

## **The Irish Tenors**

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

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In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six  
We set out from the coal quay of Cork  
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks  
For the grand City Hall in New York

We'd an elegant craft, she was rigged 'fore and aft  
And how the Trade Winds drove her  
She had twenty three masts and she stood several  
blasts  
And they called her the Irish Rover

There was Barney Magee 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 named Mallone

There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule  
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover  
And your man, Mick McCann, from the banks of the  
Bann  
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags  
We had two million barrels of bone  
We had three million bales of old nanny goat tails  
We had four million barrels of stone

We had five million hogs, six million dogs  
Seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight 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 her way in the fog  
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two  
'Twas meself and the captain's old dog

Then the ship struck a rock, Oh, Lord, what a shock  
Oh, how the wild winds drove her  
Turned her nine times around and the poor dog was  
drowned  
I'm the last, I'm the last, I'm the last of the Irish Rover

I'm the last of the Irish Rover

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