

# 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

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5 CORK \_\_\_\_\_ WE WERE SAIL - ING AW-AY WITH A CAR - GO OF BRICKS FOR THE GRAND CI - TY HALL IN NEW

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9 YORK \_\_\_\_\_. 'TWAS A WON - DER -FUL CRAFT SHE WAS RIGGED FORE\_\_ AND AFT\_\_ AND OH HOW THE WILD WINDS

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TENOR 1

8 DROVE HER SHE STOOD SEV - ER-AL BLASTS, SHE'D TWEN - TY SEV-EN MASTS AND WE CAL-LED HER THE I - RI-SH

LEAD 2

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BASS

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TENOR 1

8 Ro - - - - - VER!

LEAD 2

8 Ro - - - - - VER!

BASS

17 2 Ro  
 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 A WL 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