The Irish Rover - traditional.

In the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and six We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks For the grand city hall in New York 'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft And oh, how the wild winds drove her. She had twenty-three masts and she'd stood several blasts. And they called her the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags We had two million barrels of stones We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails, We had four million barrels of bones. We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs, Seven million barrels of porter. We had eight million sides of old blind horses hides, In the hold of the Irish Rover.

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute When the ladies lined up for his set He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk As he rolled the dames under and over They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance And he sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee, There was Hogan from County Tyrone There was Jimmy McGurk who was scarred stiff of work And a man from Westmeath named Malone There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out And our ship lost her way in a fog.

And that whale of the crew was reduced down to two,

T´was myself and the captain's old dog.

Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock

She turned nine times over

And the ship was never fund, and the poor old dog was drowned I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

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