

My name is John O'Reilly  
And my father worked the fields  
In the hills of old Kilarny  
Where I helped him turn the wheels  
My arms grew hard as iron for a boy of 17  
And I used my fists for gambling in those wet Kilarny streets

Well the ship left for America and I brought my pack aboard  
Said goodbye to my dear Ireland said a prayer to my dear Lord  
I fought those sorry guineas in the kitchen they called hell  
I fought them for their dollar and those guineas paid me well

[Chorus]

Fair thee well fair Dover  
Fair thee well your seasons turn  
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return  
The day of my return

I fought in New York City and I fought the Jersey shore  
My gut stayed full of whiskey and my bed stayed full of whores  
They called my right a cannonball and my left they called the same  
I left em' all lyin' half in blood and half in shame

I met a man on '32 and he stuck out his hand  
And he offered me a thousand if I'd fall before his man  
I said it could be done but only for another two  
He smiled at me and nodded as I stuck it in my shoe

[Chorus]

They rang the bell two times before I let him have my nose  
And I let him work my left until my eye was swollen closed  
Then I let loose a right that they still talk about today  
For that guinea didn't know that I had bet the other way

They covered every dock and every port there on the coast  
Looking for that double crosser who had turned into a ghost  
But I was on a train my friend that rode the other way  
And i'll sail from California back to Dublin one fine day