



## 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

Till I was nearly tired of 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 Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,

Am G

To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city,

Am

Then I took a stroll out among the quality,

Am G

My bundle it was stole in a neat locality;

Am G Am G

Something crossed me mind, then I looked behind,

Am G

No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin',

Am G Am G

Enquiring for the rogue, said me Connaught brogue,

Am G

Wasn't much in vogue 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

From there I got away me spirits never failing,

Am G

Landed on the quay as the ship was sailing,

Am

Captain at me roared, said that no room had he,

Am G

When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy,

Am G Am G

Down among the pigs, played some funny rigs,

Am G

Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin',

Am G Am G

When off to Holyhead, wished meself was dead,

Am G

Or better far, instead, 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

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,

Am G

Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it;

Am

Blood began to boil, temper I was losin',

Am G

Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin',

Am G Am G

"Hurrah my soul!" says I, me shillelagh I let fly,

Am G

Some Galway boys came by, saw I was a hobblin',

Am G Am G

With a loud Hurray, joined in the affray,

Am G

We quickly cleared the way, for 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!

