

As I walked down the Bowery
one evening in July.
I met a maid, who asked me trade
"I'm a sailor John!" says I.

Omk:
And away, you Santee
My dear Annie.
Oh, you New York Girls,
Can't you dance the Polka ?

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

Says she , " You limejuice sailor
Now see my home you may".
But when we reached her cottage
door,
She this to me did say:
Omk :

" My Flash Man, he's a Yankee,
With his hair cut short behind.
He wears a pair of red sea-boots
And he sails in the Blackball Line".
Omk :

"He's homeward bound this evening,
and with me he will stay.
So, get a move on, sailor-boy,
get crackin' on your way".
Omk :

Musik :

Omk : uden boks



So, I kissed her hard and proper,
Afore her Flash Man came.
"And fare ye well, me Bowery girl.
I know your little game".

Omk :
I wrapped me glad rags round me
And to the docks did steer.
I'll never court another maid.
I'll stick to rhum and beer.

Omk :
I joined a Yankee bloodboat,
and sailed away next mor'n .
Don't ever fool around with gals,
You're safer off Cape Horn.
Omk :

Musik :

Omk : a cappella

Stopper brat ! ! !