

Irish Rover
The Pogues

***THE IRISH ROVER - Traditional

 A D
On the Fourth of July, 1806
 A D
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
 A D
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
 A E A
For the Grand City Hall in New York
 Twas a wonderful craft
 E
She was rigged fore and aft
 A E
And oh, how the wild wind drove her
 A
She stood several blasts
 D
She had twenty seven masts
 A E D A

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

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

There was Barney McGee
From the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Johnny McGurk

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

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

Version 2 by Harley McPhee (*)

e |-----|
 B |-----|
 G |-----0-2-4-2-0---0-----|
 D |-0-----0-----2---2-0-2-0-----|
 A |---2--2--3-----2-3-2-0-|
 E |----3-----|
 On the fourth.....of cork

e |-----|
 B |-----|
 G |-----0-2-4-2-0---0-----|
 D |-0-----0-----2--2-0-4-5-7-5-4-5-|
 A |---2--2-3-----|
 E |----3-----|
 we were sailing.....new york

e |-----|
 B |-----|
 G |----0-0-2-4--4-0-2-2-----0-0-2-4-0-2-----|
 D |-0-0-----4-0---0-0-----4--0-|
 A |-----|
 E |-----|
 Twas a.....aft. And how.....her

e |-----|
 B |-----|
 G |-----0-2-4-2-0---0-----|
 D |-0-----0-----2--2-0-4-5-7-5-4-5-4-5-|
 A |---2--2-3-----|
 E |----3-----|

G C G
On the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six

D
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork

G C G
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks

D G
For the Grand City Hall in New York

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

C G
She had twenty seven masts

D G

(G day...not too sure about that C chord, have a good one)