

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 hear - ted 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, ...