

## **The Irish Rover**

On the fourth of July 1806 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 a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft, And oh, how the wild wind drove  
her  
She stood several blasts, she had 27 masts, And they called her the Irish Rover

### **Verse 2**

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

### **Verse 3**

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

### **Verse 4**

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

### **Verse 5**

For a sailor it's always a bother in life It's so lonesome by night and by day  
That he longs for the kiss of a charming young miss Who will melt all his troubles away  
Oh, the noise and the rout swillin' poitin and stout For him soon the torment's over  
Of the love of a maid, he is never afraid An old salt from the Irish Rover

### **Verse 6**

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 I'm the last of the Irish  
Rover