

# New York Girls

## Finbar Furey

VERSE ONE: Shipmates listen unto me, I'll tell you in my song  
Of the things that happened to me

When I come home from Hong Kong CHORUS: To me a-weigh, you Santy, My dear Annie  
Oh, you New York gals, Can't you dance the polka? VERSE TWO: As I walked down on Chatham Street a fair  
maid I did meet

She asked me please to see her home, she lived on Bleeker Street  
Now if you'll only come with me you can have a treat  
You can have a glass of brandy and something nice to eat CHORUS:

VERSE THREE: Before we sat down to eat we had several drinks  
The liquor was so awful strong I quickly fell asleep CHORUS:

VERSE FOUR: When I awoke next morning I had an aching head  
My gold watch and my pocket-book and my lady friend had fled  
In looking round this little room nothing did I see

But a woman's shoes and apron which now belonged to me CHORUS:  
VERSE FIVE: Now dressed in the lady's apron I wandered most forlorn

Till Martin Churchill took me in and he sent me round Cape Horn CHORUS: (Twice) To me a-weigh, you Santy,  
My dear Annie  
Oh, you New York gals, Can't you dance the polka?

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