

Maggie May

Traditional, U.K./Liverpool (1890's); Lonnie Donegan (1957)

Oh, Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken her away
And she'll never walk down Lime Street any more
Oh, she robbed so many sailors, and the captains of the whalers
That dirty, no-good, robbing Maggie May

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

I was paid off at the Home, from a voyage to Sierra Leone
The three pounds ten a month that was my pay
With a pocket full of tin I was easily taken in
By a girl by the name of Maggie May

Chorus

Oh the first time I saw Maggie, she took my breath away
She was cruising up and down old Canning Place
She'd a figure so divine, like a frigate of the line
So me, being a sailor, I gave chase

She gave me a saucy nod, and like a farmer's clod
I 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

In the morning I awoke, and I found that I was broke
No shoes, no shirt, no trousers could I find
When I asked her where there were, she told me, "My good sir,
They're down in Kelly's pawnshop, number 9"

To the pawnshop I did go, no clothes there did I find
So the police came and took that girl away
And the judge he guilty found her, of robbing the homeward-bounder
And paid her passage out to Botany Bay

Chorus

chorus:

F, C

C, G

C, F

G, C

verse:

C, F-C

C, G

C, F

G, C