



# The Irish Rover (Key C) - 1937

artist - The Dubliners, writer - J.M.Crofts

Strumming Pattern - **Down Up**

Time Signature - **4/4**

Introduction - **Vamp on G**

On the [G] fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [C] six,  
We set [G] sail from the sweet cobh of [D] Cork,  
We were [G] sailing away with a cargo of [C] bricks,  
For the [G] Grand City [D] Hall of New [G] York.

T'was a [G] wonderful craft, she was [D] rigged 'fore and aft,  
And oh how [G] the wild wind [D] drove her,  
She stood [G] several blasts, she had [Em] twenty-seven [C] masts,  
And they [G] called her the Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver.

We had [G] one million bags of the best Sligo [C] rags,  
We had [G] two million barrels of [D] stone,  
We had [G] three million sides of old blind horse's [C] hides,  
We had [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] bones,

We had [G] five million hogs, [D] six million dogs,  
[G] seven million barrels of [D] porter,  
We had [G] eight million bails of old [Em] nanny-goat's [C] tails.  
In the [G] hold of the Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver.

There was [G] Barney McGee from the banks of the [C] Lee,  
There was [G] Hogan from County Ty-[D]rone,  
There was [G] Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of [C] work,  
And a [G] man from [D] Westmeath called [G] Malone.

There was [G] Slugger O'Toole, who was [D] drunk as a rule,  
And [G] fighting Bill Tracy from [D] Dover,  
And your [G] man MacCann from the banks [Em] of the [C] Bann,  
Was [G] the skipper of the Irish [D] Ro-[G]ver.

We had [G] sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out,  
And the [G] ship lost its way in the [D] fog,  
And that [G] whole of a crew was reduced down to [C] two,  
Just [G] meself and [D] the captain's old [G] dog.

Then the [G] ship struck a rock, oh Lord [D] what a shock,  
[G] The bulkhead was turned right [D] over,  
Turned [G] nine times around - and [Em] the poor dog was [C] drowned,  
Now I'm [G] the last of the Irish [D] Ro-[G↓]ver.