## **Irish Rover**

**Fiddler's Green** 

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 grad city hall in New York 'T was a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft And oh, how the wild winds drove her She got several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts And they called her the Irish Rover

We had one million bales of the best Sligo rags We had two million barrels of rum We had three million sides of old blind horses hides We had four million barrels of bones We had five million hogs, six million dogs Seven million barrels of porter We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was awl Mickey Coote who playes hard on his flute When the ladies lined up for his set He would tootle with skill for each sparkling quadrille Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk As he rolled the dames under and over And they knew at a glance when he took up his stance They sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee There was Hogan from County Tyrone There was Jimmy McGurk who was scarred stiff of work And a man from Westmeath called Malone There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule And fighthing Bill Tracey from Dover And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann 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 a fog And that whale of the 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 dog was drowned I'm the last of the Irish Rover