Unknown
"City Of Baltimore"

The City of Baltimore

Come all ye true-born Irishmen, a story I will tell,
Concerning Denis McCarthy, in Liverpool town did
dwell.
'Twas down the northern docks one day he happened
for to stay;
On a western ocean steamboat he stowed himself
away.

After four long days and four long nights in the chain
locker he
was found,
The Irish lad was stowed away, leaving his native
ground .
The Irish lad was stowed awag, leaving his native
shore,
On board of a western ocean boat, The City of
Baltimore.

The mate he came up on the deck, and to the crew did
say:
"Where is that Irish son of a gun who stowed himself
away?"
"I'm here," says bold McCarthy, "and as I've said
hefore,
I'll fight any man that's fore or aft The City of
Baltimore."

The mate, he being a cowardly man, before him
wouldn't stand;
McCarthy, being a smart man, 'twas at the mate he ran.
McCarthy, being a smart man, this bucko he did lower,
And he stretched him senseless on the deck of the City
of
Baltimore.

The second mate and the bosun came to the mate's
relief;
McCarthy with his capstan bar he soon made them
retreat.

His Irish blood began to boil and he like a lion did roar,
Saying, "Skin and hair will fly this day on The City of
Baltimore.

The captain was a Scotchman, McDonald was his name;
When he had seen what McCarthy done, right for'ard
then he came.
"Well done," he cried, "my gallant boy. I'll give you
three cheers
more!
You fought your way right fore and aft on the City of
Baltimore!"

From the Oxford Book of Sea Songs, Palmer
@sailor @fight
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