The Irish Rover

In the year of our Lord eighteen-hundred and six,
We set sail from the cold 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 23 masts, and she stood several blasts,
And we called her the “Irish Ro-ver”.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags;
We had two million barrels of bones;
We had three million bales of old nanny goats’ tails;
We had four million barrels of stones;
We had five million hogs, aye, and six million dogs
And seven million barrels of porter;
We had eight million sides of old blind horses’ hides
In the hold of 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 a chap from West Meath called Malone.

There was Slugger O’Toole, who was pissed as a mule,
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
And your man Gilsinan from the banks of the Shannon
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out,
And our ship lost its way in the fog,
And the whale of a crew was reduced down to two:
Just myself and the captain's old dog.

The ship struck a rock – o Lord, what a shock! –
And nearly tumbled over.
She turned nine times around, and the bloody old dog was drowned –
I'm the last of the Irish Rover!

(Repeat first verse)