

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

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

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

Acordes

