

New York Girls (2009 Remaster)

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.

Chorus:

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.

Chorus:

And when I got inside the house,

The drinks were passed around,

The liquor was so awful strong,

My head went round and round.

Chorus:

And then we had another drink,

Before we sat to eat,

The liquor was so awful strong,

I quickly fell asleep.

Chorus:

([Spoken] 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.

Chorus:

My gold watch and my pocketbook

And lady friend were gone;

And there was I, Jack all alone,

Stark naked in the room.

Chorus:

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.

Chorus:

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.

Chorus:
Sam Waring

Songwriters

HART, TIM / JOHNSON, ROBERT / KEMP, RICK / KNIGHT, PETER / PEGRUM, NIGEL / PRIOR,
MADDY

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