

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

[CHORUS]

[C] Hunt the hare, and turn her [Dm] down
the rocky road
And [C] all the ways to Dublin,
[Dm] whack-fol-[Am]-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, [Am] 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, [Am] 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, [Am] 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, [Am] 1, 2, 3, 4 5.

[REPEAT CHORUS]