# C04a The Rocky Road to Dublin

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| ***Sopraan*** | ***Alt*** | ***Tenor*** | ***Bas*** |
| Fol’ol deda | Fol’ol deda | Fol’ol deda | Fol’ol deda |
| 'ol deda | 'ol deda | 'ol deda | 'ol deda |
| Down the rocky road! | Down the rocky road! | Down the rocky road! | Down the rocky road! |
| To Dublin (3x) | To Dublin (3x) | To Dublin (3x) | To Dublin (3x) |
| In the merry month of May | In the merry month of May | In the merry month of May | In the merry month of May |
| from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, | from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, | from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, | from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, |
| nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, | nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, | nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, | nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, |
| kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer | kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer | kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer | kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer |
| me grief and tears to smother | me grief and tears to smother | me grief and tears to smother | me grief and tears to smother |
| Then, off to reap the corn | Then, off to reap the corn | Then, off to reap the corn | Then, off to reap the corn |
| and leave where I was born | and leave where I was born | and leave where I was born | and leave where I was born |
| I cut a stout blackthorn | I cut a stout blackthorn | I cut a stout blackthorn | I cut a stout blackthorn |
| to banish ghost and goblin | to banish ghost and goblin | to banish ghost and goblin | to banish ghost and goblin |
| in a brandnew pair of brogues | in a brandnew pair of brogues | in a brandnew pair of brogues | in a brandnew pair of brogues |
| I rattled o’er the bogs | I rattled o’er the bogs | I rattled o’er the bogs | I rattled o’er the bogs |
| and frightened all the dogs | and frightened all the dogs | and frightened all the dogs | and frightened all the dogs |
| on the rocky road to Dublin | on the rocky road to Dublin | on the rocky road to Dublin | 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 folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) |
| In Mullingar that night | In Mullingar that night | In Mullingar that night | In Mullingar that night |
| I rested limbs so weary | I rested limbs so weary | I rested limbs so weary | I rested limbs so weary |
| Started by daylight  next morning light and airy | Started by daylight  next morning light and airy | Started by daylight  next morning light and airy | Started by daylight  next morning light and airy |
| Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure | Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure | Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure | Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure |
| whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ | whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ | whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ | whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ |
| to see the lassies smile | to see the lassies smile | to see the lassies smile | to see the lassies smile |
| laughin’ all the while | laughin’ all the while | laughin’ all the while | laughin’ all the while |
| At me curious style | At me curious style | At me curious style | At me curious style |
| ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ | ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ | ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ | ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ |
| They ax’d if I was hired | They ax’d if I was hired | They ax’d if I was hired | They ax’d if I was hired |
| the wages I required | the wages I required | the wages I required | the wages I required |
| ’Til I was almost tired | ’Til I was almost tired | ’Til I was almost tired | ’Til I was almost tired |
| of the rocky road to Dublin | of the rocky road to Dublin | of the rocky road to Dublin | of 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 folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) |
| down the rocky road | down the rocky road | down the rocky road | down the rocky road |
| to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) |
| In Dublin next arrived | In Dublin next arrived | In Dublin next arrived | In Dublin next arrived |
| I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived | I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived | I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived | I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived |
| a view of that fine city. | a view of that fine city. | a view of that fine city. | a view of that fine city. |
| When I took a stroll | When I took a stroll | When I took a stroll | When I took a stroll |
| all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole | all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole | all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole | all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole |
| all in that neat locality | all in that neat locality | all in that neat locality | all in that neat locality |
| Somethin’ crossed my mind, | Somethin’ crossed my mind, | Somethin’ crossed my mind, | Somethin’ crossed my mind, |
| then I looked behind | then I looked behind | then I looked behind | then I looked behind |
| no bundle I could find | no bundle I could find | no bundle I could find | no bundle I could find |
| upon me stick awobblin’ | upon me stick awobblin’ | upon me stick awobblin’ | upon me stick awobblin’ |
| Enquiring’ for the rogue | Enquiring’ for the rogue | Enquiring’ for the rogue | Enquiring’ for the rogue |
| they said me Connaught brogue | they said me Connaught brogue | they said me Connaught brogue | they said me Connaught brogue |
| wasn’t much in vogue | wasn’t much in vogue | wasn’t much in vogue | wasn’t much in vogue |
| on the rocky road to Dublin | on the rocky road to Dublin | on the rocky road to Dublin | 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 folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda |
| Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda |
| down the rocky road | down the rocky road | down the rocky road | down the rocky road |

