

# Petticoat Lane - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

PETTICOAT LANE.

When to Dublin I came from the sweet County Down,  
I called on a friend for to show me the town;  
He brought me thro' streets, lanes and alleys so grand,  
'Till my brogues were most wore and I scarcely could stand.  
He showed me fine houses, were built up so high,  
And a man made of stone almost up to the sky;  
But the names of them places went out of my brain,  
Except one, and he said it was Petticoat Lane.  
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

Convenient to Petticoat Lane there is a place,  
And as we walked through it we couldn't get peace;  
The shops were all full of fine clothes, black and blue,  
But the fellows outside nearly tore me in two.  
One dragged me this way to get a good frieze,  
Another had corduroy breeches ray size;  
But one chap bawls out, when I wouldn't remain,  
Show him up to the college in Petticoat Lane.  
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

We got loose from this spot, myself and my friend,  
I couldn't do less than a teaster to spend;  
But we spied boys and girls in a laughable group,  
Sitting cross-legged and they licking up soup.  
Says I: Are these what you call your poor-house recruits?  
Ax the devil! says one, and his bowl at me shoots;  
They roared with pleasure, while I roared with pain,  
Arrah, Paddy, you're welcome to Petticoat Lane!  
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

My friend thought to drag me away by the sleeve,  
When a tartar dropped over my head an old sieve;  
I turned for to strike her, but got in the eye  
A plaster of what they called hot mutton pie.  
I kept groping about, like a man that was blind,  
'Till I caught hould of somebody coming behind;  
I prayed that I might get the strength of a Cain,  
To be able to whale him in Petticoat Lane.  
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

I walloped away, and I got walloped, too,  
While all sorts of ructions were raised by the crew;  
You would swear it was raining brick-bats and stones,  
'Till I heard my antagonist giving some groans.  
Run and be "d----d to you! some one did cry,  
Sure, I can't for the mutton that's stuck in my eye;  
I was led through the crowd, and heard somebody saying,  
There's a peeler most killed up in Petticoat Lane.  
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

These words like a thunderbolt fell on my ear.  
So I scooped all the fat from my eye pretty clear;  
My friend tould the crowd that was 'round to be mute  
While we slipped to a house, called "The sign of the boot."  
There I called for a sup, and we both took a seat,  
Two or three that had backed us came in for a treat;  
When the reckoning was called for, my pockets were clean,  
For pounds, shillings and pence were in Petticoat Lane.  
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

The reckoning it came to a hog and a goat,  
For which the landlord he took the lend of my coat;  
I started without, still cursing the town.  
Says he: You have killed C. 1

Arrah, be aisy, sir, I want none of your tricks!

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

But the sergeant and twenty more swore it was plain  
That I was the bully of Petticoat Lane.  
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.

They all swarmed about me, like flies on a cask,  
But to prison to take me was no easy task;  
When I got there I was charged with the crime,  
'Twas my own brother Darby I bate all the time.  
Whin he seen me he let out a thundering curse,  
On the day that he first went to join in the force;  
He released my ould coat and he got me off clean,  
To go home and say prayers for sweet Petticoat Lane.  
Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, &c.