

The Irish Rover

^G On the fourth of July ^C eighteen hundred and six
^G we set sail from the sweet ^{Em} Cobh of ^D Cork,
^G we were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
^G for the grand city hall in New York.
^G 'Twas a wonderful craft, she was ^D rigged fore and aft,
^G and oh, how the wild wind ^D drove her,
she could stand a great blast, she had ^C twenty seven masts,
^G and they called her the ^D Irish ^G Rover.

^G We had one million bags of the best ^C Sligo rags,
^G we had two million barrels of stones,
^G we had three million sides of old blind horses hides,
^G we had four million barrels of bones.
^G We had five million hogs, six million dogs,
^G seven million barrels of porter,
^G we had eight million bales of old nanny goat tails
^G in the hold of the ^D Irish ^G Rover.

^G There was awl Mickey Cootie who played hard on his flute, ^C
^G when the ladies lined up for his set, ^{Em} ^D
^G he was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille, ^C
though the dancers were fluther'd and bet. ^D ^G
^G With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk, ^D
^G as he rolled the dames under and over, ^D
they all knew at a glance when he took up his stance, ^C
^G that he sailed in the ^D Irish ^G Rover.

^G There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
^G there was Hogan from County Tyrone,
^G there was Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of work,
^G and a chap from Westmeath called Malone.
^G There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule,
^G and fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
^G and your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
^G was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

^G We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out,
^G and our ship lost its way in the fog,
^G then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two,
^G just myself and the captain's old dog.
^G Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord, what a shock,
^G the boat, it was flipped right over
^G turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned,
^G I'm the last of the Irish Rover.