

The Chieftains, The Rocky Road To Dublin

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, 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, I rattled over the bogs, 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 meself 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,
some Galway boys were by, they saw I was a hobblin',
with a loud hurray, they joined in the afracy,
we quickly cleared the way,
for the rocky road to Dublin, 1,2,3,4,5
hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road,
nd all the way to Dublin, whacks fer al de da!
Submitted by C. Neill