

# The Rocky Road to Dublin

Cruachan

(Arrangement: KF Words: Unknown)

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' mother,  
Drank a pint of beer  
My grief and tears to smother.  
Then off to reap the corn  
and leave where I was born,  
Cut a stout black-thorn to banish ghosts and goblins,  
A brand new pair of brogues  
I rattled o'er the bogs,  
Frightened all the dogs  
on the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS:

One two three four five,  
hunt the hare and turn her,  
Down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin,  
Whack fol lal de da!

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,  
Started by daylight next morning light and airy,  
Took a drop of the pure  
To keep me heart from sinking,  
That's the Paddy's cure,  
When'er he's on for drinking,  
To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while,  
At me curious style  
would set your heart a bubbling,  
They asked if I was hired, the wages I required,  
Till I was nearly tired  
of the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus.

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

Chorus.

From there I got away me 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 I played some funny rigs,  
Danced some hearty jigs,

the water round me bubblin',  
When off to Holyhead I wished meself was dead,  
Or better far instead,  
the rocky road to Dublin

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 Eierann's isle they began abusin',  
"Hurrah me soul" says I, shillelagh I let fly,  
Galway boys were by, saw I was a hobble in,  
then with a loud hurrah, They joined in the affray,  
We quickly cleared the way  
for the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus.