On the Fourth of July, 1806
We set sail from the sweet cohb of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the Grand City Hall in New York
'Twas a wonderful craft
She was rigged fore and aft
And oh, how the wild wind drove her
She stood several blasts
She had 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 bales of old nanny-goats' tails
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 sides of old blind horses hides
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
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

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We had five million hogs
And 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 its 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 what a shock
The bulkhead was turned 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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We had two million barrels of stone
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We had five million hogs
And six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
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In the hold of the Irish Rover