# Doodlebugs Birthday - song lyrics

## American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DOODLEBUGS BIRTHDAY.
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Words and music by Fuy Templeton.

One fine morn a little Doodlebug said to a Bumblebee:
"You know it is my birthday, so come out and play with me;
'Tis a lovely day to crawl about, so hurry up, I pray,
I've invited all the biggest bugs to buzz the time away:
There's the Butterfly so gaudy, with the Wasp is sure to come,
For they say that she's in love with him. because he makes things hum;
The Mosquito, too, will sing a song, as gay as any Lark,
And the Fireflies have promised me to light up after dark.
So the little bugs all came along, some crawling, others flying.
Thro' the clover fields, where sunny breezes chased each other sighing;
To the little town, not on the map, but known to them as Snoodlejugs,
To celebrate the birthday of their dear friend, Doodlebugs.

Now the Bumblebee look'd angry as his friend call'd off the names
Of the guests whom he'd invited to assist him at the games;
There are some whom you've forgotten, Miss Bee buzz'd haughtily,
At least three of my warmest friends ignored entirely:
There's the Ladybug, she'd gladly come, I know she'd like the chance,
I met her in the summer at a honeysuckle dance;
Then the Beetle and Potato-bug- the latter I admire,
Why, in fact, I'm going to marry her as soon as crops expire.
So the little bugs all came along, dear Doodle was delighted,
To atone for any oversight, so all mistakes were righted:
And they all sat down upon the ground, and sunned and buzzed in
Snoodlejugs,
To celebrate the birthday or their dear friend. Doodlebugs.

But the guests were badly seated, and poor Doodle, in his plight.
Had placed Mister Bee upon his left instead of at his right;
Then, to cover his confusion, drank so freely, I am told,
That with the Bee's Potato-bug began to make too bold;
This so enraged the Bumblebee, up from the ground he tore.
And he flew at reeling Doodlebug and stung him o'er and o'er;
The Butterfly stood quiv'ring by. Mosquito ceased to sing.
For the Bumblebee, thro' jealousy, had quite spoil'd ev'rvthing.
So the little bugs all crawl'd away, the moonlight on the'rlowers
Lighted up the way thro' clover fields, the blue-bells tolled the hours;
But they'll no more sizzle as before, thro' sunny haze in Snoodlejugs,
No more they'll celebrate the birth of poor old Doodlebugs.