

The Irish Policeman - song lyrics

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THE IRISH POLICEMAN.

Tune-"The Young Man from the Country."

When first I came from Dublin, a policeman's place I took-
A silver watch I soon possessed, and the right side of the cook.
I looked so well in uniform, that girls both dark and fair,
No matter whether night or morn, on me their eyes would glare,
Full of love for Mr. Peeler, on terrace, street, or square.
Full of love for Mr. Peeler, on terrace, street, or square.

Now I was never cross, my boys, when asked to have a drink,
By swells who made a little noise, if the silver I heard chink. -
But if they wouldn't stand a brown, I stands none of their check-
I lets 'em know I've been in town much longer than a week,
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

One night while eating chicken-pie, at my Susan's at the square,
A thunderin' knock came at the door, which knocked me off the chair.
'Twas her Missus-au' I heard her say, "what thief have ye below?"
Susan stammered, curtseyed, "Lor', says she, "it's only Cousin Joe."
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

I then recovered from my fright, and up the stairs did go,
Wid Bulls-eye turned on and staff in hand, indeed I wasn't slow.
Said I, "Madam, I've walked in here, my duty for to do,
And lay my band on any thafe that comes to plunder you."
For I'm a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
For I'm a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

Said she, "Policeman, come with me, and take a glass of wine;
If you are her cousin, don't be free with this servant girl of mine."
Then in the drawing-room we went, an' was waited on by Sue;
Her Missus took a sly glance at me-thinks I, this game will do.
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
Oh, this gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

Now a fortnight after this affair poor Sukey got the sack,
My situation I resigned, an' married her in a crack.
The lady-not the lady's maid-do you think, boys, I was green,
To force myself out of the force, an' marry this ancient queen?
I am a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
I am a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.

Her age it was three-score and ten, her skin was rather tough;
A wig she wore, false teeth she had-of her charms I've said enough.
Three months of wedded bliss we spent, sure, quite devoid of care;
When she kicked the bucket one fine day, an' left me in the square.
I am a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square,
I am a gallant Irish Peeler, who did things on the square.