Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June, from me home I started

Left the girls of Tuam, so sad and 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

Bought a pair of brogues rattlin' o'er the bogs Frightened 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-de-ra

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary Started by daylight, me spirits bright and airy Took a drop of the pure to keep me heart from sinkin'

That's the Paddy's cure, whenever he's on for drinkin'

See the lassies smile, laughin' all the while At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-hubblin'

Asked if I was hired, wages I required 'Til I was almost 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-de-ra

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity To be so soon deprived of a view of that fine city

Then I took a stroll, all among the quality
Me bundle it was stole in a neat locality
Something crossed me mind, when I looked
behind

No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin'

Enquirin' for the rogue, they said me Connaught 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-de-ra

From there, I got away, me spirits never failing Landed on the quay just as the ship was sailing

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, 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-de-ra

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