

Sam Kauffman

# Rocky Road to Dublin

TTBB with Baritone Solo  
(5-voice version)

Lyrics by D. K. Gavan  
Traditional Irish Tune  
Arranged by Sam Kauffman



## Arranger's Notes

The entire solo can be sung by one singer, or by different soloists on different verses.

The drum should ideally be a bodhrán, but a low-pitched hand drum such as a djembe can work.

This entire piece should be performed with an attitude implying that it tells a story of how I went out into the wide world, head held high, and squashed all forces of evil that crossed my path, because I'm tough; not a story of how a bunch of misfortunes befell me, which is what most of this song actually is. This especially goes for the soloist(s). There cannot be too much swagger.

It should be sung with an Irish accent. For reference, listen to recordings of this song by Irish singers. The accent is important not only for authenticity but also because it makes *brogues*, *bogs*, and *dogs* rhyme, and *boil* and *isle* rhyme. Irish English does not have the wine–whine merger; therefore, *while* is not pronounced the same as *wile*, nor is *whack* the same as *wack*.

In this song *Dublin* is always pronounced as three syllables. *Hunt* and *whack*, where written with accent marks, should be sung like an intense stage whisper, but still with some pitch. Words written with “×” noteheads should be shouted.

### Glossary:

- Brogue: accent
- Brogues: heavy shoes
- Connaught [CON-nawt]: province in western Ireland
- Dublin: capital city of Ireland, on its eastern coast
- Erin: Irish name for Ireland
- Galway [GALL-way]: county and city in Connaught
- Holyhead [HALL-ee-hed]: coastal city in Wales
- Hunt the Hare: a traditional Irish jig
- Liverpool: coastal city in England
- Mullingar [mull-in-GAR]: town in central Ireland
- Paddy: Irishman
- Quay [kay]: wharf; place where ships dock
- Rigs: tricks, pranks
- Shillelagh [shi-LAY-lee]: Dual-purpose walking stick and club, commonly made of blackthorn wood.
- Tuam [toom]: town in County Galway, western Ireland
- Whack! Folloldera!: These words don't mean anything, but they are fun to say and make you sound tough.

Since this song contains a lot of words the audience is probably unfamiliar with, and some that don't mean anything, here is a plain English summary of the story that you might read aloud before performing this piece:

I left my family and home in search of work. As I passed through a town, the local girls made fun of my clothes. I searched for employment but found none. I reached the beautiful city of Dublin, where a thief stole my bundle of belongings. As I chased after him, people made fun of my accent. I went down to the harbor to board a ship to England. The captain said there was no room, but I jumped aboard anyway, and they let me stay below deck with the pigs. On the way I got seasick. When I finally reached Liverpool, the English boys called me names and said terrible things about Ireland, so I attacked them with my walking stick. I was outnumbered, but just then a group of Irish lads happened by, and we showed those English boys what's what. Folloldera.



# Rocky Road to Dublin

D.K. Gavan (c. 1862)

TTBB with baritone solo and drum

5-voice version (no divisi)

Third edition

Traditional Irish  
arr. Sam Kauffman

## Verse 1

Unison



In the mer-ry month of June from me home I start-ed, left the girls of Tuam near-ly bro-ken-heart-ed, sa-

5



lut-ed Fa-ther dear, kissed me dar-lin' moth-er, drank a pint o' beer, me grief and tears to smoth-er, then off to reap the corn,

10




leave where I was born, cut a stout black-thorn to ban-ish ghost and go-bl-in. Brand new pair o' brogues rat-tl-in' o'er the bogs,

15



fright-en-in' all the dogs on the rock-y road to Du-bl-in. One, two, three, four, five! Hunt the hare and turn 'er

19



down the rock-y road all the way to Du-bl-in. Whack! Fol-lol - de-ra! \_\_\_\_\_ In Mul-lin-gar that night I


## Verse 2

24



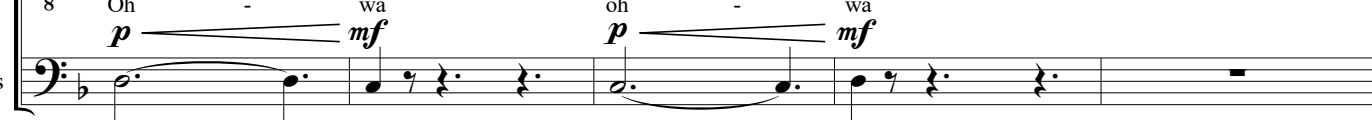
rest-ed, limbs so wear-y, start-ed by day-light, me spir-its light and air-y, took a drop o' the pure to keep me heart from sink-in.

