

Dropkick Murphys

"The Rocky Road to Dublin"

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In the merry month of June
from my home I started
left the girls in Taum
nearly brokenhearted
saluted me father dear,
kissed my 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 ghost and goblin,
brand-new pair of brogues,
rattling over the bogs
frightening all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two three, four five

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 for 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.

One, two three, four five

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 connaught 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 and all
the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!

From there I got away,
my 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,
rig some hearty rigs,
played some hilarity jigs,
the water 'round me bubblin'
off to Hollyhead
wished myself 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 and all
the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!

The boys in Liverpool,
when we safely landed
called meself 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 shellaillagh fly
some Galway boys were by,

and saw I was a-hobblin'
with a loud array,
they joined me in the fray
soon we cleared the way
on the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two three, four five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all
the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!

One, two three, four five
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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