

## IRISH ROVER

G C  
On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six

G D  
We set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork

G C  
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks

G D G  
For the grand city hall in New York

G D  
'Twas an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and aft

G D  
And oh how the wild wind drove her

G C  
She had twenty three masts and she stood several blasts

G D G  
And we called her the Irish Ro-ver

G C  
We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags

G D  
We had two million barrels of stones

G C  
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides

G D G  
We had four million barrels of bones

G D  
We had five million hogs, six million dogs

G D  
We had seven million barrels of porter

G C  
We had eight million bales of old nanny goat tails

G D G  
In the hold of the Irish Ro-ver



G C  
There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee

G D  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone

G C  
There was Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of work

G D G  
And a chap from Westmeath called Malone

G D  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule

G D  
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover

G C  
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann

G D G  
Was the skipper of the Irish Ro-ver

G C  
We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out

G D  
And our ship lost it's way in the fog

G C  
Then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two

G D G  
Just myself and the captain's old dog

G D  
The ship struck a rock, Lord what a shock

G D  
The boat, it was flipped right over

G Em C  
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned

G D G  
I'm the last of the Irish Ro-ver