

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

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
 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 (stop)
 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

CHORUS

Instrumental

CCC CCC CCC GGG

CCC CCC CCC GGG

CCC CCC CCC GGG

CCC CCC CCC GGG → Am C Dm

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.

CHORUS

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