John Oreilly
Charlie Robison

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                        John O Reilly - Charlie Robison
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Tabbed by: DrHess84
Tuning: Standard

Capo II (Relative to capo)

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D                                                           G
My name is John O Reilly and my father worked the fields
                      D                                       A
In the hills of old Kilarny where I helped him turn the wheels
D                                               G
My arms grew hard as iron for a boy of 17
                            D             A         D
And I used my fists for gambling on those wet Kilarny streets


D                                                         G
Well the ship left for America and I took my pack aboard
                            D                     A
Said goodbye to my dear Ireland said a prayer to my dear lord
D                                                         G
But I fought those sorry guineas in the kitchen they called hell
                            D               A             D
Well I fought them for their dollar and those guineas paid me well



Chorus:
D
Fair the well fair Dover
                        G
Fair the well your seasons turn
                      D                     Bm        A        D
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return the day of my return


D                                                 G
Well I fought in New York City and I fought the Jersey shore
                          D                             A
My gut stayed full of whiskey and my bed stayed full of whores
D                                                         G
Well they called my right a cannonball and my left they called the same
                            D         A             D
And I left them all lyin  half in blood and half in shame


D                                             G
Well I met a man on 32 and he stuck out his hand
                          D                                 A
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And he offered me a thousand if I d fall before his man
D   **G**
Well I said it could be done but only for another two
                         D   **A**   **D**
And he smiled at me and nodded as I stuck it in my shoe

Chorus:
D
Fair the well fair dover
                              G
Fair the well your seasons turn
                    D   **Bm**   **A**   **D**
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return the day of my return

D   **G**
Well they rang the bell two times before I let him have my nose
                  D   **A**
And I let him work my left until my eye was swollen closed
D   **G**
Then I let loose a right that they still talk about today
                        D   **A**   **D**
For that guinea didn t know that I had bet the other way

D   **G**
They covered every dock and every port there on the coast
                        D   **A**
Looking for the double crosser who had turned into a ghost
D   **G**
But I was on a train my friend that rode the other way
                    D   **A**   **D**
And I ll sail from California back to Dublin one fine day

Chorus: x2
D
Fair the well fair Dover
                              G
Fair the well your seasons turn
                    D   **Bm**   **A**   **D**
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return the day of my return