

Lyrics from *Irish Dance Tunes for All Harps* by Sylvia Woods

Rocky Road To Dublin

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In the merry month of May from my home I started
Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken-hearted,
Saluted father dear, kissed my darlin' mother,
Drank a pint of beer, my grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born,
I cut a stout black thorn, to banish ghost and goblin.
In a brand new pair of brogues, I rattled o'er the bogs
And frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

Refrain:

One, two, three, four, five, hunt the hare and turn her
Down the rocky road and all the ways to Dublin,
Whack fol lol de ra.

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 sinking,
That's an Irishman's cure, whene'er he's on for drinking,
To see the lasses smile, laughing all the while,
At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a' bubbling,
They ask'd if I was hired, the wages I required,
Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin. *Refrain*

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city
Then I took a stroll among the quality,
My bundle it was stole in a neat locality:
Something crossed my mind, then I looked behind,
No bundle could I find upon me stick a-wobblin' ,
Enquiring for the rogue, they said my Connacht brogue,
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin. *Refrain*

From there I got away my spirits never failing,
Landed on the quay as the ship was sailing,
Captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, I played some funny rigs
Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin'
When off to Holyhead I wished myself was dead,
Or better far, instead, on the rocky road to Dublin. *Refrain*

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it:
Blood began to boil, temper I was losin'
Poor old Erin's isle they began abusin'
"Hurrah my soul" says I, my shillelagh I let fly,
Some Galway boys were by, saw I was a hobble in.

Then with a loud "Hurrah," they joined in the affray,
We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin.
Refrain

Little Beggarman

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I am a little beggarman and begging I have been
For three score years in this little Isle of Green;
I am known along the Liffey from the Basin to the Zoo,
And ev'rybody calls me by the name of Johnny Dhu.
Of all the trades a-going, sure the begging is the best,
For when a man is tired, he can sit him down and rest.
He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to do,
But to slip around the corner with his old rigadoo.

I slept in a barn one night in Currabawn,
A shocking wet night it was but I slept until the dawn;
There were holes in the roof and the rain drops coming
through,
And the rats and the cats were all playing tink-a-boo.
Who did I waken but the woman of the house,
With her white-spotted apron and her fine gingham blouse;
She began to get excited and all I said was, "Boo,
Sure don't be afraid at all, 'tis only Johnny Dhu."

I met a little girl when a-walking out one day,
"Good morrow, little flaxen-haired girl," I did say;
"Good morrow, little beggarman, and how do you do?
With your rags and your tags and your old rigadoo."
I'll buy a pair of leggins, and a collar and a tie,
And a nice young lady I'll go courting by-and-bye;
I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll colour them with blue,
And an old-fashioned lady I will make her too.

So all along the high road with my bag upon my back,
Over the fields with my bulgin' heavy sack;
With holes in my shoes and my toes a-peeping through,
Singing skill-a-malick-adoodle with my old rigadoo.
O! I must be going to bed, for it's getting late at night,
The fire's all raked and now 'tis out the light;
For now you've heard the story of my old rigadoo,
So good-bye and God be with you, from old Johnny Dhu.

Carrickfergus

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I wish I was in Carrickfergus,
Only for nights in Ballygran.
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
The deepest ocean for my love to find.
But the sea is wide, and I can't swim over.
Nor have I the wings to fly,
If I could find me a handsome boatsman
To, ferry me over to my love and die.

My childhood days bring back sad reflections,
Of happy times I spent so long ago,
My boyhood friends and my own relations
Have all passed on now like melting snow.
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming,
Soft is the grass, my bed is free.
Ah! to be back now in Carrickfergus,
On that long road down to the sea.

Now in Kilkenny, it is reported,
They've marble stones there as black as ink.
With gold and silver I would support her,
But I'll sing no more now, 'til I get a drink.
I'm drunk today, but then I'm seldom sober,
A handsome rover from town to town.
Ah, but I am sick now, my days are over,
Come all ye young lads and lay me down.

The Parting Glass

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O, all the money e'er I had,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm I've ever done
Alas! it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all.

O, all the comrades e'er I had,
They're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts e'er I had,
They'd wish me one more day to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot,
That I should go and you should not,
I gently rise and softly call,
Good night and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town,
That sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart in thrall,
Then fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.