

The Rocky Road to Dublin

The High Kings

In the merry month of June, From my home I started,
Left the girls of Tuam, Nearly broken hearted,
Saluted me father dear, Kissed me darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, My grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn, And leave where I was born,
Cut a stout blackthorn, To banish ghost and goblin,
In a brand new pair of brogues, go rattling o'er the bogs,
Frightening all the dogs, On the rocky road to Dublin. One, two, three, four, five
In Mullingar last night, I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, Next morning bright and early,
Took a drop of the pure, To keep my heart from sinking,
That's the Paddy's cure, When he's on the drinking.
See the lassies smile, Laughing all the while,
At me darling style, 'Twould set your heart a-bubbling.
Asked me was I hired, The wages I required,
Till I was almost tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin. One, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-
da! In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived, A view of that fine city.
Decided to take a stroll, All among the quality,
My bundle it was stole, In a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, When I looked behind;
No bundle could I find, Upon me stick a wobbling.
Enquiring for a rogue, They 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 and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-
da! From there I got away, Me spirits never failing
Landed on the quay just as the ship was sailing;
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 funny rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, The water round me bubbling,
When off to Holyhead, Wished myself 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 and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-
da! 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 losing,
Poor old Erin's isle They began abusing,
"Hurrah my soul," sez I, Let the shillelagh fly;
Some Galway boys were nigh, Saw I was a hobbling,

With a loud hurray, They joined me in the fray.
Soon we cleared the way, O'er the rocky road to Dublin. One, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!
One, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin, whack-fol-la-de-da!

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