

## **The Pubcrawlers**

### **"The Irish Rover"**

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On the 4th of July, eighteen hundred and six  
We set sail from the cold bay of Cork  
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks  
For the grand city hall in New York  
She was a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft  
And oh, how the wild winds drove her  
She had several blasts, she had 27 masts  
And we called her the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags  
We had two million barrels of stones  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides  
We had four million barrels of bones.  
We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs  
And seven million Celtic supporters  
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails  
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 Charlie McGurk who was scared stiff of work  
And a man from Westmeathe called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And Fightin' Bill Tracy from Dover  
And your man Mick McCann  
From the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

Bridge:

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out  
And the ship lost it's way in the fog (great fog!)  
And the 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 turned right over  
Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was  
drowned  
And I'm the last of the Irish Rover

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