

Maggie May

Carl Peterson

Come all you sailors bold, and when my tale is told,
I know you will all sadly pity me.

For I was a bloody fool, in the port of Liverpool,
on the voyage when I first went out to sea. Chorus:
Oh, Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken her away,
she is never gonna walk down Park Lane anymore.

For she robbed so many sailors and also lots of whalers, and now she's doing time in Botany Bay I'd made it
back to home after a voyage to Sierre Leone,

2 pounds 10 a month had been my pay,
As I jingled in me tin, I was sadly taken in,
by a lady of the name of Maggie May. Chorus
When I stood into her, I hadn't got a care,
I was cruising off on down old Canning Place.

She was dressed in a gown so fine,
like a frigate of the line,
and I bein' a sailor man gave chase. Chorus
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

Next morning when I woke, I found that I was broke,
I hadn't got a penny to me name

So I had to pop me suit, me John L's and me boots,
down at the Park Lane pawn shop number nine. Chorus

Oh you thieving Maggie May,
you robbed me of me pay,
when I slept with you last night ashore.

But the judge he guilty found her,
for robbing a homeward bounder,
she'll never roll down Park Lane anymore. Chorus

She was chained and sent away,
from Liverpool one day,
the lads they cheered,
as she sailed down the bay.

And every sailor lad,
he only was too glad,
that they sent the old barge out to Botany Bay.

Chorus x2

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