Drunken Maidens

(alternate:)

Drunken Maidens

There were three drunken maidens
Come from the Isle of Wight
They drunk from Monday morning
Nor stopped till Saturday night
When Saturday night would come me boys,
They wouldn't then go out
And these three drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

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 landlord,
He's asking for his pay
It is a forty pound bill, me boys
These gobs have got to pay
That's ten pounds apiece, me boys,
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

Recorded by Hart & Prior on Summer Solstice; Fairport Convention on Tippler's Tales and by Planxty on a single.

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