

## Orthodox Celts

# Irish Rover

On the 4th of July 1806, 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  
'twas wonderful craft she was rigged for and aft and, oh, how the wild wind drove her  
She stood several blasts and twenty seven masts and they called her the Irish rover  
We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags, we had two million barrels of stone  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides, we had four million barrels of bones  
We had five million hogs and six million dogs, seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bails of old nanny goat's 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 McGurk who was scared stiff of work and a man from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole always drunk as a rule and fighting Bill Tracy from Dover  
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Benn was the skipper of the Irish rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out and the ship lost it's way in the fog  
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two, just myself and the captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock, oh, Lord, what a shock, the bulkhead was turned right over  
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned and the last of the Irish rover