Tippecanoe.

Words by
HARRY H. WILLIAMS.

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE.

1. In days of old there lived a man an
2. Through life is seems to me that ev'ry
Injun through and through, He used to shoot the one I ever knew, Goes paddling his rapids in a little birch canoe, In way within a tippy tippy canoe, A history you will find his name but they forgot to say, A man made an appointment with a charming girl divine, He white man gave him whiskey once and sent him on his way, said now ducky come with me tomorrow night and dine.
It seems that he tipped till he was blue, Now this is no lie, he must have been dry, The body he knew, His wife was wise, a woman of size, She

Til he was blue, Now this is no lie, he must have been dry, The body he knew, His wife was wise, a woman of size, She

Way that old tippe kept tipping the rye, Tip, Tip, made up her mind that he'd get a surprise, Tip, Tip, way that old tippe kept tipping the rye, Tip, Tip, made up her mind that he'd get a surprise, Tip, Tip,

Tippecanoe, A little red top in a red fellow too, The Tippecanoe, She tipped the dumb-waiter to hide her from view, Then Tippecanoe, A little red top in a red fellow too, The Tippecanoe, She tipped the dumb-waiter to hide her from view, Then
A newly married couple is a lovely sight to see,
If you don't think they're funny you can take the tip from me,
A man who hates his mother-in-law, says they must live alone,
Then mother comes to visit them and tries to run the house.

Chorus.
Tip, tip, Tippecanoe, he takes her a boating and rows the boat too,
She says, Charlie, dear, your wife needs me here,
I've made up my mind that I'll stay for a year,
Tip, tip, Tippecanoe, now in such a case what would any man do,
He says can you swim, and she says no to him,
Then he tips her out of his Tippecano.

The other night a friend of mine was loaded down with wine,
He lived at number seven, but he went to number nine,
He didn't know the difference, his key unlocked the door,
Until he saw a lady's face he'd never seen before.

Chorus.
Tip, tip, Tippecanoe, a tipsy old tipper from Tipperville too,
He gave her some lip, she gave him the slip,
And now Mr. Tippy he isn't so flip,
Tip, tip, Tippecanoe, she brought in her brother a prize fighter too,
He hollered "Oh, scat, get out of my flat!"
Then Tippy tipped out of his Tippecano.