

High Kings, The "The Irish Rover"

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In the year of our lord eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the coal quay of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the Grand City Hall of New York
We had an elegant craft
She was rigged fore and aft
And oh, how the wild winds drove her
She had twenty seven masts
And withstood several blasts
And they called her 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 chap from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole
Who was drunk as a rule
And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man, Mick McCann
From the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

We had five million bags of the best Sligo rags
We had six million barrels of stones
We had seven million bales of old nanny goats tails
We had eight million barrels of bones
We had nine million hogs
ten million dogs
eleven million barrels of porter
We had twelve million sides of old blind horses hides'
In the hold of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years
When the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in a fog
And that whole of a crew
Was reduced down to two
Just myself and the Captain's old dog
Well the ship struck a rock

Oh Lord! what a shock
The boat she turned right over
She turned nine times around
And the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of The Irish Rover

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