

The Irish Rover

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the Cobh quay of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
'Twas an elegant craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft
And oh, how the wild winds drove her.
She had twenty-three masts and she'd stood several blasts,
And they called her the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million bails of old nanny goats' tails,
We had four million barrels of bones.
We had five million dogs, we had six million hogs,
Seven million barrels of porter.
We had eight million sides of old blind horses hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scarred stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
And your man Mick McMahon from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

We were sailin' away when the measles broke out
And the ship lost it's way in a fog.
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two,
'Twas myself and the captain's old dog.
Then our ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock
And nearly tumbled over
Turned nine times around, and the poor dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover