

## Irish Rover

The Irish Rover by the Dubliners and the Pogues

G		C
G		D
G		C
G	D	G
G		D
G		D
G		Em
G	D	G

So once you get the hang of it you're set. This is a whacky song so don't hold

back from going a little crazy and having fun!

Here's the lyrics with an example of when the chords are played:

	G		C	
On the	Fourth	of July,	eighteen	hundred and six
We set	sail	from the	sweet	Cobh of Cork
We were	sailing	away with	a cargo	of bricks
For the	Grand	City Hall	in	New York
'Twas	a	wonderful	craft	
She was	rigged	fore	and	aft
And oh,	how	the	wild	wind
drove	her			
She	stood	several	blasts	
She	had	twenty	seven	masts
And they	called	her	The	Irish
				Rover

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					
And	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			

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

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

There was Barney McGee  
From the banks of the Lee  
There was Hogan from County Tyrone  
There was Johnny McGirr  
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 of the Irish Rover

For a sailor it's always a bother in life  
It's so lonesome by night and 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' poitin and stout  
For him soon the torment's over  
Of the love of a maid  
He is never afraid  
An old salt from the Irish Rover

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 myself and the Captain's old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock  
Oh Lord what a shock  
The bulkhead was turned right over  
Turned nine times around  
And the poor old dog was drowned  
I'm the last of The Irish Rover