

Traditional Irish - Rocky Road To Dublin

Tom: F

In the merry month of May 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 me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins
A brand new pair of brogues rattlin' o'er the bogs
Frightenin' all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

One, two, three, four five

Hunt the hare and turn her, Down the rocky road
All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight me spirits bright and airy
Took a drop of the pure, keep me heart from sinkin'
That's the Paddy's cure whenever he's on for drinkin'
To see the lassies smile, laughin' all the while
At me curious style 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
Asked if I was hired, wages I required
'Til I was nearly tired of the rocky road to Dublin

One, two, three, four five

Hunt the hare and turn her, Down the rocky road
All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city
Well, then I took a stroll all among the quality
Bundle, it was stole all in the neat locality
Somethin' crossed me mind when I looked behind

No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'
Enquirin' for the rogue, said me Connacht 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
All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

From there I got away, me spirits never failin'
Landed on the quay just as the ship was sailin'
The captain at me roared, said that no room had he
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, played some funny rigs
Danced some hearty jigs, the water 'round me bubblin'
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
All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

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 Erin's isle they began abusin'
"Hurrah me soul," says I, my shillelagh I let fly
Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a-hobblin'
With a loud hurray, joined in the affray
We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin

One, two, three, four five

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All the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-le-rah

Acordes

