

# 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

One, two, three, four five

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

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

One, two, three, four five

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

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity  
 To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city  
 Well, then I took a stroll all among the quality  
 Bundle, it was stole all in the neat locality  
 Somethin' crossed me mind when I looked behind

No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'  
 Enquirin' for the rogue, said me Connacht brogue  
 Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin

One, two, three, four five

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

From there I got away, me spirits never failin'  
 Landed on the quay just as the ship was sailin'  
 The captain at me roared, said that no room had he  
 When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy  
 Down among the pigs, played some funny rigs  
 Danced some hearty jigs, the water 'round me bubblin'  
 When off Holyhead, wished meself was dead,  
 Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin

One, two, three, four five

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

The boys of Liverpool when we safely landed  
 Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it  
 Blood began to boil, temper I was losin'  
 Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin'  
 "Hurrah me soul," says I, my shillelagh I let fly  
 Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a-hobblin'  
 With a loud hurray, joined in the affray  
 We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin

One, two, three, four five

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 All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

## Acordes

