The Irish Rover *(Merlin)*

D	1		0 1 4 5 6 6 5 4	5 4 1 2 1	0
A		2 0 2			2 2 1
D					

On the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six   We set sail from the fair Cobh of Cork

D	1		0 1 4 5 6 6 5 4	5 4 1 2 1	0
A		2 0 2			2 2 1
D					

We were bound far away with a cargo of bricks   For the Grand City Hall in New York

D	1		0 1 4 5 6 6 5 4	5 4 1 2 1	0
A		2 0 2			2 2 1
D					

We were bound far away with a cargo of bricks   For the Grand City Hall in New York

D	1 1 4 4 5 6	6 4 5 5 2 1	1 4 4 5 6 4 5 2 1
A			
D			

'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft   And oh, how the wild winds drove her

D	1		0 1 4 5 6 6 5 4	4 2 1	1 6 5 4
A		2 0 2		2 2	
D					

She had twenty three masts and withstood several blasts   and we called her The Irish Rover

D	1		0 1 4 5 6 6 5 4	5 4 1 2 1	0
A		2 0 2			2 2 1
D					

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee There was Hogan from County Tyrone

D	1		0 1 4 5 6 6 5 4	5 4 1 2 1	0
A		2 0 2			2 2 1
D					

And a chap called McGurk who was scared stiff of work   and a chap from West Meade called Malone

D	1 1 4 4 5 6	6 4 5 5 2 1	1 4 4 5 6 5 4 5 2 1
A			
D			

There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule   And fighting Bill Casey from Dover

D	1			0	1	4	5	6	6	5	4			4	2	1		1	6	5	4
A		2	0	2												2	2	2			
D																					

And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann   And was skipper of the Irish Rover

D	1			0	1	4	5	6	6	5	4		5	4	1	2	1		0
A		2	0	2												2		2	1
D																			

We had one million bales of old billy goats' tails   We had two million buckets of stones

D	1			0	1	4	5	6	6	5	4		5	4	1	2	1		0
A		2	0	2												2		2	1
D																			

We had three million sides of old blind horses hides We had four million packets of bones

D	1	1	4	4	5	6		6	4	5	5	2	1		1	4	4	5	6	5	4	5	2	1
A																								
D																								

We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs   And seven million barrels of porter

D	1			0	1	4	5	6	6	5	4		5	4	1		1	6	5	4
A		2	0	2											2	2				
D																				

We had eight million bags of the best Sligo rags   In the hold of the Irish Rover

D	1			0	1	4	5	6	6	5	4		5	4	1	2	1		0
A		2	0	2												2		2	1
D																			

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out   And the ship lost her way in a fog

D	1			0	1	4	5	6	6	5	4		5	4	1	2	1		0
A		2	0	2												2		2	1
D																			

And the whole of the crew was reduced unto two   'Twas myself and the captain's old dog

D	1	1	4	4	5	6		6	4	5	5	2	1	1	4	4	5	6	5	4	5	2	1
A																							
D																							

Then the ship struck a rock with a terrible shock   And then she heeled right over,

D	1			0	1	4	5	6	6	5	4		5	4	1		1	6	5	4
A		2	0	2											2	2				
D																				

Turned nine times around, and the poor dog was drowned   I'm the last of the Irish Rover