

Unknown

"The Irish Rover"

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THE IRISH ROVER

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the fair cove of Cork.
We were bound far away with a cargo of bricks
For the fine city hall of New York.

In a very fine craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft
And oh, how the wild winds drove her.
She had twenty-three masts and withstood several
blasts
And we called her the Irish Rover.

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.
There was Dooley from Claire who was strong as a bear
And was 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 unto two,
'Twas myself and the captain's old dog.

Then the ship struck a rock with a terrible 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.

@laying @Irish @ship @sailor
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