

## May No More



My fa-ther was a fish-er man who drowned be-neath the tide, my  
 mo-ther's heart was brok-en, in a- noth-er year she died, so I  
 made my way to sail-or- town from my home u- pon the shore, you can  
 call me Mag- gie though I'm May no more Oh Mag- gie, Mag- gie  
 May, that's what they used to say, as I took my eve-ning pro- men- ade a-  
 long be- side the bay, but now I'm grow- ing old -er on Aus- tra- lia's con- vict  
 shore, you can call me Mag- gie though I'm May no more.

based on the tune *Maggie May*

My father was a fisherman who drowned beneath the tide  
 My mother's heart was broken, in another year she died,  
 So I made my way to Sailortown from my home upon the  
 shore,

You can call me Maggie though I'm May no more.  
*(chorus)*

*Oh Maggie, Maggie May, that's what they used to say,  
 As I took my evening promenade along beside the bay,  
 But now I'm growing older on Australia's convict shore,  
 You can call me Maggie though I'm May no more.*

I met up with a soldier boy who said he loved me true,  
 He'd guard me and he'd care for me, and I believed him too,  
 But he knocked the young girl out of me, and pushed me out  
 the door,

You can call me Maggie though I'm May no more.  
*(chorus).*

An innkeeper then told me of a room where I could stay,  
 If I did some 'little favours' there'd be no rent to pay,  
 His clientele abused me well, despised me as a whore,  
 You can call me Maggie though I'm May no more.  
*(chorus).*

A topsailman awash with rum passed out upon my bed,  
 I found his watch and moneybox in a pouch beneath his head,  
 I took them both in payment for the life that I'd endured,  
 You can call me Maggie though I'm May no more.  
*(chorus).*

So they took me to a courtroom with a judge in robes of red,  
 Though he'd never worn that long wig when he'd rumbled me  
 in bed,

He said I was a danger both to virtue and the law,  
 You can call me Maggie though I'm May no more.  
*(chorus).*

So he sent me here to New South Wales, to prove crime  
 doesn't pay,  
 And those who break society's rules must suffer every day,  
 While he sits at home in Sailortown with his whisky and his  
 whores,

You can call me Maggie though I'm May no more.  
*(chorus)*



A re-write of the 'Maggie May' song, from Maggie's point of view. There's always at least two sides to any story. The best known version is set in Liverpool, but Hugill says he heard the song set in many different ports, including Swansea. We set it in an unidentified 'Sailortown' that could be anywhere, and not infrequently was.