

## Gaelic Storm

### "Rock Road To Dublin/Kid On The Mountain"

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Well in the merry month of June,  
From my home I started,?Left the girls of Tuam,  
Nearly broken hearted,?Saluted father dear,  
Kissed me darlin' mother,?Drank a pint of beer,  
My grief and tears to smother,?Then off to reap the  
corn,  
And leave where I was born,?I cut a stout blackthorn,  
To banish ghost and goblin,?In a brand new pair of  
brogues,  
Rattling o'er the bogs,?And frightened all the dogs,  
On the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two, three, four five,?Hunt the hare and turn her  
down  
The rocky road and all the ways to Dublin,?Whack, fol  
lol de ra.

Now in Mullingar that night,  
I rested limbs so weary,?Started by daylight,  
Next mornin' bright and early,?Took a drop of the pure,  
To keep me heart from sinkin',?Now that's the Paddy's  
cure,  
Whene'er he's on for drinking.?To see the lasses smile,  
Laughing all the while,?At my curious style,  
'Twould set your heart a bubblin'.?Asked me was I was  
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 ways to Dublin,?Whack, fol  
lol de ra.

Now in Dublin next arrived,  
I thought it such a pity,?To be so soon deprived,  
A view of that fine city.?Decide to take a stroll,  
All among the quality,?Bundle it was stole,  
And in a neat locality;?Something crossed my mind,  
When I looked behind;?No bundle could I find,  
Upon my stick a wobblin'.?Enquirin' for the rogue,

Said me Connacht 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 ways to Dublin,?  
Whack-fol-lol-de-ra.

And from there I got away,  
My spirit was never failin'?Landed on the quay  
Just as the ship was sailin';?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 funny rigs,?Danced some hearty jigs,  
The water round me bubblin',?Off to Holyhead,  
I wished meself was dead,?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 ways to Dublin,?  
Whack, fol lol de ra.

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 losin',?Poor old Erin's isle  
They began abusin',?"Hurrah me soul," says I,  
My shillelagh fly;?Some Galway boys were by,  
Saw I was a hobblin',?Then with a loud hurray,  
They joined in the affray.?Soon we quickly 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 ways to Dublin,?  
Whack, fol lol de ra.

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