

# Rocky Road to Dublin

(In 9/8 time.) Songwriters: Jeremy Max Finer, Darryl Hunt, James Fearnley, Philip Chevron, Terry Woods, Andrew Ranken, Shane MacGowan, Peter Stacey



While in the merry month of May, now from  
me home, I started  
Left, the girls of Tuam were nearly broken-  
hearted  
Saluted Father dear, kissed me darling mother  
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to  
smother  
Then off to reap the corn, and  
leave where I was born  
Cut a stout, black thorn to banish ghosts and  
goblins  
A brand-new pair of brogues to  
rattle over the bogs  
And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to  
Dublin, 1, 2, 3, 4 5.

[CHORUS]

Hunt the hare, and turn her down the rocky  
road  
And all the ways to Dublin,  
whack-fol--lol-de-rah.

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary  
Started by daylight, me spirits bright and airy  
Took a drop of pure to keep me heart from  
shrinking  
That's the Paddy's cure when'er he's on for  
drinking  
To hear the lassies smile, laughing all the while  
At me curious style,  
'twould set your heart a-bubblin'  
They asked me was I hired, and wages I  
required, to lay was almost tired,  
of the rocky road to Dublin, 1, 2, 3, 4 5.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

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  
Bundle it was stolen, in a neat locality  
Something crossed me mind, when I looked  
behind  
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-  
wobblin'  
'Quiring after the rogue, said me Connaught  
brogue  
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to  
Dublin, 1, 2, 3, 4 5.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

From there I got away, me spirits never falling  
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing  
Captain at me roared, said that no room had  
he  
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for  
Paddy  
Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs  
I played some hearty jigs, the water round me  
bubbling  
When off Holy head I wished meself was dead  
Or better for instead on the rocky road to  
Dublin, 1, 2, 3, 4 5.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

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 me soul" says I, me Shillelagh I let fly  
Galway's boys were by and saw I was a  
hobblin'  
With a "lo!" and "hurray!" they joined in the  
affray  
Quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to  
Dublin, 1, 2, 3, 4 5.

[REPEAT CHORUS]