

50- Irish Rover

C. C⁶ C⁶ C⁴ F.

Melody

On the Fourth of Ju - ly eight - een hun - dred and six we set
 We had one mil - lion bags of the best Sli - go rags, we had
 There was awl Mic - key Coote who played hard on his flute when the
 There was Bar - ney Mc - Gee from the banks of the Lee, there was

Counter

Bass

M. 4 C⁶ a m⁶ d m G.

sail from the sweet cove of Cork We were
 two mil - lion bar - rels of stone We had
 la - dies lined up for a set He was
 Ho - gan from Coun - ty Ty - rone There was

C.

B.

M. 6 C. C⁶ C⁴ F⁶

sail - ed a - way with a car - go of bricks for the
 three mil - lion sides of old blind hor - ses hides, we had
 toot - lin' with skill for each spark - ling quad - rille, though the
 John - ny Mc - Gurk who was scared stiff of work and a

C.

B.

M. 8 C⁴ G⁴ C.

grand Ci - ty Hall in New York what a
 four mil - lion bar - rels of bones We had
 dan - cers were flut - her'd and bet With his
 man from West - meath called Ma - lone There was

C.

B.

the Irish Rover

2

10 C. C⁶ C. G⁶ G C⁶ C⁶

M. won - der - ful craft, she was rigged for and aft and oh how the wild wind
five mil - lion hogs, and six mil - lion dogs, seven million bar - rels of
smart wit - ty talk, he was cock of the walk and he rolled the dames under and
Slug - ger O' - Toole who was drunk as a rule and Fighting Bill Treacy from

10 C.

B. 10

13 G⁶ G⁷ C⁶ C. C⁶ C⁶ C⁶ F⁶

M. drove her She stood se - ve - ral blasts, she had twenty - se - ven masts and they
por - ter We had eight mil - lion bails of old nan - ny - goats' tails in the
o - ver They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance that he
Do - ver And your man, Mike Mc - Cann from the banks of the Bann was the

13 C.

B. 13

16 C C⁶ G. C C.

M. called her the I - rish Ro - - - ver.
hold of the I - rish Ro - - - ver.
sailed in the I - rish Ro - - - ver.
skipper on the I - rish Ro - - - ver

16 C.

B. 16

C ^ C C F C a e G
For a sailor it's a bother of life, it's so lonesome by night and by day
C C C F C G C
When he longs for the shore and a charming young whore who will melt all his troubles away
C C G G C C G G
All the noise and the rout swillin` poitin and stout, for him soon is done and over
C C C F C G C
Of the love of a maid he is never afraid, that ould salt from the Irish rover

C C C F C a d G
We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out and the ship lost it's way in the fog
C C C F C G C
And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two, just meself and the Captain's old dog
C C G G C ^ C ^ G G
Then the ship struck a rock, Oh Lord! what a shock, the bulkhead was turned right over
C C C ^ ^ F C G C
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned, I'm the last of the Irish Rover