

CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA

TRAD. SEA SHANTY

♩ = 190

VIOLONCELLO

AS I WALKED DOWN ON BROAD-WAY, ONE EVE-NING IN JU - LY, I MET A MAID WHO

6 ASKED MY TRADE AND "A SAI - LOR JOHN" SAYS I — AND A - WAY, YOU SAN - TI,

11 MY DEAR AN - NIE, OH, YOU NEW YORK GIRLS, CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POL - KA?

1. As I walked down on Broadway,
One evening in July,
I met a maid who asked me trade,
And a Sailor John says I.

And away, you Santi, my dear Annie,
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the Polka?*

2. To Tiffany's I took her,
I did not mind expense,
I bought her two gold earrings,
An' they cost me fifteen cents.

3. Sez she, "you limejuice sailor,
Now see me home you may."
But when we reached her cottage door,
She unto me did say:

**A reference to another sea shanty - 'The Santianna'.*

4. "My flash man he's a Yankee,
Wid his hair cut short behind,
He wears a pair of long seaboot,
An' he's bosun in the backbull line."

5. "He's homeward bound this evenin',
An' wid me he will stay.
So git a move on, sailor-boy,
Git crackin' on yer way."

6. So I kissed her hard an' proper,
Afore her flash man came,
An' fare-ye-well, me Bowery gal,
I know yer little game.

7. I wrapped me glad rags round me,
An' to the docks did steer.
I'll never court another maid;
I'll stick to rum an' beer.