

# Old Leather Breeches - song lyrics

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

OLD LEATHER BREECHES.

It was at the sign of the Bell, on the road to Clonmel,  
Paddy Hegarty kept a neat shebeen;  
He sold pig's meat and bread, kept a good lodgin' bed,  
And so well liked round the country had been;  
Himself and his wife both struggled thro' life.  
In the week days Pat mended the ditches,  
But on Sunday he dressed in a coat of the best.  
But his pride was his old leather breeches.

For twenty-one years at least, so it appears,  
His father those breeches had run in-  
The morning he died he to his bedside  
Called Paddy, his beautiful son, in;  
Advice then he gave ere he went to the grave-  
He bid them take care of his riches-  
Says he it's no use to pop into my shoes.  
But I'd wish you'd step into my breeches.

Last winter the snow left provisions so low,  
Poor Paddy was eat out completely;  
The snow coming down he could not go to town.  
Thoughts of hunger soon bothered him greatly.  
One night as he lay dreaming away  
About big dogs, " frogs and witches.  
He heard an uproar just outside of the door.  
And he jump't to steal on his ould leather breeches.

Says Bryan M'Guirk, with a voice like a Turk,  
Paddy come get us some eating;  
Says big Andy Moore, I'll burst open the door,  
For this is no night to be waiting;  
Scarce had he spoke when the door went in, broke,  
And they crowded round Paddy like leeches;  
By the great mortal gob, if he didn't get them prog.  
They'd eat him clean out of his breeches.

Now Paddy in dread slipt Into his bed,  
That held Judy, his darling wife, in;  
And there he agreed to get them a feed-  
He slipt out and brought a big knife in;  
He took up the waist of his breeches- the baste,  
And cut out the buttons and stitches,  
And cut them in strips, by the way, they were tripes,  
And boiled them, his ould leather breeches.

When the tripes were stew'd on a dish they were strew'd,  
The boys all cried out, Lord be thanked,  
But Hegarty's wife was afraid of her life.  
She thought it high time for to shank it.  
To see how they smiled, for they thought Pat had boiled  
Some mutton and beef of the richest,  
But little they knew it was leather burgoo.  
That was made out of Paddy's ould leather breeches.

They wollop't the stuff, says Andy it's tough,  
Says Paddy you're no judge of mutton;  
When Bryan M'Guirk, on the point of a fork  
Lifted up a big ivory button.  
Says Darby, what's that? sure I thought it was fat,  
Bryan leaps on his legs, and he screeches,  
By the powers above, I was trying to shove  
My teeth trough the flap of his breeches.

They made al Pat, he was gone out of that.  
He run when he found them all rising-

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

Says Bryan, make haste, and go for the priest.  
By the holy Saint Jackstone, I'm poisoned.  
Revenge for the joke they had, for they broke  
All the chairs, tables, bowls and dishes;  
And from that very night they will knock out your daylight  
If they catch you with leather breeches.