

The Irish Rover

The Irish Tenors

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six
We set out from the coal quay of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand City Hall in New York We'd an elegant craft, she was rigged 'fore and aft
And how the Trade Winds drove her
She had twenty three masts and she stood several blasts
And they called her the Irish Rover There was Barney Magee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk, who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath named 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 Bann
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of bone
We had three million bales of old nanny goat tails
We had four million barrels of stone We had five million hogs, six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million sides of old blind horses' hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the 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
Oh, how the wild winds drove her
Turned her nine times around and the poor dog was drowned
I'm the last, I'm the last, I'm the last of the Irish Rover
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

Songwriters

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