

Three Drunken Maidens

Trad.

D A D

There were three drunk-en mai - dens come from the Isle of Wight They

drunk from Mon- day morn- ing nor stopped till Satur- day night When

Satur- day night would come, me boys They would-n't then go out And

these three drunk - en maid- ens they pushed the jug a - bout.

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.