

Can Ye Dance the Polka

As I came down the Bowery,
one evening in July
I met a maid, who asked my trade,
and a sailor John said I:

*Then away, you santy, my dear Annie
Oh you New York girls,
Can't ye dance the polka*

To Tiffany's I took her,
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings,
they cost me fifty pence

Kor:.... Then away, you santy, my dear Annie

My flash-man he's á yankee
With his hair cut short behind.
He wears á pair of long seaboots
And he is the bosom in the Black Ball Line

Kor:.... Then away, you santy, my dear Annie

He's homeward bound this evening,
And with me he will stay.
So get á move on, sailorboy,
Get crackin' on your way.

Kor:.... Then away, you santy, my dear Annie

So I kissed her hard and proper
before her flashman came
An'fare-ye-well, my bovery girl,
I know your little game

Kor:.... Then away, you santy, my dear Annie

I joined a Yankee bloodboat
and sailed away next morn
don't ever fool around with girls,
you're safer off Cape Horn

*/: Then away, you santy, my dear Annie
Oh you New York girls,
Can't ye dance the polka :/*

(Bemærk: 2 gange omkvæd)