

The Irish Rover (G)

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 a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft
G D
And oh, how the wild winds drove her
G Em C
She stood several blasts, she had twenty seven masts
G D G
And they called her The Irish Rover

[Verse 2]

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 and six million dogs
G D
And seven million barrels of porter
G Em C
We had eight million bails of old nanny-goats' tails
G D G
In the hold of the Irish Rover

[Verse 3]

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

[Verse 4]

G
There was Barney McGee
C
From the banks of the Lee
G D
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
G
There was Johnny McGirr
C
Who was scared stiff of work
G D G
And a man from Westmeath called Malone

G
There was Slugger O'Toole
D
Who was drunk as a rule
G D
And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
G
And your man, Mick MacCann
Em C
From the banks of the Bann
G D G
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

[Verse 5]

G C
For a sailor it's always a bother in life
G D
It's so lonesome by night and day
G
That he longs for the shore
C
And a charming young whore
G D G
Who will melt all his troubles away
G
Oh, the noise and the rout
D
Swillin' poitin and stout
G D
For him soon the torment's over
G
Of the love of a maid
Em C
He is never afraid
G D G
An old salt from the Irish Rover

[Verse 6]

G

We had sailed seven years

C

When the measles broke out

G

D

And the ship lost its way in the fog

G

And that whale of a crew

C

Was reduced down to two

G

D

G

Just myself and the Captain's old dog

G

Then the ship struck a rock

D

Oh Lord what a shock

G

D

The bulkhead was turned right over

G

Turned nine times around

Em

C

And the poor old dog was drowned

G

D G

I'm the last of The Irish Rover