

## Irish Rover

The Pogues

On the Fourth of July, 1806  
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork  
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks  
For the Grand City Hall in New York  
'Twas a wonderful craft  
She was rigged fore and aft  
And oh, how the wild wind drove her  
She stood several blasts  
She had twenty seven masts  
And they called her The Irish Rover

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

There was awl Mickey Coote  
Who played hard on his flute  
When the ladies lined up for a set  
He was tootin' with skill  
For each sparkling quadrille  
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet  
With his smart witty talk  
He was cock of the walk  
And he rolled the dames under and over  
They all knew at a glance  
When he took up his stance  
That he sailed in 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 scared stiff of work  
And a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole  
Who was drunk as a rule  
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover  
And your man, Mick MacCann  
From the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

For a sailor it's always a bother in life  
It's so lonesome by night and by day  
'Til he launch for the shore and this charming young whore  
Who will melt all his troubles away  
All the noise and the rout  
Swollen poitín and stout  
For him soon the torment's over  
Of the love of a maid he's never afraid  
And old sot from the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years  
When the measles broke out  
And the ship lost its way in the fog  
And that whale of a crew  
Was reduced down to two  
Just myself and the Captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock  
Oh Lord! what a shock  
The bulkhead was turned right over  
Turned nine times around  
And the poor old dog was drowned  
And the last of The Irish Rover