

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Jockey to the fair

Par The Dubliners

Album : 30 years A-Greying (CD 1)

Well in the merry month of May from me 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 brand new 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 ways to Dublin whack-fol-lol-de-ra

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary
Started by daylight, next mornin' 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 drinking
To see the lasses smile laughing all the while
At my curious style, 'twould set your heart a-bubblin'
They ax'd if I was hired, the wages I required
Till 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 ways to Dublin whack-fol-lol-de-ra

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 all among the quality
My bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality
Something crossed my mind, then I looked behind
No bundle could I find, upon my stick a wobblin'
Enquirin' for the rogue, they said my 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 ways to Dublin whack-fol-lol-de-ra

From there I got away my spirits never failin'
Landed on the quay as the ship was sailin'
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 Holyhead, I wished myself was dead
Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin

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

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 ould Erin's isle, they began abusin'
"Hurrah my soul," sez I, my shillelagh I let fly
Some Galway boys were by, saw I was a hobble in
Then with a loud hurray, they joined in the affray
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

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

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