

Rolf Harris

"Gosport Nancy"

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Here's a song from sailing ship days and from a port called Gosport which is near

Plymouth in England. The heroin is a lady called

Gosport Nancy who was a - who

Ran - well, she knew a lot of the fellas. - Let's get on with it.

Gosport Nancy, she's my fancy

She's the girl to make good sport

How she greets ya when she meets ya

When your ship gets into port

All the Gosport ladies

They loves a sailor man

But at findin' a way to spend your pay

There's none like Gosport Nan

Now Gosport girls are good at dancing

There the best there is, no doubt

When the music sets them prancing

A-how they fling their skirts about

All the Gosport ladies

They can do the French Can-Can

But a real night kicks some fancy tricks

There's none like Gosport Nan

Now Gosport girls they love to gargle

Gosport girls they likes their tot

Rum and brandy, gin and shandy

Gosport girls all go the lot

All the Gosport ladies

They swigs the flowing can

But at knockin' it back with honest Jack

There's none like Gosport Nan

Now Gosport Nancy keeps a parlour

Where the lads can take their ease

She'll wake you, she'll shake you

She will do whate'er you please

Now all the Gosport ladies

They does the best they can

But at makin' a bed for a sailor's head

There's none like Gosport Nan

No there's - none - like - Gosport - Nan...

