

The Irish Rover

Bb

Eb

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and six

Bb

F

We set sail from the Coal Quay of Cork

Bb

Eb

We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks

Bb

F

Bb

For the Grand City Hall in New York

Bb

F

We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged fore and aft

Bb

F

And oh how the trade winds drove her

Bb

Gm

She had twenty three masts and she stood several blasts

Bb

F

Bb

And they called her The Irish Rover

Bb

Eb

There was Barney McGee From the banks of the Lee

Bb

F

There was Hogan from County Tyrone

Bb

Eb

There was Johnny McGurk Who was scared stiff of work

Bb

F

Bb

And a man from Westmeath named Malone

Bb

F

There was Slugger O'Toole Who was drunk as a rule

Bb

F

And Fighting Bill Tracy from Dover

Bb

Gm

And your man, Mick McCann From the banks of the Bann

Bb

F

Bb

Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

Bb

Eb

We had sailed seven years When the measles broke out

Bb

F

And the ship lost her way in the fog

Bb

Eb

And the whole of the crew Was reduced unto two

Bb

F

Bb

Just myself and the Captain's old dog

Bb

F

Then the ship struck a rock with a terrible shock

Bb

F

And then she heeled right over

Bb

Gm

Turned nine times around And the poor dog was drowned

Bb

F

Bb

I'm the last of The Irish Rover