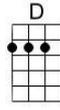
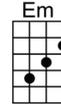
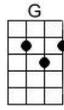
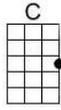
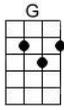
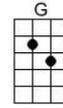
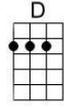
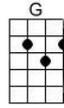
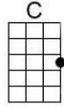
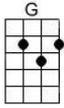


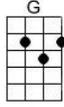
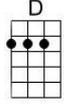
The Irish Rover



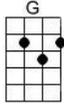
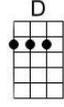
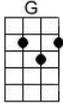
1) On the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six, we set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork



We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks, for the Grand City Hall in New York



'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore 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

2) We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags, we had two million barrels of stone
 We had three million sides of old blind horses hides, 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

3) There was awl Mickey Coote, who played hard on his flute, when the ladies lined up for a set
 He was tootin' with skill, for each sparkling quadrille, though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
 With his smart witty talk, he was cock of the walk, and he rolled the dames under and over
 They all knew at a glance, when he took up his stance, that he sailed in The Irish Rover

4) There was Barney McGee From the banks of the Lee, there was Hogan from County Tyrone
 There was Johnny McGirr, who was scared stiff of work And a man from Westmeath called Malone
 There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule and fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
 And your man, Mick MacCann from the banks of the Bann was the skipper of the Irish Rover

5) For a sailor it's always a bother in life, it's so lonesome by night and day
 That he longs for the shore, and a charming young whore, who will melt all his troubles away
 Oh, the noise and the rout swillin' poitin and stout, for him soon the torment's over
 Of the love of a maid, he is never afraid, an old salt from the Irish Rover

6) We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out, and the ship lost its way in the fog
 And that whale of a crew, was reduced down to two, just myself and the Captain's old dog
 Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock, the bulkhead was turned right over

SLOW RIGHT DOWN

Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was drowned, I'm the last of The Irish Rover.....