

The Irish Rover

Traditional

Violine

5

10

15

19

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 New (G) York
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was (D7) rigged fore-and-aft
And oh, (G) how the wild winds (D7) drove her
She'd stood (G) several blasts, she had twenty-seven (C) masts
And we (G) called her the I-rish (D7) Rov- (G) er

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, 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 old Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for his set
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk
And he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
And he sailed in the Irish Rover