

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:

