

Now you jolly sailor lads, come listen to my tale  
Maggie May

Now you jolly sailor lads, come listen to my tale,  
I'm sure you will have cause to pity me,  
I was a damned young fool in the port of Liverpool,  
When I called there on my first port home from sea.

Chorus:

Oh Maggie, Maggie May  
They have taken her away  
To slave upon Van Dieman's cruel shore.  
Oh, you robbed so many whalers,  
And dosed so many sailors  
But you'll never cruise 'round  
Peter Street no more.

2. I was staying at the Home, from a voyage to Sierre Leone,  
And two-pound-ten a month was all my pay,  
As I jingled with my tin, I was easy taken in,  
By a little girl up there called Maggie May.

Chorus:

3. Oh. I'll never forget the day when I first met Maggie May,  
She was standing on a corner at Canning Place,  
In a full-sized crin-o-line, like a frigate of the line,  
And as she saw I was a sailor I gave chase.

Chorus:

4. She gave me a saucy nod, and I, like a farmer's clod,  
Let her take me line abreast in tow,  
And under all plain sail, we ran before the gale  
And to the Crow's Nest Tavern we did go.

Chorus:

5. Next morning when I woke, I found that I was broke,  
No shoes or shirt or trousers could I find,  
When I asked her where they were, she answers "My dear sir,  
They're down in Lewis' pawnshop number nine."

Chorus:

6. So to Lewis' I did go, but no clothing could I find,  
And the policeman took that wicked girl away,  
And the judge he guilty found her, of robbing a homeward-bounder,  
And now she's doing time in Botany Bay.

Chorus:

7. She was chained and sent away from Liverpool one day,  
The lads all cheered as she sailed down the bay,  
And every sailor lad, he only was too glad  
They'd sent that old whore out to Botany Bay.

Chorus: