

# 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