

The Irish Rover

Viola Melody

Traditional

1 G C G

In the year of our Lord eight-teen hun-dred and six We set sail from the coal quay of

4 D7 G C

Cork, We were sail - ing a - way with a car - go of bricks for the

7 G D7 G

grand cit - y hall in New York. We'd an el - e - gant craft, it was

10 D7 G D7

rigged fore and aft, And how the trade winds drove her; She had

13 G C

twen - ty - three masts and she stood sev - 'ral blasts, And they

15 G D7 G D7 G

called her the *I - rish* *Rov - er*. There was *Rov - er*.

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the coal quay of Cork,
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
for the grand city hall in New York.
'Twas an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and aft,
And how the trade winds drove her;
She had twenty-three masts and she stood sev'ral blasts,
And they called her the *Irish Rover*.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,
We had two million barrels of bone;
We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails,
We had four million barrels of stone.
We had five million hogs and six million dogs
And sev'n million barrels of Porter;
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of the *Irish Rover*.

There was Barney Magee, from the banks of the Lee;
There was Hogan, from County Tyrone.
There was Johnny McGurk, who was scared stiff of work,
And a chap from Westmeath named Malone.
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule,
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover;
And your man Mick McCann, from the banks of the Bann,
Was the skipper of the *Irish Rover*.

We had sail'd seven years when the measles broke out,
And our ship lost her way in a fog.
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two,
'Twas meself and the captain's old dog.
Then the ship struck a rock, O Lord, what a shock,
And nearly tumbled over;
Turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was drowned.
I'm the last of the *Irish Rover*.