

# 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 ten a month was all my pay.  
To slave up - 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.