

Three Drunken Maidens

[after Frankie Armstrong's version, modified for a three-girl act]

There were two drunken maidens
Come from the Isle of Wight,
They drunk from Monday morning
Nor stopped till Saturday night.
When Saturday night did come, me lads,
They would not then go out.
These two drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Then up comes handsome Sally,
With cheeks as red as blooms.
Move up me jolly sisters,
And give young Sally room.
For I'll be your equal
Before this day is out.
So these three 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 thirty quarts of beer, me boys,
They fairly drunk it out.
These three drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Then up comes the landlord,
Asking for his pay.
It's a thirty pound bill, me lads,
These girls have got to pay.
That's ten pounds apiece, me boys,
And still they wouldn't go out.
These three drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about. [aside: "Ren Girls Gone WILD!"]

Oh where are your feathered hats,
Your mantles rich and fine?
They've all been swallowed up,
In tankards of good wine.
And where are your maidenheads,
Ye maidens brisk and gay?
We left them in the alehouse, we drank them clean away!