# C04a The Rocky Road to Dublin

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| ***Sopraan*** | ***Alt*** | ***Tenor*** | ***Bas*** |
| 'ol deda | 'ol deda | Fol’ol deda | Fol’ol deda |
| Down the rocky road! | Down the rocky road! | Down the rocky road! | Down the rocky road! |
| To Dublin (3x) | To Dublin (3x) |  |  |
|  |  |  | In the merry month of May |
|  |  | from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, | from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, |
| nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, | nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, |  |  |
|  |  | kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer | kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer |
|  | me grief and tears to smother | me grief and tears to smother |  |
| Then, off to reap the corn |  |  | Then, off to reap the corn |
|  | and leave where I was born | and leave where I was born |  |
| I cut a stout blackthorn |  |  | I cut a stout blackthorn |
| to banish ghost and goblin | to banish ghost and goblin | to banish ghost and goblin | to banish ghost and goblin |
|  | in a brandnew pair of brogues | in a brandnew pair of brogues |  |
| I rattled o’er the bogs |  |  | I rattled o’er the bogs |
|  | and frightened all the dogs | and frightened all the dogs |  |
| on the rocky road to Dublin | on the rocky road to Dublin | on the rocky road to Dublin | 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 folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) |  |  |
|  |  |  | In Mullingar that night |
|  |  | I rested limbs so weary | I rested limbs so weary |
| Started by daylight  next morning light and airy | Started by daylight  next morning light and airy |  |  |
|  |  | Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure | Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure |
| whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ | whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ |  |  |
| to see the lassies smile |  |  | to see the lassies smile |
|  | laughin’ all the while | laughin’ all the while |  |
| At me curious style |  |  | At me curious style |
| ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ | ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ | ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ | ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ |
|  | They ax’d if I was hired | They ax’d if I was hired |  |
| the wages I required |  |  | the wages I required |
|  | ’Til I was almost tired | ’Til I was almost tired |  |
| of the rocky road to Dublin | of the rocky road to Dublin | of the rocky road to Dublin | of 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 folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) |  |  |
|  |  | down the rocky road | down the rocky road |
| to Dublin (3x) | to Dublin (3x) |  |  |
|  |  |  | In Dublin next arrived |
|  |  | I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived | I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived |
| a view of that fine city. | a view of that fine city. |  |  |
| When I took a stroll | When I took a stroll |  |  |
|  |  | all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole | all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole |
|  | all in that neat locality | all in that neat locality |  |
| Somethin’ crossed my mind, |  |  | Somethin’ crossed my mind, |
|  | then I looked behind | then I looked behind |  |
| no bundle I could find |  |  | no bundle I could find |
| upon me stick awobblin’ | upon me stick awobblin’ | upon me stick awobblin’ | upon me stick awobblin’ |
|  | Enquiring’ for the rogue | Enquiring’ for the rogue |  |
| they said me Connaught brogue |  |  | they said me Connaught brogue |
|  | wasn’t much in vogue | wasn’t much in vogue |  |
| on the rocky road to Dublin | on the rocky road to Dublin | on the rocky road to Dublin | 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 folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda |
| Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda | Hunt the hare and turn  her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin  Whack folol deda |
| down the rocky road | down the rocky road | down the rocky road | down the rocky road |

# C04a The Rocky Road to Dublin (sopraan)

|  |
| --- |
| Fol’ol deda |
| 'ol deda |
| Down the rocky road! |
| To Dublin (3x) |
| In the merry month of May |
| from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, |
| nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, |
| kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer |
| me grief and tears to smother |
| Then, off to reap the corn |
| and leave where I was born |
| I cut a stout blackthorn |
| to banish ghost and goblin |
| in a brandnew pair of brogues |
| I rattled o’er the bogs |
| and 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 folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| In Mullingar that night |
| I rested limbs so weary |
| Started by daylight  next morning light and airy |
| Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure |
| whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ |
| to see the lassies smile |
| laughin’ all the while |
| At me curious style |
| ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ |
| They ax’d if I was hired |
| the wages I required |
| ’Til I was almost tired |
| of 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 folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| down the rocky road |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| In Dublin next arrived |
| I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived |
| a view of that fine city. |
| When I took a stroll |
| all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole |
| all in that neat locality |
| Somethin’ crossed my mind, |
| then I looked behind |
| no bundle I could find |
| upon me stick awobblin’ |
| Enquiring’ for the rogue |
| they said me Connaught 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 folol deda |
| One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn, her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin, Whack folol deda |
| down the rocky road |

