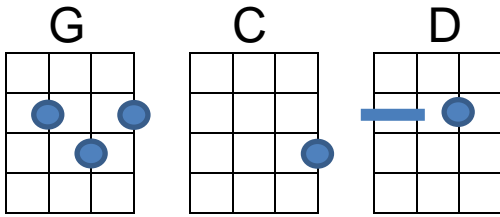


# The Irish Rover

Written by: Irish Folksong :: Recorded by: Various including The Dubliners & The Pogues



*Sing "G" :: Intro=First four lines*

On the (G) fourth of July eighteen hundred and (C) six,  
We set (G) sail from the sweet cove of (D) Cork,  
We were (G) sailing away with a cargo of (C) bricks,  
For the (G) grand city (D) hall in New (G) York,  
She was a wonderful craft she was (D) rigged 'fore and aft,  
And (G) how the wild winds (D) droooovve her,  
She stood (G) several blasts she had twenty-seven (C) masts,  
And they (G) called her the Irish (D) Ro(G)ver.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo (C) rags,  
We had (G) two million barrels of (D) stones,  
We had (G) three million sides of old blind horses (C) hides,  
We had (G) four million (D) barrels of (G) bones,  
We had five million hogs and (D) six million dogs,  
And (G) seven million barrels of (D) porter,  
We had (G) eight million bales of old nanny goats (C) tails,  
In the (G) hold of the Irish (D) Ro(G)ver.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the (C) Lee,  
There was (G) Hogan from County Ty(D)rone,  
There was (G) Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of (C) work,  
And a (G) man from (D) Westmeath called (G) Malone,  
There was Slugger O'Toole who was (D) drunk as a rule,  
And (G) fighting Bill Tracy from (D) Dover,  
And your (G) man Mick McCann from the banks of the (C) Bann,  
Was the (G) skipper of the Irish (D) Ro(G)ver.

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke (C) out,  
And our (G) ship lost her way in the (D) fog,  
And the (G) whole of the crew was reduced down to (C) two,  
'Twas (G) meself and (D) the captain's old (G) dog,  
Then the ship struck a rock oh (D) Lord what a shock,  
The (G) bulkhead was turned right (D) over, *pause*

*Slowly* - We turned (G) nine times around, then the poor old dog was (C)  
drowned, *1-2-3-4*

Now I'm the (G) last of the Irish (D) Ro(G)ver.