

# The Rocky Road to Dublin

Dropkick Murphys

In the merry month of June  
from my home I started  
left the girls in Taum  
nearly brokenhearted  
saluted me father dear,  
kissed my darling mother  
drank a pint of beer,  
my grief and tears to smother  
then off to reap the corn,  
leave where I was born  
cut a stout blackthorn  
to banish ghost and goblin,  
brand-new pair of brogues,  
rattling over the bogs  
frightening all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two three, four five

In Mullingar last night,  
I rested limbs so weary  
started by daylight  
next morning bright and early  
took a drop of the pure  
to keep me heart from sinking  
that's the Paddy's cure  
when he's on for drinking  
see the lassies smile,  
laughing all the while  
at me darling style,  
would set your heart a-bubblin'  
asked me was I hired,  
wages I required  
'til I was almost tired  
of 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, wh  
ack-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  
decided to take a stroll  
all among the quality  
bundle, it was stole  
in that neat locality  
something crossed my mind  
when I looked behind  
no bundle could I find  
upon me stick a-wobblin'  
crying for a rogue  
said me connaught brogue  
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, wh  
ack-fol-la-de-da!

From there I got away,  
my spirits never failing  
landed on the quay  
just as the ship was sailing  
captain at me roared,  
said that no room had he  
then I jumped aboard  
a cabin found for Paddy  
down among the pigs,  
rig some hearty rigs,  
played some hilarity jigs,  
the water 'round me bubblin'  
off to Hollyhead  
wished myself 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, wh  
ack-fol-la-de-da!

The boys in 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  
hooray me soul, says I,  
let the shellaillagh fly  
some Galway boys were by,  
and saw I was a-hobblin'  
with a loud array,  
they joined me in the fray  
soon we 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, wh  
ack-fol-la-de-da!

One, two three, four five  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, wh  
ack-fol-la-de-da!  
HEY!