

## **Dropkick Murphys "Rocky Road To Dublin"**

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In the merry month of June from my home I started  
Left the girls of taum nearly brokenhearted saluted me  
Father dear kissed me darling mother drank a pint of  
beer

My grief and tears to smother then off to reap the corn  
Leave where I was born cut a stout blackthorn to banish  
Ghosts and goblin brand-new pair of brogues rattling  
over

The bogs frightening all the dogs on the rocky road to  
Dublin

In Mullingar last night, I rested limbs so weary started  
by daylight

Next morning bright and early took a drop of the pure  
to keep me

Heart from sinking that's the paddy's cure when he's  
on the drinking

See the lassies smile laughing all the while at me  
darling style

Would set your heart a-bubblin' asked me was I hired  
Wages I required 'til I was almost tired of the rocky  
road to Dublin

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity to be  
So soon deprived a view of that fine city  
Decided to take a stroll all among the quality bundle  
It was stole in that neat locality something crossed my  
mind

When I looked behind no bundle could I find upon me  
stick a-wobblin'

Crying for a rogue said me Con naught brogue wasn't  
much in-vogue

On the rocky road to Dublin

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da

From there I got away, me spirits never failing landed  
on the quay

Just as the ship was sailing captain at me roared  
Said that no room had he then 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' off to holly head wished  
myself was dead  
Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da

The boys in Liverpool, when we safely landed called  
myself a fool  
I could no longer stand it blood began to boil  
Temper I was losing poor old Erin's isle they began  
abusing  
Hooray me soul says I, let the shillelagh fly some gal  
way  
Boys were nigh saw I was a-hobblin' with a loud array  
They joined me in the fray and soon we cleared the  
way  
On the rocky road to Dublin

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da  
Hey

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