

DUBLIN CITY

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When the cold and haughty stranger
Has no word of praise to say
But complains your streets are muddy
That your skies are dull and grey
Then I wonder at the blindness
Of the eye that cannot see
Chosen city of my country
What a charm there is to thee!

Antique charms of stately buildings
Full of life once long ago
When the power of Grattan's pleading
Made the love of country glow
When alike both Celt and settler
Felt the longing to be free
And their efforts they united
That one nation they might be!

Charms of bells from many a steeple
That at Mass time call to prayer
When your people in their thousands
Bring their aspirations there
Full of faith that penal measures
Had no power to drive away
To that faith, and to their country,
They are constant still today!

There's a charm that dwells above you
In your guardian mountains grand
There's a charm that's close beside you
In the green surrounding land
There's a charm that lies before you
In the ever-restless sea
By its presence there attesting
You were destined to be free!

Every charm proclaims a city
That should be a nation's pride
Not a slave whose claim for justice
Should be mocked and cast aside
Now we pray the hour approaches
That will see you win your claim
That will see you rise in freedom
In prosperity and fame!