

# Can't You dance the Polka?

New York Gals

As I walked down the Broad-way, One even-nin' in Ju - ly,  
I met a maid who axed my trade, an' a Sail - or John, sez I, —  
Then a - - way, you San - tee, my dear An - nie,  
Ooh! ye Noo York gals, Can't ye dance the pol - ka?

As I walked down the Broadway,  
One evening in July,  
I met a maid who asked my trade,  
A Sailor John, sez I  
(Chorus:)  
Then away, you Santee, my dear Annie!  
Ooh! you Noo York gals,  
Can't ye dance the polka?

To Tiffany's [Nelligan's/a fancy store] I took her,  
I did not mind expense  
I bought her two gold earrings [I bought a slap-up supper],  
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!