

Traditional Irish - Rocky Road To Dublin

Tom: F

In the merry month of May from me home I started
 Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken-hearted
 Saluted father dear, kissed me darlin' mother
 Drank a pint of beer me grief and tears to smother
 Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born
 Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins
 A brand new pair of brogues rattlin' o'er the bogs
 Frightenin' 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
 All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

Dm (C) Dm
 In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
 Dm (C) Dm C
 Started by daylight me spirits bright and airy
 Dm (C) Dm C
 Took a drop of the pure, keep me heart from sinkin'
 Dm (C) Dm C
 That's the Paddy's cure whenever he's on for drinkin'
 Dm C Dm C
 To see the lassies smile, laughin' all the while
 Dm C C
 At me curious style 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
 Dm C C C
 Asked if I was hired, wages I required
 'Til I was nearly 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
 All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

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 C
 Well, then I took a stroll all among the quality
 Dm (C) Dm C
 Bundle, it was stole all in the neat locality
 Dm C Dm C
 Somethin' crossed me mind when I looked behind
 Dm C C

No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'
 Dm C Dm C
 Enquirin' for the rogue, said me Connacht 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
 All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

Dm (C) Dm
 From there I got away, me spirits never failin'
 Dm (C) Dm C
 Landed on the quay just as the ship was sailin'
 Dm (C) Dm
 The 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, played some funny rigs
 Dm C C
 Danced some hearty jigs, the water 'round me bubblin'
 Dm C Dm C
 When off Holyhead, 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

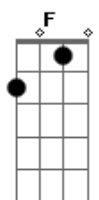
Dm
 Hunt the hare and turn her, Down the rocky road
 C Am C Dm
 All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

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
 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 me soul," says I, my shillelagh I let fly
 Dm C C
 Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a-hobblin'
 Dm C Dm C
 With a loud hurray, joined in the affray
 Dm C C
 We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin

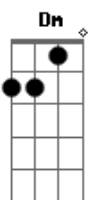
A C Dm
 One, two, three, four five

Dm
 Hunt the hare and turn her, Down the rocky road
 C Am C Dm
 All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

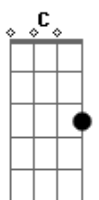
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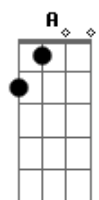
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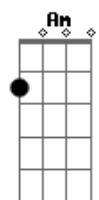
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