

IV. Jeff in Petticoats

Approx. 7 seconds

1

Tenor

susp. cym. Jeff Davis was a hero bold, you've heard of him, I know. He tried to make himself a king

Percussion

sfz

tr.

Trumpet

sfz

f

Violoncello

sfz

f

5

Ten.

where southern breezes blow; But "Uncle Sam" laid the youth across his mighty knee, and spanked him well

Perc.

"sh" into instrument

whip

Tpt.

Vcl.

8

Ten.

and that's the end of brave old Jeffy D. This Davis, he was always full of bluster and of brag.

Perc.

Tpt.

Vcl.

12

Ten. He swore on all our Northern walls he'd plant his rebel rag But when to battle he did go, he said, "I'm not so green,

Perc.

Tpt. harmon mute w/plunger + ° etc... molto vib.

Vcl.

16

Ten. to dodge the bullets, I will wear my tin-clad crinoline! Now when he saw the game was up,

Perc.

Tpt.

Vcl. Fast ♩. = 180

21

Ten. 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,

Perc. bean bags ♩ = 120

Tpt.

Vcl.

25

Ten.

Perc.

Tpt.

Vcl.

I'm sure I'll not be seen. (whispered) They'd never think to look for me beneath my crinoline!"

30

Ten.

Perc.

Tpt.

Vcl.

Jeff took with him, the people say, a mine of golden coin, which he from banks and other places, managed to purloin:

34

Ten.

Perc.

Tpt.

Vcl.

But while he ran, like every thief, he had to drop the spoons, and maybe that's the reason why he dropped his pantaloons!