pale as an adder  
That when his collar but wanted a tie  
He was forced to get up on a ladder



A waggoner dreaming of loads  
With his harness himself put his dray in  
And trotting along o'er the roads  
Never stopp'd till he found himself neighing

NEW-YORK  
**HEWITT & JAQUES**

PUBLISHED BY  
**239 BROADWAY**

N. Currier's Lith.

Price 50 cts





## TARNATION STRANGE

2

OR

## YANKEE WONDERS.

Written by the American Boz.

Composed by T. Blewett.

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), and *f* (forte).

Yankee Wonders are now all the rage And I think without much contra\_diction I can  
prove in this e\_rudite age That Truth is much stranger than fiction A  
man sunk in absence of mind Took his boots off and laid them in bed And not



Spoken.

dreaming of aught of the kind With the boot jack pull'd clean of his head (Oh yes)

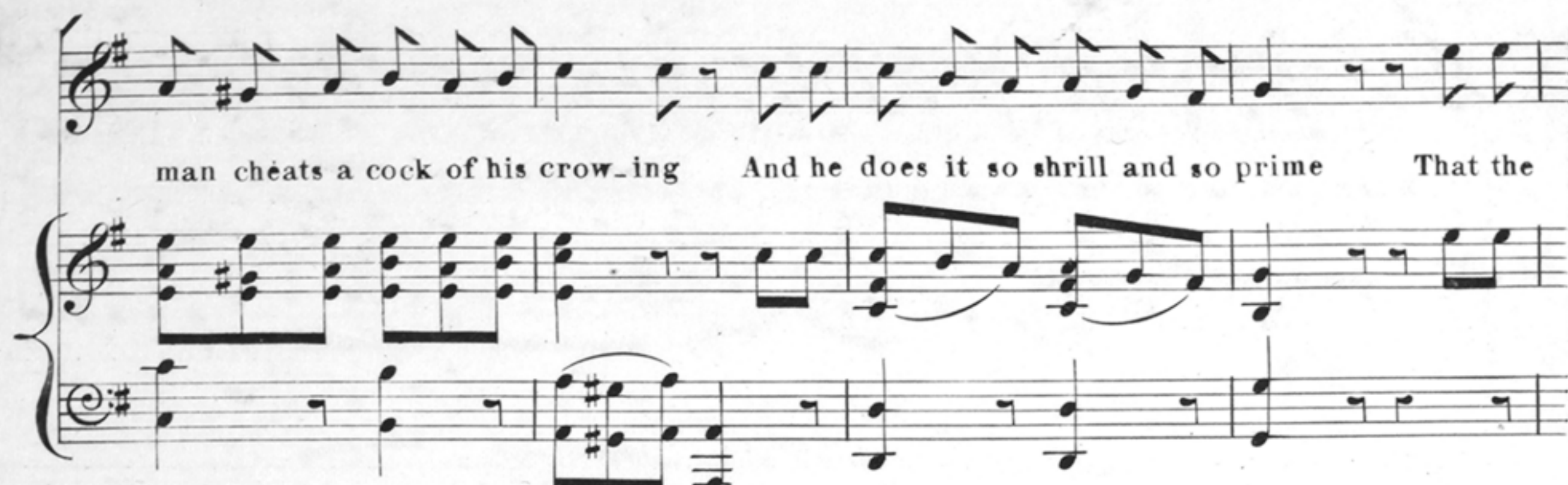
Spoken.

Isn't it Tar-na-tion Strange (Oh yes) Isn't it Tar-na-tion Strange?

