

Clandestine "Tornado Song"

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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,

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