

# The Irish Rover

## Sean O'Neill Band

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  
T'was a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore 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 Rover  
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 bone  
We had five million hogs, six million dogs  
Seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bales, of old nanny gold tails  
In the hold of the Irish Rover  
There was old Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute  
When the ladies lined up for a set  
He was tooting with skill, for each sparking quadrille  
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet  
With his smart, witty talk, he was cock of the walk  
He rolled the dames under and over  
They all knew at a glance, when he took up his stance  
That he sailed on 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 your man from the West Meath called Malone  
The 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 of the Irish Rover  
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  
And 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 that's to the Irish Rover

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