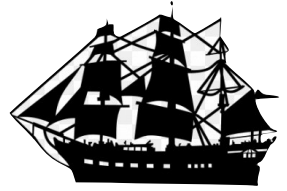


The Irish Rover

Written By J.M. Crofts



C F
On the fourth of July, 1806
C
We set sail from the sweet cove of
G
Cork
C F
We were sailing away with a cargo of
bricks
C G C
For the Grand City Hall in New York
C
'Twas a wonderful craft
F
She was rigged fore and aft
C G
And oh, how the wild wind drove her
C
She stood several blasts
Am F
She had twenty-seven masts
C G C
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 bones
We had five million hogs
Six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bails of old
nanny goats' tails
In the hold of The Irish Rover

There was ol' Mickey Coote
Who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for a set

He was tootin' with skill
For each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and
bet
With his smart witty talk
He was cock of the walk
And he rolled the dames under and
over
They all knew at a glance
When he took up his stance
That he sailed in 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 man from Westmeath called
Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole
Who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
And your man, Mick MacCann
From the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper on 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
Then 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 the last of The Irish Rover