

Dublin in the Rare Old Times

Writer: Pete St. John



[G] Raised on songs and [C] sto-[G]ries
Heroes of re-[Em]known
The [G] passing tales and [C] glo-[G]ries
That [D] once was [C] Dublin [D] town
The [G] hallowed halls and
[C] hou-[G]ses
The [G] haunting children's [Em] rhymes
That [G] once was part [C] Dublin
[G] In the [D] rare old [G] times

[CHORUS]

[G] Ring a ring a [C] ros-[G]ie
As the light de-[Em]clines
I re-[G]member Dublin [C] City
[G] In the [D] rare old [G] times

My [G] name it is Sean [C] Demp-[G]sey
As Dublin as could [Em] be
Born hard [G] and late in
[C] Pimli-[G]co
In a [D] house that's [C] ceased
to [D] be
By [G] trade I was a [C] coo-[G]per
Lost [G] out to redundan-[Em]cy
[G] Like my house that fell to
[C] pro-[G]gress
[G] My trade's a [D] memo-[G]ry

I [G] courted Peggy [C] Diag-[G]nam
As [G] pretty as you [Em] please
I [G] roved with a child of [C] Ma-[G]ry
From the [D] rebel [C] liber-[D]ties
I [G] lost her to a [C] student [G] chap
With [G] skin as black as [Em] coal
When he [G] took her off to
[C] Birming-[G]ham
He [D] took away my [G] soul

[REPEAT CHORUS]

The [G] years have made me [C] bi-tter
[G] The gargles dims me [Em] brain
'Cause [G] Dublin keeps on
[C] chan-[G]ging
And [D] nothing [C] seems the [D] same
The [G] Pillar and the [C] Met
have [G] gone
The [G] Royal long since pulled
[Em] down
As the [G] great and unyielding
[C] con-[G]crete
[G] Makes a [D] city of my [G] town

[REPEAT CHORUS]

[G] Fare thee well sweet
Anna [C] Li-[G]ffey
I can no longer [Em] stay
And [G] watch the new
[C] glass ca-[G]ges
That spring [D] up
a-[C]long the [D] quay
My [G] mind's too [C] full
of [C] memo-[G]ries
Too old to hear new [Em] chimes
I'm a [G] part of what was [C] Dublin
[G] In the [D] rare old
[G] times
- repeat x1

[REPEAT CHORUS]