Irish Rover

The Tossers

Well 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 for 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 RoverWell we had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,
We had two million barrels of stone
We had three million bails of old nanny-goats' tails,
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 RoverWell we had Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
We had Hogan from County Tyrone
And we had Jimmy McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a lad from Westmeath called Malone
O we had Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
And your man, Mike McCann
from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper on the Irish RoverWell a sailor he longs for a better life
It's so lonesome by night and by day
And he longs for the shore and a charming young whore
Who'll make all his troubles away
All the noise and the rout
All the whiskey and stout
The fighting it's never over
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid
It's all for the Irish Rover

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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