

Maggie's Cat

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The last thing he saw was dear Maggie's cat.
There on the fence post just sitting like that,
He turned and his feet took him right up the road.
Oh, what a burden, to carry that load.

As he walked on he could hear Maggie's cries
Standing alone with soft tears in her eyes
His head it was heavy but his stride was so bold.
Oh, what a burden, to carry that load.

Chorus:

Often he wonders did he do the right thing,
Leaving poor Maggie that day in the spring,
But he'd make his living abroad on the sea...
For Maggie

The first month at sea he thought he was in hell.
The crack of the sails and the heave of the swells,
He stuck with his work, as the days did unfold.
Oh, what a burden, to carry that load.

They reached the East Indies on a hot summer day.
The men got rum rations, the horses fresh hay.
But all he could see was the kiss she bestowed
Oh, what a burden, to carry that load.

Chorus

Bridge: His last day alive they sailed into a storm.
The waves were so cold, though the water was warm.
He held to his line, as the waves overflowed.
Oh, what a burden, to carry that load.

The last thing he thought of was Dear Maggie's Cat.
So far out to sea, the ship listing like that.
He wished that he'd never gone away down that road.
Oh, what a burden, to carry that load.

Chorus