

# The Goodship Rover

## The Irish Rovers

I'm the son of the son of a sailor  
And I spend all me time on the sea  
On a tall clipper ship named the Rover  
She's home to me shipmates and me  
We've sailed her through all kinds of weather  
Through waves that were high as the mast  
And she brings us back safely to Ireland  
To her home in the port of Belfast

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover  
Likewise to the captain and crew  
May kind Providence shine upon them  
Whenever they're out on the blue

The good ship lies ready at anchor  
We sail with the tide in the morn  
Across the Atlantic to Boston  
And to Frisco around by Cape Horn  
Farewell and adieu to you Nancy  
I'm off to the sea for awhile  
And you are the one I will think on  
Till I'm back in Paddy's green Isle

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover  
Likewise to the captain and crew  
May kind Providence shine upon them  
Whenever they're out on the blue

We're now in full sail on the ocean  
With the westerly wind blowing free  
She cuts like a knife through the water  
She rules every wave of the sea  
She's the fastest tall clipper a'sailing  
The pride of the carpentry line  
Doing 17 knots in the voyage  
She'll have you back home in fine time

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover  
Likewise to the captain and crew  
May kind Providence shine upon them  
Whenever they're out on the blue

And now we are nearing old Ireland  
For the harbor has come into sight  
The lassies are all on the dockside  
There'll be singing and dancing to night  
We'll be drinking strong whiskey and porter  
Till they carry us out through the door  
And when we have spend all our money  
We'll go back on the Rover once more

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover  
Likewise to the captain and crew  
May kind Providence shine upon them  
Whenever they're out on the blue

And we'll drink to the health of the Rover

Likewise to the captain and crew  
May kind Providence shine upon them  
Whenever they're out on the blue