

Goodbye Mick And Goodbye Pat

The Irish Rovers

Now the ship it sails in half an hour to cross the
broad Atlantic
Me friends are standing on the quay in grief and sorrow
frantic
I'm just about to sail away on the good ship Dan
O'Leary
The anchor's weighed and the gangway's up, I'm leaving
Tipperary

[Chorus]

So goodbye Mick and goodbye Pat and goodbye Kate and
Mary
The anchor's weighed and the gangway's up, I'm leaving
Tipperary
And now the steam is rising up, I have no more to say
I'm bound for New York City, boys, three thousand miles
away

In my old kitbag here I have cabbage, spuds and bacon
Isn't that the finest fare and is your belly aching
If the ship its starts to pitch and toss
I'll left very quickly I'll pack me bundle on me back
and I'll walk to New York City

[Chorus]

Those Yankee girls will sure love me, of course I'm
speculatin'
I'll oil them well with liquor, boys, and they'll love
the way I'm treatin'
I'm as deep in love with Molly Burke an ass is fond of
clover
When I get there I'll send for her, that's if she will
come over

[Chorus x2]