**The Rocky Road to Dublin**

**(Capo 3)**

**Am**

In the merry month of June, From my home I started,

**G**

Left the girls of Tuam, Nearly broken hearted,

**Am**

Sa-luted father dear, Kissed my darlin' mother,

**G**

Drank a pint of beer, My griefs and sorrows to smother,

**Am**

Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,

**G**

cut a stout blackthorn, To banish ghosts and goblins,

**Am**

In a brand new pair of brogues, rattlin’ o'er the bogs,

**G**

Fright’nin’ all the dogs, On the rocky road to Dublin.

***Chorus:***

**Am**

One, two, three, four, five; Hunt the hare and turn her

**G Am**

Down the rocky road, and all the ways to Dublin, Whack-fol-lol-de-ra.

**Am**

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,

**G**

Started by daylight, next mornin’ bright and early,

**Am**

Took a drop of the pure, To keep my heart from sinkin',

**G**

That's the paddy's cure, Whenever he's for drinking.

**Am**

See the lassies smile, Laughing all the while,

**G**

At my curious style, ‘twould set your heart a-bubblin'.

**Am**

Asked me was I hired, The wages I required,

**G**

‘Till I was nearly tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin.

***[Chorus]***

**Am**

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,

**G**

To be so soon deprived, A view of that fair city.

**Am**

Then I took a stroll, All among the quality,

**G**

My bundle it was stole, In a neat locality;

**Am**

Something crossed my mind, then I looked behind;

**G**

No bundle could I find, U-pon my stick a wobblin'.

**Am**

In-quirin' for the rogue, They said my Connacht brogue,

**G**

Wasn't much in vogue, On the rocky road to Dublin.

***[Chorus]***

**Am**

From there I got away, My spirits never failin'

**G**

Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailin';

**Am**

Captain at me roared, Said no room had he,

**G**

Well I jumped aboard, A cabin found for Paddy,

**Am**

Down among the pigs, played some jolly rigs,

**G**

Danced some hearty jigs, The water round me bubblin',

**Am**

When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead,

**G**

Or better far instead, On the rocky road to Dublin.

***[Chorus]***

**Am**

The boys of Liverpool, When we safely landed,

**G**

Called myself a fool; I could no longer stand it;

**Am**

Blood began to boil, Temper I was losin',

**G**

Poor old Erin's isle They began abusin',

**Am**

"Hur-rah my soul," sez I, Shillelagh I let fly;

**G**

Some Galway boys went by, and Saw that I was a hobblein’

**Am**

Then with a loud hurray, They joined me in the affray.

**G**

We quickly cleared the way, For the rocky road to Dublin.

***[Chorus]***