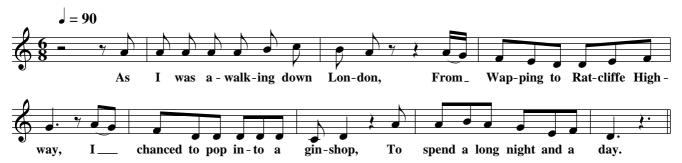
Ratcliffe Highway (2)



As I was a-walking down London From Wapping to Ratcliffe Highway I chanced to pop into a gin-shop To spend a long night and a day

A young doxy came rolling up to me And asked if I'd money to sport For a bottle of wine changed a guinea And she quickly replied: 'That's the sort'

When the bottle was put on the table There was glasses for everyone When I asked for the change of my guinea She tipped me a verse of her song

This lady flew into a passion, And placed both her hands on her hip, Saying: 'Sailor, don't you know our fashion? Do you think you're on board of your ship?'

'If this is your fashion to rob me Such a fashion I'll never abide So launch out the change of my guinea Or else I'll give you a broadside'

A gold watch hung over the mantel So the change of my guinea I take And down the stairs I run nimbly Saying: 'Darn my old boots, I'm well paid'

The night being dark in my favour
To the river I quickly did creep
And I jumped in a boat bound for Deptford
And got safe aboard of my ship

So come all you bold young sailors That ramble down Ratcliffe Highway If you chance to pop into a gin-shop Beware, lads, how long you do stay

For the songs and the liquors invite you And your heart will be all in a rage If you give them a guinea for a bottle You can go to the devil for change