

THE IRISH ROVER – J.M. Crofts

On the [C] fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [F] six
We set [C] sail from the [Am] sweet cove of [G] Cork
We were [C] sailing away with a cargo of [F] bricks
For the [C] grand city [G] hall in New [C] York
'Twas an [C] elegant craft, she was [G] rigged fore-and-aft
And [C] oh, how the wild winds [G] drove her
She could [C] stand a great blast, she had twenty-seven [F] masts
And we [C] called her the Irish [G] Ro-[C]ver

We had one million bales of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
We had four million barrels of bones
We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Jimmy 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 Tracey from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And our ship lost it's way in a fog
And the whole of the 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