

Fables

"Peter Street"

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Oh you landsmen and you seamen, come listen to my
song
It's of a trick was played on me, it wont delay you
Long
I came from sea the other day, a fair girl I did meet
She kindly asked me to a dance, t'was up on Peter
Street

"Oh no" says I "me fair maid, though I can dance quite
Well
Tonight I'm bound for Wicklow's Town 'tis where my
People dwell"
"You'd better come with me" she said "for the distance
Is not far"
And finding her so friendlily I jumped into her car

Well as the dance was over, straight to the bed did go
Was little did I ever think she'd pull my overthrow
Robbed my gold watch and 30 pounds, a pack of fags
and
Fled
And left me there stark naked alone upon the bed

Now when I awoke in the morning, it was nothing did I
Spy
But a woman's shirt and apron upon the bed did lie
I wrung my hands and tore my hair and cried what shall
I do
For tonight I'm bound for Wicklow's Town, no more will
I see you

Well as the streets were lonesome at the hour of 2
O'clock
I put on the shirt and apron and marched down to the
Dock
The crew they saw me coming, these words to me did
say
"My dear old chap you struck a snap since you've been
Gone away

Are those the new spring fashions that the ladies wear

On shore
Where is the shop you bought them at, and is there
Anymore"
The captain on the quarter-deck looked at me with
frown
Saying "Jack I'd buy a better suit than that for thirty
Pounds"

"I would sir if I could sir, if I'd only got the chance
But I met a girl on Peter Street and she asked me to a
Dance
She danced my heart's deception, I got robbed from
head
To feet
And I'll take my oath no more I'll go to a dance on
Peter Street"

Oh you landsmen and you seamen, a warning take by
me
Be sure to choose good company when you go out on
spree
Be sure to choose good company or you'll find yourself
Like me
With a woman's shirt and apron for to fit you out for
Sea

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