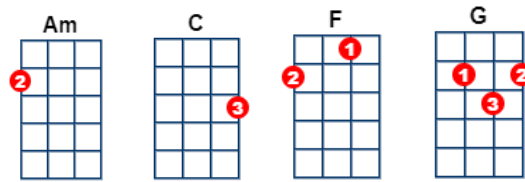


# The Irish Rover (key of C) - The Pogues/Dubliners



On the [C] fourth of July, eighteen hundred and [F] six,  
We set [C] sail from the [Am] sweet cove of [G] Cork  
We were [C] sailing away with a cargo of [F] bricks  
For the [C] Grand City [G] Hall in New [C] York  
She was a [C] wonderful craft. She was [G] rigged 'fore and aft  
And [C] Oh! how the wild winds [G] drove her  
She stood [C] several blasts. She had [Am] twenty-seven [F] masts  
And they [C] called her the [G] Irish [C] Rover

We had [C] one million bags of the best Sligo [F] rags  
We had [C] two million barrels of [G] stones  
We had [C] three million sides of old blind horses' [F] hides  
We had [C] four million [G] barrels of [C] bones  
We had [C] five million hogs and [G] six million dogs  
And [C] seven million barrels of [G] porter  
We had [C] eight million bales of old [Am] nanny-goats' [F] tails  
In the [C] hold of the [G] Irish [C] Rover

There was [C] Barney McGee from the banks of the [F] Lee  
There was [C] Hogan from County Ty[G]rone  
There was [C] Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of [F] work  
And a [C] man from West[G]meath called [C] Malone  
There was [C] Slugger O'Toole who was [G] drunk as a rule  
And [C] fighting Bill Tracy from [G] Dover  
And your [C] man Mick McCann, from the [Am] banks of the [F] Bann  
Was the [C] skipper of the [G] Irish [C] Rover

We had [C] sailed seven years when the measles broke [F] out  
And our [C] ship lost her way in the [G] fog  
And the [C] whole of the crew was reduced down to [F] two  
'Twas [C] meself and [G] the Captain's old [C] dog  
(Slow) Then the [C] ship struck a rock. Oh! [G] Lord what a shock  
The [C] bulkhead was turned right [G] over  
We turned [C] nine times around... (PAUSE)  
Then the [Am] poor old dog was [F] drowned... (PAUSE)  
Now I'm [C] the last of the [G] Irish [C] Rover.