

## The Irish Rover

*Clancys, Dubliners & Pogues*

[G] In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and [C] six  
 We set [G] sail from the coal quay of [D] Cork  
 We were [G] sailing away with a cargo of [C] bricks  
 For the [G] grand city [D] hall in New [G] York  
 We'd an elegant craft, she was [D] rigged fore-and-aft  
 And [G] how the trade winds [D] drove her  
 She had [G] twenty-three masts and she stood several [C] blasts  
 And they [G] called her the Irish [D] Rov[G]er

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the [C] Lee  
 There was [G] Hogan from County Tyr [D] one  
 And a [G] chap called McGurk who was scared stiff of [C] work  
 And a [G] chap from West [D] Meath named Mal [G] one  
 There was Slogger O'Toole who was [D] drunk as a rule  
 And [G] fighting Bill Tracey from [D] Dover  
 And your [G] man Mick McCann from the banks of the [C] Bann  
 Was [G] skipper of the Irish [D] Rov[G]er

We had one million bags of the best Sligo [C] rags  
 We had [G] two million barrels of [D] bones  
 We had [G] three million bales of old nanny goats' [C] tails  
 And [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] stones  
 We had five million hogs and [D] six million dogs  
 And [G] seven million barrels of [D] porter  
 We had [G] eight million sides of old blind horses [C] hides  
 In the [G] hold of the Irish [D] Rov[G]er

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out  
 And the [G] ship lost her way in a [D] fog  
 And the [G] whole of the crew was reduced down to [C] two  
 'Twas my [G] self and the [D] captain's old [G] dog  
 Then the ship struck a rock oh [D] lord what a shock  
 And [G] nearly tumbled [D] over,  
 Turned G nine times around, and the poor old dog was [C] drowned  
 I'm the [G] last of the Irish [D] Rov[G]er

