

Orthodox Celts - Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June from me home I started
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken hearted
Saluted father dear, kissed me darlin's mother
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,
Cut the stout black thorn to banish ghost and goblins
Brand new pair of brogues, rattled o'er the bogs,
frightened all the dogs on rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-lol-de-ra

Dm Am

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary

Dm C

Blinded by daylight, next morning light and airy

Dm Am

Took a drop of the pure to keep my heart from sinking

Dm C

That's an Irish cure whenever he's on for drinking

Dm Am

To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while

F C

At my curious style, t'would set your heart a-bubblin';

Dm Am

And if I was hired, wages I required

F C

I was almost tired on rocky road to Dublin

Dm

One two three four five

Dm F

Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road

C Dm

And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-lol-de-ra

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city

And then I took a stroll all among the quality
Bundle it was stole in a neat locality
Something crossed me mind, then I looked behind,
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin' ;
Enquiring for the rogue, said me Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-lol-de-ra

From there I got away, my spirits never failing
Landed on the quay as the ship was sailing
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 funny rigs
Danced som hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin' ;
Off to Holyhead, wished myself was dead
Or better far instead on rocky road to Dublin

One two three four five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-lol-de-ra

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 losin' ;
Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin' ;
"Hurrah me soul" sez I, me shillelagh let fly
Galway boys were by, saw I was in a hobble in
Then with loud hurray, joined in affray
Quickly cleared the way on rocky road to Dublin

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