

IRISH ROVER

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six,
we set sail from the Coal 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, it was rigged fore and aft,
and how the trade winds drove her.**

**She had twentythree masts and she stood sev'ral blasts
and they called her the Irish Rover.**

There was Barney Maggee from the banks of' the Lee
there was Hlogan from County Tyrone,
there was Johnny Mc Gurk 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 f'ighting Bill Tracy from Dover,
and your man Mick Mc Cann from the banks of' the Bann
was the skipper on the Irish foyer.

We had one million bags of the best silo rags,
we had two million barells of bone,
we had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails,
we had four million barrells of stone,
**we had five million hogs and six million dogs
and seven million barrells of porter,
we had eight million sides of old blindhorses hides
in the hold of the Irish foyer.**

We had sailed seven years, when the measels broke out
and our ship lost her way in a fog,
and the whole of the crew was reduced down to two.
`Twas myself and the captain'a old dog,
then the ship struck a rock, o Lord w~t a shock,
and nearly tumbled over
turned nine times around then the poor old dog was drowned,
I'm the last of the Irish foyer.