

# The Rocky Road To Dublin

Tradicionális ír dallam (slip jig)



1. Well in the mer - ry month of June, from me home I star - ted  
lu - ted fat - her dear, kissed me dar - ling mot - her  
Left the girls of Tuam near - ly bro - ken hearted Sa  
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smot - her  
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born  
Cut a stout black thorn to ba-nish ghosts and gob-lins Bought a pair of brogues  
ratt-ling o'er the bogs And fright'-ning all the dogs on the roc-ky road to Dub-lin  
Refrén  
One, two, three, four, five, Hunt the Hare and turn her down the roc-ky road  
All the way to Dub - (o) - lin, whack fol - lol de raaah!

2. In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary  
Started by daylight next morning blithe and early  
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from sinking  
That's a Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking  
See the lassies smile, laughing all the while  
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin'  
Asked me was I hired, wages I required  
I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin

Refrén: One, two, three, four, five, ...

3. 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  
Me 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'  
Inquiring for the rogue, they said me Connaught brogue  
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin

Refrén: One, two, three, four, five, ...

4. From there I got away, me spirits never falling  
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 hearty rigs  
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling  
When off Holyhead, I wished meself was dead  
Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin

Refrén: One, two, three, four, five, ...

5. 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 losing  
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing  
„Hurrah me soul” says I, me Shillelagh I let fly  
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in  
With a load „Hurray” joined in the affray  
We quietly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

Refrén: One, two, three, four, five, ...