

The Irish Rover

Do Do7 Fa
In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six
Do La - Re - Sol7
we set sail from the coal quay of Cork,
Do Do7 Fa
we were sailing away with a cargo of bricks,
Do Sol7 Do Fa Do
for the grand City Hall in New York.
La - Re - Sol7
We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged fore and aft,
Do La - Re - Sol
and how the trade winds drove her.
Do Do7 Fa
She had twenty-three masts and she stood several blasts,
Do Sol7 Do
and they called her the Irish Ro - ver.

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 Sluggie 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 on the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,
we had two million barrells 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 seven million barrels of porter.
We had eight million sides of old blind horses' hides,
in the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed 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 myself 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 then the poor old dog was drowned,
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.