

Donnelly and Cooper the Rocky Road to Dublin

Come all you true bred Irishmen,
I hope you will draw near
And likewise pay attention,
To those few lines I have here.
It's of as true a story,
As ever you did hear
About Donnelly and Cooper;
That fought all on Kildare.
Twas on the third of June, brave boy
This challenge was sent o'er,
From Britannia to old Granue
To raise her son once more—
To renew the satisfaction,
And credit to her name.
They are all in deep distraction,
Since Daniel conquered all.
Old Granue read the challenge,
Received with a smile,
You better haste unto Kildare
My well beloved child—
Tis there you will reign victorious,
As you often did before,
And your deeds will shine most glorious,
All round sweet Erin's shore.
The challenge was accepted off,
Those heroes did prepare,
To meet brave Captain Kell,
On the Curragh of Kildare.
Those Englishmen bet ten to one,
That day against poor Dan
Such odds as this could ne'er dismiss
The blood of an Irishman,
When those two bully champions
Were striped off in the ring,
The were then fully determined on,
Each other's blood to spill;
From six till nine they parried that time,
Till Donnelly knocked him down,
Here Granue smiled 'well done my child
That i ten thousand pounds.
The second round that Cooper fought,
He knocked down Donnelly,
And Dan being still likewise true game,
He rose most furiously,
Right active then was Cooper,
He knocked Donnelly down again,
Those Englishmen gave threc cheers,
Saying, the battle is all in vain.
Long life to brave Miss Kelly
She is recorded on the plain,
He boldly staped into the ring,
Saying, Dan, my boy, what do you mean
My Irish boy,' said she
My whole estate I have bet out
On you brave Donnelly.
Then Donnelly rose again,
And meeting with great might,
And to stagnate those nobles all,
Continued to his fight.
Cooper stood in his own defence
Exertion proved in vain,
He soon received a temple blow,
Which curled him over the rails.
Ye sons of proud Britannia,
Your boasting now recal,
Since Cooper now by Donnelly,
Has met his sad downfall,

in the merrymonth of June
From my home I started,
Left the girls of Tuam
Nearly broken hearted,
Salute dfather dear,
Kiss'd 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 or goblin
In a bran new pair of brogues,
I rattled over the bogs,
And frightened all the dogs,
On the rocky road to Dublin.
Whack fal, &c.

In Mullingar that night
I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight
Next mornin' light and airy,
Took a drop o' the pure,
To keep my spirits from sinkin',
That's an Irishman's cure,
Whenever 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.

Whack fal, &c.
In Dublin next arrived,
I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived
Of a view of that fine city
Then I took a stroll
All among the quality,
My bundle it was stole,
In a neat locality;
Somethin crossed my mind,
Then I looked behind
No bundle could I find
Upon my stick a woblin'
Enquirin' for the rogue,
They said my Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue,
On the rocky road to Dublin.

Whack fal, &c.
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 bettr far instead,
On the rocky road to Dublin.

Whack fal, &c.
The boys of Liverpool,
When we safely landed,
Called myself a fool,
I could no longer stand it;
Blood began to broil,
Temper I was losin'
Poor ould Erin's isle
They began abusin',
"Hurrah my sou", sez I
My shi'lalagh I let fly;
Some Galway boys were by
Saw I was a hobble in,
Then with a loud hurrah,
They joined in the affray

