

There were three drunken maidens, lived on the Isle of Wight
They drank from Monday morning, didn't stop till Saturday night
When Saturday night came round, my boys, the girlies wouldn't go out
These three drunken maidens kept pushing the jug about
Then in comes bouncing Sally with a face as red as a bloom
"Move up, my jolly sisters, and give your Sally some room
For I'll be your equal before the night is out"
So now four drunken maidens they pushed the jug about
There was woodcock and pheasant, partridge and hare
And every kind of pie, my boys, no scarcity was there
They'd forty quarts of beer all told, they fairly drunk it up
These four drunken maidens who pushed the jug about
Then in comes the landlord and he's looking for his pay
"I've a bill for forty nicker that you lot have got to pay"
They hadn't got the money and still they wouldn't go out
These four drunken maidens kept pushing the jug about
Now where are your feathered hats, your mantles crisp and fine?
"They've all been swallowed up, my boys, in tankards of good wine"
And where are your maidenheads, you maids so brisk and gay?
"We left them in the public house, we drank them clean away"