



In Dublin next arrived, I thought it be a pity  
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.  
Decided to take a stroll, all among the quality;  
Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality.  
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,  
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'  
Enquiring for the rogue, they said me Connaught brogue  
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin,

(Chorus)

From there I got away, me spirits never failing,  
Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.  
The Captain at me roared, said that no room had he;  
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy.  
Down among the pigs, played some funny rigs,  
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin';  
When off to Holyhead wished meself was dead,  
Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin,

(Chorus)

The boys of Liverpool, when we were safely landed,  
Called meself a fool, I could no longer stand it.  
Blood began to boil, me temper I was losing;  
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing.  
"Hurrah me soul!" says I, shillelagh I let fly.  
Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a-hobblin',  
With a loud "hurray!" joined in the fray.  
Soon we cleared the way on the rocky road to Dublin,

(Chorus)

*PD Irish – FF Version*

Rhythm: Slip Jig

Notes: Wikipedia claims that 'the words were written by D. K. Gavan, "The Galway Poet", for the English music hall performer Harry Clifton (1824–1872) (see also "Pulling Hard Against the Stream"), who popularised the song.'