

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

Intro

GUITAR

Dm
In the merry month of May, from my home I started
Dm **C**
Left the girls of Tuam, nearly broken hearted
Dm
Saluted father dear, kissed my darlin' mother
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**
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**
And frightened all the dogs, upon the rocky road to Dublin

CHORUS

Am **C** **Dm**
One, two, three, four five
Dm
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
C
And all the ways to Dublin
Am **C** **Dm**
Whack-fol-lol-de-ra

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 my heart from sinkin'
That's an Irishman's cure, Whene'er he's on for drinking
To see the lasses smile, Laughing all the while
At my curious style, 'Twould set your heart a-bubblin'
They ax'd if I was hired, The wages I required
Till I was almost tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin

BASS

CHORUS

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,
My bundle it was stole, In a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, Then I looked behind;
No bundle could I find, Upon my stick a wobblin'.
Enquirin' for the rogue, They said my Connacht brogue,
Wasn't much in vogue, On the rocky road to Dublin.

AKKORDEON

CHORUS

Instrumental

FFF FFF FFF CCC

FFF FFF FFF CCC

FFF FFF FFF CCC

FFF FFF FFF CCC → Am C Dm

DRUMS

From there I got away, My spirits never failin'
Landed on the quay As the ship was sailin';
Captain at me roared, Said that no room had he,
When I jumped aboard, A cabin found for Paddy,
Down among the pigs I played some funny rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, The water round me bubblin',
When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead,
Or better far instead, On the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS

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 losin',
Poor ould Erin's isle They began abusin',
"Hurrah my soul," sez I, My shillelagh I let fly;
Some Galway boys were by, Saw I was a hobble in,
Then with a loud hurray, They joined in the affray.
We quickly cleared the way, For the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS

Instrumental