

ALONG THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN



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.' The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes. The piano introduction concludes with a double bar line. The vocal melody enters on the next line, with the lyrics 'Said The' appearing. The piano accompaniment continues with a triplet of eighth notes. The tempo then changes to 'Vamp.' (Vampiro), indicated by a double bar line and the word 'Vamp.' above the staff. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes and a forte (f) dynamic. The vocal melody 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 oldwhishing wells We passed a-long the road a-mong the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a triplet of eighth notes and a piano (p) dynamic. The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

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 oldwhishing 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, la - dy buck, oh, la - dy buck, think of my re - pose.
Oh, la - dy buck, oh, la - 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.

IN BLINKY WINKY CHINKY CHINATOWN

WORDS BY
WILLIAM JEROME
MUSIC BY
JEAN SCHWARTZ

CHORUS



JUST TRY TO PICTURE ME BACK HOME IN TENNESSEE

WORDS BY
WILLIAM JEROME
MUSIC BY
WALTER DONALDSON



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