

THE IRISH ROVER

J.M. CROFTS

TENOR 1

LEAD 2

BASS

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD EIGHT-TEEN HUN-DRED AND SIX WE SET SAIL FROM THE SWEET COVE OF

TENOR 1

LEAD 2

BASS

5 CORK WE WERE SAIL-ING AW-AY WITH A CAR-GO OF BRICKS FOR THE GRAND CI-TY HALL IN NEW YORK 'T WAS A

TENOR 1

LEAD 2

BASS

10 WON- DER-FUL CRAFT SHE WAS RIGGED FORE AND AFT AND OH HOW THE WILD WINDS DROVE HER SHE STOOD

TENOR 1
SEV - ER - AL BLASTS, SHE'D TWEN - TY__ SEV - EN MASTS AND WE CALLED HER THE I - RI - SH RO - VER!

LEAD 2
SEV - ER - AL BLASTS, SHE'D TWEN - TY__ SEV - EN MASTS AND WE CALLED HER THE I - RI - SH RO - VER!

BASS
14 SEV - ER - AL BLASTS, SHE'D TWEN - TY__ SEV - EN MASTS AND WE CALLED HER THE I - RI - SH RO - VER!

2 WE HAD ONE MILLION BAGS OF THE BEST SLIGO RAGS
WE HAD TWO MILLION BARRELS OF STONE
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
SEVEN MILLION BARRELS OF PORTER
WE HAD EIGHT MILLION BAILS OF OLD NANNY-GOATS' TAILS
IN THE HOLD OF THE IRISH ROVER

3 THERE WAS AUL MICKEY COOTE WHO PLAYED HARD ON HIS FLUTE
WHEN THE LADIES LINED UP FOR A SET
HE WAS TOOTIN' WITH SKILL FOR EACH SPARKLING QUADRILLE
THOUGH THE DANCERS WERE FLUTHER'D AND BET
WITH HIS SMART 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
THAT HE SAILED IN THE IRISH ROVER

6 WE HAD SAILED SEVEN YEARS WHEN THE MEASLES BROKE OUT, AND THE SHIP LOST ITS WAY IN THE FOG
AND THAT WHALE OF A CREW WAS REDUCED DOWN TO TWO, JUST ME-SELF AND THE CAPTAIN'S OLD DOG
THEN THE SHIP STRUCK A ROCK, OH LORD, WHAT A SHOCK, THE BOAT IT WAS TURNED RIGHT OVER
TURNED NINE TIMES AROUND AND THE POOR OLD DOG WAS DROWNED (2,3) I'M THE LAST OF THE IRISH ROVER

4 THERE WAS BARNEY MCGEE FROM THE BANKS OF THE LEE
THERE WAS HOGAN FROM COUNTY TYRONE
THERE WAS JOHNNY MCGURK WHO WAS SCARED STIFF OF WORK
AND A MAN FROM WESTMEATH CALLED MALONE
THERE WAS SLUGGER O'TOOLE WHO WAS DRUNK AS A RULE
AND FIGHTING BILL TREACY FROM DOVER
AND YOUR MAN, MICK MACCANN FROM THE BANKS OF THE BANN
WAS THE SKIPPER ON THE IRISH ROVER

5 FOR A SAILOR IT'S ALWAYS A BOTHER IN LIFE
IT'S SO LONESOME BY NIGHT AND BY DAY
THAT HE LONGS FOR THE SHORE AND A CHARMING YOUNG WHORE
WHO WILL MELT ALL HIS TROUBLES AWAY
OH, THE NOISE AND THE ROUT, SWILLIN' PO-TEEN AND STOUT
FOR HIM SOON IS DONE AND OVER
OF THE LOVE OF A MAID HE IS NEVER AFRAID
AN OLD SALT FROM THE IRISH ROVER