1. In the mer-ry month of June____ From my home I started
   Left the girls of Tuam___ Near-ly brok-en heart-ed
   Sa-lut-ed fath-er dear____ Kissed me dar-lin’ moth-er
   Drank a pint of beer____ Me grief and tears to smoth-er
   Then off to reap the corn____ Leave where I was born
   Cut a stout black-thorn____ To ban-ish ghost and gob-lin
   A brand new pair of brogues____ Ratt-lin’ o’er the bogs
   Fright-en-in’ all the dogs____ On the rock-y road to Dub-lin

Chorus: One, two, three, four five_____ Hunt the hare and turn her
   Down the rock-y road____All the way to Dub-lin
   Whack-fol-lol-le-ra____

2. In Mul-lin-gar that night____ I rest-ed limbs so wear-y
   Start-ed by day-light____ Me spi-rits bright and air-y
   Took a drop of the pure____ Keep me heart from sink-in’
   That’s the Pad-dy’s cure____ When-ev-er he’s on for drink-in’
   To see the lass-ies smile____ Laugh-ing all the while
   At me cur-i-ous style____ ’Twould set your heart a-bubb-lin’
   And asked if I was hired____ Wag-es I re-quired
   Till I was near-ly tired____ Of the rock-y road to Dub-lin... Chorus:

3. In Dub-lin next arr-ived____ I thought it such a pi-ty
   To be so soon de-prived____ A view of that fine ci-ty
   Well then I took a stroll____ All a-mong the qual-i-ty
   Bund-le it was stole____ All in a neat lo-cal-i-ty
   Some-thing crossed me mind____ When I looked be-hind
   No bund-le could I find____ Up-on me stick a wob-blin’
   En-quir-in’ for the rogue____ Said me Connacht brogue
   Wasn’t much in vogue____ On the rock-y road to Dub-lin... Chorus:
4. From there I got away Me spirits never failin'
   Land-ed on the Quay Just as the ship was sailin'
   The Cap-tain at me roared Said that no room had he
   When I jumped a-board A cabin found for Pad-dy
   Down a-mong the pigs Played some funny rigs
   Danced some hear-ty jigs The wat-er round me bubb-lin'
   When off Holy-head Wished me-self was dead
   Or bet-ter far in-stead On the rock-y road to Dub-lin

   Chorus: One, two, three, four five Hunt the hare and turn her
   Down the rock-y road All the way to Dub-lin
   Whack-fol-lol-le-ra

Instr: | C | F | C | F | Gm | F | Gm | Gm7 |
       | C | F | C | F | Gm | F | Gm | Am | Am7 || Dm | x | x | x | x |

5. The boys of Liv-er-pool When we safely landed
   Called meself a fool I could no lon-ger stand it
   Blood be-gan to boil Tem-per I was los-in'
   Poor old Er-in' s Isle They be-gan a-bus-in'
   "Hur-rah my soul" says I My shil-le-lagh I let fly
   Gal-way boys were nigh And saw I was a hob-blin'
   With a loud hur-ray Joined in the af-fray
   We quick-ly cleared the way For the rock-y road to Dub-lin

   Chorus: One, two, three, four five Hunt the hare and turn her
   Down the rock-y road All the way to Dub-lin
   Whack-fol-lol-le-ra Hunt the hare and turn her
   Whack-fol-lol-le-ra All the way to Dub-lin
   Whack-fol-lol-le-ra Whack-fol-lol-le-ra Whack-fol-lol-le-ra...