Portsmouth City

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As I was a-walking Portsmouth City,
There I met a sorry strump;
Up against the wall I shov'd her
Then I saw that she was drunk,

cho: With my twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen,
Twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, none;
Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen,
Eleven, nine, seven, five, three and one.

Coming on I met another
Unto her I told my case,
She said, "You shall go no further."
Up she took me to some place.

In the morn when I awoke
Oh! What a shocking scene of woes;
There she was a-gone and left me
Bundled off with all my clothes.

From The Constant Lovers, Purslow
Collected from George Moore.
note: most likely a parody of other versions (Dublin City, Glasgow City etc.) FP
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