

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## THE PEELER AND THE GOAT

Oh, the Penschaw peeler went one night  
On duty and patrolling  
He spied a goat upon the road  
And took him for a-strolling

Bayonet fixed, he sallied forth  
And he caught him by the wizen  
There swore out a mighty oath  
He's send him off to prison

Have mercy, sir, the goat replied  
And let me tell my story  
I am no rogue, no ribbon man  
No cockey, Whig, or Tory

I'm innocent of any crime,  
Of petty or high treason  
For my tribe is active at this time  
It is the mating season.

"Do not complain," the peeler said  
But give your tongue a bridle  
You're absent from your dwelling place,  
Disorderly, and idle

Your hoary locks will not prevail  
Nor your sublime oration  
For the penal laws will you transport  
On your own information

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

But Penschaw 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  
Or you wouldn't have such gallant spunk  
To be so bold and manly

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

Recorded on "Borderlands"