

The Rocky Road to Dublin

While in the merry month of May now 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,
 And leave where I was born.
 Cut a stout blackthorn
 To banish ghosts and goblins.
 A brand new pair of brogues,
 To rattle over the bogs
 And frighten all the dogs
 On the rocky road to Dublin.

One two three four five.

Hunt the Hare and turn her down,
 The rocky roads and all the ways to Dublin.
 Whack fol lol de dah!

In Mullingar that night
 I rested limbs so weary.
 Started by daylight
 Next morning bright and early.
 Took a drop of the pure,
 To keep me heart from shrinkin'.
 That's the Paddy's cure,
 Whene'er he's on for drinkin'.
 To hear the lasses smile,
 Laughin' all the while,
 At me curious style,
 'twould set your heart a-bubbling.
 They asked me was I hired,
 And wages I required,
 Till 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 dah!

In Dublin next arrived,
 I thought it such a pity,
 To be so soon deprived
 A view of that fine city.
 Then I took a stroll
 All among the quality,
 Bundle it was stole,
 When in the neat locality.
 Something crossed me mind,
 Then I looked behind,
 No bundle could I find
 Upon me stick a-wobblin'.
 Enquiring of for the rogue,
 They said my Connaught brogue
 It 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 dah!

From there I got away,
Me spirits 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,
Did some hearty rigs
I played some hearty jigs,
The water round me bubblin'.
When off Holyhead
I wished myself was dead,
Or 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 dah!

The boys of Liverpool,
When 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!" sez I,
Me shillelagh I let it fly.
Galway boys were by,
And saw I was a hobblin'.
Then with a loud Hurray!,
They joined all in the affray,
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 dah!