

Dubliners

"Rocky Road To Dublin"

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While in the merry month of May, from me home I
started

Left the girls of Tuam so sad and broken hearted
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling 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 black thorn to banish ghosts and goblins
Bought a pair of brogues rattling o'er the bogs
And fright'ning 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 follol de rah

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight next morning blithe and early
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from sinking
That's a Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking

See the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin'
Asked me was I hired, wages I required
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
All the way to Dublin, whack follol de rah

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city
So then I took a stroll, all among the quality
Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality

Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'
Inquiring for the rogue, they 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

All the way to Dublin, whack follol de rah

From there I got away, me spirits never falling
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing
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 hearty rigs
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling
When off Holyhead, I wished meself was dead
Or better for 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 follol de rah

Well, 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 losing
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing

"Hurrah me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in
With a load "Hurray" joined in the affray
We quietly cleared the way for 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 follol de rah

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