

The Irish Rover
Pogues

The Irish Rover. The Pogues

[Verse 1]

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

[Verse 2]

We had [G] one million bags of the best Sligo [C] rags
We had [G] two million barrels of [D] stone
We had [G] three million sides of old blind horses [C] hides
We had [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] bone
We had [G] five million hogs, And [D] six million dogs
[G] Seven million barrels of [D] porter
We had [G] eight million bails of old [Em] nanny-goats [C] tails
In the [G] hold of the [D] Irish [G] Rover

[Verse 3]

There was [G] awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his [C] flute
When the [G] ladies lined up for a [D] set
He was [G] tootin with skill for each sparkling [C] quadrille
Though the [G] dancers were [D] fluther d and [G] bet
With his [G] smart witty talk he was [D] cock of the walk
And he [G] rolled the dames under and [D] over
They all [G] knew at a glance when he [Em] took up his [C] stance
That he [G] sailed in The [D] Irish [G] Rover

[Verse 4]

There was [G] 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] chap from West[D]meath called [G] Malone
There was [G] Slugger O Toole, [D] drunk as a rule
[G] Fighting Bill Treacy from [D] Dover

And your [G] man, Mick MacCann from the [Em] banks of the [C] Bann
Was the [G] skipper of the [D] Irish [G] Rover

[Verse 5]

We had [G] sailed seven years when the measles broke [C] out
And our [G] ship lost its way in the [D] fog
And that [G] whale of a crew was reduced down to [C] two
Just [G] myself and the [D] Captain s old [G] dog
Then the [G] ship struck a rock, oh [D] Lord! what a shock
The [G] boat it flipped right [D] over
Turned [G] nine times around, and the [Em] poor old dog was [C] drowned
Iâ€™m the [G] last of the The [D] Irish [G] Rover

BritBoy Mac JC