

Intro - Colin on penny whistle (and throughout song)

(ALT 1-2 1 2)

- 1.** On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
we set sail from the sweet Cobh 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 could stand a great blast, she had twenty seven masts,
and they called her the Irish Rover.
- 2.** We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags,
we had two million barrels of stones,
we had three million sides of old blind horses hides,
we had four million barrels of bones.
We had five million hogs, six million dogs,
seven million barrels of porter,
we had eight million bales of old nanny goat tails
in the hold of the Irish Rover.
- 3.** There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute,
when the ladies lined up for his set,
he was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille,
though the dancers were fluther'd and bet.
With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk,
as he rolled the dames under and over,

G **C**
they all knew at a glance when he took up his stance,
G D G
and he sailed in the Irish Rover.

G C
4. There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
G Em D
there was Hogan from County Tyrone,
G C
there was Johnny McGuirk who was scared stiff of work,
G D G
and a chap from Westmeath called Malone.

D
There was Slugger O'Toole, who was drunk as a rule,
G D
and fighting Bill Tracy from Dover

G C
and your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
G D G
was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

G C
5. We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out,
G Em D
and our ship lost it's way in the fog,
G C
then the whole of the crew was reduced down to two,
G D G
just myself and the captain's old dog.

D
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord, what a shock,
G D
the boat, it was flipped right over

SLOW
G C
turned nine times around and the poor old dog was drowned,

UP TEMPO
G D G
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

(The Pogues)