# C04a The Rocky Road to Dublin (Alt)

|  |
| --- |
| Fol’ol deda |
| 'ol deda |
| Down the rocky road! |
| To Dublin (3x) |
| In the merry month of May |
| from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, |
| nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, |
| kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer |
| me grief and tears to smother |
| Then, off to reap the corn |
| and leave where I was born |
| I cut a stout blackthorn |
| to banish ghost and goblin |
| in a brandnew pair of brogues |
| I rattled o’er the bogs |
| and 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 folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| In Mullingar that night |
| I rested limbs so weary |
| Started by daylight  next morning light and airy |
| Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure |
| whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ |
| to see the lassies smile |
| laughin’ all the while |
| At me curious style |
| ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ |
| They ax’d if I was hired |
| the wages I required |
| ’Til I was almost tired |
| of 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 folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| down the rocky road |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| In Dublin next arrived |
| I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived |
| a view of that fine city. |
| When I took a stroll |
| all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole |
| all in that neat locality |
| Somethin’ crossed my mind, |
| then I looked behind |
| no bundle I could find |
| upon me stick awobblin’ |
| Enquiring’ for the rogue |
| they said me Connaught 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 folol deda |
| One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn, her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin, Whack folol deda |
| down the rocky road |

# C04a The Rocky Road to Dublin (Tenor)

|  |
| --- |
| Fol’ol deda |
| 'ol deda |
| Down the rocky road! |
| To Dublin (3x) |
| In the merry month of May |
| from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, |
| nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, |
| kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer |
| me grief and tears to smother |
| Then, off to reap the corn |
| and leave where I was born |
| I cut a stout blackthorn |
| to banish ghost and goblin |
| in a brandnew pair of brogues |
| I rattled o’er the bogs |
| and 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 folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| In Mullingar that night |
| I rested limbs so weary |
| Started by daylight  next morning light and airy |
| Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure |
| whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ |
| to see the lassies smile |
| laughin’ all the while |
| At me curious style |
| ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ |
| They ax’d if I was hired |
| the wages I required |
| ’Til I was almost tired |
| of 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 folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| down the rocky road |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| In Dublin next arrived |
| I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived |
| a view of that fine city. |
| When I took a stroll |
| all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole |
| all in that neat locality |
| Somethin’ crossed my mind, |
| then I looked behind |
| no bundle I could find |
| upon me stick awobblin’ |
| Enquiring’ for the rogue |
| they said me Connaught 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 folol deda |
| One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn, her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin, Whack folol deda |
| down the rocky road |

# C04a The Rocky Road to Dublin (Bas)

|  |
| --- |
| Fol’ol deda |
| 'ol deda |
| Down the rocky road! |
| To Dublin (3x) |
| In the merry month of May |
| from my home, I started  Left the girls of Tuam, |
| nearly broken-hearted  Saluted Father dear, |
| kissed me darlin’ mother,  drank a pint of beer |
| me grief and tears to smother |
| Then, off to reap the corn |
| and leave where I was born |
| I cut a stout blackthorn |
| to banish ghost and goblin |
| in a brandnew pair of brogues |
| I rattled o’er the bogs |
| and 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 folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| In Mullingar that night |
| I rested limbs so weary |
| Started by daylight  next morning light and airy |
| Took a drop of the pure  to keep my heart from sinkin’  that’s the Paddy’s cure |
| whene’er he’s on for drinkin’ |
| to see the lassies smile |
| laughin’ all the while |
| At me curious style |
| ’t Would set your heart a bubblin’ |
| They ax’d if I was hired |
| the wages I required |
| ’Til I was almost tired |
| of 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 folol deda |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| down the rocky road |
| to Dublin (3x) |
| In Dublin next arrived |
| I thought it such a pity  to be so soon deprived |
| a view of that fine city. |
| When I took a stroll |
| all among the quality,  me bundle it was stole |
| all in that neat locality |
| Somethin’ crossed my mind, |
| then I looked behind |
| no bundle I could find |
| upon me stick awobblin’ |
| Enquiring’ for the rogue |
| they said me Connaught 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 folol deda |
| One, two, three, four, five,  Hunt the hare and turn, her down the rocky road  and all the way to Dublin, Whack folol deda |
| down the rocky road |