

# Peter Street

## The Irish Descendants

Oh you landsmen and you seamen come listen to my song  
its of a trick was played on me it wont delay you long  
i came from sea the other day a farell i did meet  
she kindly asked me to a dance was up on peter streetoh no says i me fair maid thou i can dance quite well  
anight i'm bound for wicoloes town as were my people dwell  
you'd better come with me she said for the distance is not far  
and findin her so frendily i jumped into her carwell as the dance was over straight to the bed did go  
was a little did i ever think she'd pull my over-throw  
robbed my gold watch, and thirty pounds, a pack of fags  
and fled, and left me there stark naked alone upon the bednow when i awoke in the morning it was nothing did i  
spy  
but a womans shirt and apron upon the did lie  
i rubbed my hands i tore my hair i cried what shall i do  
ahh tonight i'm bound for wicoloes town no more will i see youwell as the streets were lonsome at the hour of  
two o'colck  
i put on the shirt and apron and marched down to the dock  
the crew they saw me comming these words to me did say  
my dear old chap youve struck a snap sice youve been gone a way  
are thoes the new spring fasions the ladies wear on shore  
where is the shop you bought em at and is there anymorethe captin on the corder deck looked at me with a frown  
saying jack my boy youd better suit in that for thirty pounds  
i would sir if i could sir if i only got the chance  
but i met a girl on peter street and she asked me to a dance  
she danced my hearts reseption i got robbed from head to feet  
and i'll take my oath no more i'll go to a dance on peter streetOh 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 youll find yourself like me  
with a womans shirt and apron for to fit you out for sea

Lyrics provided by

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