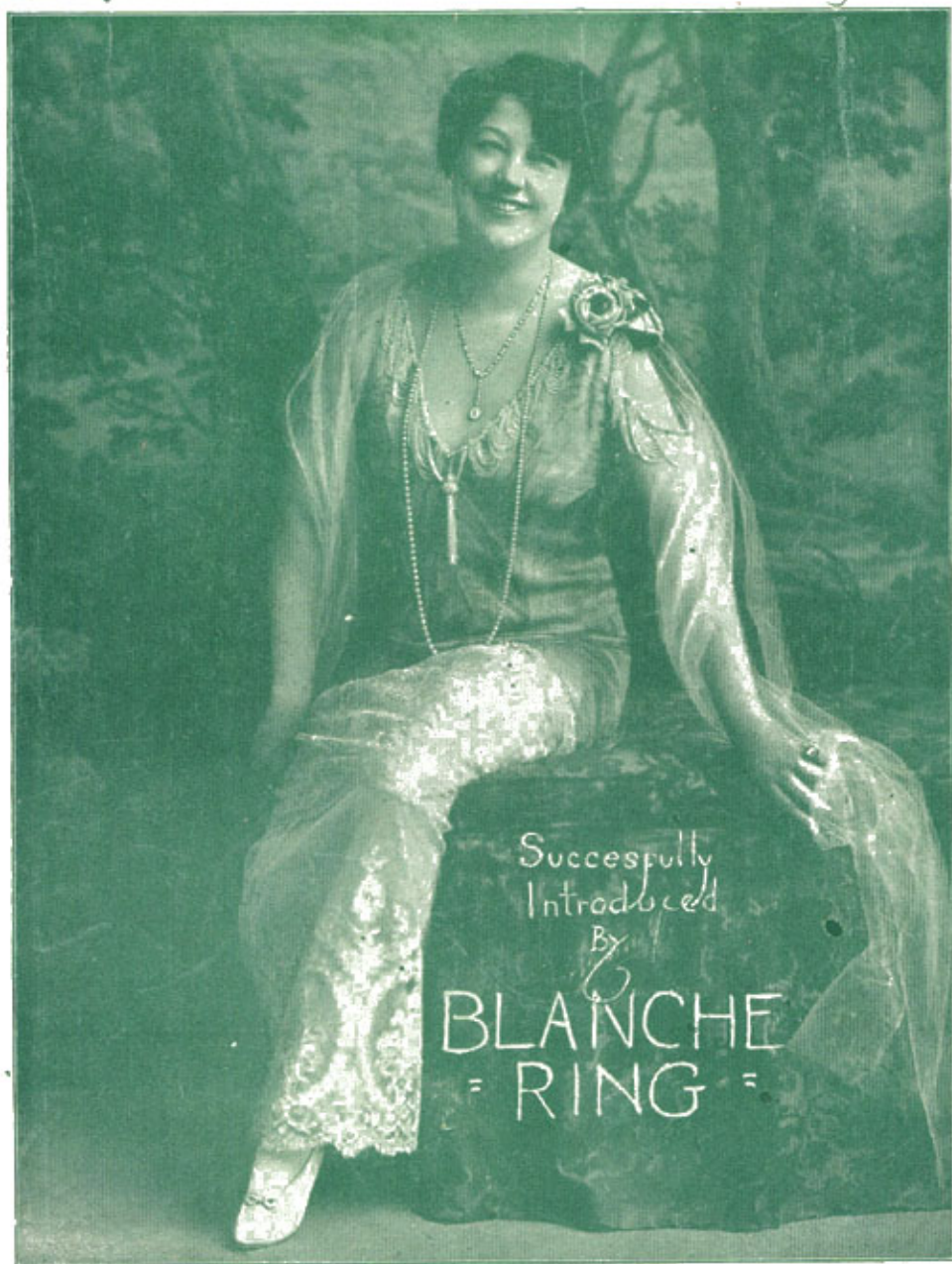


ALONG THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN



Successfully
Introduced
By
**BLANCHE
RING**

BY **BERT GRANT** and **JOE YOUNG**

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Along The Rocky Road To Dublin.

Words by
JOE YOUNG.

Music by
BERT GRANT.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato.' and 'f'. The introduction consists of two measures. The first measure has a treble clef with a half note G4 and a bass clef with a half note G2. The second measure has a treble clef with a half note A4 and a bass clef with a half note G2. The piano introduction is followed by a vocal entry. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Said The' and is followed by a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a 'Vamp.' section with a 'p' dynamic. The vocal line continues with 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'. The piano accompaniment continues with a 'Vamp.' section and a 'p' dynamic. The score ends with a double bar line.

f

Vamp.

p

Said
The

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

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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.