

The Rocky Road To Dublin - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN.

In the merry month of June, when first from home I started,
And left the girls alone, sad and broken-hearted,
Shook hands with father dear, kissed my darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, my tears and grief to smother;
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born,
I cut a stout black-thorn to banish ghost or goblin;
With a pair of bran new brogues I rattled o'er the bogs-
Sure I frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus.

For it is the rocky road, here's the road to Dublin;
Here's the rocky road, now fire away to Dublin I

The steam-coach was at hand, the driver said he'd cheap ones,
But sure the luggage van was too much for ha'pence.
For England I was bound it would never do to balk it.
For every step of the road, bedad! says I, I'll walk it.
I did not sigh nor moan, until I saw Athlone,
A pain in my shin bone, it set my heart a bubbling;
And fearing the big cannon, looking o'er the Shannon,
I very quickly ran on the rocky road to Dublin.-Chorus.

In Mullingar, that night, I my limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, with spirits light and airy;
Took a drop of the pure, to keep my spirits from sinking.
That's always an Irishman's cure, whenever he's troubled with thinking.
To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while,
At my comical style, set my heart a bubbling,
They axed if I was hired, the wages I required.
Until I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.-Chorus.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it was a pity
To be so soon deprived of a view of that fine city;
'Tuns then I took a stroll, all among the quality,
My bundle then was stole in a neat locality.
Something crossed my mind, thinks I, I'll look behind,
No bundle could I find upon my stick a wobbling,
Inquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue,
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.-Chorus.

A coachman raised his hand as if myself was wanting,
I went up to a stand, full of cars for jaunting;
"Step up, my boy! " says he; "ah, ah! that I will with pleasure,"
"And to the strawberry beds, I'll drive you at your leisure."
"A strawberry bed? " says I, "faith, that would be too high!
On one of straw I'll lie, and the berries won't be troubling ;"
He drove me out as far, upon an outside car,
Faith! such jolting never was on the rocky road to Dublin. -Chorus.

I soon got out of that, my spirits never failing,
I landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing,
The captain at me roared, swore that no room had he.
But when I leaped on board, they a cabin found for Paddy.
Down among the pigs I played such rummy rigs.
Danced some hearty jigs, with the water round me bubbling,
But when off Holyhead, I wished that I was dead.
Or safely put in bed, on the rocky road to Dublin.-Chorus.

The boys In Liverpool, when on the dock I landed,
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
My blood, began to boil, my temper I was loosing,
And poor old Erin's Isle, they all began abusing.
"Hurrah! my boys, " says I, my shillelagh I let fly.
Some Gal way boys were by, they saw I was a hobble in; .
Then with a loud hurrah I they joined me in the fray,
From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Faugh-a-ballagh! clear the way for the rocky road to Dublin.-Chorus.