

# Traditional Irish Music

## Irish Songs With Chords & Lyrics

### The Irish Rover(Traditional)

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

We had one million bags 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, six million dogs  
We had seven million barrels of porter  
We had eight million bales of old nanny goat 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 Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of work  
And a chap from Westmeath called Malone  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule  
And fighting Bill Tratcy 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 measels broke out  
And our ship lost it's way in the fog  
Then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two  
Just myself and the captain's old dog  
The ship struck a rock, Lord what a shock  
The boat, it was flipped right over  
Turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned  
I'm the last of the Irish Rover