

The Irish Rover

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 On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
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 We set sail from the sweet Cobh of Cork
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 We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
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 For the grand city hall in New York
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 'Twas an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and aft
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 And how the wild wind drove her
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 She could stand a great blast in her twenty seven masts
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 And we 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 sides of old blind horses hides
 We had four million barrels of bones
 We had five million hogs, six million dogs
 We had seven million barrels of porter
 We had eight million bales of old nanny goat tails
 In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
 There was Hogan from County Tyrone
 There was Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of work
 And a chap from Westmeath called Malone
 There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
 And fighting Bill Tratcy 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 measels broke out
 And our ship lost it's way in the fog
 Then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two
 Just myself and the captain's old dog
 The ship struck a rock, Lord what a shock
 The boat, it was flipped right over
 Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned
 I'm the last of the Irish Rover