

The Dubliners - Rocky Road To Dublin

Tom: F

^{Dm C Dm}
 In the merry month of May from my home I started
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Left the girls of Tuam-nearly broken-hearted
^{Dm C Dm}
 Saluted Father dear kissed my darlin' Mother
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Drank a pint of beer my grief and tears to smother
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born
^{Dm C C}
 I cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblin
^{Dm C Dm C}
 In a brand-new pair of brogues I rattled o'er the bogs
^{Dm C C}
 And frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin
^{A C Dm}
 One two three four five

^{Dm}
 Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^{C Am C Dm}
 And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

^{Dm C Dm}
 In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Started by daylight next morning light and airy
^{Dm C Dm}
 Took a drop of the pure to keep my heart from sinking
^{Dm C Dm C}
 That's an Paddy d cure when'er he's on for drinking
^{Dm C Dm C}
 To see the lasses smile laughing all the while
^{Dm C C}
 At me curious style 'twould set your heart a-bubbling
^{Dm C Dm C}
 They ax'd if I was hired the wages I required
^{Dm C C}
 Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin
^{A C Dm}
 One two three four five

^{Dm}
 Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^{C Am C Dm}
 And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

^{Dm C Dm}
 In Dublin next arrived I thought it such a pity
^{Dm C Dm C}
 To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city
^{Dm C Dm}
 Then I took a stroll out among the quality
^{Dm C Dm C}
 My bundle it was stole in a neat locality
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Something crossed me mind then I looked behind

^{Dm C C}
 No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Enquiring for the rogue they said me Connaught brogue
^{Dm C C}
 Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin
^{A C Dm}
 One two three four five

^{Dm}
 Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^{C Am C Dm}
 And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

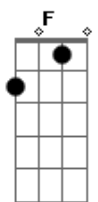
^{Dm C Dm}
 From there I got away me spirits never failing
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Landed on the quay as the ship was sailing
^{Dm C Dm}
 Captain at me roared said that no room had he
^{Dm C Dm C}
 When I jumped aboard a cabin found for Paddy
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Down among the pigs I played some funny rigs
^{Dm C C}
 Danced some hearty jigs the water round me bubblin'
^{Dm C Dm C}
 When off to Holyhead I wished meself was dead
^{Dm C C}
 Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin
^{A C Dm}
 One two three four five

^{Dm}
 Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^{C Am C Dm}
 And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

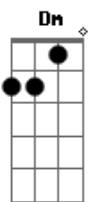
^{Dm C Dm}
 The boys of Liverpool when we safely landed
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Called meself a fool I could no longer stand it
^{Dm C Dm}
 Me blood began to boil temper I was losin'
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin'
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Hurrah my soul says I let my shillelagh fly
^{Dm C C}
 Some Galway boys came by saw I was a hobblein
^{Dm C Dm C}
 Then with a loud Hurray they joined in the affray
^{Dm C C}
 We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin
^{A C Dm}
 One two three four five

^{Dm}
 Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^{C Am C Dm}
 And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

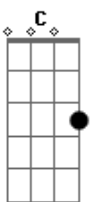
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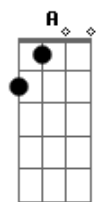
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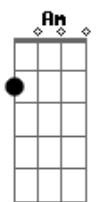
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