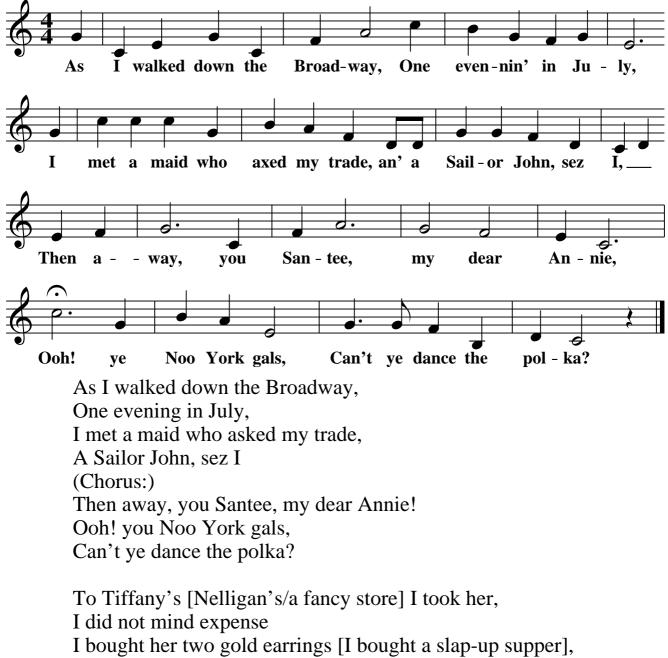
Can't You dance the Polka? New York Gals



An' they cost me fifteen cents [That cost me fifteen cents]

Sez she, "You Limejuice sailor, Now see me home you may." But when we reached her cottage door, She this to me did say. My flash man he's a Yankee, Wid his hair cut short behind, He wears a pair o' long sea-boots [red-topped boots, brass-bound jacket] An' he sails the Blackball line [he's Bosun in the Blackball Line].

He's homeward bound this evening, An' wid me he will stay. So git a move on, sailor-boy, Get crackin' on yer way.

So I kissed her hard and proper, Afore her flash man came, An' fare-ye-well, me Bowery gel, I know yer little game.

I wrapped me glad rags round me, An' to the dock did steer. I'll never court another maid, I'll stick to rum an' beer.

I joined a Yankee blood-boat, An' sailed away next morn. Don't ever fool around wid gals, Yer safer off Cape Horn!