

# 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

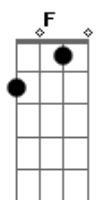
Dm  
 Hunt the hare and turn her, Down the rocky road  
 C Am C Dm  
 All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

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

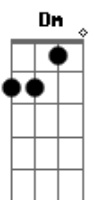
A C Dm  
 One, two, three, four five

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

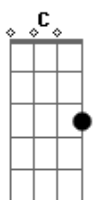
## Acordes



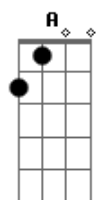
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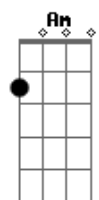
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