

IRISH ROVER

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred six,
We set sail from the Coal Quay of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand City Hall in New York.
We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged fore and aft,
And how the trade winds drove her.
She had twenty-three masts and she stood sey'ral blasts
And they called her the Irish Rover.

There was Barney Magee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath named Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of bone
We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails
We had four million barrels of stones
We had five million hogs and six million dogs
And seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million sides of old blind horses' hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years, when the measles broke out
And our ship lost her way in a fog
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
T'was myself and the captain's old dog.
Then the ship struck a rock, O Lord what a shock
And nearly tumbled over
Turned nine times around then the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.