

## **The Peeler And The Goat**

**Em D Em G D**  
Oh, the Bansha peeler went out one night on duty and patrolling-o  
**Em D Em G D Em**  
He spied a goat upon the road and took him for a-strolling-o

With bayonet fixed, he sallied forth and he caught him by the wizen-o  
And there swore out a mighty oath he'd send him off to prison-o

Have mercy, sir, the goat replied and let me tell my story-o  
I am no rogue, no ribbon man, no cocky, Whig, or Tory-o

I'm innocent of any crime, of petty or high treason-o  
For my tribe is active at this time it is the mating season-o

"Do not complain," the peeler said but give your tongue a bridle-o  
You're absent from your dwelling place, disorderly, and idle-o

Your hoary locks will not prevail nor your sublime oration-o  
For the penal laws will you transport on your own information-o

No penal laws have I transgressed by deed or combination-o  
It's true I have no place of rest, no home, or habitation-o

But Bansha is my dwelling place where I was bread and borne-o  
I'm of an honest working race that's all the trade I've learned-o

I wager, sir, that you are drunk on whiskey, rum, and brandy-o  
Or you wouldn't have such gallant spunk to be so bold and manly-o

You readily would let me pass If I had money handy-o  
I'd take you to the parting glass its then I'd be the dandy-o