

# Rocky Road to Dublin

Slip Jig

(Trad. Irish - FF Version)

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*Playing 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), who popularised the song.'*

*(AKA: An Botar Sgreagmar Go Baile-Ata-Cliat, An Bothar Carrach Go Baile Atha Cliath, Black Burke, Black Rock, (The) Rocky Road (To Dublin))*

**Rocky Road to Dublin**

1. In the merry month of June from me home I started,  
 Left the girls of Tuam so 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, leave where I was born,  
 Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins;  
 In a brand new pair of brogues to rattle o'er the bogs  
 And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin,
- Chorus:**  
 One two three four five,  
 Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road  
 And all the way to Dublin, Whack fol-lal-de-rah!
2. In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary  
 Started by daylight next morning bright and early  
 Took a drop o' the pure to keep me heart from sinking;  
 That's a Paddy's cure whenever he's on the drinking  
 See the lassies smile, laughing all the while  
 At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'  
 Asked me was I hired, wages I required  
 Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin,  
 (Chorus)
3. 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)
4. 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)
5. 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)