Along The Rocky Road To Dublin.

Words by JOE YOUNG.

Music by BERT GRANT.

Moderato.

Pat McGee, now listen to me, I've heard you fellows brag about your lakes and dells and old whishing wells We passed along the road among the
beauties over here, And the girls you love so dear, They
shamrock covered hills Always filled our hearts with thrills; And

may be swell, that's all very well at wearing fancy clothes, But
all the while we sat on a stile, we kissed and kissed and kissed; For

I'd a queen, a fair colleen, as sweet as any rose,
whisper, lad, the heart she had was bigger than your fist.

Oh, lady buck, oh, lady buck, think of my repose.
Oh, lady buck, oh, lady buck, think of what you missed.
Chorus.

Along the Rocky road to Dublin we were swinging along, Singing a song with joy my heart was bubbling with Cordelia by my side, Sure every time I'd look in her roguish eyes of Irish blue, I couldn't help but feel very proud, that I was Irish too. All me
thoughts of dear old Dublin seem to carry me back to a rickety shack.

How I'd love to be there once again.

Just like before, shure, only to love Cordelia more

Along the rocky road to Dublin. Along the Dublin.