

# The Rocky Road To Dublin

The Pogues

'Twas in the merry month of June from me home I  
started,  
Left the girls in Tuam 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,  
Brand new pair of brogues rattled o'er the bogs,  
Frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two, three, four, five,  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
and all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de dah!

In Mullingar that night I rested tired and weary,  
Up the very next morning feeling bright and early,  
Had a drop of the pure to keep me heart from sinking,  
Thats the Paddy's cure whene'er he's up for 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 sick and tired and on the rocky road to  
Dublin.

One, two, three, four, five,  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
and all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de dah!

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity  
To be soon deprived a view of that fine city.  
When I took 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',  
Asking for the rogue, they told me Connacht brogue  
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two, three, four, five,  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
and all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de dah!

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 no more room had he,  
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy.  
Down among the pigs, played some hearty rigs,  
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin',  
When off Holyhead wished that I was dead,  
Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two, three, four, five,  
Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
and all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de dah!

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,

Dear old Erin's Isle they began abusing.  
"Hurrah me soul," says I, shillelagh I let fly,  
Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in,  
With a load "hurrray" joined in the affray,  
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to  
Dublin.

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Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road  
and all the way to Dublin, Whack follol de dah!