

Paddy Schmidt

"THE IRISH ROVER"

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On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
Â´Twas an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and aft
And how the wild wind drove her
She could stand a great blast in her twenty seven
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 bone
We had five million hogs, six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bales 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 Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath called Malone

There was Slugger O'Á Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
There was Dolan from Clare, just as strong as a bear
All aboard on the Irish Rover
We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost it's way in the fog
Then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
Just myself and the captain's old dog
The ship struck a rock, Lord what a shock
The boat it flipped right over
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was
drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

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