

The Irish Rover

D

On the Fourth of Ju - - ly, eigh - teen -

G

hund - - red - - and - - six, we set

D **A7**

sail from the sweet cove of Cork _____ We were

D **G**

sai - ling a - - way with a car - go of bricks, for the

D **A7** **D**

Grand Ci - ty Hall in _____ New York _____ 'Twas _____

D **A7**

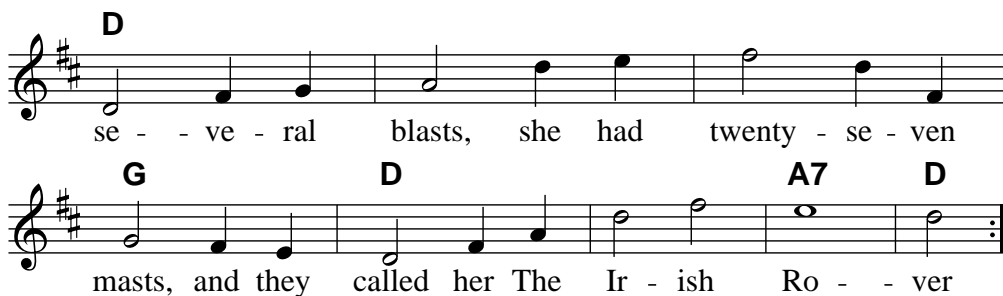
wonder - ful craft, she was rigged _____ fore and

D

aft, and _____ oh _____

A7

how - - the wild wi - - nd dro - - ve her, She



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

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

There was Barney McGee
From the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk
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

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
Turned nine times around
And the poor old dog was drowned
And the last of The Irish Rover