

New York Girls

The Irish Rovers

As I walked down the Broadway, one morning in July
A met a maid, she asked my trade, a sailor John said I

And away you santy, my dear Annie
Oh you New York girls, can't ye dance the polka?

To Tiffany's I took her, I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings, they cost me fifteen cents

She said you Limejuice Sailor, now walk me home you may
When we got to her cottage door she this to me did say

I kissed her hard and proper before her flashman came
Goodbye you little New York Girl, I know your little game

I joined a Yankee bloodboat we sail in early morn
I'll never court a maid again, I'm safer off Cape Horn

So I wrapped my glad rags 'round me and to the docks did steer
Goodbye you little New York gals, I'll stick with rum and beer