

Irish Rover - The Pogues and The Dubliners

G C
On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute
There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
G D
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
We had two million barrels of bones
When the ladies lined up for his set
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
And the ship lost it's way in the fog
G C
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille
There was Johnny McGurk who was scared stiff of work
And that whale of the crew was reduced down to two
G D G
For the grand city hall in New York
We had four million barrels of stone
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
Just myself and the captain's old dog
G D
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft
We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs
With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock
G D
And oh, how the wild winds drove her
Seven million barrels of porter
As he rolled the dames under and over
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
The bulkhead was turned right over
G C
She stood several blasts, she'd twenty-seven masts
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
She turned nine times around, and the poor dog was drowned
D G
And we called her the Irish Rover
In the hold of the Irish Rover
And he sailed in the Irish Rover
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover
I'm the last of the Irish Rover