

Maggie May Traditional English.

Now gather round you sailor boys, and listen to my plea
 And when you've heard my tale you'll pity me
 For I was a real damned fool in the port of Liverpool
 The first time that I came home from the sea

Other Verses use

I was paid off at the Home, from a voyage to Sierra Leone
 Two pounds ten and sixpence was my pay
 When I drew the tin I grinned, but I very soon got skinned
 By a girl by the name of Maggie May.

Chorus

Oh, Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken her away;
 And she'll never walk down Lime Street any more;
 For she robbed so many a sailor, and skinned so many a whaler -
 That dirty, no-good, robbing Maggie May.

I shan't forget the day when I first met Maggie May:
 She was cruising up and down on Canning Place,
 With a figure so divine, like a frigate of the line,
 So, being a sailor, I gave chase.

Oh dirty Maggie May, they've taken her away;
 And she'll never walk down Lime Street any more.
 For she robbed so many a sailor, and skinned so many a whaler -
 That dirty, no-good, robbing Maggie May.

Next day I woke in bed, with a sore and aching head,
 No shoes, or shirt, or trousers could I find.
 I asked her where they were, and she answered, "My dear sir,
 They're down in Kelly's knock-shop, number nine."

Oh dirty Maggie May, they've taken her away;
 And she'll never walk down Lime Street any more.
 For she robbed so many a sailor, and skinned so many a whaler -
 That dirty, no-good, robbing Maggie May.

Oh, you thieving Maggie May, you robbed me of my pay
 When I slept with you last night ashore;
 And the judge he guilty found her of robbing a homeward-bounder,
 And she'll never roam down Lime Street any more.

Oh dirty Maggie May, they've taken her away;
 And she'll never walk down Lime Street any more.
 For she robbed so many a sailor, and skinned so many a whaler -
 That dirty, no-good, robbing Maggie May.