The Irish Rover

Irish music

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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