

Maggie May

A popular foc'sle song, this version is a compilation of versions by John Manifold collected by himself and others.

Verse

A **D** **A**

Oh ____ gath - er round you sail - or boys and list - en to my tale

E7

And ____ when you've heard it through you'll pit - - y me.

A **D**

I was a god - damned fool in the port of Liv - er - pool

E7 **A**

The first time that I came home from sea.

D **A**

I was paid off at the Hove for the trip to Syd - ney Cove.
Oh Mag - gie Mag - gie May they have tak - en you a - way

E7

And two pound up - - ten on a month was all my pay.
To slave on that cold Van Diem - en's shore.

A **D**

Then I start - ed drink - ing gin and was neat - ly tak - en in
For you robbed so man - y sail - ors and you dosed so man - y whal - ers

E7 **A**

By a lit - - tle girl they all call Mag - gie May.
You'll nev - er see old Lime Street an - - y more.

'Twas a damn unlucky day when I first saw Maggie May.
She was cruising up and down old Cannin' Place.
She cut a figure fine as a warship of the line
So me being a sailor I gave chase.
In the morning when I woke sick and sore and stoney broke
No trousers coat or weskit could I find.
The landlady said "Sir I can tell where they are—
They're down in Stanley's hock shop Number nine".

To the bobby on his beat at the corner of the street
To him I went to him I told my tale.
He asked as if in doubt "Does your mother know you're out?"
But agreed that lady ought to be in jail.
To the hockshop I applied but no trousers there I spied.
The bobbies came and took that girl away.
The jury "Guilty" found her of robbing a homeward bounder
And paid her passage out to Botany Bay.