

## Maggie May. C

Come on you sailor lads, and listen to my plea.  
When you`ve heard it, you will pity me.  
For I was a damned young fool, in the port of Liverpool  
on the first day, when I came home from sea.

*Chorus:*

***Oh, Maggie Maggie May, they`ve taken you away  
to slave upon van Diemens cruel shore.  
For you robbed so many sailors  
and skinned so many whalers,  
and you`ll never shine on Lime Street anymore!***

I was paid off at home, from a trip to Sierra Leone.  
Two pounds ten and sixpence was me pay.  
As I jingled with me tin, I was easily taken in  
by a frisky girl, they called her Maggie May.

*Chorus:*

Oh, I won`t forget the day, when I first met Maggie May  
Cruisin` up and down on Canning Place.  
With a figure so divine, like a frigate of the line.  
So, being a sailor I gave chase.

*Chorus:*

Next morning when I woke, I was not only broke.  
No shoes, no shirt, no jacket could I find.  
When I asked her, where they were, she answered "My dear Sir!"  
"They are down in Paddy`s pawnshop, number nine!"

*Chorus:*

So to Paddy we did go, but I could not find my clothes.  
A Policeman came an` took that girl away.  
And the judge he guilty found her, for the robbing of a homeward-bounder  
And he paid her passage down to Botany Bay.

**Chorus X 2**

