

# The Pogues - Irish Rover

Tom: G

THE IRISH ROVER - Traditional

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

On the fourth.....of cork

we were sailing.....new york

'Twas a.....aft. And how.....her  
 On the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six

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

## Acordes

