Crash Test Dummies, The Rocky Road To Dublin

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 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

In 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 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

In 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 dublin

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Down the rocky road, and 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
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 dublin

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Down the rocky road, and all the way to dublin
Whack fol-lol-de-ra

The 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