

De Skidmore Guard - song lyrics

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DE SKIDMORE GUARD.

As sung by Harrigan And Hart.

We represent de privates
In de noble colored troops,
Who march about do streets of York
In French imperial suits;
Black pantaloons And yellow huts,
Helmets trimmed wid blue;
De wenches shout When we turn out
On South Fifth Avenue.

Chorus.

Nobby, airy, light as a fairy,
Music playing sweet and gay;
Hats a waving, we're parading,
Marching down Broadway.

(Umph) talk about your Mulligan Band,
Dese nigs dey can't be beat;
We inarch to time, we cut a shine,
Oh! watch dese darkies' feet-
De left foot first, de right foot follow,
De heel down mighty hard;
Ten platoons of dandy coons
March in de Skidmore Guard.- Chorus,

Dar's Mister Brown, de waiter man,
In de Astor House hotel.
He's sargeant in de second brigade
Division, Company L;
He's six feet high, he carried de flag
Sa noble, proud and gay;
He took de prize for marching out
On 'Mancipation Day. - Chorus.

We neber hire a German band,
Italians carry a can
Of lemonade, dat's fresh and sweet,
For ebery colored man;
Dey follow up de regiment,
Mat-carom in de. rear.
And when dey get obstropolous.
We bounce eni on dar ear. - Chorus.

Dars adjutant general Tom Primrose
And parson Simpson's sous;
De envy of de yaller gals,
Wid boquets on dar guns;
Dey look just like a circus horse
When de band's a playing loud-
Fur elegant style and sweet hairstile
Dem darkies lead de crowd. - Chorus