

Maggie May

51

shanty man

8 Come on ye sailors bold, an' when me tale is told, I know you all will sad-ly
 8 pitty me; for I was a goddam fool in the Crown
 8 port o' Li-ver-pool, on the voyage when I first paid off from see. Ooh,
 8 Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken you a-way, for to slave upon Van Diemens cruel
 8 shore; oh you robbed many a whaler, an many a drunken sailor but ye'll
 8 ne-ver cruise down Pa-ra-dise street no more

2. I paid off at the Home, after a voyage from Sierra Leone,
 Two pounds ten a month had been my pay;
 As I jingled in my tin, I was sadly taken in
 By a lady of the name of Maggie May.
- ✓ 3. When I ran into her I hadn't got a care,
 I was cruisin' up an' down ol' Canning Place.
 She was dressed in a gown so fine, like a frigate of the line,
 An' I being a sailorman gave chase.
4. She gave a saucy nod, an' I like a farmer's dodd,
 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.
- ✓ 5. When I got full of beer, to her lodgings we did steer,
 She charged me fifteen shillings for the fight,
 I was so ruddy drunk when I landed in her bunk,
 I never knew what happened in the night.
- ✓ 6. Next mornin' when I woke, I found that I wuz broke,
 I hadn't got a penny to me name.
 So I had to pop me suit, me John L's, an' me boots,
 Down in the pawn shop, number nine, Park Lane.
7. Oh, you robbin' Maggie May, you robbed me of my pay,
 When I slept wid you last night ashore.
 Guilty the jury found her, for the robbin' of a homeward-bounder,
 An' she'll never cruise down Park Lane any more.
- ✓ 8. She wuz chained and sent away from Liverpool next day,
 The lads they cheered as she rolled down the Bay;
 And every sailor lad he only was too glad,
 They'd sent the ol' whore out to Botany Bay.