

# Maggie May



Come all ye sai-lors bold, an' when me tale is told, I know ye all will sad-ly pit-y  
me. For I was a god-dam fool in the port o' Li-ver -pool, on the voy-age when I first paid off from  
sea. Ooh, Mag - gie, Mag - gie May, they have ta - ken you a - way, for to  
slave u- pon Van Die - men's cru - el shore. Ooh, you robbed man - y a wha - ler an'  
man - y a drun - ken sai - lor, but ye'll ne - ver cruise down Pa - ra - dise Street no more!

2. I paid off at the home, aft' a voyage from ' Leone - Ooh, two pounds ten had been my only pay.  
As I jingled in my tin, I was sadly taken in - By a lady and her name was Maggie May!
3. When I ran into her, I hadn't got a care, - I was cruis'n down ol' Canning Place.  
She's dressed in a gown so fine, like a fregate of the line, - an I be'ng a lovefull sailorman gave a chase.
4. She gave a saucy nod, and I like farmer's clod, - let here take me line abreast in tow,  
and under all plai sail, we ran before a gale, - and to Crow's Nest tavern we did go.
5. When I got full of beer, to her lodgings we did steer, - she charged me fifteen shillings for the fight,  
I was so ruddy drunk, when I landed in her bunk, - and I never know what happen'd in the night!
6. Next mornin' when I woke, I found that I was broke, - I hadn't got a penny to me name,  
so I had to pop me suit, me John L's and me boot', - down in the pown shop number nine Park Lane.
7. Ooh, you robbin'n Maggie May, you robbed me off my pay, - when I slept wid you in last night ashore.  
Guilty, the jury found her, for the robbin' of a homward- bounder, - an' she never cruise down Park  
Lane any more.
8. She wuz chained and sent away from Liverpool next day, - the lads they cheered as she rolled down the bay!  
And every sailor lad he only was to glad, - they'd sent the ol' whore out to Bot'ny Bay!