The Irish Rover

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        G                                    C
On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
        G                          D
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
        G                                  C
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
          D                      G
For the grand city hall in New York


          G                          D
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft
        G                      D
And oh, how the wild winds drove her
            G                                  C
She'd stood several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts
          D                  G
And we called her the Irish Rover
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The Pogues and The Dubliners together
Lien
*Elle évoque avec une exagération
humoristique l'équipage et la cargaison du
voilier Irish Rover, ainsi que son destin
tragique.*
*Elle a été interprétée par de nombreux
artistes, dont certains en ont modifié les
paroles.*

*La version chantée par The Pogues et The
Dubliners possède deux couplets qui ne font
pas partie de la version traditionnelle :*
- *Couplet 3*
- *Couplet 5*

intro G C D G
GC GD/**GC** DG
GD GD/**GC** DG

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1 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 winds drove her
She'd stood several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts
And we 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, had six million dogs
Seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million bales of old nanny goats' tails
In the hold of the Irish Rover

3 There was old 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
And he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
And he sailed in the Irish Rover

4 There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Jimmy McGurk who was scarred stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone

There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

5 For a sailor it's always a bother in life
It's so lonesome by night and by day
'Til he launch for the shore and this charming young whore
Who will melt all his troubles away

All the noise and the rout, swillin' poitín and stout
For him soon the torment's over
Of the love of a maid, he's never afraid
An old sot from the Irish Rover

6 We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost its way in a fog
And that whale of the crew was reduced down to two
Just meself 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
I'm the last of the Irish Rover