

The Rocky Road To Dublin

♩ = 116 Slip jig - Dorisk

Tekst: D. K. Gavan ca. 1850 - Musik: Ireland

A Em D

In the mer - ry month of June from my home I start - ed left the girls of Tuam near - ly bro - ken-heart-ed,

4 Em D

Sa - lu - ted fath - er dear kissed my dar - lin' moth - er, drank a pint og beer, my grief and tears to smoth-er.

8 Em D

Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born. I cut a stout black-thorn, to ba - nish ghost and gob-lin,

12 Em D

In a bran' new pair of brogues I rat-tled o'er the bogs and fright-ened all the dogs on the rock - y road to Du - blin.

17 **B** Em D

One, two, tree, four five, hunt the hare and turn her down the rock y road and all the way to Du - - blin,

21 Em D Em

wack fol - la - de - da

2. 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 sinking
 That's the Paddy's cure whenever he's on drinking
 To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while
 At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin'
 An' asked if I was hired, wages I required
 'Till 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.
 And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol lol le rah!*

4. From there I got away, me spirits never falling
 Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing
 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 bubbling
 When off Holyhead wished meself was dead
 Or better far instead On the rocky road to Dublin
One two three four five...

3. In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
 To be soon deprived a view of that fine city
 Well then I took a stroll, all among the quality
 Bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality
 Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind
 No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'
 Enquiring for the rogue, said me Connaught brogue
 Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin
One two three four five...

5. 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 losing
 Poor old Erin's isle they began abusing
 "Hurrah me soul!" says I, me shillelagh I let fly
 Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in
 With a loud "Hurray!" joined in the affray
 We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin
One two three four five...