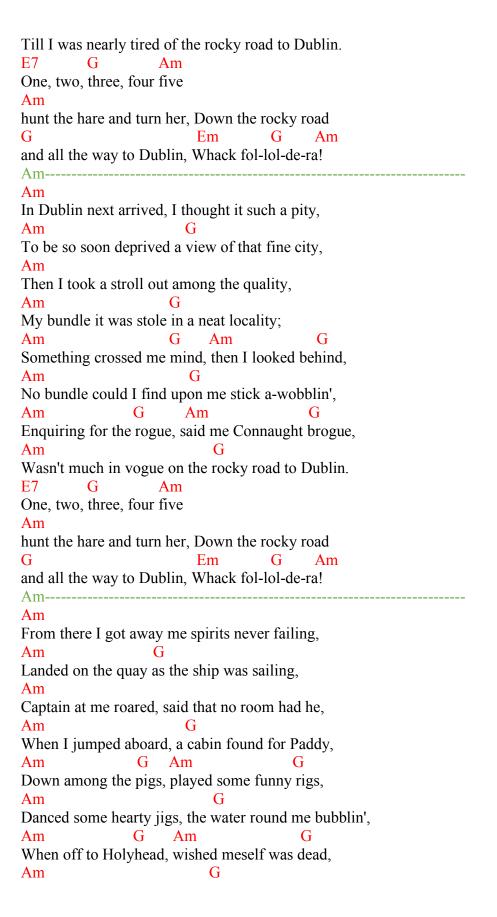


Rocky Road to Dublin – D.K. Gavan, mid 1800's

Am
Am
In the merry month of May from my home I started,
Am G
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken hearted,
Am
Saluted Father dear, kissed my darlin' Mother,
Am G
Drank a pint of beer me grief and tears to smother,
Am G Am G
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born,
Am G
Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghost and goblins,
Am G Am G
A brand-new pair of brogues rattlin' o'er the bogs,
Am G
Frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.
E7 G Am
One, two, three, four five
Am
hunt the hare and turn her, Down the rocky road
G Em G Am
and all the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-de-ra!
Am
Am
In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
Am G
Started by daylight me spirits bright and airy, Am
Took a drop of the pure, to keep my heart from sinking, Am G
That's the Paddy's cure, whene'er he's on drinking,
Am G Am G
To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while,
Am G
At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin',
Am G Am G
They ax'd if I was hired, the wages I required,
Am G



Or better far, instead, on the rocky road to Dublin. E7 One, two, three, four five hunt the hare and turn her, Down the rocky road Em 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; Blood began to boil, temper I was losin', Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin', Am "Hurrah my soul!" says I, me shillelagh I let fly, Some Galway boys came by, saw I was a hobblin', G Am Am With a loud Hurray, joined in the affray, We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin. G One, two, three, four five hunt the hare and turn her, Down the rocky road Em G Am and all the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lol-de-ra!