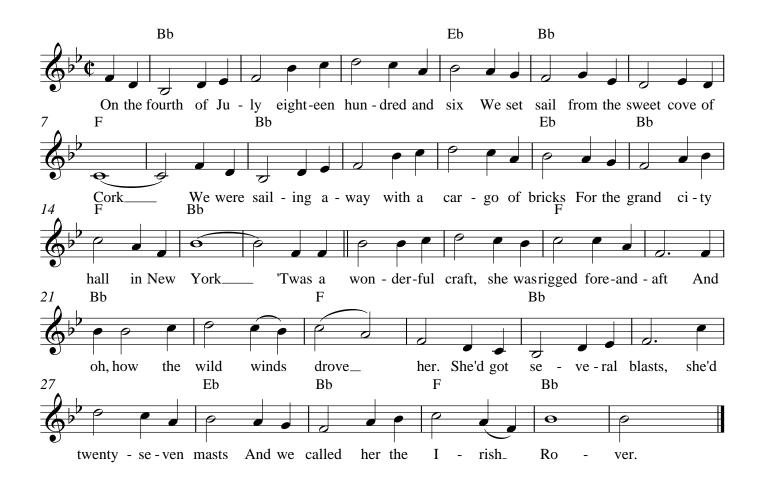
The Irish Rover

www.franzdorfer.com



We had two million barrels of stones We had three million sides of old blind horses hides, We had four million barrels of bones. We had five million hogs, we had 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.

We had one million bales of the best Sligo rags

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute When the ladies lined up for his set He was tootin' 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 They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance And he 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 fighting 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 meself 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