

Rocky Road To Dublin

The High Kings

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

Dm (C)
Chorus: One, two, three, four five____ Hunt the hare and turn her
Dm C
Down the rock-y road____ All the way to Dub-lin
Dm
Whack-fo-l-lol-le-ra____

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

- Dm**
3. In Dub-lin next arr-ived____ I thought it such a pi-ty
C
To be so soon de-prived____ A view of that fine ci-ty
Dm
Well then I took a stroll____ All a-mong the qual-i-ty
C
Bund-le it was stole____ All in a neat lo-cal-i-ty
Dm (Am) Dm (Am)
Some-thing crossed me mind____ When I looked be-hind
Dm (Am) C
No bund-le could I find____ Up-on me stick a wob-blin'
Dm (Am) Dm (Am)
En-quir-in' for the rogue____ Said me Connacht brogue
Dm (Am) C
Wasn't much in vogue____ On the rock-y road to Dub-lin... **Chorus:**

4. From there I got -away_____ Me spi-rits nev-er fail-in'
 Land-ed on the Quay_____ Just as the ship was sail-in'
 The Cap-tain at me roared_____ Said that no room had he
 When I jumped a-board_____ A cab-in found for Pad-dy
 Down a-mong the pigs_____ Played some fun-ny 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 ||

5. The boys of Liv-er-pool_____ When we safe-ly 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
 Down the rock-y road_____All the way to Dub-lin
 Whack-fol-lol-le-ra_____ Whack-fol-lol-le-ra_____ Whack-fol-lol-le-ra...