

The Dubliners - Rocky Road To Dublin

Tom: F

^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
In the merry month of May from my home I started
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Left the girls of Tuam-nearly broken-hearted
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
Saluted Father dear kissed my darlin' Mother
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Drank a pint of beer my grief and tears to smother
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born
^{Dm} ^C ^C
I cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblin
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
In a brand-new pair of brogues I rattled o'er the bogs
^{Dm} ^C ^C
And frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin
^A ^C ^{Dm}
One two three four five

^{Dm}
Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^C ^{Am} ^C ^{Dm}
And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Started by daylight next morning light and airy
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
Took a drop of the pure to keep my heart from sinking
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
That's an Paddy d cure whene'er he's on for drinking
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
To see the lasses smile laughing all the while
^{Dm} ^C ^C
At me curious style 'twould set your heart a-bubbling
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
They ax'd if I was hired the wages I required
^{Dm} ^C ^C
Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin
^A ^C ^{Dm}
One two three four five

^{Dm}
Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^C ^{Am} ^C ^{Dm}
And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
In Dublin next arrived I thought it such a pity
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
Then I took a stroll out among the quality
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
My bundle it was stole in a neat locality
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Something crossed me mind then I looked behind

^{Dm} ^C ^C
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Enquiring for the rogue they said me Connaught brogue
^{Dm} ^C ^C
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin
^A ^C ^{Dm}
One two three four five

^{Dm}
Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^C ^{Am} ^C ^{Dm}
And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

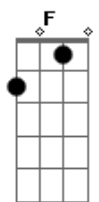
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
From there I got away me spirits never failing
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Landed on the quay as the ship was sailing
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
Captain at me roared said that no room had he
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
When I jumped aboard a cabin found for Paddy
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Down among the pigs I played some funny rigs
^{Dm} ^C ^C
Danced some hearty jigs the water round me bubblin'
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
When off to Holyhead I wished meself was dead
^{Dm} ^C ^C
Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin
^A ^C ^{Dm}
One two three four five

^{Dm}
Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^C ^{Am} ^C ^{Dm}
And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

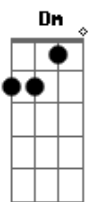
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
The boys of Liverpool when we safely landed
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Called meself a fool I could no longer stand it
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm}
Me blood began to boil temper I was losin'
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin'
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Hurrah my soul says I let my shillelagh fly
^{Dm} ^C ^C
Some Galway boys came by saw I was a hobblein
^{Dm} ^C ^{Dm} ^C
Then with a loud Hurray they joined in the affray
^{Dm} ^C ^C
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin
^A ^C ^{Dm}
One two three four five

^{Dm}
Hunt the hare and turn her Down the rocky road
^C ^{Am} ^C ^{Dm}
And all the ways to Dublin Whack fol-lol-de-ra

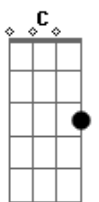
Acordes



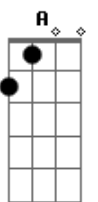
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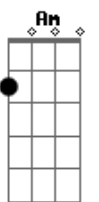
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