

Intro: 1, 2, 3

On the [G] Fourth of July, eighteen [C] hundred and six
 We set [G] sail from the sweet Cobh of [D] Cork
 We were [G] sailing away with a [C] cargo of bricks
 For the [G] Grand City [D] Hall of New [G] York
 'Twas a [G] wonderful craft, she was [D] rigged fore and aft
 And [G] oh, how the wild wind [D] dro-ove her
 She stood [G] several blasts, she had [Em] twenty seven [C] masts
 And they [G] called her the [D] Irish Ro[G]ver

We had [G] one million bags of the [C] best Sligo rags
 We had [G] two million barrels of [D] stone
 We had [G] three million sides of old [C] blind horses hides
 We had [G] four million [D] barrels of [G] bones
 We had [G] five million hogs, and [D] six million dogs
 [G] Seven million barrels of [D] por-orter
 We had [G] eight million bales of old [Em] nanny-goats' [C] tails
 In the [G] hold of the [D] Irish Ro[G]ver

There was [G] awl Micky Coote, who played [C] hard on his flute
 When the [G] ladies lined up for a [D] set
 He was [G] tootin' with skill, for each [C] sparklin' quadrille
 Though the [G] dancers were [D] fluther'd and [G] bet
 With his [G] smart witty talk, he was [D] cock of the walk
 And he [G] rolled the dames under and [D] o-o-ver
 They all [G] knew at a glance, when he [Em] took up his [C] stance
 That he [G] sailed in the [D] Irish Ro[G]ver

There was [G] Barney McGee, from the [C] banks of the Lee
 There was [G] Hogan, from County Ty[D]rone
 There was [G] Johnny McGirk, who was [C] scared stiff of work
 And a [G] man from West[D]meath called Ma[G]lone
 There was [G] Slugger O'Toole, who was [D] drunk as a rule
 And [G] Fighting Bill Treacy from [D] Do-o-ver
 And your [G] man, Mick MacCann, from the [Em] banks of the [C] Bann
 Was the [G] skipper of the [D] Irish Ro[G]ver

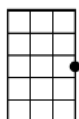
For a [G] sailor it's always a [C] bother in life
 It's so [G] lonesome by night and by [D] day
 That he [G] longs for the shore, and a [C] charming young whore
 Who will [G] melt all his [D] troubles a[G]way
 Oh, the [G] noise and the rout, swillin' [D] poitin and stout
 For [G] him soon the torment's [D] o-o-ver
 Of the [G] love a maid, he is [Em] never a[C]fraid
 An old [G] salt from the [D] Irish Ro[G]ver

We had [G] sailed seven years, when the [C] measles broke out
 And the [G] ship lost its way in the [D] fog
 And that [G] whale of a crew, was re[C]duced down to two
 Just my[G]self and the [D] Captain's old [G] dog
 Then the [G] ship struck a rock, oh [D] Lord what a shock
 The [G] bulk-head was turned right [D] o-o-ver (SLOW)
 Turned [G] nine times around, and the [Em] poor old dog was [C] drowned
 (SPEED UP) I'm the [G] last of the [D] Irish Ro[G]ver

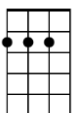


Sunshine Coast
 Ukulele Masters Inc.

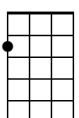
C



D



Am



G

