

## Medley

Instrumental

Drums + Akkordeon

Em G D Guitar  
As I was walking down the road, a-feeling fine and larkey, oh  
Em G D Em  
A recruiting sargeant came up to me, says he, "You'd look fine in khaki, oh  
Em G D  
For the King, he is in need of men, come read this proclamation, oh  
Em G D Em  
A life in Flanders for you then would be a fine vacation, oh."

"That may be so," says I to him, "But tell me sargeant, deary-o Bass  
If I had a pack stuck up on me back would I be fine and cheery-oh?  
For they'd have you train and drill until they'd have you one of the Frenchies, oh  
It may be warm in Flanders but it's drafty in the trenches, oh."

The sargeant smiled and winked his eye, his smile was most provoking, oh  
He twiddled and twirled his wee moustache, says he, "I know you're only joking, oh.  
The sandbags are so warm and high, the wind you won't feel blowing, oh."  
I winked at a cailin passing by, says I, "What if it's snowing, oh?"

Come rain or hail or wind or snow, I'm not going out to Flanders, oh  
There's fighting in Dublin to be done, let your sargeants and you commanders go.  
Let English men fight English wars, it's nearly time they started, oh  
I saluted the sargeant a very good night. There and then we parted, oh.

Rocky Road to Dublin Instrumental 9/8

||: AmAmAm AmAmAm GGG  
AmAmAm AmAmAm AmAmAm GGG  
AmAmG AmAmG AmAmG GGG  
AmAmG AmAmG AmAmAm GGG AmGAm :||

C  
As I went down to Galway Town to seek for recreation  
Am G C  
On the seventeenth of August, me mind being elevated  
Am G Am Em  
There were passengers assembled with their tickets at the station  
C Am G Am  
And me eyes began to dazzle and they off to see the races

C G Am

With me wack (STOP) fol the do fol the diddle idle day

AmAmAmAmAm AmAmAmAmAm

There were passengers from Limerick and passengers from Nenagh  
The boys of Connemara and the Clare unmarried maiden  
There were people from Cork City who were loyal, true and faithful  
Who brought home the Fenian prisoners from dying in foreign nations  
With me wack fol the do fol the diddle idle day

AmAmAmAmAm AmAmAmAmAm

And it's there you'll see the pipers and the fiddlers competing  
And the sporting wheel of fortune and the four and twenty quarters  
And there's others without scruple pelting wattles at poor Maggie  
And her father well contented and he gazing at his daughter  
With me wack fol the do fol the diddle idle day

AmAmAmAmAm AmAmAmAmAm

Instrumental over Verse

With me wack fol the do fol the diddle idle day

AmAmAmAmAm AmAmAmAmAm

And it's there you'll see the jockeys and they mounted on so stably  
The pink, the blue, the orange, and green, the colors of our nation  
The time it came for starting, all the horses seemed impatient  
Their feet they hardly touched the ground, the speed was so amazing!  
With me wack fol the do fol the diddle idle day

AmAmAmAmAm AmAmAmAmAm

There was half a million people there of all denominations  
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew, the Presbyterian  
Yet there was no animosity, no matter what persuasion  
But failte hospitality inducing fresh acquaintance  
With me wack fol the do fol the diddle idle day