

POPULAR EDITION

# ON THE ROAD TO DUBLIN TOWN

SONG



LYRIC BY  
**JACK YELLEN**  
 MUSIC BY  
**GEORGE L. COBB**

As Originally Sung by  
*White*  
**MISS EVELYN NESBIT**

Vp-012579  
 1935  
 On The Road

ROME H. REMICK & CO.

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NEW YORK DETROIT

To our good friend, William J. Kelly, Buffalo, N.Y.

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# On The Road To Dublin Town

## Song

Lyric by  
JACK YELLEN

Music by  
GEORGE L. COBB

Allegro moderato

PIANO



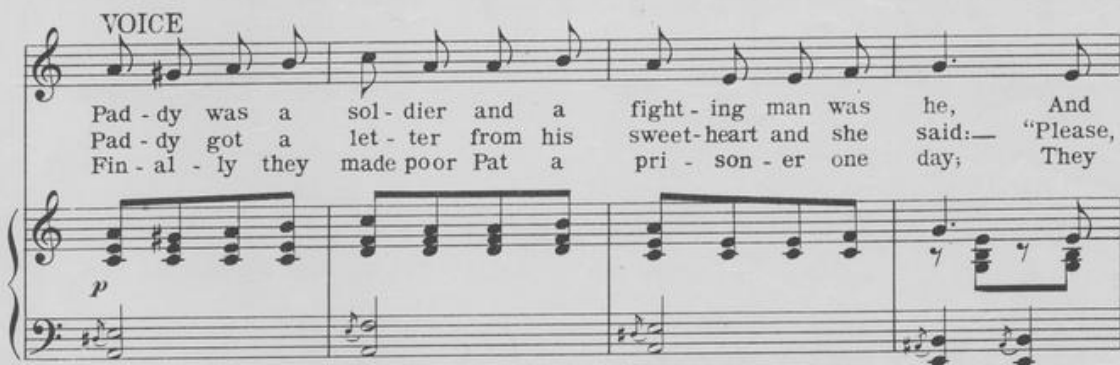
The piano introduction is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with quarter notes.



This section continues the piano accompaniment, starting with a piano (p) dynamic. It includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The melody in the right hand is more active, with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand continues with a simple bass line.

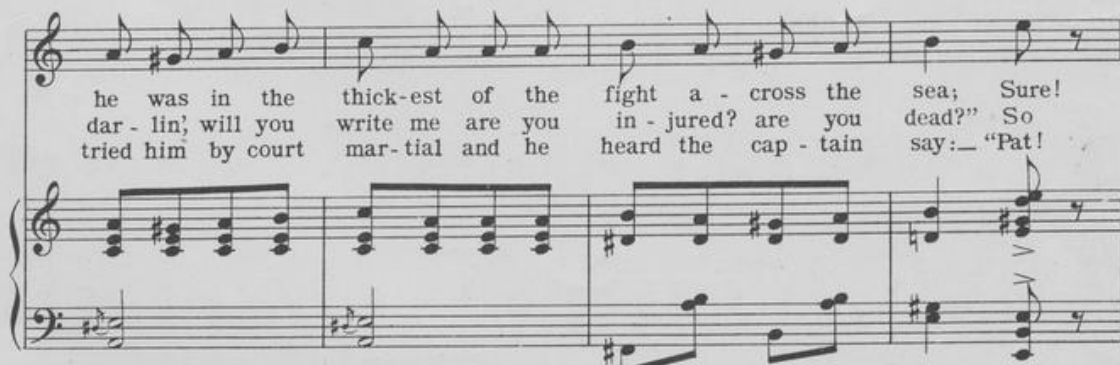
VOICE

Pad - dy was a sol - dier and a fight - ing man was he, And  
Pad - dy got a let - ter from his sweet - heart and she said:— "Please,  
Fin - al - ly they made poor Pat a pri - son - er one day, They



The voice part is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues in the same style as the previous sections, with a piano (p) dynamic.

he was in the thick - est of the fight a - cross the sea; Sure!  
dar - lin', will you write me are you in - jured? are you dead?" So  
tried him by court mar - tial and he heard the cap - tain say:— "Pat!



The voice part continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support, ending with a final chord in the right hand.

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Ev - 'ry time they took a wound - ed com - rade to the rear, Why,  
 Pad - dy wrote his an - swer, "I'm not in - jured, sweet-heart mine, Well  
 You'll be shot to - mor - row morn at sun - rise by my men." "The

Pad - dy stopped his fight - ing just to whis - per in his ear:  
 that is, not ex - act - ly - I'm just half - shot all the time!"  
 deuce I will!" said Pad - dy, "For I dont get up till ten!"

CHORUS

If you're go - ing back to dear old Dub - lin — Tell Ma - vour - neen — O'

Shea — That her Pad - dy boy of her is think - ing — Ma - ny

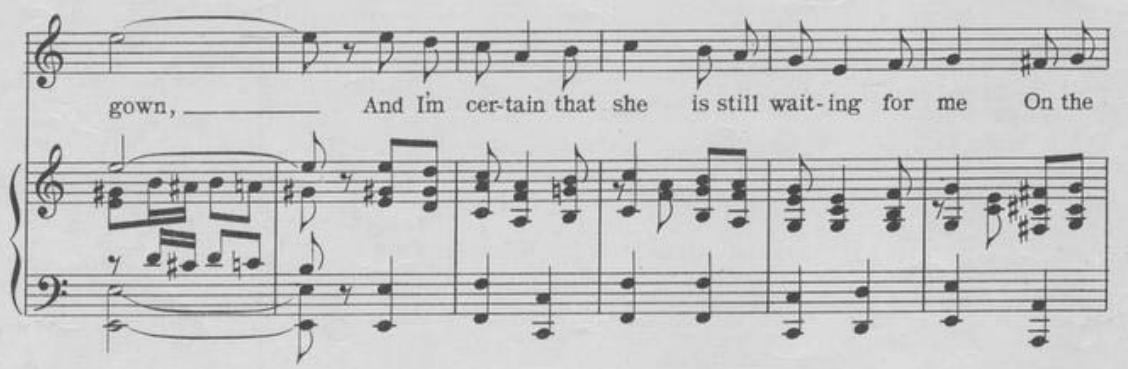
miles and miles a - way. She is sweet and



pret - ty as a pic - ture In a plain ging - - ham



gown, And I'm cer-tain that she is still wait-ing for me On the



road to Dub - lin town. On the town. *D.S.*

