

The Irish Rover

The Irish Rovers

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six,
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
She was a wonderful craft, she was rigged 'fore and aft
And how the wild winds drove her
She 'stood several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts
And they called her 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 Tracy from Dover
And your man Mick McCann, from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

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 and six million dogs
And seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost her way in the fog
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
'Twas meself and the captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock; oh Lord what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
We turned nine times around - then the poor old dog was
drowned
Now I'm the last of the Irish Rover