Tenors




Oh - wa oh - wa

Basses




Oh - wa oh - wa

29



That's the pad-dy's cure when - e'er he's on for drink in'. To see the las-sies smile, laugh-in' all the while at me cur-ious style, 'twould



That's the pad-dy's cure. Ah \_\_\_\_\_ smile while style

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Bun-dle it was stol-en in that neat lo-cal-i-ty. Some-thin' crossed me mind, when I looked be-hind no bun-dle could I find up-  
*mf* Oh Some-thin' crossed me mind, when I looked be-hind no bun-dle could I find up-

57

on me stick a - wob-bl - in'. Cry - in' af - ter the rogue, they said me Con-naught brogue was - n't much in vogue

61

on the rock - y road to Du-bl-in. One, two, three, four, five! Hunt the hare and turn 'er down the rock - y road

## Verse 4

65

all the way to Du-bl-in. Whack! Fol-lol - de-ra! From there I got a-way, me

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spir-its 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 'e;

land-ed on the quay The cap-tain at me roared,

*mf* *mf*

when I jumped a-board, a cab-in found for Pad-dy down a-mong the pigs, played some funn-ny rigs, danced some heart-y jigs, the

when I jumped a-board, ah Down pigs, played rigs, danced jigs,

*mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

Seasickness...

wa-ter 'round me bub-bl-in', when off Ho-ly-head, wished me-self was dead, or bet-ter far in-stead

Oo Oo Oo

on the rock-y road to Du-bl-in. One, two, three, four, five! Hunt the hare and turn 'er down the rock-y road

on the rock-y road to Du-bl-in. One, two, three, four, five! Hunt the hare and turn 'er down the rock-y road

*f* *f*

88

all the way to Du-bl-in. Whack! Fol-lol - de - ra! \_\_\_\_\_ The boys of Liv - er - pool,

all the way to Du-bl-in. Whack! Fol-lol - de - ra! \_\_\_\_\_ Boys of

93

when we safe-ly land-ed called me-self a fool. I could no lon-ger stand it. Blood be-gan to boil, tem-per I was los - in'.

Liv - er - pool called me - self a fool. Ah

98

Poor old Er-in's Isle they be-gan a - bus-in'. "Hur - rah, me soul!" says I, me shil - le-lagh I let fly. Some Gal-way boys were nigh and

Oh "Hur - rah, me soul!" Ah

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saw I was a - hob-bl-lin'. With a loud hur-ray they joined me in the fray and soon we cleared the way -

Tenor 1 With a loud hur-ray they joined me in the fray and soon we cleared the way

Tenor 2 With a loud hur-ray they joined me in the fray and soon we cleared the way

Baritone With a loud hur-ray they joined me in the fray and soon we cleared the way

Bass With a loud hur-ray they joined me in the fray and soon we cleared the way

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for the rock - y road to Du - bl - in. One, two, three, four, five! Hunt the hare and turn 'er down the rock - y road

for the rock - y road to Du - bl - in. One, two, three, four, five! Hunt the hare and turn 'er down the road

for the rock - y road to Du - bl - in. One, two, three, four, five! Hunt the hare and turn 'er down the rock - y road

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End solo

all the way to Du - bl - in. Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra!

all the way to Du - bl - in. Fol - lol - de - ra! Hunt the hare and turn 'er down the rock - y road all the way to Du - bl - in.

all the way to Du - bl - in. Fol - lol - de - ra! Hunt the hare and turn 'er down the rock - y road all the way to Du - bl - in.

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Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra!

Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra!

Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra!

Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra! Whack! Fol - lol - de - ra!