

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Bowery

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(words Charles H. Hoyt, Music Percy Gaunt)

Oh! The night that I struck New York  
I went out for a quiet walk  
Folks who are "'on to'" the city say  
Better by far that I took Broadway  
But I was out to enjoy the sights  
There was the Bow'ry ablaze with lights  
I had one of the devil's own nights  
I'll never go there any more.

cho: The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry

They say such things and they do strange things,  
On the Bow'ry! The Bow'ry!  
I'll never go there any more.

I had walked but a block or two,  
When up came a fellow and me he knew  
Then a policeman came walking by  
Chased him away and I asked him, "'Why?'"  
"'Wasn't he pulling your leg?'" said he,  
Said I, "'He never laid hands on me!'"  
"'Get off the Bow'ry, you fool,'" said he  
I'll never go there any more.

Struck a place that they called a "'dive'"  
I was in luck to get out alive  
When the policeman heard my woes,  
Saw my black eyes and my battered nose.  
"'You've been held up!'" said the "'copper'" fly,  
"'No, sir! But I've been knocked down!'" said I  
Then he laughed, tho' I couldn't see why  
I'll never go there any more.

note: From a musical show "'A Trip to Chinatown'"

RG

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