

Maggie May

Oh gath - er round me sail - or boys and list - en to my song, And
 when you hear my tale you'll pit - y me. I was a god damn fool in the
 port of Liv - er - pool, The first time that I came home from sea. I was
 Oh—
 paid of at the hove from a trip to Syd - ney Cove. And two pound ten a month was all my
Chorus Mag - gie Mag - gie May, They havetak - en you a - way, To slave up - on that cold Van Die - men
 pay. Then I star - ted drink - ing gin, and was neat - ly tak - en in, By a
 Shore. For youobbed so many sail - ors, and youlosed so many whal - ers, You'll
 lit - tle girl they all call Mag - gie May.
 nev - er cruise down Lime Street an - y more.

Twas a damned unlucky day when I first met Maggie May,
 She was cruising up and down old Canning Place,
 She had a figure fine, like a warship of the line,
 And me being a sailor I gave chase.
 In the morning when I woke, stiff and sore and stony broke,
 No trousers shirt or waste coat could I find.
 The landlady said 'Sir, I can tell you where they are,
 They'll be down in Stanley's hockshop, number nine.'

To the bobby on his beat at the corner of the street,
 To him I went, to him I told my tale.
 He asked as if in doubt, 'Does your mother know your out?'
 But agreed that lady ought to be in jail.
 To the hockshop I applied, but no trousers there I spied,
 The bobbies came and took that girl away.
 The jury "guilty" found her, for robbing a homeward bounder,
 And paid her passage out to Botany Bay.