

The Irish Rover

Traditional

In the [C] Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [F] six,
We set [C] sail from the sweet cove of [G] Cork
We were [C] sailing away with a cargo of [F] bricks
For the [C] grand City [G] Hall in New [C] York

She was a [C] wonderful craft, she was [G] rigged 'fore and aft
And how [C] the wild winds [G] drove her
She 'stood [C] several blasts, she had [Am] twenty-seven [F] masts
And they [C] called her the [G] Irish [C] Rover

We had [C] one million bags of the best Sligo [F] rags
We had [C] two million barrels of [G] stones
We had [C] three million sides of old blind horses' [F] hides
We had [C] four million [G] barrels of [C] bones
We had [C] five million hogs and [G] six million dogs
[C] And seven million barrels of [G] porter
We had [C] eight million bales of old [Am] nanny goats' [F] tails
In the [C] hold of the [G] Irish [C] Rover

There was [C] Barney McGee from the banks of the [F] Lee
There was [C] Hogan from County Ty-[G]rone
There was [C] Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of [F] work
And a [C] man from [G] Westmeath called [C] Malone

There was [C] Slugger O'Toole who was [G] drunk as a rule
[C] And fighting Bill Tracy from [G] Dover
And your [C] man Mick McCann, from the [Am] banks of the Bann
Was the [C] skipper of the [G] Irish [C] Rover

We had [C] sailed seven years when the measles broke [F] out
And our [C] ship lost her way in the [G] fog
And the [C] whole of the crew was reduced down to [F] two
'Twas [C] meself and [G] the captain's old [C] dog

Then the [C] ship struck a rock; oh Lord [G] what a shock
[C] The bulkhead was turned right [G] over
We turned [C] nine times around -
then [Am] the poor old dog was [F] drowned
Now I'm [C] the last of the [G] Irish Ro-[C]ver