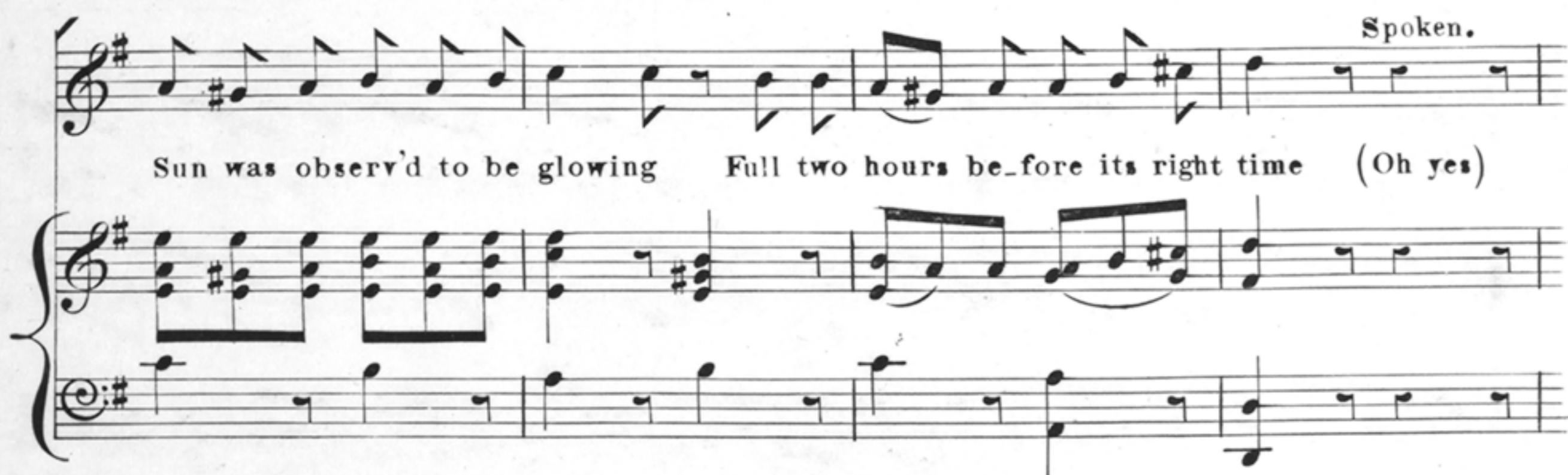
There's a Woman as large as a tree I can't say in what state they found her. But set

off on a trot from her knee It will take you a week to get round her There's a





man cheats a cock of his crow-ing And he does it so shrill and so prime That the



Sun was observ'd to be glowing Full two hours be-fore its right time (Oh yes) Spoken.



Isn't it Tar-na-tion Strange? (Oh yes) Isn't it Tar-na-tion Strange? Spoken.





Then a Rifleman there's such a shot      The birds when they see him a loading      Come

down and fall dead on the spot      They can't bear the noise of ex-ploding      A

man there grew fifteen feet high      Tho' as thin and as pale as an adder      That when his

col-lar but wan-ted a tie      He was forc'd to get up on a ladder (Oh yes)

Spoken.



Spoken.



4

Men take such a quantum of brandy,  
 And inflame both their souls and their bodies,  
 Buttons melt off their coats just like candy,  
 With drinking so many hot toddies.  
 A waggoner dreaming of loads,  
 With his harness himself put his dray in,  
 And trotting along o'er the roads,  
 Never stopp'd till he found himself neighing.

Isn't it Tarnation &amp;c.

5

In the Post Office Box 'tother day,  
 A Lady fast bound by Love's fetters,  
 Threw herself without thinking they say,  
 And got mixed up along with the letters:  
 And off she'd been sent o'er the ocean  
 With other dead letters to mingle,  
 Had the Clerk not been seized with a notion  
 To ask the fair dame was she single?

Isn't it Tarnation &amp;c.

6

A man tied himself up for the clothes,  
 And was sent to the washwoman's daughter  
 And ne'er knew it, untill his poor nose  
 Was fill'd full of soap-suds and water.  
 Now I think I've described Yankee wonders,  
 And my statement I never will change;  
 You no doubt will think them all blunders,  
 But you'll own they are "Tarnation Strange!"

Isn't it Tarnation &amp;c.