

# The Rocky Road To Dublin

## Crash Test Dummies

In the merry month of june from me home I started  
Left the girls of tuam a-really broken-hearted  
Saluted father dear, kissed me darlin' mother  
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and fears to smother  
Then off to reave the corn, leave where I was born  
With a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins,  
A bran'new pair of brogues, rattling o'er the bogs  
And frightening all the dogs on the rocky road to dublinOne two three four five, hunt the hare and turn him  
Down the rocky road, and all the way to dublin  
Whack fol-lol-de-raIn mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary  
Started by daylight next morning light and airy  
Took a drop of the pure to keep me heart from sinking  
That's the paddy's cure, whene'er he's on for drinking  
See the lasses smile, laughing all the while  
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubbling  
They'd ask me was I hired, the wages I required  
Till I was nearly tired of the rocky road to dublinOne two three four five, hunt the hare and turn him  
Down the rocky road, and all the way to dublin  
Whack fol-lol-de-raIn dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity  
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city  
So 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'  
Enquiring for the rogue, they said me connaught brogue  
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to dublinOne two three four five, hunt the hare and turn him  
Down the rocky road, and all the way to dublin  
Whack fol-lol-de-raFrom there I got away me spirits never failing  
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, I played some bonny rigs  
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin'  
When off t'holyhead I wished meself was dead,  
Or better far, instead, on the rocky road to dublinOne two three four five, hunt the hare and turn him  
Down the rocky road, and all the way to dublin  
Whack fol-lol-de-raThe boys of liverpool, when we safely landed  
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it  
Me blood began to boil, temper I was losin'

Poor old erin's isle they began abusin'  
"hurrah me soul!" sez i, shillelagh I let fly  
Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobblin'  
With a loud "hurrah," joinin' in the fray  
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to dublin  
One two three four five, hunt the hare and turn him  
Down the rocky road, and all the way to dublin  
Whack fol-lol-de-ra

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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