

The Irish Rover

Rapalje

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the fair Cobh of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
't Was a wonderfull craft she was rigged for and aft
And oh how the wild winds drove her
She had twenty seven masts and withstood several blasts
And we called her the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lea
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a man from West Meade called Mallone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Ban
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

There was old Mickey Coot who played hard on his flute
And the ladies went down in a dance
There was Darren Kilgour and a charming French whore
Sitting down all the night on his lap
There was Mason McGreig who was drunk as a brick
Oh God he was seldom sober
He went down in the bar and he puked in a jar
Oh God what a mess he left over

We had one million bales of old billy goats' tails
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million packets of bones
We had five million hogs and six million dogs
And seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bags of the best Sligo rags
In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in the fog
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
't Was myself and the captain's old dog
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock
The boat it had turned right over
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was
drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover