

The Rocky Road to Dublin

The Chieftains; The Rolling Stones

In the merry month of May
From me home I started
Left the girls of Tuam
Sad and broken hearted Salute me father dear
And kissed me darlin' mother
Then drank a pint of beer
Me tears and grief to smother Off to reap the corn
Leave where I was born
I cut a stoat black thorn
To banish ghosts and Goblins In a pair of brand new of brogues
Rattled over the bogs
I frightened all the dogs
On the rocky road to Dublin 1 2 3 4 5
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whacks fer al de da In Dublin next arrived
And thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived
A view of that fair city Then I took a stroll
All amongst the quality
Me bundle it was stole
In that neat locality Something crossed me mind
When I looked behind
No bundle I could find
Upon me stick a wobblin' Enquiring after the rogue
Said me "Connaught Brogue
Was not much in vogue
On the rocky road to Dublin" 1 2 3 4 5
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
And all the way to Dublin, whacks fer al de da The boys of Liverpool
When we safely landed
Called myself a fool
I could no longer stand it Me blood began to boil
Me temper I was losing
For old Erin's isle
They began abusing Horah say I
Me shelelagh I let fly
Galway boys were by
They saw I was a hobblin' With a loud "Hurray"
They joined in the affray

We quickly cleared the way
For the rocky road to Dublin1 2 3 4 5
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road
Nd all the way to Dublin, whacks fer al de da

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