

The Irish Rover
The Dubliners

The Irish Rover by The Dubliners and The Pogues

This is the progression that I find most fun to play, basically the whole song goes:

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:

[Verse 1]

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

[Verse 2]

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

[Verse 3]

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

[Verse 4]

G
 There was Barney McGee
 C
 From the banks of the Lee

G **D**
 There was Hogan from County Tyrone
G
 There was Johnny McGirr
C
 Who was scared stiff of work
G **D** **G**
 And a man from Westmeath called Malone
G
 There was Slugger O Toole
C
 Who was drunk as a rule
G **D**
 And Fighting Bill Treacy from Dover
G
 And your man, Mick MacCann
Em
 From the banks of the Bann
G **D** **G**
 Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

[Verse 5]

G **C**
 For a sailor it s always a bother in life
G **D**
 It s so lonesome by night and day
G
 That he longs for the shore
C
 And a charming young whore
G **D** **G**
 Who will melt all his troubles away
G
 Oh, the noise and the rout
C
 Swillin poitin and stout
G **D**
 For him soon the torment s over
G
 Of the love of a maid
Em
 He is never afraid
G **D** **G**
 An old salt from the Irish Rover

[Verse 6]

G
 We had sailed seven years
C

When the measles broke out

G

D

And the ship lost its way in the fog

G

And that whale of a crew

C

Was reduced down to two

G

D

G

Just myself and the Captain s old dog

G

Then the ship struck a rock

C

Oh Lord what a shock

G

D

The bulkhead was turned right over

G

Turned nine times around

Em

And the poor old dog was drowned

G

D G

I m the last of The Irish Rover