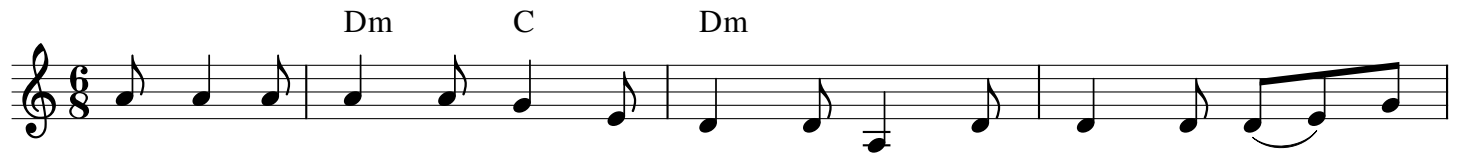


# The Rocky Road to Dublin

Traditional



1. While in the mer - ry month of May from me home I star - ted,  
2. In Mul - lin - gar that night I res - ted limbs so wear -  
3. In Dubi - lin next ar - rived I thought it such a pi - ty  
4. From there I got a - way, me spi - rit ne - ver fai -  
5. The boys of Li - ver - pool, when we safe - ly lan -



left the girls of Tu - am near - ly bro - ken hear - ted, sa - lu - ted fa - ther  
y star - ted by light next mor - ning light and air - y. Drank a drop o' the  
to be so soon prived a view of such fine cit - y. Then I took a  
ling, lan - ded on quay just as the ship was sai - ling. Cap - tain at me  
ded, called me - self fool. I could no lon - ger stand it, blood be - gan to



dear, kissed me dar - lin' moth - er, drank a pint of beer me grief and  
pure to keep me heart from sin - king that's the Pad - dy's cure when - e'er he's  
stroll al a - long the quali - ty, me bun - dle it was sto - len in a  
roared, said no room had he when I jumped a - board a ca - bin  
boil, tem - per I was loo - sing. Poor old E - rin's Isle they be -



fears to smo - ther, then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born,  
on for drin - king. To hear the las - sies smile, laugh - ing all the while  
neat lo - ca - li - ty. Some - thing crossed me mind, when I looked be - hind,  
found for Pad - dy. Down a - mong the pigs, I skipped some fun - ny jigs, I  
gan a - bu - sing. "Hurrah me soul," sais I, me shi - lle - lagh I let fly. Some



cut a stout black - thorn to ban - ish ghost and gob - lin. In a brand new pair of  
at me curi - ous style, 't would set your heart a - bubb - lin'. They ask'd me was I  
no bun - dle could I find upon me stick a - wobb - lin'. In - qui - ring after the  
played some hear - ty rigs. The wa - ter 'round me bubb - lin'. When off to Ho - ly -  
Gal - way boys were by and saw I was a - hubb - lin', then with loud hurr -

21

C



brogues I ratt - led o - ver the bogs and fright - ened all the dogs on the  
 hired, the wa - ges I re - quired 'till I was all - most tired of the  
 rogue, they said me Con - naught brogue wasn't much in vogue on the  
 head, I wished me - self was dead or bet - ter far in - stead on the  
 ay, they joined in the af - fray we quick - ly cleared the way for the

25

Dm

C

Dm

Dm



rock - y road to Dub - i - lin. One, two, three, four, five. Hunt the hare and turn her down the  
 rock - y road to Dub - i - lin.  
 rock - y road to Dub - i - lin.  
 rock - y road to Dub - i - lin.  
 rock - y road to Dub - i - lin.

30

C

C

Dm

C

Dm



rock - y road and all the ways to Dub - i - lin, whack fol - al - de - rol.