

# The Rocky Road to Dublin

## The High Kings

In the merry month of June, From me home I started,  
Left the girls of Tuam, Nearly 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,  
A brand new pair of brogues, rattlin' o'er the bogs,  
Frightenin' 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-lul-lee-ra. In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,  
Started by daylight, Me spirits bright and airy,  
Took a drop of the pure, Keep me heart from sinkin',  
That's the Paddy's cure, Whenever he's on for drinking.  
To see the lassies smile, Laughing all the while,  
At my curious style, 'Twould set your heart a-bubblin'.  
And ax'd if I was hired, Wages I required,  
Till I was nearly 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-lul-lee-ra. In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,  
To be so soon deprived, A view of that fine city.  
Well then I took a stroll, All among the quality,  
Bundle it was stole, All in the neat locality;  
Something crossed my mind - When I looked behind,  
No bundle could I find, Upon me stick a wobblin'.  
Enquirin' for the rogue, Said me Connacht 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-lul-lee-ra. From there I got away, me spirits never failin'  
Landed on the quay, Just as the ship was sailin';  
The captain at me roared, Said that no room had he,  
When I jumped aboard, A cabin found for Paddy,  
Down among the pigs, 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-lul-lee-ra. The boys of Liverpool, When we safely landed,  
Called meself 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," says I, My shillelagh I let fly;  
Galway boys were nigh, An' saw I was a hobblin,  
With a loud hurray, They joined in the affray.  
We quickly cleared the way, For 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-lul-lee-ra. Hunt the hare and turn her  
Down the rocky road  
All the way to Dublin,  
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