

The Irish Rover

Traditional

Violin

$\text{♩} = 140$

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and six We set sail from the coal quay of
Cork, We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks for the
grand city hall of New York. We'd an elegant craft, it was
rigged fore and aft, and how the trade winds drove her; She had
twenty-three masts and she stood several blasts, and they
called her the Irish Rover. Rover.

There was Barney Magee, from the banks of the Lee; There was Hogan, from county Tyrone.
There was Johnny McGurk, who was scared stiff to work, And a chap from Westmeath named Malone.
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule, And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover:
And your man Mick McCann, from the banks fo the Bann, Was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags, We had two million barrels 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 sev'n million barrels of Porter:
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sail'd seven years when the measels broke out, And our ship lost her way in a fog.
And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two, 'Twas meself 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, and the poor old dog was drowned. I'm the last of the Irish Rover.