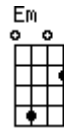
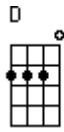
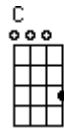
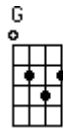
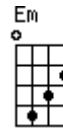


The Irish Rover



or



Introduction

G/C-G/G-D/G/G

Verse 1

On the Fourth of July, eighteen
 hundred and six
 We set sail from the sweet cove of
 Cork
 We were sailing away with a cargo of
 bricks
 For the Grand City Hall in New York

Chorus 1

'Twas an elegant craft,
 rigged fore and aft
 And oh, how the wild wind drove her
 She could stand a great blast,
 She had twenty-seven masts
 And they called her The Irish Rover

Verse 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 bone

Chorus 2

We had five million hogs,
 and 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

Verse 3

There was awl 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

Chorus 3

With his smart witty talk
 he was cock of the walk

