

## **Connemara Stone Company "Rocky Road To Dublin"**

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In the merry month of June, from me home I started  
Left the girls of Tuam 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,  
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblin  
A brand new pair of brogues, rattlin o'er the bogs  
And frightenin' all the dogs on the rock road to  
Dublin.

One, two, three, four, five  
Hunt the hare and turn her  
Down the rocky road, another way to Dublin  
Whack fol-laddie-ah!

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  
My 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'  
Enquirein' for the rogue, they said me Connacht  
brogue  
Wasn't much in vogue on the rock road to Dublin.

One, two, three, four, five  
Hunt the hare and turn her  
Down the rocky road, another way to Dublin  
Whack fol-laddie-ah!

From there I got away, me spirits never failing  
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 funny rigs,  
Danced some hearty jigs the water round me bubblin'  
When off Holyhead, wished meself was dead,  
Or better far instead on the rock road to Dublin.

One, two, three, four, five  
Hunt the hare and turn her  
Down the rocky road, another way to Dublin

Whack fol-laddie-ah!

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 losin'  
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusin'  
"Hurrah, me Soul!" says I, my shillelagh I let fly  
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobbelin'  
With a loud "Hurray" joined in the affray  
We quickly cleared the way on the rocky road to Dublin!

One, two, three, four, five  
Hunt the hare and turn her  
Down the rocky road, another way to Dublin  
Whack fol-laddie-ah!

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