

The IRISH ROVER

IN THE YEAR OF THE LORD
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIX
WE SET SAIL FROM THE COAL QUAY OF CORK
WE WERE BOUND FAR 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 OH HOW THE TRADE WINDS DROVE HER
SHE HAD TWENTY-THREE MASTS
AND WITHSTOOD SEVERAL BLASTS
AND WE CALLED HER THE IRISH ROVER!

THERE WAS BARNEY MCGEE
FROM THE BANKS OF THE LEE
THERE WAS HOGAN FROM COUNTY TYRONE
THERE WAS LARRY MCGURK
WHO WAS SCARED STIFF OF WORK
AND A CHAP FROM WESTMEATH NAMED MALONE
THERE WAS SLUGGER O'TOOLE
WHO WAS DRUNK AS A RULE
AND FIGHTING BILL TRACY FROM DOVER
AND YOUR MAN MICK McCANN
FROM THE BANKS OF THE BANN
WAS THE SKIPPER OF 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
AND FOUR MILLION BARRELS OF BONE
WE HAD FIVE MILLION DOGS, SIX MILLION HOGS
AND SEVEN MILLION BARRELS OF PORTER
WE HAD EIGHT MILLION BALES
OF OLD NANNY GOATS' TAILS
IN THE HOLD OF THE IRISH ROVER!

WE HAD SAILED SEVEN YEARS
WHEN THE MEASLES BROKE OUT
AND THE SHIP LOST HER WAY IN A FOG
AND THE WHOLE OF THE CREW
WAS REDUCED DOWN TO TWO
JUST MESELF AND THE CAPTAIN'S OLD DOG!
THEN THE SHIP HIT A ROCK - LORD, WHAT A SHOCK!
AND NEARLY TUMBLED OVER
TURNED NINE TIMES AROUND,
AND THE POOR DOG WAS DROWNED:
I'M THE LAST OF THE IRISH ROVER!