

## Irish Rover

## The Tossers

Well on the Fourth 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 a wonderful craft, she was rigged for 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

Well we had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,  
We had two million barrels of stone  
We had three million bails 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 bails of old nanny-goats' tails  
In the hold of the Irish Rover

Well we had Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,  
We had Hogan from County Tyrone  
And we had Jimmy McGurk who was scared stiff of work  
And a lad from Westmeath called Malone  
O we had Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover  
And your man, Mike McCann  
from the banks of the Bann  
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

Well a sailor he longs for a better life  
It's so lonesome by night and by day  
And he longs for the shore and a charming young whore  
Who'll make all his troubles away  
All the noise and the rout  
All the whiskey and stout  
The fighting it's never over  
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid  
It's all for 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 meself and the Captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock,  
Oh Lord! What a shock,  
The bulkhead was turned right over  
Well it turned nine times around  
And the poor old dog was drowned  
Well I'm the last of the Irish Rover!