Flash Gals of the Town

Flash Gals of the Town

Now come all ye ladies gay, what robs sailors of their pay,
And list' while I sing this tarry tune,
When Jack tar he comes ashore, with his gold and silver store,
Theres no one can get rid of it so soon.

Now the first thing he demands is a fiddler to his hand,
A bottle of Nelson's Blood so stout and warm,
And a pretty gal likewise with two dark an' rollin' eyes
An' he'll drop his anchor an' nevermore will roam.

Then the landlady she comes in with her brand new crinoline,
She looks like some bright and flashin' star,
An' she's ready to wait on him if his pockets are lined with tin
And to chalk his score on the board behind the bar.

Then she calls a pretty maid, right handed an soft-laid,
An' up aloft they climb without much bother,
And she shortens in her sail for a weatherin' of the gale
And soon in the tiers they're moored quite close together.

Then he shifted her main tack an' her caught her flat aback
They rolled from the lee to the weather,
An' he laid her close 'longside, oh, close-hauled as she would lie
'Twas tack an' tack through hell and stormy weather.

But his money soon was gone, an' his flash gal soon had flown,
She roamed along the Highway for another,
An' the landlady cried," Pay yer score an' git outside,
Yer cargoes gone, an' you've met stormy weather."

Then poor ol' Jack must understand that there's ships a-wantin' hands
And to the Shadwell basin he went down,
And he shipped away forlorn on a passage 'round the Horn,
Goodbye to the boys an' the flash gals of the town.

From Songs of the Sea, Hugill