**In the year of the Lord eighteen hundred and six**

**We set sail from the coal key of Cork**

**We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks**

**For the grand city hall of New York**

**We’d an elegant craft, it was rigged fore and aft**

**And how the trade winds drove her**

**She had twenty three masts, and she stood several blasts**

**And they called her the Irish Rover**

**We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags**

**We had two million barrels of stones**

**We had three million sides of old blind horses hides**

**We had four million barrels of bone**

**We had five million hogs, six million dogs**

**Seven million barrels of porter**

**We had eight million bales of old nanny goats tails**

**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 McGuirk who was scared stiff of work**

**And a chap 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 Mc Cann from the banks of the Bann**

**Was the skipper of the Irish Rover**

**We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out**

**and our ship lost it's way in the fog  
Then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two**

**just myself and the captain's old dog**

**The ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock**

**and nearly tumbled over**

**It turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned**

**I'm the last of the Irish Rover *(repeat last two lines, slowing)***