

The Irish Rover

Voice

Traditional

G C G

In the year of our Lord eight-*een* hun-dred and six We set sail from the coal quay of Bar-ney Ma-gee, from thebanks of the Lee; There was Ho-gan, from Coun-ty Ty one mil-lion bags of the best Sli-go rags, We had two mil-lion bar-rels of sail'd sev-en years when themeas-els broke out, And our ship lost her way in a

4 D7 G C

Cork, We were sail-ing a-way with a car-go of bricks for the rone. There was John-ny Mc-Gurk, who was scared stiff of work, And a bone; We had three mil-lion bales of old nan-ny goats' tails, We had fog. And the whole of the crew was re-duced down to two, 'Twas me -

7 G D7 G

grand cit-y hall in New York. 'Twas an el-e-gant craft, she was chap from West-meath named Ma-lone. There was Slug-ger O'-Toole, who was four mil-lion bar-rels of stone. We had five mil-lion hogs and self and the cap-tain's old dog. Then the ship struck a rock, O

10 D7 G D7

rigged fore and aft, And how the trade winds drove her; She had drunk as a rule, And fight-ing Bill Tra-cy from Do-ver; And your six mil-lien dogs And sev'n mil-lion bar-rels of Port-er; We had Lord, what a shock, And near-ly tumb-led o-ver; Turned

13 G C

twen-ty-three masts and she stood sev-'ral blasts, And they man Mick Mc-Cann, from the banks of the Bann, Was the eight mil-lion bales of old nan-ny goats' tails In the nine times a-round, and the poor old dog was drowned. I'm the

15 G D7 G D7 G

called her the *I-rish* *Rov-er*. There was skip-per of the *I-rish* *Rov-er*. We had hold of the *I-rish* *Rov-er*. We had last of the *I-rish*

Rov-er.