

THE IRISH ROVER

Old Irish Sailing Song from the Days
When Ireland Ruled the High Seas with
Their Innovative Ship Design and Capable Crews.



In the Year of Our Lord, eight-*een* hund-red and six We set sail from the fair Dock of



Cork. We were bound far a-way with a car - go of bricks For the fine cit-y hall of New



York. In an el - e-gant craft, she was rigged-fore and aft and how the trade winds



dro - ve her! She had twent-y three masts and she stood sev'-ral blasts and we called her the I - rish



Ro - ver.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County Tyrone.
And a chap called McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from West Meade called Mellone.
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Casey from Dover.
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bahn
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

We had one million bales of old billy goats' tails,
We had two million buckets of stones.
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides,
We had four million packets of bones.
We had five million hogs; we had six million dogs,
And seven million barrels of porter.
We had eight million bags of the best Sligo rags
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,
'Twas myself and the captain's old dog.
And the ship struck a rock -- Lord what a shock!
And then she heeled right over,
Turned nine times around, and the poor dog was drowned--
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.