

Rocky Road To Dublin

The Irish Descendants

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 black thorn to banish ghost an goblins,
bought a pair of brogues, rattlin' over the bugs,
frightened all the dogs, on the rocky road to Dublin, one two three four five
hunt the hare and turn it down
the rocky road and all the way
to Dublin

whack-fo-lol-le-ra Well in Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,
started by daylight, me spirits bright and cheery,
took a drop o' the pure that keeps me heart from sinkin',
that's the paddy's cure whenever he's on for drinking.
see the Lassies smile, laughing all the while
at me curious style, (it) would set your heart a-bubbling,
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 it down
the rocky road and all the way
to Dublin

whack-fo-lol-le-ra Well in Dublin next arrived, I thought it'd be a pity
to be so soon deprived a view of that fine city,
so then I took a stroll down among the quality,
me bundle it was stolen in a neat locality,
something crossed me mind, then I looked behind,
no bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin',
inquiring for the rogue, 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 it down
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whack-fo-lol-le-ra Well from there I got away, me spirits never failin',
landed on the quay just as the ship was sailin',
captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
then I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy,
down among the pigs, played some hearty rigs,
danced some hearty jigs, the water 'round be bubblin',

when off holy head wished meself was dead or better far instead
on the rocky road to Dublinone two three four five
hunt the hare and turn it down
the rocky road and all the way
to Dublin

whack-fo-lol-le-raThe boys of Liverpool, when me 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',
Hoorah me soul says I, shaleighly I let fly,
Galway boys were by and saw I was a-hobblin',
with a loud hooray, joined in the effray,
we quickly cleared the way for
the rocky road to Dublinone two three four five
hunt the hare and turn it down
the rocky road and all the way
to Dublin
whack-fo-lol-le-ra

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