

## Chieftains

# "The Rocky Road To Dublin"

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In the merry month of May  
From me home I started  
Left the girls of Tuam  
Sad and broken hearted

Salute me father dear  
And kissed me darlin' mother  
Then drank a pint of beer  
Me tears and grief to smother

Off to reap the corn  
Leave where I was born  
I cut a stoat black thorn  
To banish ghosts and Goblins

In a pair of brand new of brogues  
Rattled over the bogs  
I frightened all the dogs  
On the rocky road to Dublin

1 2 3 4 5  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the way to Dublin, whacks fer al de da

In Dublin next arrived  
And thought it such a pity  
To be so soon deprived  
A view of that fair city

Then I took a stroll  
All amongst the quality  
Me bundle it was stole  
In that neat locality

Something crossed me mind  
When I looked behind  
No bundle I could find  
Upon me stick a wobblin'

Enquiring after the rogue  
Said me "Connaught Brogue  
Was not much in vogue

On the rocky road to Dublin"

1 2 3 4 5

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
And all the way to Dublin, whacks fer al de da

The boys of Liverpool  
When we safely landed  
Called myself a fool  
I could no longer stand it

Me blood began to boil  
Me temper I was losing  
For old Erin's isle  
They began abusing

Horah say I  
Me shelelagh I let fly  
Galway boys were by  
They saw I was a hobblin'

With a loud "Hurray"  
They joined in the affray  
We quickly cleared the way  
For the rocky road to Dublin

1 2 3 4 5

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
Nd all the way to Dublin, whacks fer al de da

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