

Rocky Road to Dublin

The Dubliners

While in the merry month of May, from me home I started
Left the girls of Tuam nearly brokenhearted
Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts
And goblin' brand new pair of brogues to rattle o'er the bogs
And frighten all the dogs on the 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-la-de-da

In Mullingar that night, I rested, limbs so weary
Started by daylight, next mornin' light and airy
Took a drop of the pure to keep me heart from sinking
That's the Paddy's cure when there he's on for drinking
To see the lassies smile laughing all the while
At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
Asked if was I hired, and wages I required
Till I was almost tired over the rocky road to Dublin'

One, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky roads
And all the way to Dublin', whack-fol-la-de-da

In Dublin' next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city
Then I took a stroll all among the quality
Bundle it was stolen in that neat locality
Something crossed me mind when I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'
Crying after the rogue, they said me Connaught brogue
It wasn't much in vogue on the 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-la-de-da

From there I got away, me spirits never failing
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had he
Then I jumped aboard a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs
Played some hearty jigs, the water 'round me bubblin'
And when off Holyhead, wished meself was dead
Or better far instead on the 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-la-de-da

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing
Poor Old Erin's Isle they began abusing
Hooray me soul, says I, me Shillelagh I let fly

Galway boys were by and saw I was a hobble in
With a loud hurray, they joined me in the affray
Quickly cleared the way on the 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-la-de-da