

Sights In New York City - song lyrics

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SIGHTS IN NEW YORK CITY.

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Written by Janus Thornton. Music by William Loraine.

In our glorious city of New York then are many sights to see,
And some of them, no doubt, you will think strange;
A friend of mine he came to town to stop a week with me.
And thought it was a very pleasant change.
We dined at famed Delmonico's, to Union square strolled down,
And on the Bowery we made a stay;
He gazed with admiration on the sights he saw there,
And this is what he said of them next day:

Spoken - Broadway.

Chorus.

Old maids, young maids, ready mades, tailor mades
Like toddle up and down Broadway;
Haughty girls and naughty girls, sporty girls, all sorts of girls,
You can see them on a summer day.
Race-track gamblers, midnight ramblers.
Imported swells, who never worked a day;
Pretty girls, who play the races, all dressed up in silks and laces,
That is what he thought about Broadway.

Spoken -Union Square.

Chorus.

Neat girls, sweet girls, girls with bleached curls.
Like to promenade around the Square;
You can see each little beauty chewing hard on tutti-frutti,
Rosy cheeks and yellow colored hair.
Banco-steerers, always near us,
Trying Mister Hayseed to ensnare;
Jersey farmers, in pajamas, soon get mashed on pretty charmers,
That's the way they act upon the Square.

Spoken-Bowery.

Chorus.

Dago venders, Dutch bartenders,
Men of every nationality;
Ball-room spielers, faro dealers, hackmen shouting on two-wheelers.
Soldiers who have been out on a spree.
Tinkers tailors, tipsy sailors
Spending all they earned while on the sea;
Hebrews selling strong suspenders, pawnbrokers and money-lenders,
That is what they thought of Bowery.

Spoken Baxter Street.

Chorus.

Crossing sweepers, doorstep sleepers.
Tramps who take the sidewalk for a bed;
Doubtful girls, in paint and powder, talk quite loud and dress much louder.
Men who have their noses colored red.
Organ-grinders, cigar-stump finders,
Chinese joints, where smokers like to meet;
Salvation army out parading, beating drums and serenading.
That is what he thought of Baxter Street.