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Along The Rocky Road To Dublin.

Words by  
JOE YOUNG.

Music by  
BERT GRANT.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The left hand starts with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The music features a mix of chords and moving lines, with a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand in the second measure.

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a 'Vamp.' section marked with an asterisk and a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand has a bass clef and the same key signature. The lyrics 'Said The' are positioned to the right of the vocal line.

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand has a bass clef and the same key signature. The lyrics 'Pat Mc Gee, now lis - ten to me, I've heard you fel - lows brag a - bout your lakes and dells and old whishing wells We passed a - long the road a - mong the' are positioned below the vocal line.

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beau - ties ov - er here, — And the girls you love so dear. — They  
sham - rock cov - ered hills — Al-ways filled our hearts with thrills; — And

may be swell, that's all ve - ry well at wear - ing fan - cy clothes. — But  
all the while we sat on a stile, we kissed and kissed and kissed; — For

I'd a queen, a fair col - leen, as sweet as an - y rose. —  
whis - per, lad, the heart she had was big - ger than your fist. —

Oh, lad - dy buck, oh, lad - dy buck, think of my re - pose.  
Oh, lad - dy buck, oh, lad - dy buck, think of what you missed.

## Chorus.

A-long the Rock - y road to Dub - lin we were swinging a - long, Singing a song with

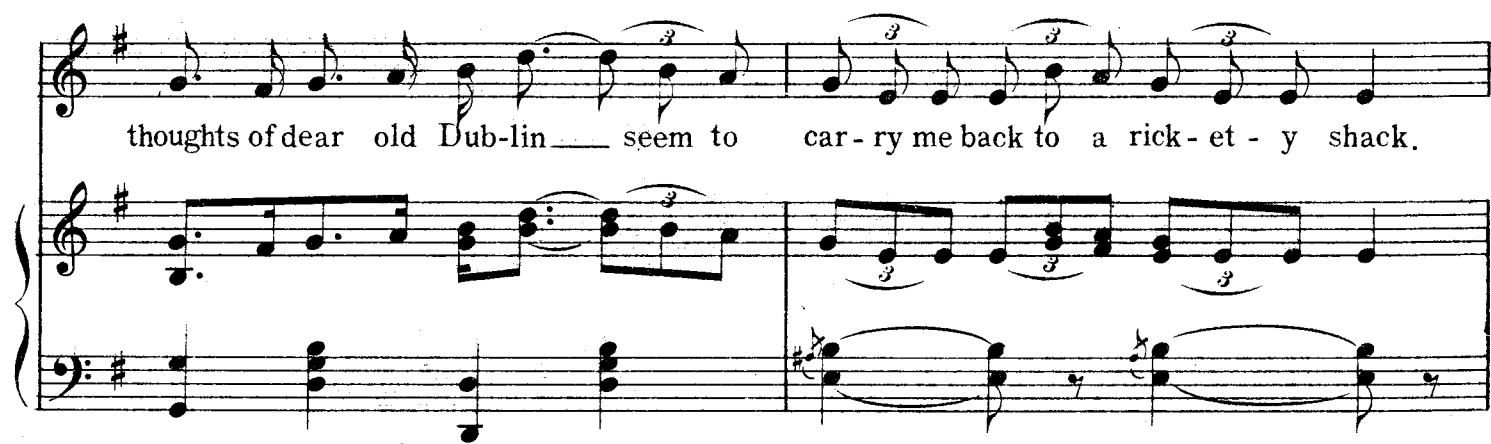
*p-f*

joy me heart was bubb - lin' with Cor - de - lia by me side, Sure

eve - ry time I'd look in her ro - guish eyes of Ir - ish blue, I

could - n't help but feel ve - ry proud, that I was Ir - ish too. All me

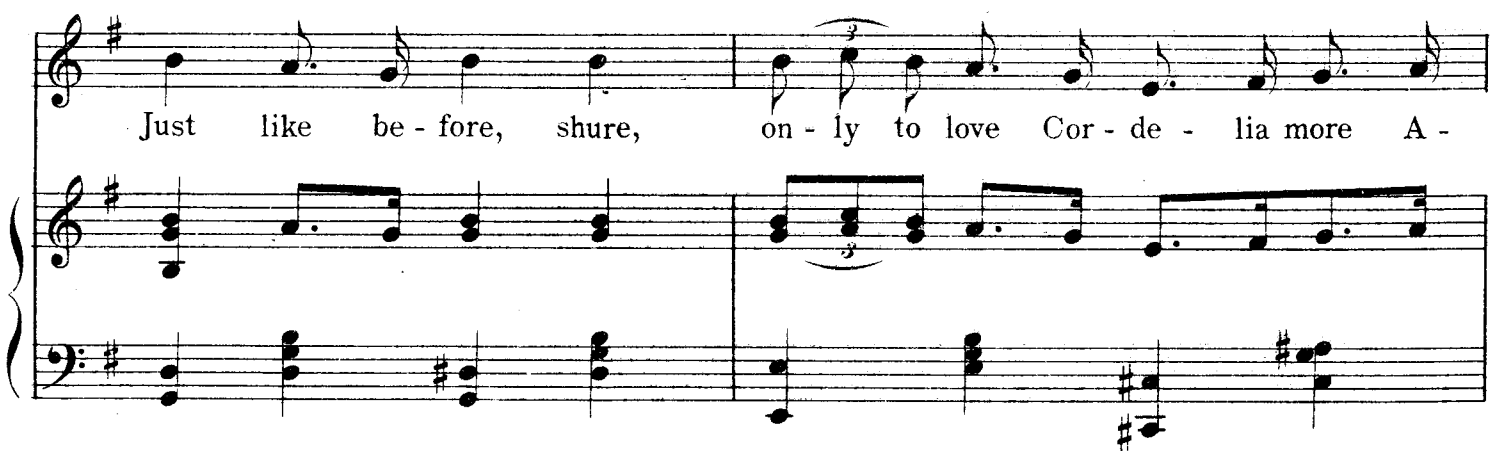
thoughts of dear old Dub-lin — seem to car-ry me back to a rick-et - y shack.



How I'd love to be there once a - gain.



Just like be - fore, shure, on - ly to love Cor - de - lia more A -



long — the rock - y road to Dub - lin. A-long the Dub - lin. —

1. 2.

*D.S.*

