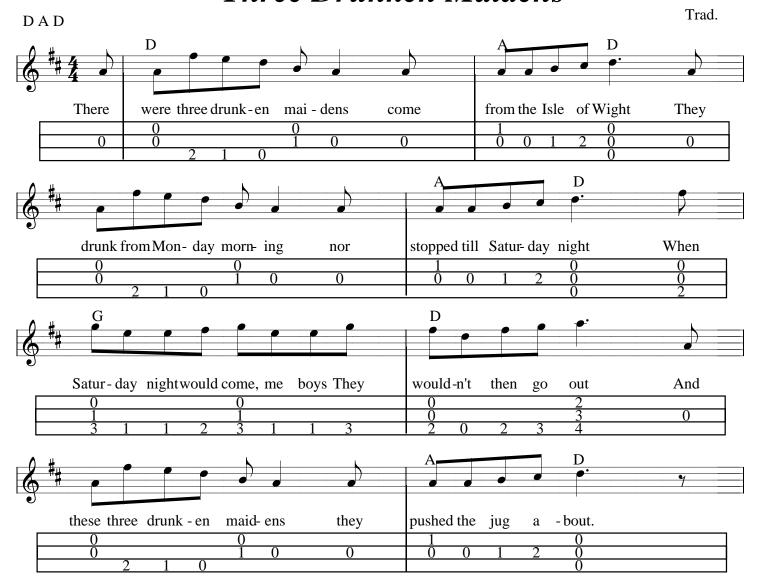
## Three Drunken Maidens



Then in comes bouncing Sally Her cheeks as red as blooms Move up me jolly sisters and give young Sally some room Then I will be your equal before the night is out And these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about

There's woodcock and pheasant, there's partridge and hare There's all sorts of dainties No scarcity was there There's forty quarts of beer, me boys. They fairly drunk them out And these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about

And up comes the landord. He's asking for his pay It is a forty pound bill, me gals these gobs have got to pay That's ten pounds apiece, me gals but still they wouldn't go out These four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about

Oh where are your feather hats, your mantles rich and fine? They all got swallowed up, me lads in tankards of good wine. And where are your maidenheads you maidens frisk and gay? We left them in the alehouse. We drank them clean away.