

Dubliners

"The Rocky Road To Dublin"

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In the merry month of June, from me home I started,
Left the girls of Tuam all nearly broken hearted,
Saluted father dear, kissed me darlin' mother,
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,
With a stout black thorn to banish ghosts and gob'lins;
Brand new pair o' brogues ratt'lin' o'er the bogs
And fright'ning all the dogs on the rocky road to
Dub'lin.

Whack follol de rah,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
all the way to Dub'lin, Whack follol de rah!

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
Started at daylight me spirits bright 'n airy,
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from sinkin';
Thats the laddy's cure whenever he's on for drinking.
To see the lassies smile, laughin' all the while
At me curious style, to set your heart a bubb'lin'
Asked if I was hired, the wages I required,
Till I was nearly tired of the rocky road to Dub'lin.

Whack follol de rah,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
all the way to Dub'lin, Whack follol de rah!

In Dub'lin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.
So then I took a stroll, down among the quality;
Bundle it was stole, all in the neat locality.
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobb'lin'
Enquiring on the roas, 'said me kind a brogue

Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dub'lin.

Whack follol de ra,
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 failin',

Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailin'.
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had he;
When I jumped aboard, they found a cabin for Paddy.
Poundin' on the pig, they had some funny rigs,
I danced some hearty jigs, the water round me
bubb'lin';
Off to Holyhead, wished meself was dead,
Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dub'lin.

Whack follol de rah,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road
all the way to Dub'lin, Whack follol de rah!

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Up'd 'n called me fool, I could no longer stand it.
Blood began to boil, temper I was losin';
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusin'.
"Hurrah me soul" says I, Shillelagh I let fly.
Some Galway boys were nigh they saw I was a hobble
in,
With a load "hurray!" joined me the fray.
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to
Dub'lin.

Whack follol de rah,
Hunt the Hare and turn her down
the rocky road and all the way to Dublin,
Whack follol de rah!

Hunt the Hare and turn her down
the rocky road and all the way to Dublin,
Whack follol de rah,

Whack follol de rah,

Whack follol de rah!

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