

New York Girls

Steeleye Span

As I walked down through Chatham Street
A fair maid I did meet,
She asked me to see her home--
She lived in Bleecker Street.

And away you santy, my dear honey,
O you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?
And when we got to Bleecker Street,
We stopped at forty-four,
Her mother and her sister there,
To meet her at the door.

And when I got inside the house,
The drinks were passed around,
The liquor was so awful strong,
My head went round and round.

And then we had another drink,
Before we sat to eat,
The liquor was so awful strong,
I quickly fell asleep.

Henry Crun: Oh, come on, Min; play that modern banjo, Min.)
(Minnie Bannister: Ya pa pa pa pa....)
When I awoke next morning
I had an aching head,
There was I, Jack all alone,
Stark naked in me bed.

My gold watch and my pocketbook
And lady friend were gone;
And there was I, Jack all alone,
Stark naked in the room.

On looking round this little room,
There's nothing I could see,
But a woman's shift and apron
That were no use to me.

With a flour barrel for a suit of clothes,
Down Cherry Street forlorn,
There Martin Churchill took me in,
And sent me 'round Cape Horn.
Sam Waring