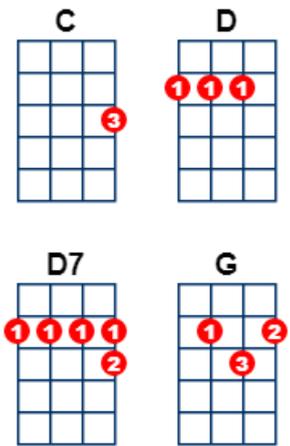


# The Irish Rover

Song 11

On the [G] fourth of July eighteen hundred and [C] six  
We set [G] sail from the sweet cove of [D7] Cork  
We were [G] sailing away with a cargo of [C] bricks  
For the [G] grand city [D7] hall in [G] New York  
'Twas a [G] wonderful craft, she was [D7] rigged fore-and-aft  
And [G] oh, how the trade winds [D7] drove her.  
She [G] stood several blasts, had twenty-seven [C] masts  
And we [G] called her the Irish [D] Ro [G] -Ver.



## CHORUS

We had [G] one million bags of the best Sligo [C] rags  
We had [G] two million barrels of [D7] stones  
We had [G] three million sides of old blind horses [C] hides,  
We had [G] four million [D7] barrels of [G] bones.  
We had [G] five million hogs, we had [D7] six million dogs,  
[G] Seven million barrels of [D7] porter.  
We had [G] eight million bails of old nanny goats' [C] tails,  
In the [G] hold of the Irish [D7] Ro [G] Ver.

There was [G] Barney McGee from the banks of the [C] Lee,  
There was [G] Hogan from County [D7] Tyrone  
There was [G] Jimmy McGurk who was scared stiff of [C] work  
And a [G] man from West [D7] Meath called [G] Malone  
There was [G] Slugger O'Toole who was [D7] drunk as a rule  
And [G] fighting Bill Tracey from [D7] Dover  
And your [G] man Mick McCann from the banks of the [C] Bann  
Was the [G] skipper of the Irish [D7] Ro [G] Ver

## CHORUS

We had [G] sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out  
And the [G] ship lost it's way in a [D7] fog.  
And the [G] whale of the crew was reduced down to [C] two,  
Just me [G] self and the [D7] captain's old [G] dog.  
Then the [G] ship struck a rock, [D7] oh what a shock  
The [G] bulkhead turned right [D7] over  
Turned [G] nine times around, and the poor old dog was [C] drowned \*  
(SLOW) I'm the [G] last of the Irish [D7] Ro [G] Ver CHORUS

- Slow down here