

## Maggie May

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Now come all you young sailors and listen to me plea  
And when you've heard me tale you'll pity me.  
For I was a fool in the port of Liverpool,  
The very first time I came home from sea.

Now I've paid off at Home, from Sierra Leone;  
Three-pound-ten a month, it was me pay.  
But I wasted all me tin whilst drinking up the gin  
With a pretty little girl called Maggie May.

Now well do I remember where I first met Maggie May,  
She was cruising up and down in Canning Place.  
She was dressed up mighty fine, like a frigate of the line,  
So being a young sailor I gave chase.

I kept right on her track, she took the other tack,  
I caught her and I broke her mizzen line.  
Next morning I awoke with a head more bent than broke,  
No coat, no vest, nor trousers could I find.

I asked her where they were, she said, "My good sir,  
They're down at Park Lane pawn shop number nine.  
You've had your cake and bun, it's time for you to run  
Or you'll never make the dockside, lad, in time."

To the pawnshop I did go, but me trousers didn't show,  
The police came and took that girl away.  
The judge he guilty found her of robbing a homeward-bounder;  
So now she's doing time in Botany Bay.

Oh Maggie, Maggie May, they've taken you away,  
No more to roam alone down Canning Place.  
For you robbed too many whalers, and poxed too many sailors  
Now you'll never see old Lime Street anymore.