

The Irish Rover

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1. In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the sweet Cobh 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 how the wild wind drove her
She could stand a great blast in her twenty seven masts
And we called her the Irish Rover

2. There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath called 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

3. We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs, six million dogs
We had seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bales of old nanny goat tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

4. We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost it's way in the fog
Then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the captain's old dog
The ship struck a rock, Lord what a shock
The boat, it was flipped right over
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover