

# Goodbye Mick And Goodbye Pat

The Irish Rovers

Now the ship it sails in half an hour to cross the  
broad Atlantic  
Me friends are standing on the quay in grief and sorrow  
frantic  
I'm just about to sail away on the good ship Dan  
O'Leary  
The anchor's weighed and the gangway's up, I'm leaving  
Tipperary

[Chorus]

So goodbye Mick and goodbye Pat and goodbye Kate and  
Mary  
The anchor's weighed and the gangway's up, I'm leaving  
Tipperary  
And now the steam is rising up, I have no more to say  
I'm bound for New York City, boys, three thousand miles  
away

In my old kitbag here I have cabbage, spuds and bacon  
Isn't that the finest fare and is your belly aching  
If the ship its starts to pitch and toss  
I'll left very quickly I'll pack me bundle on me back  
and I'll walk to New York City

[Chorus]

Those Yankee girls will sure love me, of course I'm  
speculatin'  
I'll oil them well with liquor, boys, and they'll love  
the way I'm treatin'  
I'm as deep in love with Molly Burke an ass is fond of  
clover  
When I get there I'll send for her, that's if she will  
come over

[Chorus x2]