

Maggie May

Oh ga-ther round, you sai-lor lads, and lis-ten to my tale,
And when you've hear it through you'll pi-ty me;
For I was a god-damned fool, in the port of Liv-er - pool,
The first time that I came home from sea.
chorus I was paid off at the Hove from a trip to Syd-ney Cove,
- - Two pound ten a quar-ter was my pay;
Then I star-ted drink-ing gin and was qui-ckly tak-en in by
A lit - tle girl they all call Mag-gie May

Maggie May

Oh gather round, you sailor lads, and listen to my tale,
And when you've hear it through you'll pity me;
For I was a goddamned fool, in the port of Liverpool,
The first time that I came home from sea.

I was paid off at the Hove from a trip to Sydney Cove,
Two pound ten a quarter was my pay;
Then I started drinking gin and was quickly taken in by
A little girl they all call Maggie May

Chorus:

O Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken her away,
To walk upon Van Diemen's cruel shore,
She robbed so many sailors, and dosed so many whalers,
And she'll never roam down Lime Street any more.

O well do I remember when I first met Maggie May,
She was cruising up and down old Canning Place,
With a figure so divine, like a frigate of the line,
And me, being a sailor, I gave chase.

Next morning I awoke, I was flat and stony broke,
No jacket, trousers, waistcoat could I find,
When I asked her where they were, she said: My very dear sir,
They're down in Kelly's Pawnshop, Number Nine.

To the pawnshop I did go, but no clothes there could I find,
And the police came and took that girl away,
And the judge he guilty found her of robbing a homeward-bounder,
And he paid her passage back to Botany Bay.