

## **Clandestine**

# **"The Rocky Road To Dublin"**

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Merry month of June,  
And from my home I started,  
Left the girls of Tuam,  
Nearly broken hearted;  
Saluted father dear,  
Kissed my darlin' mother,  
drank a pint of beer,  
my grief and tears to smother.  
Off to reap the corn,  
leave where I was born,  
Cut a stout blackthorn  
to banish ghosts and goblins;  
In a brand new pair of brogues,  
I rattled o'er the bogs,  
Frightened all the dogs  
on the rocky road to Dublin.  
Chorus: One two three four five,  
hunt the hare and turn her  
down the rocky road  
all the way to Dublin,  
One two three four five!  
In Mulingar that night,  
I rested limbs so weary,  
Started by daylight,  
Next morning, light and airy;  
Took a drop of the pure,  
to keep my heart from sinking,  
That's a Paddy's cure,  
Whenever he's for drinking.  
See the lassies smile,  
Laughing all the while,  
At my daring style,  
'Twould set your heart a-bubblin';  
They asked if I was hired,  
Wages I required,  
'Til I was almost tired  
of the rocky road to Dublin.  
Chorus:  
In Dublin next arrived,  
and thought it such a pity  
to be so soon deprived,  
a view of that fine city;

When I took a stroll,  
all among the quality,  
My bundle it was stole,  
in that neat locality.  
Something crossed my mind,  
Then I looked behind,  
no bundle I could find,  
upon my stick a-wobblin';  
Enquiring for the rogue,  
They said my Connaught brogue  
wasn't much in vogue,  
on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

Then the following day,  
Spirits never failing,  
I landed on the quay,  
Just as a ship was sailing;  
Captain at me roared,  
Said that no room had he,  
When I jumped aboard,  
A cabin found for Paddy.  
Down among the pigs,  
I played some merry rigs,  
I danced some hearty jigs,  
The water 'round me bubblin';  
When off Holyhead,  
I wished meself was dead,  
Or better far instead,  
on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

The boys of Liverpool,  
when we safely landed,  
called meself a fool,  
I could no longer stand it;  
Blood began to boil,  
me temper it was risin',  
for old Erin's isle,  
they began abusing.  
"Hurrah, me soul!" said I,  
me shillelagh I let fly,  
some Galway boys were by,  
they saw I was a-hobblin';  
with a loud Hurray!  
they joined in the affray,  
we quickly cleared the way,  
for the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

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