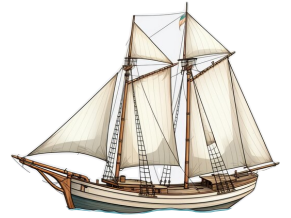


The Irish Rover

Written By J.M. Crofts



On the [G] Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [C] six,
We set [G] sail from the sweet cove of [D] Cork
We were [G] sailing away with a cargo of [C] bricks
For the [G] grand City [D] Hall in New [G] York
She was a [G] wonderful craft, she was [D] rigged 'fore and aft
And how [G] the wild winds [D] drove her
She 'stood [G] several blasts, she had [Em] twenty-seven [C] masts
And they [G] called her the [D] Irish [G] Rover

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

There was [G] Barney McGee from the banks of the [C] Lee
There was [G] Hogan from County Ty-[D]rone
There was [G] Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of [C] work
And a [G] man from [D] Westmeath called [G] Malone
There was [G] Slugger O'Toole who was [D] drunk as a rule
[G] And fighting Bill Tracy from [D] Dover
And your [G] man Mick McCann, from the [Em] banks of the Bann
Was the [G] skipper of the [D] Irish [G] Rover

We had [G] sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out
And our [G] ship lost her way in the [D] fog
And the [G] whole of the crew was reduced down to [C] two
'Twas [G] meself and [D] the captain's old [G] dog
Then the [G] ship struck a rock; oh Lord [D] what a shock
[G] The bulkhead was turned right [D] over
We turned [G] nine times around - then [Em] the poor old dog was
[C] drowned
Now I'm [G] the last of the [D] Irish Ro-[G]ver