

Irish Rover

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On the Fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
we set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
We were sailed away with a cargo of bricks
for the grand City Hall in New York
what a wonderful craft, she was rigged for and aft
and oh how the wild wind drove her
She stood several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts
and they called her the Irish Rover.

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We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,
we had two million barrels of stone
We had three million sides of old blind horse's hides,
we had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs, and six million dogs,
seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails
in the hold of the Irish Rover.

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute
when the ladies lined up for a set
He was tootlin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille,
though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his smart witty talk, he was cock of the walk
and he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
that he sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
there was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
and a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
and Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
And your man, Mike McCann from the banks of the Bann
was the skipper on the Irish Rover

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

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