The City of Baltimore

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Come all ye true-born lrishmen, a story I will tell,
Concerning Denis McCarthy, in Liverpool town did dwell.
'Twas down the northern docks one day he happened for to stay;
On a western ocean steamboat he stowed himself away.

After four long days and four long nights in the chain locker he
was found,
The lrish lad was stowed away, leaving his native ground .
The lrish lad was stowed awag, leaving his native shore,
On board of a western ocean boat, The City of Baltimore.

The mate he came up on the deck, and to the crew did say:
"Where is that lrish son of a gun who stowed himself away?"
"I'm here," says bold McCarthy, "and as I've said hefore,
I'll fight any man that's fore or aft The City of Baltimore."

The mate, he being a cowardly man, before him wouldn't stand;
McCarthy, being a smart man, 'twas at the mate he ran.
McCarthy, being a smart man, this bucko he did lower,
And he stretched him senseless on the deck of the City of
Baltimore.

The second mate and the bosun came to the mate's relief;
McCarthy with his capstan bar he soon made them retreat.
His Irish blood began to boil and he like a lion did roar,
Saying, "Skin and hair will fly this day on The City of
Baltimore.

The captain was a Scotchman, McDonald was his name;
When he had seen what McCarthy done, right for'ard then he came.
"Well done," he cried, "my gallant boy. I'll give you three cheers
more!
You fought your way right fore and aft on the City of Baltimore!"

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